

# Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

## DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

Bloomer weddings may yet be all the rage—if the boys don't object.

The corn crop this year in several of the western states is positively too numerous to mention.

The friends of Mrs. Frances E. Willard continue to deny that she is to wed. This is scarcely necessary.

All those who have not been murdered by H. H. Holmes will please rise and remain standing until counted.

Wait until Uncle Sam gets ready to ship wheat and corn and cotton. Europe will then have to shell out the yellow metal.

Johnnie Walsh walked from Frisco to Boston for \$500, and is now ready to walk back again—for cash. He says he is trotting across the country for his health.

Some of the Chinese mandarins express astonishment that Americans and Englishmen should make such a fuss because "Chinamen fling stones at them in the street."

If Japan wants to lick China again, and will do it good and hard, the American people will waive any little questions of search and seizure for the nonce and cheerfully hold her coat while she does it.

The Chicago Bicycle Club is fornicist "Sunday races" and has suspended some of its members for indulging in such pastimes. The club is right. The six days of the week are enough for "scorching."

The Governor of South Carolina is disappointed because the state's profit in the saloon business only amounts to \$200,000. A little more foam and smaller glasses will perhaps solve the difficulty, Governor.

It is estimated that the American people have already invested this year \$25,000,000 in bicycles, \$3,000,000 in arnica, and \$1,000,000 in sticking plaster. It has been a little hard on the horses and the savings banks.

In a Kentucky town the other day Mr. Hale asked Mr. Bush to give him a chew of tobacco. Bush refused to do so, whereupon Hale drew a dirk and stabbed him through the heart. Truly a fine-cut performance!

In those great and rival Newport entertainments the question of superiority should be settled by having each guest wear a placard stating the number of millions represented by the wear, and the value of the diamonds worn.

The portraits of the young woman to whom Charles Dana Gibson, one of life's artists, is engaged show that she is not a Gibson girl. This shows Mr. Gibson's good taste. The Gibson girl, though attractive, is capable of growing monotonous.

An effort is being made to take from a tribe of Indians called the Metlakatles an island in Alaska which in 1851 was deeded to them by the United States government. The land is in Southeast Alaska and is known as Annette Island. The natives have improved the land, erected public buildings, churches, and sawmills. A few months ago men prospecting discovered a gold ledge and immediately staked out claims and applied to the government for mineral patents. The Indians entered a protest which was favorably considered, but if money and influence can overrule the Indians mining operations will be commenced.

From New York to San Francisco there is not a city of considerable size which may not soon find itself in imperative need of a vagrancy law no altered as to include those variegated deadheads who, under guise of wagers, are "doing" the country—and the people—in their globe-trotting evolutions. The first man who attempted to circumnavigate the earth in a given time while spending other people's money was a picturesque genius. Since that time there have been a whole host of imitators, and the fashion seems to be spreading. Not a week has passed this season when some *trav'ler*, *ambuling*, *down-el-heel* "sport" has failed to appear in every big city to "register" and incidentally to solicit interviews and ham sandwiches. All that the vagrant of the statute book accomplishes against society is to feed off it without rendering an equivalent. This the wagger-bound tourist accomplishes and more. The law presumes that a man shall not have something for nothing, and when an individual capable of earning or paying his way starts out with the avowed intention of getting a great deal for nothing he becomes at least a nuisance. Thirty days of stone-pile might have a very wholesome effect upon some of these peripatetics.

The bands are playing and the roses are blooming in Atlanta. The poets are getting corns on their thumbs striking the lyre, and the advance agents are hustling in a way which leaves no doubt as to the glorious success of the International Cotton States Exposition.

Remember, ladies, boasts of a cyclone that blew a stable from over a cow without disturbing the animal. That is, it is not blown away the cow, but the stable. Any cyclone blowing about. Any cyclone blowing about.

## LIVES ON ELM TREES.

Ravages of a Beetle That is Destroying the Elms of New England.

"The advance of elm-leaf beetles into New England has been extremely rapid, says the Springfield Republican. About a fortnight ago they were reported in full force in several towns in Connecticut and western Massachusetts. Stamford, Milford, Bridgeport and other towns along Long Island sound have been ravaged, and from New Haven they have come up the valley and are in Hartford as well as in this city. The damage done in the famous elms of New Haven, the elm city, is melancholy to contemplate. The trees are as brown as in the last of fall, and no work has yet been done to stop the despoliation. Last week the city council determined to take measures against the pest. Most of the mischief for this year had been done and that will be the case almost everywhere. A few weeks ago the state agricultural school at Mansfield, Conn., published full directions for the meeting of the elm-leaf beetle at the outset. Professor C. D. Woods said:

