

# Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

## DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

A young lady at a box party one night defined a chaperon as "one who got out of the way whenever there was a chap around."

The Washington newspapers announce that the capital is seething in all kinds of wickedness. Congress cannot be blamed for it this time.

Notwithstanding the evident desire of both parties to handle the liquor question carefully, the rush for drinks at the candidate's expense continues.

It may not be invariably true that fine feathers make fine birds, but in the case of the parrot they certainly do make a brilliant conversationalist.

Personal investigation has assured the agricultural editor of one of our New York city dailies that the story that watermelons grow on water lily stems is a canard.

An electrical type-setting machine has been invented in Italy by a Dominican friar, which is said to produce words in type faster than the linotype can make them in metal.

Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt, the divorced wife of Willie K., for years has not addressed a manial directly, but has employed certain persons to take from her the royal commands. To talk to a tradesman or to order anything out of a shop is too much for her nerves. On one occasion, two summers ago, she had a list written and given to the lodge-keeper at Newport of the people who were to be admitted and those who were not.

The Spanish authorities in Cuba continue to affirm that the insurrection is practically crushed, and at the same time to send vehement appeals to Madrid for more men and money. It is hopeless to expect anything like accurate details of military movements in Cuba, as neither party is scrupulous about telling the exact truth; but measured solely by the efforts which are made to suppress it, the insurrection clearly is a formidable affair.

The new portable Maxim gun, a small innocent-looking affair weighing but forty-five pounds, bids fair to revolutionize modern methods of war. Its muzzle can be moved out by the bearer in all directions, and it will fire 600 bullets a minute, sending them through forty inches of oak. It is estimated that an army of 10,000 men equipped with this death-dealing terror would be equal to an army of 1,000,000 men with the present weapon.

Lady Churchill's achievements in English politics first showed the energy of American women abroad. Now Miss Mary Leiter and Miss Jane Chamberlain, who were, are going to give an exhibition of their political fitness. Politics in Great Britain and the United States are entirely different. It is likely that the young wives could not be tempted to electioneer on the American plan, and at the same time the sort of feminine stamping done in the United States would not capture a vote in England.

Professor Wiley, the chemist of the Agricultural Department, has initiated a series of experiments to determine the relative fertility of typical soils of the United States. The ultimate object of the investigation appears to be to determine the nature of the fertilizers necessary to restore the fertility of any particular soil, and thus to save the farmers thousands of dollars annually spent for fertilizers which do not meet the necessities of the soil to which they are applied.

Two tons of pig-iron have been purchased by the Lancashire, Pa., authorities for the physical culture of tramps. Each convicted tourist will be compelled to take five hours' active exercise by carrying this iron from one end of the prison yard to the other under penalty of stoppage of rations. The method has nothing to commend it but its utter uselessness as a productive factor and its aggravation to the tramp. The infliction of misery without some compensating benefit is the most diabolical of reform measures.

We are threatened with a hotel building age. Architects and engineers say that never to their knowledge was there as much projected hotel and apartment house construction as now. What is the reason? It is this, that electric buttons, electric cookery, electric travel, and electric action of all kinds, concentrates advantages, and helps to multiply opportunities for association. The social side of life is being developed. People want to be more together instead of divided. Theaters, churches, clubs, associations, tours, travels, lectures, reading of papers, books, magazines, cable, telephones, and what not, are springing up right and left.

That was a grateful surprise which met the Iowa school teacher who was engaged to a nobleman. For her courageous devotion to him the young woman is rewarded by the discovery that he is no nobleman at all.

The new law in Michigan forbidding the organization of military companies composed entirely of members of one religious creed is a sensible one. Religion and arms should always be separate, though it would be pleasanter if laws were not needed to keep them apart.

## LI HUNG CHANG MOURNS.

The Great Premier of China Looked Like a Starving Beggar.

