

# Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

The Canadians who seized the American tug Telephone would better ring off.

Since the massacres in China the lives of vegetarians are not so long as those of meat eaters.

It is reported that the Comte de Castellane is losing his millions on the bourse. Who said poetic justice was a myth?

The blending of Blenheim with the house that Vanderbilt makes a bit of architecture of which no American is proud.

Russia is evidently bent upon striking out at England, even though it has to be done over the shoulder of Japan or Venezuela.

"Holmes can only be hanged once," says Chicago Tribune. But is there not some punishment for thus murdering the language?

Adrian Constantine Anson, the hero of many a home run, is now appearing in a drama especially built for himself. Clear the way for Capt. Anse.

Corbett announces with a flourish that he has fought his last fight. He will now go right on delivering uppercuts and cross-counters to the American drama.

A struggle between Russia and England for supremacy in China would mean a big boom to the publishers. Such a war would be bound to make many changes in the map world.

When a Pennsylvania married man and a Pennsylvania married woman, each nearly three-score and with large families of children, elope, let us hear no more of the follies of lovers young. Undoubtedly American children will have to look more after their parents. The indiscretions of age are becoming painfully numerous in all parts of the country.

No one could have more clearly or specifically shown the deplorable condition of affairs in Cuba than did Capt. Z. B. Graham in the address which he read before the Loyal Legion. It would be a weak and degenerate people indeed who did not rebel against such grinding tyranny, and the spirit of true Americanism would be dead did it not sympathize with those struggling to throw off the Spanish yoke.

Miss Annie Redman claims that John Schug, of Berne, Ill., courted her for two and a half years, made her many presents of value, and wrote numerous letters in which he promised to make her his wife, but in July his ardor cooled and in September he wrote her that their relations were at an end. She remonstrated, but to no purpose, and now she has sued him for \$5,000. Queer, isn't it, how some love affairs turn out?

In New York there are cooking schools for men and in several parts of Pennsylvania the former heads of the families are compelled to remain at home and keep the children in line while the mothers attend church. If the new woman keeps right straight on and the lords of creation do nothing but whine their discontent she will soon be looking after everything except the babies and the rest of the household drudgery.

A man in Ohio, who had a grudge against the postmaster in his town, drank whisky and ate onions and then asked for his mail. The postmaster refused to wait on the breathing cancer and the man complained to the powers that be. After a careful investigation the inspector decided that the postmaster was justified in his stand. Much interest is now felt as to what action the postal authorities would advise regarding a customer who takes his onions straight.

From Leeds, England, come samples of a species of cloth, and also a sort of cotton, made wholly out of wood fibre, these two woven pieces having all the appearance of attractive articles of their own kind, says an exchange. Both these novel textile fabrics are the result of prolonging experiments with pine wood and spruce, which have been ingeniously torn to pieces in the first instance and bleached by an elaborate chemical process. After chemical treatment in many ways the wood becomes a soft white pulp, which is run through perforated plates, the resulting threads being dried by a steaming process. These threads can be woven, and the material is susceptible of taking readily any sort of dye. The fabric can be made at an astonishingly cheap cost; it looks well, and has a certain amount of strength (experiments in this connection are now being carried out), and its appearance on the market, sooner or later, is absolutely certain, especially in the form of imitation cotton.

A Chicago organization boasts of a sterilized beer which cheers but does not intoxicate. The distinction is here made apparent suggestive of few sales and small profits. The average beer dealer bankers for the extreme action and will depend upon the cunning alchemy of time to do the sterilizing.

A New Yorker on his way to an antique made a discovery which is peculiarly interesting. He had bought a pair of shoes which he had been told were made in an Indian village, where he had gone to recruit his shattered health.

## BAIRD'S TAPIR.

A Common Enough Animal That Can Not Be Seen in Any Collection.

Still less known in this country, and never seen, either in menageries or museums, are the two species of Tapir found in Central America. The sleek, plump-bodied, chocolate-brown Tapir of South America we do see occasionally, both alive and dead, but of Baird's Tapir there is not even one adult stuffed specimen in existence, either in this country or in Europe. A few skulls and skeletons, and two or three mutilated and unmounted skins, are positively all the world possesses in representation of this species, and, what is still worse, no naturalist has yet had an opportunity to even write a description of the full-grown animal! The young animal is known to be of a reddish-brown color, marked with irregular white spots and stripes.

