

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNS GROVE, ILLINOIS.
I've got my eye on you in this race, says the potato to Mayor Pingree.

Don't call a man a "crank" because he won't allow you to do his thinking.

It is becoming more and more apparent that the saloon men are not running the city government—not now.

The Duke of Marlborough will have to secure the services of a clipping bureau in order to keep track of himself.

The women of Chicago have decided that there shall be no trolley on Indiana avenue. That settles the question, of course.

It must be as a result of the "new" conditions that William Condon hit his wife with a mop. That used to be a woman's weapon.

Another New York heiress has gone to extreme lengths in stirring up a sensation in the newspapers. She is to wed a plain American citizen.

A young man in Ohp found the name and address of a young lady inside a watermelon and it is said their engagement will soon be announced.

Trade papers report that there are 3,300,000 bags of visible coffee in the world. This is in addition to the invisible coffee served at boarding houses.

Senator Cullom wants it to be distinctly understood that his ticket entitles him to another admission to the continuous presidential possibility show.

One naturally infers from the fact that a man has been arrested for crying "Vive la France!" in the presence of the German emperor that France is not entitled to live.

Through Superintendent Frick's kindness in increasing wages the Homestead employes may now resume payments on their home mortgages held by Superintendent Frick's corporation.

President Burnham, of the American Institute of Architects, says that a higher class of men are coming forward in the profession. The architecture is also of a higher style than in the old days.

The secretary of the interior in the law department is only ten months behind. He has ordered the clerks in that department to give each day one hour of extra work until they catch up. There is a loud wail in the secretary's department.

The depositors of the Farmers' and Citizens' "bank" at Pawnee, O. T., became a little restless the other day. Cashier Berry heard of the talk around town and also became uneasy—no easy in fact that he mounted a swift steed and fled for his life. When the sheriff got in and unlocked the vault he found only \$25. Pawnee is at present in deep mourning, and Berry is in—?

There is an awful fear that the man who lights upon the north pole will not know it when he finds it. The compass in the near vicinity of the pole will become inoperative, and there are no marks in the heavens or the earth to say to the explorer: "This is the north pole." It would be a sad conclusion of another polar expedition to pass, say, within ten feet of the pole without being aware of its proximity.

John Root of Bedford, Mich., saw a kiss in the possession of a neighbor's wife, picked it up surreptitiously, was discovered by the kisser's husband and dragged off to jail on a charge of assault and battery. Then he was fined \$11.80, notwithstanding the fact that the woman in the case blushing refused to testify against him, and explained to the court that "it was a matter of no consequence who kissed her, one way or the other," and she "guessed no one was hurt but her husband, and he was wounded in the feelings." Root has been awarded; \$11.80 is too much for that sort of a kiss.

The magnitude of the electric and surface road traffic in large cities is notable. Chicago is said to head the list with 600 miles and 250,000,000 passengers carried annually. Philadelphia comes next with 400 miles and 175,000,000 passengers. New York next with 325 miles and 200,000,000 passengers, and then comes Brooklyn with 250 miles, carrying 112,000,000 passengers. In proportion to the population Boston carries more passengers than are carried on any street railroads in the world. The elevated railroads in New York carry more than double the passengers carried on the surface lines. Boston surface road traffic has gained 50 per cent in ten years, and New York is rapidly developing in this direction, after a long period of old-fashioned slow horse cars.

The bicycle microbe has got to work on the supreme court of the United States, the most dignified judicial body in the world. Perhaps by next year Washington may turn out to see the same judicial proceeding on wheels as the White House to pay its respects to the president.

RECOVERED IN TIME.

And the Funeral of the Californian Was Indefinitely Postponed.