A Chinaman, be he king or cooie, is devoted to his father and mother. When either parent dies custom ordains that the son shall resign all honors and employments to go to the ancestral tomb and mourn there for a long period. Mr. John Russell Young relates how the Chinese premier, Li Hung Chang, was prevented from punctiliously observing the custom by an imperial decree. The aged mother of the great Chinese statesman died, and he hurried to celebrate the rites at her grave, accompanied by his brother, the viceroy at Wuchang. Everyone was expecting the premier's resignation and his enforced retirement from all official positions. His enemies thought that Li had gone finally, his place would be filled by another and his power become a memory. Suddenly there came a decree from the throne commanding Li to lay aside mourning and at the end of three months resume office. His brother was permitted to remain at the tomb and do the filial reverence, the emperor was sacred and his command supreme. Li Hung Chang returned to Tientsin, his home. When Mr. Young saw the premier's yacht anchored in the harbor of Chefoo he went on board to pay his respects. The premier looked like a starving beggar. He wore the coarsest raiment. His beard and his queue hung down from a clotted mass of hair. Lines of sorrow streaked his face, and his hands were grimy. The first man in the empire, noted for his carefulness in raiment and cleanliness of person, appeared as the meanest subject that he might by privation and penance do reverence to his mother's memory, according to the creed of his ancestors. A few days later when Mr. Young met Li at Tientsin the beggar's mein had vanished, and he was again the well-appointed nobleman.

## BIKING ON THE WHITE LOT.

Wheelmen Are Thick Since the Cleve-lands Have Gone.

Bicycle racing in the White Lot is the popular pastime in Washington these moonlight nights. Just south of the Executive Mansion is a smooth and excellently kept driveway over a quarter of a mile wide. The President and Mrs. Cleveland do not live in the mansion at present. Some time ago they moved to their country home at Woodley. There is no one to be disturbed by the merriment of the bicyclers, and they have taken possession of the park and practically converted it into an open-air bicycle school.

As soon as the sun begins to sink the approaches to the White Lot swarm with the representatives of the well set who have the bicycle fever. It is not confined to the well set, for it permeates the entire community of the Capitol City.

A more picturesque scene can hardly be imagined than that which is nightly presented just back of the President's house. The spot is admirably located to suit the convenience of the residents of the fashionable quarter, and it presents many natural attractions that help to complete the picture. The south front of the Executive Mansion looms up prominently in the moonlight, and the Washington monument just beyond stands like a majestic sentinel guarding the wheelmen and wheelwomen from attack by way of Potomac River. It is here that many of the social leaders took their first lessons in bicycling. Mavroyeni Bey, the Turkish minister, had several tumbles in the White Lot before he was able to mount his wheel successfully and keep up with a jolly set composed of Baron von Ketteler, of the German legation; Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale, Miss Helen Brice, the Japanese minister, Miss Deering, the Misses Pauncefoot, Assistant Secretary of State Rockhill, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Curtis, Miss Call, daughter of Senator Call, and many other members of the fashionable set.

Grandfathers—A New Social Code. Paul Bourget has had more than his share of American attention, although there isn't a first-class reporter on the New York Sun who could not have written a more truthful and interesting account of the country as a whole than he gives in "Outre Mer." Perhaps some fine points in the analysis of an "afternoon tea mind" might have been left out of Mr. Townsend's or Mr. Ralph's account of New York, if either of them had been the Sun man chosen to tell the tale, but they would undoubtedly have given us a clear, historical, and interesting picture.

M. Bourget himself is deprecating the discussions the book has called out. He wants to know why people continue to talk about his denying grandfathers to Americans. He says he considers it nothing against them, that he didn't have a grandfather himself, that he is a man of the people, who is quite satisfied to be known by his works without any advantages of family. It appears to him, he adds, that Americans might be content with their good qualities without wanting to set up a new social code. M. Bourget lives in a beautiful house in the most fashionable corner of Paris, and receives his friends, when they call in the morning, in a rustling silk dressing gown.

A Troublesome Conscience. The Burgomaster of Malchin, in Mecklenburg, has been the recipient of a novel kind of conscience money. He has received through the post ten marks, or shillings, from a man who declares that he contracted a debt to a public-house keeper in the town in 1867 and failed to pay it. The public-housekeeper having long been dead, the money has been handed by the Burgomaster to his representative.

## IS YOUNG AND TRIED.

MRS. CARRIE CATT MAY SUCCEED SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Her Presidential Boom Launched at New York—She Is Supported by Elizabeth Cady Stanton—Leaders of Equal Suffrage.

(New York Correspondence.)