Our universal poverty in specimens of the Tapir named in honor of Prof. Baird is not due to the extreme rarity of the animal, but rather to a lack of enterprise on the part of the intelligent white men who from time to time have had it in their power to procure and to preserve specimens. The animal is well known in Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, and southern Mexico.

Although Tapirs are usually found along small and well-shaded rivers in the hot lowlands of the tropics, they are frequently found on forest-covered mountains as well. Dr. Frantzius informs us that in Costa Rica Baird's Tapir is found both in the lowlands and on the highest mountain ranges. He says also that "it is much hunted, for its flesh is very delicate; the back-woodmen salt it, or dry it in the air, and thus provide themselves with large stores. Its thick hide is very useful." Tapirs are very fond of the salt-licks which are formed in the neighborhood of the numerous mineral springs by the evaporation of the saline water. Here they are either shot with bullets on moonlight nights, or are hunted down with dogs, and killed with spears. (W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.)

### The Usefulness of Diamonds.

Diamond powder and chips, and even the finest dust, are of great value in the mechanical arts. Brazilian diamonds are now put to a novel and interesting use. A thin disk of steel, seven feet in diameter, has spaces at intervals of about one and one-half inches. These spaces are filled in with pieces of steel that exactly fit, and into these are set the diamonds fixed in countersunk screw-heads. They are arranged in groups of eight, and are so placed that they do not follow one exactly after the other in the cut, but each line takes its own course. This circular saw is used for cutting up blocks of stone, and so efficient is it that in less than two and one-half years it has cut out four hundred and twenty thousand square feet of stone, at a cost of a trifle less than two cents a square foot. In this time it has been necessary to renew twenty of the teeth, the average cost of which has been about two dollars per tooth.

### Gen. Buckner's Home.

The favorite home of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner is the little log house in the Kentucky hills in which he was born. From the day that he left the army of the Confederacy he has spent all his available time there. The cabin is perhaps a hundred years old, and it is seventy-three years since Gen. Buckner first saw the light of day there. The town to which it is nearest is Munfordsville, and no other house is in sight. Though handsomely furnished in an antique way, there are no hangings to hide the logs. Perhaps the most interesting article in the house is the pistol with which Burr killed Hamilton.

### A Republican Campaigner.

It is generally taken for granted that women do not know anything about



MISS HELEN BOSWELL.

practical politics. One woman has demonstrated, however, that she has a very clear conception of what politics means. She is a Miss Helen Varick Boswell, who made before the Republican League convention at Binghamton the first speech on practical politics ever made before a New York State political convention by a woman. The speech was a good one, too, and showed that Miss Boswell had made a close study of the subject and had formed her own opinions of certain phases of the political situation.

### Remembers a Cowboy.

Charles F. Lummis, who writes so entertainingly of life in the far Southwest—life tinged with Spanish, Aztec and Indian color—is a young man of thirty-five, who lives nowadays in Los Angeles. His old home was in the East. A chance acquaintance might mistake him for a Mexican cowboy, for he wears a brown corduroy suit with an enormous sombrero of the same color, and about his waist is a red sash, the product of a Pueblo Indian loom. For a long time he lived in an Indian village, where he had gone to recruit his shattered health.

## KING OF ASHANTEE.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MONARCH ON EARTH.

Great Britain Has Just Declared War on Him "For Making Human Sacrifices"—J. Bull Will Get the Country and Its Great Wealth.



THE KING OF ASHANTEE, the most extraordinary ruling potentate of the world, stands suddenly revealed. Of all the astonishing kings of Africa or South Sea Island cannibal chiefs he is the most remarkable.

King Prempeh, King of Ashantee, has defied the English government. He has announced his readiness for war, and is now awaiting the arrival of the British troops.

