

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

The aggressive end of the British ministry is suffering from a peace scare.

Wisconsin prohibitionists have called their convention to meet at Clear Water. What was the matter with Ryeville?

Spain has soldiers enough and generals enough in Cuba to overrun the island. But the army has no love for the cause.

Chinese forgers have issued \$3,000,000 in forged banknotes, and yet there are people who claim that the Chinese are not civilized.

Kentucky can't understand why the Cuban insurgents should want to capture Havana's water supply. Why don't they take a brewery or a distillery?

No doubt one reason why a great many people are reluctant about paying their taxes is that they know that much of the public money is squandered or stolen by incompetent and dishonest officials.

Jim Corbett's first wife must have a soft spot in her heart for him after all. She is planning to relieve him of the obligation to pay her \$100 a week alimony by annexing a millionaire on her own account.

Good old California! It has been astonishing to those who remember her former exploits how she has let Cripple Creek dim her luster. But she is coming out now. A telegram from San Francisco announces the discovery of a new gold field and it's none of your beggary 10-ounces-to-the-ton fields, either. The dispatch says that the first quartz assays \$167,250 to the ton, or \$83 to the pound. That is, it is pure gold with just enough rock mixed in to hold it together. 'Rah for the land of the Argonauts. They will be mining seawanted double eagles and diamonds all cut and mounted out there before long.

"Old Bill" Vosburg, the green-goods man who swindled Anton Cmfel, a farmer of Clarkson, Neb., out of \$500, was allowed to go free in New York the other day because the court thought he was no worse a criminal than the sucker who bit. Recorder Goff said he thought the legislature should make a law declaring the farmers who come on to buy green goods should be prosecuted as felons. He had no sympathy for them. They were greater criminals than Vosburg, because he was but fleecing thieves, or men willing to be thieves, and as great swindlers at heart as the prisoner. Farmers who seek the purchase of counterfeit money do so with the intention of working it off on innocent people and swindling them out of good money or property. If the law should take them in hand they would lose less money to sharpers.

Further experience in India tends to establish the value of Professor Harkins' inoculations against cholera. Dr. Simpson, health officer of Calcutta, reports one instance in which a fatal case of cholera led to the inoculation, two days afterward of eleven of the eighteen remaining members of the household, and in a second outbreak of the disease these eleven escaped, while four of the seven un inoculated were attacked, three fatally. After an outbreak in another locality 114 persons were inoculated out of about 300 in the district. This was followed by ten cases—seven fatal—of cholera and choleraic diarrhoea, not one occurring among the inoculated persons. The discomfort of the inoculations is stated to be milder and of shorter duration than that of vaccination against small-pox. For complete protection, inoculation with a mild vaccine should be followed after five days by the use of a stronger vaccine. The operations are always harmless.

The kind of work that is accomplished by live editors in live communities, that really appreciate valuable and loyal service, is well illustrated in the following in the Buffalo Times with regard to Benjamin S. Dean of the Jamestown (N. Y.) Morning News: "During his stay in Jamestown Mr. Dean has accomplished many reforms. He fought the old water company to a finish, although he was made defendant in a criminal libel action before it was fairly settled that the company should furnish the citizens an abundant supply of pure water. His earnest advocacy of municipal ownership of essential monopolies led to the construction of a municipal electric-lighting plant, which has already saved the city several thousands of dollars. He declaimed against the giving away of valuable franchises with such earnestness and vigor that the Jamestown Street Railway company, on changing its motive power, entered into a contract with the city to pay a percentage on the gross earnings of the road."

Emperor William ought to make a pretty good member of the Milwaukee Press club, but who will pay his dues? If he ever decides to go out of the monarch business we feel quite sure that Mr. Hohenzollern could get a job on some of the Milwaukee papers.

An Indianapolis man who shot a hole through his head calmly puffed a cigarette while the physicians patched up the damage. This isn't so very remarkable after all; there is no necessary connection between brains and cigarette smoking.

OPHIDIAN GRATITUDE.

The Gentle Professor's Act of Heroic Ample and Ingeniously Faid For.