**M**RS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT is to be the next president of the National American Woman's Suffrage association. She will succeed Susan B. Anthony, who has been president since 1882, and who was in turn the successor of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton when that lady retired after holding the position since the formation of the association twenty-five years before. Mrs. Catt lives in a beautiful country home on Bay Thirty-first street, Bensonhurst by the Sea. That is where she is to be found in the summer, but in the winter she is away a good part of the time lecturing on the cause to which she devotes her life—the emancipation of women from the thraldom of nonvoting obscurity. She travels from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, and her name is known wherever woman suffrage is spoken of.

A pleasant-looking woman, with clear-cut features and light brown, wavy hair, is Mrs. Catt. She has eloquent blue eyes, that seem almost black in some of her changing moods, when she becomes interested in her subject, which she is sure to do when that subject is woman suffrage.

"I do not know anything about being made president of the Woman's Suffrage association," she declared as the writer was ushered into her parlor. "I have not been officially told of it and I did not know that Miss Anthony intended to retire. It is rather peculiar that the news should become public before it reaches me."

The determination with which Mrs. Catt said this suggested that her force



SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

falling full around her neck and shoulders and a white silk shawl, she was the incarnation of lovely old age, almost without anything old about her except her years and her wealth of silvery white hair arranged in rows of soft curls.

In answer to a suggestion that she had not given up all work yet Mrs. Stanton said in a surprised tone:

"What? Give up all work? No, indeed; I write for the newspapers right along when I have anything to say, and I am busy on my 'Woman's Bible,' that I hope to finish before I die. What is the 'Woman's Bible'? Why, it is a commentary on the Bible in the line of common sense. Women need more common sense, philosophy, and science in the training of their minds and less religious fanaticism. I am trying to analyze passages that need explanation and to render them clear to the women whom I expect will read my book. It involves much reading and study, and I am always employed in some way or other."

Talking further about her "Woman's Bible," Mrs. Stanton said:

"I want to open women's eyes if I can. Women are hampered by their religious views and blinded to many obvious truths because they are afraid of being irreverent. And yet, does it not seem absurd that the great God of all these worlds should give us this little book, this bible, with all its faults and inconsistencies, and call it His inspired work? It needs revision indeed. I believe in freedom of thought and of action for women as well as for men. Just look at those foolish women who tried to have the Columbian exposition at Chicago closed on Sunday. I worked for four years to have it open on Sunday, so that the many who could not go during the week should have an opportunity to see the great exposition."

"Women are such confounded fools! Then, again, look at the art galleries and museums here in New York that are tightly sealed up on Sundays. Why, they are trying to stop bicycle riding on Sundays, and it is a wonder they allow the parks to be open on that day. Well, you know how hot it was last Sunday. My daughter and I rode about Central park till 11 o'clock at night."

Recruits are not admitted into the Infantry regiments of the English army under 5 feet 6 inches in stature and a girl under the chest of not less than thirty-four inches with the arms raised above the head.

and spring. We have just completed our spring work of canvassing and organizing there and we are much pleased with what we have accomplished. In the fall we shall go to the southwest and push woman's suffrage with all the energy and determination that we can muster."

Mrs. Catt is a young woman. She was born in Ripon, Wis., and was educated at the State Industrial College of Iowa, going from that institution into the study and practice of law. She has spent most of her time of late years between California and Washington, D. C., but her husband's business, that of civil engineer, requires him to be in New York, and she has practically settled down in her present home. She is a charming talker, in the parlor as well as on the platform, and her eloquence has done a great deal for the cause of women, in that she does not make enemies of the men, but rather enlists them on her side by her persuasive manner.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is today one of the most remarkable women in the world. She is in her eightieth year, but is as vigorous in mind and almost as much so in body as if she were 30. She was the pioneer in the woman's suffrage cause and is still working for it. She was the first president of the association and it was through her efforts that it was formed.

When Mrs. Stanton was seen in her pretty home in this city she was in a pleasant mood (but that she always is), and she entered into conversation with the writer willingly. She said she was very busy, but she did not show it in her manner. She was deliberate in her speech and there was a sparkle in her eye that reflected the good nature within. She is the kind of woman that would make nervous people forget their hurry and become almost as composed as herself. If she was ever afflicted with the nervous hurry that is characteristic of Americans, and particularly of New Yorkers, she has got entirely over it. In her white cotton summer wrapper, with a bertha of soft lace

## CREE AND SALTEAUX.

CUSTOMS OF THE NORTH-WESTERN INDIANS.