"The easiest way to destroy the beetles and prevent to a considerable extent their ravages another season is to treat the ground around the base of the trees for a distance of several yards with strong kerosene emulsion. This will not help the trees this season, but if all the pupae at the surface of the ground are destroyed, and if this is done under all the trees in a given town, there will be no beetles to lay eggs next season. The kerosene emulsion is best prepared in this way: Soft soap, one quart; kerosene, one pint; water, six quarts. Warm the soap until it becomes liquid. Remove from near fire, add the kerosene and agitate rapidly with a force pump for five or ten minutes until it becomes a homogeneous creamy mass from which the kerosene will not separate on standing. Add the water and thoroughly mix, when the emulsion will have the appearance of milk. This should be applied near the trees at two or three different times in sufficient quantities to thoroughly saturate the surface of the ground. A force pump with spraying nozzle, or a watering pot with nose can be used to apply the emulsion."

First Thimble Made 700 Years Ago. A thimble was originally a thumb-bell, because it was worn on the thumb, as sailors still wear their thimbles. It is a Dutch invention, and in 1884 in Amsterdam the bi-centennial of the thimble was celebrated with a great deal of formality. This very valuable addition to my lady's workbasket was first made by a goldsmith named Nicholas van Benachoten, the ancestor of the American family of Van Benachoten. And it may further interest colonial dames to know that the first thimble made was presented in 1684 to Anna van Wedy, the second wife of Killian van Rensselaer, the purchaser of Rensselaerwyck and the first patroon. Mrs. van Rensselaer's memory was duly honored in Holland on the occasion of the thimble bi-centennial. In presenting his useful gift Van Benachoten begged Mrs. van Rensselaer "to accept this new covering for the protection of her diligent fingers as a token of his esteem." It was not until 1695, just 200 years ago, that the thimble was introduced into England by a Hollander named John Lottin, who opened a thimble manufactory at Islington.—Harper's Bazar.

The Germanic Record. The steamer Germanic, of the White Star line, has made 422 passages across the Atlantic, traveling a distance of more than 1,500,000 miles. She has just had a set of new engines put in to take the place of those which were new when she was, in 1876.

## NOTES OF THE DAY.

London is now listening to Signor Fabozzi, a Neapolitan pianist, born blind.

In 1897 Canada will celebrate the 400th anniversary of the landing of Sebastian Cabot.

Georgia has a quiet, harmless Seventh Day believer in the chain gang for a year for working on Sunday.

Tom Eck and John S. Johnson are talking about getting up a big professional race meeting in Minneapolis.

The building of looms in Lowell was begun nearly seventy years ago, and has been continued ever since without interruption.

A typesetting machine that can set 50,000 ems an hour has been invented by Father Calendoli, a Sicilian Dominican monk.

Bicyclists must first learn to slide fairly well before they are allowed to use their wheels in the public streets of Russian cities.

Admiral Meade, who retired only lately, after a long active service in the national navy, takes a great deal of comfort in his wheel.

A Puritan N. H. liverman failed for \$12,000 the other day. He says bicycles ruined the business, for three years ago he was worth \$40,000.

Arthur Gardiner, the speedy Chicago cyclist, who has beaten Bald and other class B men in open races recently, rides a wheel geared to seventy-six inches.

Blanche Cox, a well-educated and ladylike Salvationist, has been sent to jail for thirty days for "disturbing the peace" of Colorado Springs by open air meetings.

Springfield, Mass., intends having something big in the way of professional races at its fall meet. Sixteen hundred dollars has been appropriated for four professional events.

As a result of the legislation adopted some time ago by the U. A. W., excluding the negro from membership in the league, a national organization of colored wheelmen will soon be organized.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

UP TO DATE READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

The Mirror of Fashion—Some of the Latest Styles for the Season—Some Useful Hints for the Household—Correct Notes of the Modes.



THE summer girl is still with us, light and airy in sleeves that resemble balloons as much as ever. And man, to his disgust, has learned once more that a woman does not always mean what she says. The big sleeves crowd him to one side, and secretly he is afraid this is a prognostic of what the new woman is going to do. So all spring he has been rejoicing at the rumor of tight sleeves. The tight sleeves have come, but who would recognize them? A tight sleeve in all its native simplicity takes away the broad effect which women have striven so hard to obtain. And after hours of toil with dumb-bells and bicycle and all manner of athletic sports, would any woman wear sleeves that made her look narrow? No, indeed. She puts on those tight sleeves, because Dame Fashion says she must, but she covers them with rows of puffs or ruffles until in size they match those to which she has bidden adieu. The heavy materials must naturally be made into puffs, but in the lighter ma-



FOR SEPTEMBER DAYS.

terials her heart revels. Row after row and ruffle after ruffle may be piled on, until the very breezes of summer are bewitched and play a game of hide and seek through them. The gown in the picture is of straw-colored organdy over green satin. The sleeves finish at the elbow with a band of satin. The green yoke is surmounted by a ruche of organdy. The sleeves proper have three ruffles and an additional two ruffles across the shoulders and meet in a point at the center of the bodice. An old-fashioned ribbon sash of the green is tied in the back and long ends fall to the bottom.