It is seldom, indeed, that a man comes back from "the bourne from which no traveler e'er returns," but this experience has been vouchsafed to a Pasadena man, I. N. Willis, says a dispatch to the San Francisco Call. Mr. Willis is a respected citizen of this place, a man 72 years old, the father of a family of ten grown children. He formerly resided near Pittsburg, Pa., and is a prominent member of the Masons, Odd Fellows and the Grand Army. About two weeks ago Mr. Willis determined upon a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Le Berge of Santa Monica that he might enjoy a change of air and scenery, and take an outing. He had been afflicted with heart disease for several years, but of late had been in his usual health, had suffered little from his ailment, and none of his friends thought him in a serious condition. His wife remained here with her family, and all were inexpressibly shocked to hear early this morning that Mr. Willis had died suddenly of heart disease at the residence of his daughter about 8 o'clock last night. One of the sons went down to Santa Monica early this morning to make arrangements for the funeral. Notices of Mr. Willis's death were published in all of the evening papers and offers of sympathy poured in upon the family. The wife was prostrated with grief all day and this evening was so ill from the effects of her sorrow that her son, William Willis, went down to a drug store to get her some medicine. While he was in the store his brother in Santa Monica rang up the druggist and asked him to take a message at once to Mrs. Willis's house. Young Willis went to the telephone and his joy may be imagined when his brother told him that his father had returned to life and that his father's supposed death was only a trance. Everything that is possible is being done for Mr. Willis, and though he is still in a precarious condition and may die, his revival, after the arrangements for his funeral had been completed, and he had been to all appearances dead for nearly twenty-four hours, is one of the most remarkable circumstances in local history. It is stated by those in charge of Mr. Willis at Santa Monica that his case was one of suspended animation, resulting from heart failure. It is no common thing in such cases for animation to be suspended for several minutes, or perhaps almost suspended for several hours, but the possibility which Mr. Willis' recovery has unfolded, that many victims of "death from heart failure" have in reality been buried alive, is most appalling, and it is probable that every test of science will in future be applied in Pasadena cases to determine the fact of death before the body of the victim is consigned to the tomb.

His Own Business.
The Detroit Free Press says that President Hayes had for one of his Ohio neighbors a testy old fellow who kept a small truck farm. He was an honest man and a good citizen, and Mr. Hayes held him in high esteem notwithstanding his want of what are called the social amenities. During Mr. Hayes' four years in the white house, on one of his visits home he passed this old man's farm, and found him planting potatoes in a patch near the road. The president, being somewhat of a farmer himself, noticed some eccentricity in his neighbor's style of planting, and after a little chat called attention to it. The old man defended his method, and finally Mr. Hayes said, as he started along: "Well, I don't think you will get the best kind of a crop if you plant in that manner."

The farmer rested his elbow on the fence. "They ain't neither one of us above havin' fault found with us," he said; "but if you jest go on presidentin' go on United States your way, an' I go on plantin' pertaters my way, I guess we won't be no wuss off in the end."

Insuring Consumption.
Cincinnati, Oct. 21.—Special.—Reports say that a leading life insurance company is accepting risks to the amount of \$300,000 on lives of consumptives taking the Amick Chemical Treatment for lung disease. The Amick Chemical Co. of Cincinnati is actually paying the premiums on this insurance and presenting policies to their patients. This company claims to have the most complete statistics on consumption in the world, and that these risks are good, providing the patients take a course of the Amick treatment.

Scottish "Bull."
General Wade constructed military roads in the Highlands of Scotland. An obelisk was constructed to commemorate his achievement, on which was inscribed the following "bull," intended to distinguish between natural tracks and made tracks: "If you seen these roads before they were made, You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade."

Famous Old War Horses.
"Ned," the war horse that was in the great parade in Louisville Wednesday, has a rival in "Morgan," reputed to be 40 years of age, and owned by James W. Smith, cashier of the Harris-Seller Banking company of Versailles, Ky. "Morgan" was ridden to Versailles by Gen. John Morgan on his famous raid in 1862, being left for a better horse of John Cotton's which was appropriated. "Morgan" served for years as Mr. Smith's carriage horse, and is now spending his time on a bluegrass pasture.—New Orleans Picayune



Special Palmyra, Mo., Correspondence.—Palmyra being one of the historic towns of Missouri—historic as the birthplace and home of many distinguished men and beautiful women, it is natural that the daughters of the patrician circle should reflect the culture and refinement of their forefathers. This little city is noted far and wide for its almost ideal conditions of society, beauty of character, grace of mind and bearing beyond the requisites for admission into the charmed precincts of the first set. Only a few of the pretty girls of the City of Flowers are here described. 1. Miss Hattie Etta Willock is a lovely demiblonde with expressive blue eyes and a form of delicate symmetry. She is a decided favorite both with the old and young, being a charming entertainer and taking a special delight in pleasing her host of friends.