Edgar B. Raymond, one of San Francisco's barristers, has been a close student of natural history, and has succeeded in gathering some very interesting information regarding the birds of the air, the beasts of the land, the fishes of the seas, says the San Francisco Call. Incidentally, he has been able to collect a few snake statistics.

"I once knew a case," said Mr. Raymond, to some listeners last night, "wherein a snake displayed not only an unusual amount of affection, but a great deal of courage. It appears that some years ago a professor of natural history from an eastern university was sent to the southern part of Yucatan to investigate the snakes of that section. I might state that he was a very humane man, and frequently displayed it. One afternoon while walking over a desert, thinking of little but the time he would arrive at camp, he heard a peculiar rattling sound that seemed to come from under a pile of rocks. He at once made an investigation and was rewarded by the discovery of a maddened rattlesnake, which he was on the point of dispatching so as to put it out of misery, as the rocks had so fallen that a portion of the snake's body was badly mangled and torn. In the matter of taking the reptile's life he hesitated, owing to the pathetic and appealing expression in the wounded creature's eyes. It quite unnerved him, so he rolled the rocks off and awaited results, which came in the shape of very pronounced gratitude.

"The delighted and thankful creature wriggled over to him and rubbed his leg with a grateful air that was bound to last. The professor was moved by this exhibition, and, having some cotton in his valise, he bound up the wounded part and left the snake as comfortable as possible, and next day he left Yucatan for Guatemala and was gone over five years. On his return to Yucatan he again had occasion to pass over the desert, and greatly to his surprise, encountered the same reptile a few miles from where the previous incident had occurred. The recognition was mutual, and the joyful rattler coiled about his leg, licked his hand with a friendly tongue and showed marked and industrious appreciation. When the professor took up his march again the snake followed him, and even insisted upon getting into the wagon and becoming a regular occupant."

"Look here, Edgar, ain't you going a little too far with that yarn?" inquired a friend.

"Not as far as the snake is going. To continue: He finally got back east, and had for a traveling companion the snake, which was allowed to wander at will. As a matter of consequence the professor and his dumb companion became the best of friends and it was a common thing to see the naturalist walking out in the road with the snake gliding along beside him. Well—now here comes the real part of the story—one night after the professor had retired and left the snake downstairs in the dining room he was suddenly awakened by the crash of glass, followed by the fall of a heavy body. He rose up in his bed, only to hear a groan and the crushing of bones. In a flash he bounded into his dressing gown and repaired to the room whence came the sound of strife. Imagine his horror on striking a light to see his pet snake coiled around a man's bleeding body, which it had lashed to the stove and was hugging violently. On the floor was a burglar's dark lantern and a kit of tools, while the snake, in order to display its presence of mind, had his tail out of the window—"

"What for?" inquired a listener, in breathless excitement.

"Rattling for a policeman."

Working Girls to Close Stores.
The working girls' clubs of Massachusetts have set themselves to the task of closing retail stores at 5 o'clock during January, February and March. The organization is a strong one and embraces the Amaranth club, Roxbury; Boylston club, Boston; Cambridge Girls' club, Clover club, Boston; Dorchester Girls' club, Fall River Working Girls' club, Friendly Workers, Boston; Endeavor club, New Bedford, and many others.

WRITERS OF BOOKS.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox declares that she believes in the doctrine of reincarnation, and that three-fourths of the inhabitants of the world believe in it, too. She thinks she was a cat, once.

It may be encouraging to young authors to know that of 165 books published in one week during the month of October, a representative house in New York took only forty, leaving 125 untouched.

It is said that Jules Simon's real name is Suisse, and that when his first book was written, Victor Cousin advised him to change it on account of the number of Swiss acting in the capacity of conclave in Paris.

Alphonse Daudet's home is in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and the street in which he lives is a quiet one, whose sparse shops have not changed their style of window dressing since the death of the Duc de Berry.

Rhoda Broughton is still living at Oxford, a stately, charming woman, just beginning the autumn of life. She rarely goes to London now, but is always pleased to welcome her literary friends to her home in the classic old university town.