For Shapely Hips. Women with well-formed hips are wearing skirts made full on the belt.



the fullness being smocked into closeness from the belt to well over the hips, and from there falling free. Again, rows of braid are set round and round from belt to below the hips, or the braid is set in spoke-like rows, spreading from the belt, each row ending in a loop just below the hips. In all cases the bodice is elaborate either with smocking or braid corresponding to the skirt. This model is very pretty for any delicate or transparent material that does not adapt itself to shaping, a delightful example being a dress of white gauze, the skirt, full on the band, and drawn close by round-and-round circles of insertion laid over ribbon. The skirt below the circles falls like a single sounce to the instep. It is now time to go in for separate skirts, be-

cause all the stores will be selling them to make way for the coming princess and Louis XVI. styles. But for a good year to come skirts and fancy bodices will be worn, and there will not be a time in the next two years when a handsome skirt made with the present fullness cannot be made a good part of a gown. The woman who rushes into a new fashion is much less wise than the woman who hangs on to an old one. In the accompanying picture is shown a skirt that demands a slightly hip outline, but the costume of which it is a part depends for its distinction on its upper portion. Beige crepon is the fabric of the skirt, but the blouse waist is from mauve mousseline de sole, made over a fitted lining of mauve silk. It has a deep, square yoke of beige satin, to which mauve velvet is applied, and which is finished with two frills of the mousseline. The standing collar is finished with big chiffon rosettes and beige satin bows ornament the shoulders. Cream color over pink is quite the most persistent of summer's fancies. The cream color is of all shades, from corn yellow and buff to dull lilac or oyster gray, while the pink tends to bright rose.

Queen Victoria is called "Maamma." Queen Victoria is a remarkably conservative old lady so far as the routine of life goes. She loves old customs and does not like new things—not even new furniture or new fashions. When a distinguished lady, it is said, sent her children, by her Majesty's request, to Windsor a few years ago she sent them dressed as was and is still the mode, in tucked blouse dresses without sashes. But the Queen considered that no child

## SOPHIE KOVALEVSKY.

THE SAD FATE OF THE GIFTED RUSSIAN GIRL.

She Was One of the Greatest Mathematicians—The World's Honors Were Heaped Upon Her—She Died a Heart-sick, Disappointed Woman.



URING this last winter, the "Revue de Paris" published the reminiscences and biography of Mme. Sophie Kovalevsky, one of the most remarkable women of this century. Affecting as the account of her life really is, interest in her, both as woman and genius, is focused on this point—that her genius and her temperament were at war. To give some idea of the environment and events which influenced her career, it may be well to state something of her history. Sophie Kovalevsky was born in 1850. Her parents were Russians of high birth, but her own accounts of her utterly neglected childhood cause one, in this age of pampered children, to pause aghast. Her delight was in studying the papers hung upon the walls of one of the rooms set apart for the children. These papers were printed lectures on the integral and differential calculus, and these she pored over until some degree of their meaning dawned upon the brain of the child. A few years later, her father allowed her to have some instruction, and her mathematical ability was immediately recognized. It was just at this time that the intellectual restlessness, the passion for change, the desire for knowledge, spread through the Russian women of the upper classes. Sophie was dominated by an older sister (Anna), of an erratic and somewhat sensational nature, who labored her with the belief that the only way for them to secure the freedom their father had denied them to study in a foreign university, was for Anna to marry. Her idea was to contract one of those curious marriages, by no means uncommon in Russia at that time, in which it was understood that so soon as the legal ceremony was performed both parties would be at once free to continue their studies apart.

Sophie, influenced by Anna, accompanied her to the study of a professor of whom they had heard, but never met. There Anna showed no signs of maiden timidity, asked his hand in marriage, stating her reasons for so doing. He politely but firmly refused. Nothing daunted, Anna sought a young student, Vladimir Kovalevsky, and repeated her offer. Again she met with no encouragement, but he tempered his refusal, saying that he would gladly marry the reserved and studious little Sophie. Sophie, prepared to make any sacrifice to gain the knowledge for which she longed, with all the enthusiasm of genius, accepted. It now became necessary to mention the matter to Papa. Poor Gen. Kroukovsky! One's heart bleeds for him. To be the father of an advanced young woman like Anna was bad enough, but here was little Sophie following in her footsteps. Of course, he refused his consent; and now the passion for melodrama, which is inherent in the Slav temperament, asserted itself in Sophie. While her father was enjoying a little lull in household surprises and giving a dinner to some friends, a servant brought a note from Sophie. It was as brief as the king's in Ray Blas. "Papa, I have gone to Vladimir. I beg your consent to our marriage." Gen. Kroukovsky rose to the occasion. He sent for the rash children and announced their marriage to his guests.