2. Miss Anna Whaley, a striking brunette, with dark blue eyes, cheeks and lips like roses, mouth of a dainty shape and with an incomparable complexion, is one of Palmyra's most brilliant beauties. She is an accomplished artist and a delightful conversationalist.

3. Miss Susie May Gillispie is a fair representative of the fair sex of our town. She is a pronounced blonde of the fairest type. She is extremely vivacious, and, with her cheerfulness and kindly ways, has made herself popular with all who come within her influence. Miss Gillispie is a musician of rare ability.

TUMBLES TO DEATH.

BURGLAR IN FINE CLOTHES MEETS AN AWFUL FATE.

Was Discovered By a Sick Boy, Rushed to the Fire Escape But Missed His Footing and Was Precipitated to the Ground.

WIFT death by a fall from a fire escape was the punishment the other day of an unknown but well dressed youth, who attempted burglary in the Hotel St. Lorenz, in New York city. Refined in appearance and good looking, the victim of his own thirst for money, he is plainly no ordinary criminal, and the police believe that identification of the body will bring unexpected disgrace to some household. Hotel St. Lorenz is one of the most expensive family hotels in New York. It is provided with fire escapes on the front, and there is an ornamental entrance that would afford an agile climber comparatively easy access to the first fire escape. Richard Mears, the proprietor, says that no one ever climbed to the fire escape in that way, but in no other way could this would-be burglar have succeeded in reaching the sixth floor.

Hugo Wedels, a rice broker, lives with his family on this floor. The oldest of his four children, Hugo, a youth of 18, sleeps in a room on the front of the house. Hugo was aroused at 3:30 o'clock in the morning by a strong draught blowing on him. He is just recovering from a recent operation, and is peculiarly susceptible to draughts.

"Papa, close the window," he called out, without opening his eyes. He heard some one in the room and supposing it was his father, spoke again. Then he opened his eyes and saw a strange man with a revolver in his hand coming toward the bed. "Papa, burglars!" he called, at the top of his voice. The intruder rushed to the window and jumped out on the fire escape. Young Wedels sprang out of bed and reached the window just in time to see the burglar hurrying down the iron ladder of the fire escape to the floor below. Wedels pressed the button of the burglar alarm, which was sounded in the office. Michael Rudajoff, the night watchman, ran up the six flights of stairs, club in hand, and on hearing Wedels' story hurried down

again to intercept the burglar. He saw no one in the street and rapped for the police.

He heard a low groan from the area-way in front of the house and looked over the railing. There lay the crumpled and bleeding form of a young man. He tried to speak as the awakened guests crowded about him, but could not. Before an ambulance could be secured he lapsed into unconsciousness. He was hurried to a hospital and died shortly after reaching there. The dead burglar is almost boyish in appearance, but is apparently about 25 years old. He was dressed in a cutaway suit and derby hat, and their good condition would seem to disprove the theory that he was a man without a home. Before he climbed the fire escape he had taken off a pair of clean cuffs, fastened by gold links, and left them on the escape. His face bore traces of refinement. It was round and smooth save for a small, blonde moustache. His hands were as soft as a woman's. In his pocket was found a revolver. Unless his body is identified it will be buried in the potter's field.