Victor Hugo's statue for the Place Victor Hugo will not be ready before 1900. At that time also will be published two volumes containing some unpublished papers written at Guernsey, and the letters which he wrote to intimate friends during his exile.

MAZEPPA FOR 7 DAYS.

BYRON'S STRANGE POEM FINDS A REPETITION.

A Child Rightfully Tortured by Two Indian Friends to Washington—Bowed to Her Pony's Back an Entire Week—Saved from Death by a Squaw.



POKANE, WASH., correspondence to New York Journal: The legend of Mazeppa has found a parallel in the San Poil country, this state. The victim, a twelve-year-old girl, tells a story of torture, the hideous details of which have set the state shuddering. Her assailants, two Indians, are in prison, and their lives were preserved only by the most determined bravery on the part of the officers who took them into custody. The penalty for their crime is death.

Little Mary Freelon is the child of James Freelon, a white man, and the grand-daughter of Ka-ma-tel-hlah, the aged chief of the San Poil tribe of Indians. She lives in the San Poil Valley, near the mouth of the river of that name. While she was riding through a deep ravine some days ago, two Indians, Puck-el-petsy and Chunu-wahet, sprang from the bushes that lined the trail, seized her pony's bridle and her gun and ordered her to dismount.

Screaming with terror, she struck the ruffians with her whip, but they only laughed and dragged her from her pony. They bound her hands and feet and threw her across the back of her pony. This done they mounted their horses, and leading the pony bearing

known to have gone. William Nolan, an Indian interpreter and ex-United States marshal, organized a posse and started on the trail. Dividing into several groups, one of which discovered Mary, the members of the posse scoured the country thoroughly. William Nolan and his brother unexpectedly encountered the fugitives and, before they realized the fact, were gazing into the muzzles of the two Winchester rifles. They were forced to turn back by the desperadoes, who assured them they would never be captured alive.

Several days later, however, the fugitives were located at the mouth of Spokane river at the hut of Chief Kaluskis, and a large posse of Indians and officers surrounded them. In spite of their bold defiance of a few days before, the ruffians surrendered without resistance. After the capture there was well nigh a battle between the officers and Indians to prevent the latter shooting the prisoners before they could be lodged in the jail at Wilbur.

A surprising fact, so far as the prisoners are concerned, is the singular affection entertained by Puck-el-Petsy, the more brutal of the two, for his brother. After being brought here he made a confession admitting his own guilt, but declaring that his brother is innocent. The chances are excellent, however, for a double execution in Washington before many months.

NEW VERSION OF THE PARABLE.

Southern Preacher Rebukes the Adventurers of the Foodful Sea.

From the Louisville Times: When Judge Sterling B. Toney was down South he went—or, rather, he says he went—to a service at a little country church. Here the preacher, a simple old countryman, arose to deliver a sermon on the subject of the prodigal son. "I am going to take this text, my brethren, because it is just as applicable

THERE WAS A TUSSELE.

But the Suspected Wildest Was Dead When the Combat Began.

On the crest of Clinch mountain, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I came to a settler's cabin and the settler sat on a log by the door, with the dead body of a wildcat at his feet, says the Detroit Free Press. He was a man over 50 years of age and his shirt hung in strings and tatters and his face was scratched and bleeding. On the doorstep, ten feet away, sat his wife, who was a woman of about 30 years of age. Her hair was hanging down her back, her dress was torn in three or four places and she was holding a rag to her husband's nose. Both bowed to me as I came up, but nothing was said to me in salutation.

"So you killed the wild cat?" I queried after a bit.

"Yes," replied the man as he gave the body a push with his foot.

"She's a pretty big one."

"Yes, purty hefty."

"And she made a hard fight of it, I judge?"

"No. She was up a tree and I brung her down at fust shot. No, she didn't make no fight 't all. Hada'n't no time to make a fight."

"I thought from the looks of both of you that there had been an awful tussle."

"So thar' has, stranger—so thar' has," replied the old man as he drew a long breath, "but the cat was dead afore the tussle took place. I killed her about a mile away and I brung her home to skin her and sell the pelt fur whisky and terbacker."

"And I wanted to sell it for snuff and 'lasses," said the woman.

"I was sot," said the husband.