The King of Ashantee is the absolute monarch of about three million subjects. They live in the heart of the African forest, a few hundred miles back from the "Gold Coast." The King wears a girdle of dried grass around his hips and a "plug" hat. He owns no crown, but in some way has become possessed of a silk hat, which now does duty as an emblem of sovereignty.

Another remarkable fact about this barbarous king is that he has no throne. He has, however, a solid gold stool, which does service as a throne. It takes four able-bodied slaves to tug this heavy stool around.

But the great official emblem of royal

Ashantee. They gave him until Oct. 31. But this savage monarch was not frightened by the ultimatum of Britain. He did not even wait until the ultimatum expired.

A dispatch from Accra, on the Gold Coast, dated on the last day of October, said that Capt. Donald Stewart, the special British Commissioner, who had gone to Coomassie, escorted by 100 Houssas, had returned to the coast. He said that the King had rejected the ultimatum and defied Great Britain.

The King of Ashantee said in effect that he did not care a snap of his finger for the British government, and that he was looking for fight. According to opinion on the Gold Coast he will get it. The King, at the time the British Commissioner left Coomassie, appeared to be preparing for war.

The terms of the ultimatum were that he should have a British Commissioner in his country, and that he should place Ashantee under the "protection" of Great Britain. This burly negro, who has 3,333 wives and orders people's heads to be cut off if his breakfast disagrees with him, is believed to know what "the protection of Great Britain" means.

England now controls the coast outside of his territory. The French control the neighboring country of Dahomey, whose King is protected by a body guard of armed women. Ashantee is rich in gold, and both England and France have long looked at it with jealous eyes.

According to the last dispatches from the Gold Coast, where the coming war on the King of Ashantee is the one topic of conversation, there will be no time lost in making a start. A strong force of imperial and native troops, it is said, will now be sent to Coomassie to bring the King to terms. Sir Francis Scott,

## BOB, A BLIND DOG, GONE.

Just a Tramp Police Cur, but Wouldst Chase with a Tramp Cat.

Bob, the blind dog that has been attached to the police station at West Brighton, S. L., for the last four years, has disappeared, and now there is gloom in the police circles of West Brighton. An interloper cat is responsible for his absence.

Four years ago he turned up in the police station, half starved, and a policeman named Bob fed him and gave him a name, and under this treatment the dog came out wonderfully. He was of a very mixed breed, common cur blood predominating, and his coat was a mixture of white and yellow, arranged after an indescribable ornery pattern. This was when the police station was in the old haunted house and when at 2 o'clock the spook made its irregular appearance. Bob was the worst frightened inmate of the station. He always, after his first ghostly experience, ran out into the street, and it took great coaxing to induce him to return. He had a habit of assisting the sergeant to turn out the squad of police every morning at 6 o'clock. He stood at the head of the column, and when the command "March!" was given he gave two sharp yaps. Then he went across the street and visited the butcher, who happened to be the father of policeman Bob, and there he stayed until time to turn out another squad of police, at 6 o'clock in the evening. Then, until next morning, he was the guardian of the station. He became blind three years ago by a cataract forming over his eyes. He had already become very familiar with the station and its surroundings, however, and his blindness did not embarrass him to any extent. When a big gray cat took a

## REGISTERED MAIL.

THE GOVERNMENT REFUSES TO PAY INDEMNITY.

Hence Business Is Falling Off—Almost All Other Governments Reimburse the Sender Up to a Limited Amount—Postal Union Regulations.



NINE hundred and five registered letters were destroyed by the burning of a mail car at Newport, Tenn., the other day. Undoubtedly nearly all of them contained sums of money. To insure their safety the government

senders paid to the government eight cents on each letter, besides the postage. Nevertheless they will get not one cent of compensation for their loss.

No wonder that the registry business of the postoffice department is steadily diminishing. The people are losing confidence in the system as a means of insurance. Though the fee has been reduced from ten to eight cents, the number of letters and parcels registered during the last fiscal year was less than 11,000,000. Four years ago the number exceeded 15,000,000 annually. What is wanted is safety, and the system does not give it, says New York World.

When a mail car or a postoffice is robbed, it is always the registered matter, advertised on its face as valuable, that is taken. In 1860 the Postmaster-General of the United States advocated the abandonment of registration on the ground that it was "fruitful only of danger to what it was designed to protect."