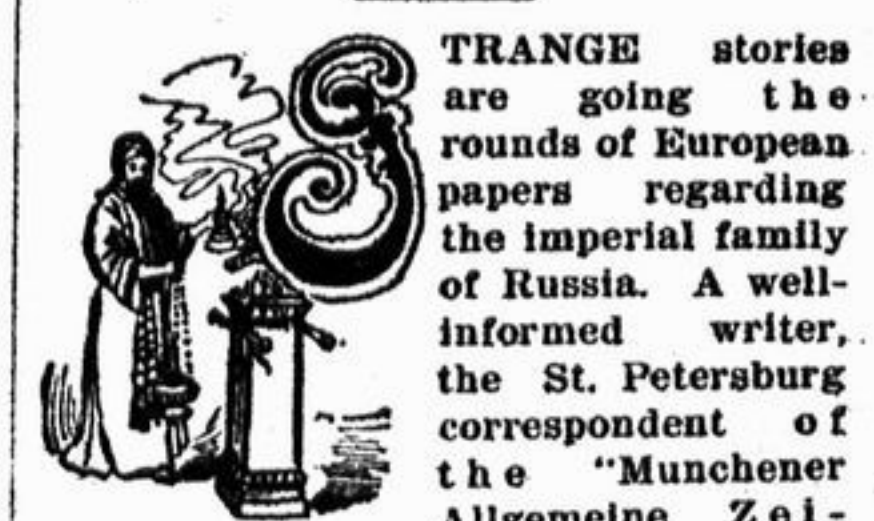
A Few Century Runs.
Recent deaths: Mrs. Anna Maria Lawrence Sparling, Quebec, 101 years 3 months; Mrs. Chatty Elliot, Deadwood, 100 years, 4 months, 24 days. Nice old ladies in lace caps: Mrs. Elizabeth Blackburn, Fond du Lac, Wis., 100; Mrs. Hannah Bartow, 100, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mrs. Polly Rials, Williamson county, Tennessee, 100 next month; Grandma Husted, Mayville, Mich., 100. The oldest lawyer: Judge Karl Siegmann, Uelzen, Germany, 102. He practiced until 1892. Miss Lucretia Estes, Rockland, Me., is 100 and threads her own needle without specs. Two extremely old "aunties" are Sophia Moore, of Baltimore, who is 112 and says she saw Washington, and Henrietta de Hart, 106, of Carlstadt, N. J. Veterans of life's battle: Joseph Field, 103, of Red Bank, N. J., who drinks applejack; one Schindler, a 103-year-old innkeeper of Scott county, Ia.; Peter Johnson of Fayetteville, 100.

A stag party would be twice as enjoyable if a few dears were invited.

WHO RULES RUSSIA?

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS IS BEHIND THE THRONE.

Strange Stories About the Action of the Young Emperor—Why is the Coronation Being Put Off so Long—People are Angry.



following to his paper: "A few weeks ago I wrote in this column that more than ever the direction of all state affairs lies in the hands of the Empress Maria Fedorovna. We might have added, 'and the Finance Minister Witte.' This latter fact from a modern point of view, cannot be looked upon as a disadvantage for Russia, as Witte is a clever, determined, strong-willed man, who will go to any limits if necessary. Such a man, who is at the same time able to execute his political plans, who does not go half way or give up, has long been wanting in Russia. But the striking retirement of the Czar and his young wife causes much comment and a feeling of uncertainty. They avoid all intercourse with others, when possible, and even avoid giving audiences to the foreign ambassadors. The audience of the French ambassador, M. Montebello, was only accomplished by the appeal of the minister of finance to the Dowager Empress. And then the continual showing forward of the Dowager Empress on all occasions, and other things add to the discontent. We hear even of attempts on the life of the Czar made in Peterhof palace, fortunately without serious consequences. The truth as to these reports is difficult to get at. The officials deny that such things happen, as a matter of principle; at least one never hears the full truth from them. The foreign ministers resident here know absolutely nothing of what goes on behind the scenes. Those who do happen to know dare not talk. Investigations also lead to naught.

"But in the last few weeks, certainly, no attempt on the life of the Czar has been made. The retirement of the Emperor is assuredly artificial.

"Recently, it is said a diplomat went to Peterhof and asked for an audience, but he was told that the Czar and Czarina were ill and could not receive him. Perhaps the Dowager Empress, if the minister wished it, might be the go-between. The ambassador did not wish this and returned to St. Petersburg.

"Again the people are excited because the coronation of the young pair has not taken place. They do not like to have it postponed until next May. Here seem to be some of the reasons for the state of affairs in Russia. In Russia the Czar and Czarina are not looked upon as 'full' until they have been crowned in the Kremlin of Moscow. When this is accomplished the people of Russia will grow more quiet.