"And I was sotter," added the wife.

"And then the awful tussle took place and lasted an hour and hasn't been decided yet. We've jst stopped fur

CURRENT READING.

NEWEST BOOKS FOUND ON SALE AT BOOK STORES.

"The Master Mosaic Workers," by George Sand—"The Battle of Dorking" of Current Interest—Art and Romance—Notes.



HE strained relations of America with England growing out of the Venezuelan boundary dispute on the one hand, and of England with Germany due to complications in South Africa on the other, will give a peculiar and timely interest to this reprint of "The Battle of Dorking." It was a famous tract twenty-five years ago, and made a profound sensation in England and America, both by reason of its bearing on current European events and politics, and from its remarkable blending of military knowledge and literary skill. It appeared originally in Blackwood's Magazine for May, 1871, and purported to be the recollections of events disastrous to England in 1875, narrated fifty years after by an eyewitness. That England heeded this "plain warning," which may almost be looked upon in the light of a prophecy, is evidenced by her majesty's recent naval display. Whether or not its lesson will be heeded elsewhere as well, remains to be seen. The Battle of Dorking would be possible to-day only on American soil.

An Art Romance.

"The Master Mosaic Workers." By George Sand; translated by Charlotte C. Johnson. (Cloth, \$1.25. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) This book has been and will be read with much pleasure as the author tells us she found in the writing of it. It is a story of Venice, and the events are woven around the restoration of the mosaics in the cathedral of St. Mark, a task in which most of the characters were engaged. It is seldom that so many excellent character sketches are found in a single volume. The sterling qualities of the Zuccati Brothers and their affection for each other, the mingled pride, love and disdain of old Sebastiano Zuccati, the pictures of Titian and Tintoretto, the jealousy of Bianchini and Bozza are all depicted with exquisite delicacy or great force, as the occasion or subject demanded. The descriptions, apart from the characters, are also especially good. This applies particularly to the account of the celebration of the Feast of St. Mark.

A Literary Gem.

"Metaphors, Similes, and Other Characteristic Sayings of Henry Ward Beecher." Compiled from discourses reported by T. J. Ellinwood, with introduction by Homer B. Sprague, Ph. D. (New York: Andrew J. Graham & Co., 744 Broadway. Price, \$1.)

This is a new and attractive compilation of some of Mr. Beecher's brightest utterances, selected from his unpublished sermons.

The introduction by Dr. Homer B. Sprague contains an interesting analysis of Mr. Beecher's genius, and particularly of his imagination.

The book should be of special interest to every public speaker, and invaluable to preachers.

Teachers of rhetoric and all who are called upon to write good English may here find choice illustrations of how to do it.

The busy man or woman, who can give but a few minutes daily to reading will find it just the book to snatch up at odd moments; healthful and stimulating.

It abounds in wit, mirth, pathos, eloquence, sound sense, splendid imagery and lofty morality. There is not a dull sentence in its 217 pages.

Zola's Latest.

"The Fat and the Thin," Emile Zola, is a story of life in and around those vast central markets which form a distinctive feature of modern Paris. Even the reader who has never crossed the channel must have heard of the Parisian Halles, for such has been written about them, not only in English books on the French metropolis, but also in English newspapers, magazines and reviews; so that few I fancy, will commence the perusal of the present volume without having, at all events, some knowledge of its subject-matter. This work will be found one of the most original and happiest inventions of French genius. (Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.)

Abridgement of Alison's History.

To meet the demand for Napoleonic literature, A. S. Barnes & Co. (New York) have brought out a one-volume student's edition of E. S. Gould's abridgement of Alison's great ten-volume "History of Europe from the French Revolution, 1789, to the Fall of Napoleon, 1815." This Mr. Alison called the Napoleonic era of Europe. Gould's abridgement, on the whole the best condensation of Alison's work, has been before the public for more than half a century, and has gone through many editions. The present edition is of 328 pp., good paper and binding, and price. (Cloth, 522 pages, \$2.)

Literary Notes.

Never is a dull line to be found in The Youth's Companion. Not satisfied with making its every issue the very best family paper, the publishers of The Companion are continually doing all that liberality and enterprise can answer to make it better still.