Civilized to a High Degree, Especially in the Arts of the Poisoner—The Medicine Man Wields a Mighty Influence Among Them.

**A**MONG THE CREE and Salteux Indians the administration of deadly poisons has been reduced to an exact science. These tribes never go on the war-path. They have not learned the uses of scalping knife and tomahawk. Such a thing as shooting from ambush never occurs. When a Cree or Salteux Indian wants to dispose of an enemy or rival, he consults the conjurer of the tribe, and that individual deals out poisons that are not known in any other place on earth. These poisons baffled the most skillful doctors and chemists. The poisons are brewed in the most mysterious manner by the old conjurers of the tribes. That is their chief occupation. They go into the forests alone, and come back to their wigwams with strange herbs and barks, which are converted into liquids that work terrible execution among the bucks singled out for death. No remedy has ever been found to operate against these drugs. Death invariably follows, sometimes swiftly and with awful agony but more frequently after the lapse of months of terrible suffering. "Fourteen braves have been sent to the good trapping grounds by this band," said the old conjurer. One of our missionaries tells a thrilling story of his life among the savages. He is a man of powerful physique and athletic proportions. "I lived with two of the tribes so long that they call me their little brother," he said. "They are a powerful race. The men are large and very strong. My work as a missionary was in a country about seven hundred to one thousand miles north of Winnipeg. The line that separates the Indians from the Esquimaux is not marked, and while their hunting grounds are not far apart in some places, the customs of the people are very different. The Cree and Salteux Indians are not bloodthirsty, but once their anger or envy is aroused, death more terrible than that inflicted by the scalping-knife or tomahawk, awaits the victim. Their knowledge of poisons is extraordinary. I saw many victims of the deadly drugs administered by old conjurers, and during my twenty years' residence with the tribes, had frequent occasion to do some service to the victims, for I was doctor, magistrate, preacher, and teacher for them. Some of their poisons operate in a most mysterious manner. One of the drugs in common use when I first went among the Indians caused great sores to appear on the face and body of the victim. No matter what season of the year this poison was given, its effects were not visible until spring. Then the sores would appear. After a while these sores would apparently dry up and scales would take their place. When these scales dropped off, great tufts of hair sprung from the sores. Then death followed. Sleights are the only means of travel in that country. The Indians are remarkable runners, and pride themselves on their powers of endurance in that line. If an Indian is so unfortunate as to excite the envy of a rival runner he is very apt to get a dose of poison. The drugs given in such cases are equally as mysterious in their effects as those administered where death is to be produced. Some of these drugs paralyze the legs of the runners, but have no further effect. Other drugs merely stiffen the limbs.

"The powers exercised by the conjurers over their tribes is very great, and they know that the missionaries come to break it. When an Indian feels an inspiration or inclination whatever it may be, to become a conjurer, he goes through a singular course of training. He will sit alone for hours at night on the summit of the cliffs, talking to the clouds, and listening to the winds. During the daytime he is sequestered in a cave. An air of mystery surrounds his life and movements. He starves himself almost to death. Months after absenting himself he comes back. Then he is a conjurer."

Policeman Baker a Hero. Henry Frake, 13 years old, of Newark, N. J., was seized with cramps the other evening while bathing in the Morris Canal, near Plane street bridge. Policeman Baker, of the Second precinct, heard the cries of the lad's companions and ran to the scene. The boy had sunk before the policeman reached the towpath. The policeman plunged in and dived three times before he secured the lad's body. Baker got a barrel and rolled the boy on it until he freed him of water. Then he worked to induce respiration and kept up his efforts until a doctor arrived. Two hours were spent on the boy and his life was saved. Baker will be awarded a gold medal for bravery by the Commissioners.

Tasteful New Doilies. Very pretty doilies are made of fine Japanese linen edged with rope stitch. Cut the shape of different leaves, the edge may be in green wash silk. Or they may be cut to simulate a rose and the edge worked in pink to form petals. Or decorate with a border to represent an ornamental ribbon the ends. Or they may be made of the sheerest linen and decorated with indelible ink and a pen to form any sort of quaint design.

## HE MADE NO SALE.

The Perseverent Young Man Failed to Accomplish His Purpose.