A True Bear Story.
Stranger (up in Maine)—"I presume you have seen a good many bears in your time."
Hunter—"Bout a thousand."

Stranger—"I wish you would tell me a bear story—a true one, of course, every detail exactly as it happened."
Hunter—"Eh? Want a true bear story? Well, I swan! All right, I'll give yeh one; but sho! you won't care for it. Back in the sixties, about sixty-nine, I think, or mebbey it was seventy, I was walkin' along, not thinkin' of anything in particular, except Josh Peabody's chances of election—Josh and me were great friends—when all of a sudden, just as I'd crossed a log over a stream, and sat down on the further end of the log for a little rest, I felt a jar, and, looking up, there at the other end of the log, with one paw on it, was the biggest, ugliest-lookin' bear you ever see. I had my gun, but it was empty, and I hadn't as much as a bird-shot to load with—just going home, you know. My huntin'-knife had got lost somehow that same day, and all I had was an old-fashioned Barlow pocket-knife, a good deal the worse for wear. Well, I looked at that critter, and he looked at me for 'bout two minutes, when I sort of sidled off the log and crept along up the stream about twenty feet, meantime openin' the old Barlow knife. I couldn't get any further on account of a high bank, a thicket of laurels, and the jagged roots of a big tree that was blown over. Well, there I stood, and there that critter stood, me eyin' him and him eyin' me, fer full ten minutes, when all of a sudden— Mighty good cigar this is."

Stranger—"Yes, yes, go on."
Hunter—"Oh! yes. All of a sudden that bear crossed over the log and walked away."

A Splendid Climbing Rose.
Philadelphia Ledger: No climbing rose ever introduced has attained such widespread popularity in so short a time as the Crimson Rambler. Although it was introduced this year, over 100,000 plants have already been sold. To my mind the strongest point in its favor is its hardiness. A prominent rose grower in the spring of 1894 set out two strong plants in his trial grounds. By fall they had attained a growth of six feet. They were left unprotected during the winter, and in the spring he pegged down one of the stems to the ground. It broke from every eye, and in June he counted on that one stem 320 buds and blossoms. I regret to say that it is not an ever-bloomer.

Don'ts for Wives.
Don't expect impossibilities from your husband.
Don't snub him in the presence of strangers.
Don't henpeck him just because you know he is quiet and will stand it.
Don't treat him as if you had come down off a pedestal to marry him.
Don't worry him to death because you cannot have your dearest wish gratified.
Don't run to your mother with all his faults; rather keep his good qualities to light and hide his failures.
Don't think that, now you are married, he doesn't care whether you curl your hair or not.
Don't expect him to be amiable with a breakfast of tough steak, greasy potatoes, cold rolls and muddy coffee.

Don't have cold suppers. Remember, the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach.
Don't sit up waiting for your husband. Go to bed; get all the sleep you can. In the morning when you are looking and feeling the best, if you have anything to say, say it; nine chances out of ten you will win.—Interior.

CURLY CUES.
She—And you expect me to go sailing with you with nothing on my head? He—Oh, come along; you'll strike plenty of white-caps before you get far.—New York World.
Paying Cashier—Madam, you'll have to get some one to introduce you before I can cash this check." Lady (haughtily)—But I don't care to know you, sir!—Tit-Bits.
Miss Madison Square—Can you explain how it is that where one hundred men abound not more than one woman can be found who is in the least dishonest? Miss Fremont—Certainly; the women have no extravagant wives.
Captain Bluecoat—Policeman 2178, what is your beat? No. 2178—Der apple woman on der corner 'Steenth and Soforth, der Gigan'le Dry Goods Kumpny, an' Pat O'Toole's saloon; but I derdives wid der sergant.—New York World.
She—You're just like all the rest of the men. Here we've been married only a year and you never kiss me unless I ask you to. He—Huh! You're just like all the rest of the women. You never think to ask me to kiss you unless you want money.—Sketch.
"Father," asked little Johnny, "is there really any difference between selling liquor at a drug store and at a saloon?" "A great deal of difference, my son," replied Johnny's father. "A drug store license costs only one dollar, and a saloon license one thousand dollars."—Boston Transcript.