"THEY FOLLOWED, URGING THE ANIMAL ON AND ON."

the gasping and half-dead child, rode over steep mountains and through forests, unbroken save for faint trails.

During the day travels she was tied to her pony, her head hanging down one side, her feet the other. Five days passed in this way. At the end of that time the two fiends became aware they were being pursued, and strapping the girl lengthwise on the pony, drove the pony from them. For several miles they followed the animal bearing the child, urging it at full speed. They abandoned both and sought safety from the avengers they believed near at hand.

For two days the pony with its helpless burden wandered through forest and over mountain. Little Mary had previously refused the food her captors had offered her, so from sheer weakness she was in a half-comatose condition during her Mazeppa-like experience.

The second day after the child's abandonment by the two ruffians an Indian woman discovered the pony and its burden. Releasing the child from her fearful position, the woman carried her to her wigwam two miles distant, and after a long effort succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. At this wigwam, two days later, several members of the party that had started in pursuit of her captors found her. They took her to the home of her grandfather, the San Poil chief, where, despite starvation and the fearful tortures she had endured, health and strength slowly returned.

Mary's father is dead and, with her mother, she made her grandfather's home her own. When she failed to return home the day of her disappearance, her relatives inquired at Percival's, a neighboring mining camp. There they learned the two Indians who kidnapped her had been seen in the vicinity of the place where the child was

now as it was in the old days gone by. Here to-day, as of yore, the prodigal, anxious to see the world and enjoy himself, goes to his old father, who has loved him for many, many years, and asks him that he be given his portion that he has been saving for many, many years. And the old father, who has loved him for many, many years, gives him his portion, and he goes away and spends it in riotous living. He has a "Delmonico's" at six' time of it, my brethren, and that prodigal was glad enough to eat with the swine he herded. Then the prodigal repented, as many of us are apt to do on an empty stomach, and he went back to the old home, where he had lived for many, many years. And he saw the blue smoke curling out of the chimney, as it had done for many, many years, and his old father, who had loved him for many, many years, and he fell upon his father's shoulder and wept to be taken back to his heart. Then the father loved him again, as he had done for many, many years, and went out and killed the fattest calf that had been on the old farm for many, many years."

Here the judge was so convulsed at the probable toughness and antiquity of that calf that had been on the farm for many, many years, that he argued judiciously with himself whether, after all, the old man's forgiveness and method of showing it were as devoid of humor as we have always thought it.

A Remarkable Echo.

A Killarney tourist, so the story goes, was assured by a guide that the echo on Loch Gill was worth hearing. So off went the tourist to hear it, and hired two men to row him out, accomplishing the transaction so swiftly that there was no time for them to arrange for the usual echo to be in attendance. In despair they broke an oar, and one swam ashore to fetch another. The echo then began. "Good morning," cried the tourist. "Good morning," said the echo, with a brogue. "Fine day, God bless it," cried the tourist. "Foine day, God bless it," said the echo. "Will you have a drink?" cried the tourist. "Begorra, I will," roared the echo.

A Nursery Rhyme.

The king has left his counting-house and wisely spent his money; The queen and he are bicycling, forgetting bread and honey; The maid has bought a wheel, too, and left her hanging clothes, 'Twould take a nimble blackbird now to nip off half her nose.

—Toledo Blade.

breath, and if you want a drink of water thar's the gourd and back of the house thar's a spring; and you'd better git along and leave us to settle this yere fuss by ourselves."

I got a drink of water and returned the gourd to its peg and went on my way. When I had gone about forty rods I heard yells and whoops and realized that the conflict had been renewed, but it was not for me to return. It was clearly a family fight, and though I was none of my business which whipped I felt somewhat elated as I noticed that the wife yelled twice where he whooped once and was probably getting the best of it.

An Age of Fads.

This is an age of fads and foibles, of metaphysical riddles and problematical ideals. The psychological tendency of the human mind has revived all the metaphysical notions of the past, and they have been animated with higher life, and must be met and mastered from a scientific standpoint.—Rev. Frances E. Mason, Brooklyn, N. Y.