The young man was polite but persistent. He invaded the office, hat in hand, and waited patiently until the elderly man looked up from his work.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, when he saw he had the business man's attention. "I am taking orders for trousers."

"Don't want any," said the business man, shortly.

"Pardon me," persisted the young man, "but if you will kindly look at my samples—"

"It would only be a waste of time," interrupted the business man.

"I will measure you for them right here and you need not lose five minutes from your business," continued the young man, paying no attention to the interruption.

"But I don't want any," insisted the elderly man.

"Very well, sir, I regret—" Just then his eye fell on a smaller desk in the corner, and he saw a possible opportunity to do a little business after all. "Might I ask you occupies that desk?"

"My private secretary," replied the business man.

"Do you suppose—"

"Why, yes, possibly you might." The business man was suddenly interested. "It's worth trying, anyway."

"When can I—"

"Come back in an hour."

"Thank you, sir, I will."

Then the business man became so interested in some mental pictures that he conjured up that he forgot all about his work for nearly fifteen minutes.

It was just about an hour later that the young man came back. He entered in a business-like way, and then stopped, stammered something in a confused sort of way and started to back out.

"Come in," called the old man cheerily. "Anything I can do for you?"

"N-no, thank you." And he was gone.

"What a queer-acting man," said the private secretary, looking after him.

"Isn't he, Miss Blank?" returned the business man innocently. "I think it must be one of the effects of woman in business."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## A HIGHWAYMAN IN SKIRTS.

How Actor Carroll Lost His Money and His Presence of Mind.

Richard Carroll, the actor, stood at the entrance to the Garrick Theater, New York, the other night. With a party of friends he had just left a neighboring chop house. C. F. Dillingham, who is to manage the new theater in Hartford, was talking to him. Another of the party that was about to enter the theater handed Carroll a quarter. "It's yours, Dick," he said; "the man who runs the chop-house said he'd charged you too much after you'd got outside the door." Carroll took the money and started to put it in his waistcoat pocket, when it fell on the tessellated lobby. He stooped and picked it up. To his surprise and the others, a young woman, who was by the gatekeeper, and who had an elderly woman with her, held out her hand.

"Thank you very much," she said. "I must have dropped it." The thing looked so cold-blooded that everybody laughed except the woman and Carroll.

"Glad to be of service to you," he said, and then he added to the men, "Tag, I'm it. What'll you take?"

## A Dog Grieving for Its Mistress.

Mrs. David Rude recently died in Liberty, Ind. She lived alone, her only attendants being a grandson and a little black-and-tan dog. After her death and the placing of her body in a casket the dog made frantic efforts to take a position on top of the coffin, and after the body had been placed in the grave the little pet laid down on the freshly made mound, where it still remains. The animal refuses to eat and is continually howling its grief. Mrs. Rude was eighty years old.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A grocer in Sandusky, Ohio, sells eggs by the peck. Horse-meat was used in Oregon, as a regular diet, by the old missionaries, from 1823 to 1844.

In Lapland the men and women dress exactly alike, with tunics, belted at the waist, and tight breeches.

The web of the common garden-spider is so fine that 20,000 of them, laid side by side, would not cover an inch in width.

It is estimated that the total amount of gold in circulation throughout the world is about \$5,350,000,000—less than 1,000 tons.

On a road leading to a Chicago cemetery there is a saloon which displays a sign with these words: "Funeral Parties a Specialty."

In every school in Paris there is a restaurant where free meals are served to the children who are too poor to pay for them.

The largest nugget of gold ever seen was found in 1872, in the Hill End Mine, New South Wales. It weighed 640 pounds, and its value was \$148,000.

A thrifty keeper in the Pere la Chaise Cemetery, Paris, was recently dismissed for too much enterprise. He had added to his income by raising vegetables on the graves.

A scene of blasphemy was recently witnessed at a socialistic banquet in Paris. A pig was placed in a coffin, and over it were sung irreverent songs intended to ridicule religion.

Some oil-diggers in Sheridan, Ind., thought for a few minutes they had struck an immense flow of oil. Suddenly a volume of fluid erupted 150 feet high, but it proved to be only water.

In 1772, when the town of Berkeley Springs, Va., was laid out, three claims were planted by Gen. Washington. One of them still flourishes on the same spot, which is now a part of Washington street.