The remedy is very simple. The government ought to grant compensation for registered letters lost or destroyed. Nearly all foreign countries give such insurance. In Great Britain, for example, the registration fee is only 4 cents, and if the letter is not safely delivered to the addressee an indemnity of \$10 is paid to the loser. A graduated series of fees is so arranged that the sender of a parcel can insure it up to \$250, this maximum guarantee requiring the payment of 22 cents. The parcel must be marked with its value.

It is stated in the postal regulations of the United Kingdom, rather quaintly, that payment of such insurance will be made by the Postmaster-General, "not in consequence of legal liability, but voluntarily and as an act of grace." Registration of money or jewelry is compulsory; such articles are not permitted to be sent in the ordinary mails. At the same time, parcels addressed to foreign parts cannot be registered, though for India they may be insured. The British government pays up to \$10 for the value of any ordinary unregistered package that is lost in its mail service. This applies only in the United Kingdom, and it does not govern at all if the parcel is improperly wrapped or contains eggs, liquids or very fragile articles.

Nearly all foreign countries insure letters and packages up to \$10 in their domestic service without extra fee. On the other hand, no indemnity is paid even for registered mail matter by the United States, Brazil, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, Chile, British India, Japan and Congo. These are the only exceptions to the general rule. The Third Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States in his last two annual reports has recommended to Congress the granting of an indemnity on registered letters and packages not to exceed \$10. This is sure to be done sooner or later.

Turning to the regulations of the International Postal Union, one finds that the sender of a registered package to a foreign country is entitled to \$10 in case of loss, unless the latter has been occasioned by "force majeure"—meaning war. This indemnity must be paid by the government that dispatches the package. However, that government may recover the amount from the government in whose territory the loss was incurred.

The adoption by Uncle Sam of an indemnity limited to \$10 would increase the confidence of the public at very little cost. During the last fiscal year 634 pieces of registered matter were lost. Supposing the maximum payment to be granted in each instance, the entire expense of such insurance would be \$6,540 for the twelvemonth. This is a trifle compared with the money gained that would accrue to the government from the increase in the registry business that would follow the acceptance of the indemnity plan. The latter would take from the ordinary mails a vast number of money letters and would make the transmission of such letters much more safe.

### Madame Must Be Consulted.

"Is Mrs. Harkins at home?" asked the caller. "Physically, madame," returned the educated butler, "she is. As an abstract question the fact cannot be denied; but in relation to your desire to see her, I cannot say definitely until I have ascertained Mrs. Harkins' wishes in the matter. Pray be seated until I have received advices from above."

### The Paris Exposition Lottery.

Subscriptions will shortly be invited by a number of Paris banks for 3,250,000 exhibition lottery bonds of 20 francs each, designed to form the guaranteed fund of 60,000,000 francs, for the expenses of the exhibition to be held the year 1900. Among the prizes will be five of 500,000 francs each and twenty-four of 100,000 francs each.

A medical writer has lately asserted that "physic is the art of amusing the patient, while nature cures the disease."



THE KING OF ASHANTEE.

authority is an umbrella. This curiosity has a big bamboo handle, and spokes of embossed gold. On the end of each spoke is a human skull. Nobody, not even the King himself, knows the significance of this strange sceptre of majesty, but it has descended to him from a long line of ancestors.

King Prempeh, among other things, has exactly 3,333 wives allowed him by law. Why this liberal figure was decided upon His Majesty does not know. Like the umbrella, they came to him by inheritance.

The King wears earrings. They are of solid gold. He also has other personal adornments of solid gold. His royal ancestors all wore gold earrings, too. His majesty lives in a big stone and native brick palace—the only structure of the kind in the kingdom. His Royal Highness sleeps on the floor.

The King is several times a millionaire, and it is believed that he has several barrels of gold dust and nuggets. Ashantee is rich in gold.