Monsieur and Madame Kovalevsky now left for England, where they met a number of the most celebrated people of the day. After a brief stay they went to Heidelberg, where they were enrolled as students. Here Mme. Kovalevsky's remarkable mathematical ability soon attracted to her much notice. After a time she went to Berlin



SOPHIE KOVALEVSKY.

to study, but the great professor of mathematics there, Weierstrasse, received her frigidly, and, as a means of cooling her ardor, sent her a paper which was sufficiently full of difficulties to daunt a trained mathematician. In a few days Sophie returned with the correct answer to every question.

In a short time Monsieur Kovalevsky died, and Madame, stricken with sorrow and remorse, lay for a long time very ill. After recovering, she went to Sweden and began those wonderful lectures in Stockholm, thus discovering in herself a new power, for hers was the ability to impart knowledge in a very fascinating way. Her reputation was now established as one of the finest mathematicians in Europe. Performing prodigies of labor, winning her reward in fame and money, petted and adored as the woman of genius ever is,

she yet longed for the girlish joys she had missed in youth, and prepared to gaily, carelessly enjoy herself. But at this time the Bordin prize was offered by the French Academy of Science for the most excellent exposition of this subject. "To Perfect in One Essential Point the Theory of the Movement of a Solid Body Round an Immobile Point." For this prize she determined to compete, fully aware that she was entering the lists against the savants of Europe. While engaged in the arduous work she had undertaken, Madame Kovalevsky met the man who inspired in her a passionate and exclusive love. This was no season of repose in a happy and contented affection. Her paper was written while she was in a state of intellectual and emotional ferment. Her lover, a Russian gentleman, asked her to be his wife, but she was too suspicious, too exacting to grasp the happiness offered. Her penetrating insight had proved itself again and again in every demonstration of mathematics. Should she doubt her marvelous intuition now, when they told her that the man to whom she gave the devotion of a passionate heart desired to possess not the woman he loved, but the genius who would lend new luster to his name? In 1883 the Bordin prize was given to No. 2, for the names were enclosed in sealed envelopes, and were unknown to the judges. On account of the great scientific value of the work the prize was raised from 3,000 to 10,000 francs. No. 2 was Sophie Kovalevsky.

## OLDEST YALE GRADUATE.

Sketch of Rev. Samuel Bissell, Now in His 99th Year.

The accompanying portrait is an excellent likeness of the oldest living



REV. SAMUEL BISSELL.

graduate of Yale College as he appears to-day. He is Rev. Samuel Bissell, of Twinsburg, a village a few miles north of Akron, Ohio. He is in his 99th year, but enjoys comparatively good health, and will doubtless reach the century mark. Although it is more than three score years since he graduated from that institution of learning, he delights to hear of the success of Yale students in sports or studies. Rev. Mr. Bissell was born in Middlefield, Mass., in 1797. He came, with his father's family, to Portage county in 1806. He attended school at intervals, and helped his father to make a home in the forest. In 1816, determining on a better education, he made his way, on foot and alone, to Yale College. There, with but a few dollars on which to commence his college life, he completed the full course, with no aid save his own head and hands. He graduated with honor in 1823.

Soon after returning to his home he took charge of the Congregational Church at Twinsburg, and except for a few years spent as pastor of other nearby charges, Twinsburg has since been his home. He opened a private school there in 1825, which, growing rapidly, induced him within a few years to establish the Bissell Academy of Twinsburg, a place of learning which in its time had a wide reputation. Men who became prominent as judges, senators, governors and ministers are among those who received a part of their education at Bissell Academy.

Rev. Bissell was a great friend of the Indians. Hundreds were taught at the academy, and their board and lodging provided gratis. They came from all parts of the west to receive at least a little of the white man's learning. No one applied at the academy in vain. Whether or not the boy or girl, for both sexes were taught, had money to pay the way, if an education was asked it was given. The enactment of a law in 1846 for a public school in Akron was the beginning of the end. That city was the pioneer in Ohio securing a public school, and other towns soon followed its example. The attendance at the academies and private schools decreased. The preacher and teacher became old, and Bissell Academy was closed many years ago. Near the old school building, however, is a pleasant home, and Rev. Mr. Bissell, with no other companion than his aged wife, is spending his well-earned rest there.

## Maceo a Gentleman.

War correspondents who have come in personal communication with Antonio Maceo, the Cuban revolutionary leader, have been impressed with the courtesy and elegance of his manners. He is a mulatto, but has had the advantage of a good education, and he has the learning of a man of the world. His dress is scrupulously neat. Maceo is a veteran of the last Cuban rebellion, and a well-trained soldier.