King Prempeh is a bloodthirsty monarch and he is in the habit of making human sacrifices on a wholesale scale. Whenever it pleases him to do so he orders a few hundred subjects to be beheaded. Besides this, during certain religious ceremonies, it is customary to kill subjects. It is this practice which England wants the King to stop. And it is to put an end to these human sacrifices that the British troops will wade into the forest and make war on the King.

It is just twenty-one years since the British government appropriated \$4,000,000 to send out an expedition to bring the King of Ashantee to terms, and before the expedition got back, after burning Coomassie, his capital, it had cost as much more.

The English troops under Sir Garnet Wolseley remained only two days in the capital of Ashantee. Before they left the savage potentate agreed to do certain things. That was King Koffee.

His successor, the present King of Ashantee, King Prempeh, has not fulfilled these conditions.

Turning aside from the complications of the Eastern question, the dispute about Venezuela and the row with Russia over China, the British government sent an ultimatum to the King of

the Inspector-General of the Gold Coast forces, who is now in England, will leave for West Africa as soon as possible to organize the force.

The advance of the British into the King of Ashantee's country is expected to be well under way early in December. In the meanwhile troops will be sent to Accra from Lagos and other places. All is now excitement on the Gold Coast.

There is probably not another African monarch who can cause the British government so much trouble and expense as the King of Ashantee. He is a very powerful potentate. His people are all born fighters, who would rather fight than eat.

He is an absolute despot. The King of Ashantee could give points in despotism to the Sultan of Turkey and the Czar of Russia. If the Czar were to do the things which the King of Ashantee thinks nothing of doing there would be a vacancy in the Winter Palace.

If any man looks at one of his 3,333 wives that man's name is Dennis. Some of these numerous wives of the King of Ashantee are not worth looking at, it is true, but the owner of any profane eyes that even by accident happened to rest upon them would be conducted to a shady grove in the neighborhood of the town and fall to rest.

When one king dies 2,000 people are killed as a guard of honor to accompany him to the other world. As many as 10,000 are reported to have been killed on one occasion in a single day.

Upon every national festival it is also the custom for the King of Ashantee to offer human sacrifices. People are believed to be killed almost every day at Coomassie, the capital, and this kind of official murder is a regular thing.

She Did Not Want a Freak.

"Have you ever loved another, George?"

"No, Maud; no. I swear by all—"

"Never mind that. If you say it I believe it, but I cannot be yours. A man who has lived as long as you have without loving must be innately a woman-hater, and I shall never marry a woman-hater. Good evening, Mr. Jones. Maria (calling to the maid), you may send Mr. Wilkins up. I am disengaged."—Harper's Bazar.

fancy to the police station a few days ago, Bob showed his displeasure to everyone except the cat. He was evidently afraid of pussy. He spent all of his time with the butcher for two days, and then disappeared altogether. All the police have orders to look for him.

### THE BRAVE LITTLE PECCARY.

A Very Plucky Fighter When He Is Angry. Despite His Size.

Of the few American quadrupeds for which an intelligent hunter entertains a certain amount of respect, the Colared Peccary is one. Although he is only a little flat-sided, high-shouldered hog, wild and uneducated, yet he is a plucky fighter when angry—and like a true child of the wild west, he gets mad quite easily. It always annoys him very much that any one should dare to go a-gunning for him, and Mr. A. B. Baker, of the Washington "Zoo," points to a long slit in the side of his leather leggings as an illustration of what a Texas Peccary can do when he is very angry.

This species has a very wide range, being found from the Red river of Arkansas as far south as Patagonia. In Texas it is no longer abundant save in the low jungle bottom lands along the Rio Grande. It does not go in great droves, like the White-lipped Peccary, and it is seldom that more than eight or ten individuals are seen together. The time was when they were much more ready to fight than they are now; but, like all other dangerous animals, they have learned to fear man and his deadly firearms.—(W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.)

### That Omnipresent Young Brother.

Featherstone—I wonder if your sister realizes, Willie, that during the last month I have given her ten pounds of candy?

Willie—Of course she does. That's why she is keeping her engagement with Jim Burling a secret.—Harper's Bazar.

### He (coming out of the warm theater)

—You look like a broiled lobster. She—Well, I just feel like something to eat.—Yonkers Statesman.