

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

Gen. Weyler made it one of his first orders that no newspaper men should accompany the Spanish army. There are obvious reasons why the general would prefer to report his own battles.

There are some detectives who cling to the theory that Pearl Bryan killed herself. What we would like to have these sleuths explain is why the girl followed up suicide by decapitating herself.

There are indications that President Kruger may go to London with Secretary Chamberlain. But if the head and front of the Boers does this it is said that he will also call at Paris and Berlin in order to have a little talk about current events and show a spirit of independence.

It has been made plain that the general impression at first gained regarding the Waller case was an erroneous one and that France was perfectly justified in dealing with him as she did. He violated the laws to which he was responsible, and his punishment, in view of his offense, must be regarded as a light one.

Police authorities of London, England, are congratulating themselves on the remarkable absence of crime in the metropolis during the last year. The annual police report, which will shortly be issued, shows that London, in its freedom from the effects of the law-breakers, has made a record which may well be envied by the governments of all large cities.

A singular thing happened in Chicago the other day. A little dog ran up and down the street without any very apparent objective point in view. Some hysterical person shrieked "mad dog" and there was a panic and riot, at the end of which the dog was dead. That, of course, is not singular. It happens every day, or, at least, as often as the hysterical person comes across a dog that neglects to give a clear and reassuring account of itself. The singular thing is that four policemen did not hurry to the scene and fill the vicinity so full of leaden bullets that its specific gravity was increased at least 20 per cent.

The outlook for the phosphate business in South Carolina is gloomy, so the state phosphate inspector reports. Prices are lower than ever before; the working force has been reduced and the wages cut. One of the largest companies has suspended operations. The causes assigned for the depression are a decreased demand, and the growing competition of phosphates from Algeria, from Venezuela, from the French District of Somme and from Tennessee. The Tennessee phosphate is the most formidable competitor of the South Carolina product, filling its place perfectly, and being placed on the market at a less price, as it does not need washing or drying. It is significant, in this connection, that a South Carolina syndicate has recently paid \$600,000 for 21,000 acres of phosphate land in Tennessee.

The old saw that love is blind has again been illustrated in a most striking manner. A young lady of Santa Rosa, Cal., the daughter of a multi-millionaire, the belle of the town and the recipient of a quart of proposals daily, heedless of her wealthy papa's wishes refused each and all of the silk-hose suitors that were buying valentines for her and fell madly in love with a drug clerk. The other day the drug clerk secured a job in St. Louis, whereupon Miss Heiness packs her bandbox and elopes with her dispensing lover. The mere fact of an heiress taking up with a drug clerk is enough evidence of blindness. Any girl that lives in a flat can have a drug clerk for a beau, and why an heiress should take up with one is inconceivable enough in itself, but coupled with the fact that she eloped with him to St. Louis the evidence of sad blindness is overwhelming.

London's lord mayor has to put on three suits of clothes on taking office. He wears a wide-sleeved, velvet-faced, fur-trimmed robe of purple silk rep on presenting himself to the lord chancellor at Westminster; this he uses afterward as a police magistrate. For his show he wears a robe of superfine scarlet broadcloth, faced with sable fur and lined with pearl satin; this he must wear when greeting the judges at the Old Bailey and on all saints' days. The dress for evening and formal receptions is a black damask satin robe, embroidered with silver gilt. Under these he wears a velvet coat and knee breeches. The robes are a perquisite of the office and cost \$1,000. The chain of office has on it diamonds worth \$600,000, and each lord mayor must give bonds for its safe return on receiving it. When the queen passes through the city a fourth robe is necessary, but, as that seldom happens, it is bought only when the occasion arises.

Two privates from Fort Omaha went down to Sarpy county, Neb., and indulged in a ten-round old-style prize fight the other night for a big purse. That's why they are now in the guard house and accounts for the present great agitation in army circles.

Ira Follen of Lamonte, Mo., is now spending twenty days in the village saloon for having sold a pound of candy on Sunday. You, who occasionally do an odd job on the Sabbath, consider poor Ira's fate, and at this season of the year, too!

ADAPTABILITY OF ANIMALS.

How They Vary Their Food to Suit Changed Conditions.

An impression prevails that insects and other creatures are so co-related with their food that they can scarcely exist unless the special food seemingly essential to them is ready to hand, says Meehan's Monthly. This is believed true not only of food, but of their habits in general. The yucca and the yucca moth are so closely connected that it does seem as if each is absolutely dependent on the other—and one might well ask what would the chimney swallow do without chimneys in which to build its nests—or cherry or peach tree gum with which to build them.

But just as the vegetarian would have to abandon his principles where there was nothing in the icy region but musk oxen and walrus to feed on—so animal nature generally has the instinct of preservation to take to that which first comes to hand when favorite resources fail. The chimney swallow built its nest somewhere before the white man constructed chimneys. The potato beetle had its home on the plains long before it ever knew a potato and the writer has seen the common elm-leaft beetle feeding voraciously in the mountains of North Carolina on a species of skull-cap—scutellaria—touching apparently no other plant, in localities where elms were absent.

In Germantown gardens half-starved bees take to grapes and raspberries. In the same locality the common robin has had hard times. There had been no rain from the 4th of July to Oct. 11, and, everything having become parched long since, insects that live on green food had not increased. The robins took to green seeds and fruits. The apples on the orchard trees were dug out as if by mice. An American golden pippin, with a heavy crop, presented a remarkable appearance with what should be apples hanging on the trees like empty walnut shells. In brief, no creature would ignore the promptings of nature. It will change its habits when necessity demands.

PREVENTS PITTING.

Use of a Red Light in the Sick-Room Has Proven Beneficial.

It is well known that red light possesses some peculiar property which annuls the chemical effect produced by other hues composing the solar spectrum. A red light is used in photographic dark rooms because its rays do not effect the sensitive plate in the process of developing. Some time ago it was suggested that the pits which appear in the face after a severe attack of smallpox might be due to the action of the sunlight. With a view to testing this theory the windows of the rooms in which the patients were confined were shaded by orange-colored curtains.

The results were not very satisfactory, possibly because the experiment was bunglingly done. The idea was not given up, however, and lately some tests have been made with red light, which has a greater power than orange light to exclude the sun's rays. The light was tried on several unvaccinated children suffering from smallpox in a German hospital and the disease immediately took a favorable turn. Although the pits appeared, they did not break, and finally disappeared, leaving the skin perfectly smooth. There was no secondary fever. According to Dr. Feilberg, who conducted this test, the essential point for the success of this treatment is that it should be begun during the early stages of the disease, shortly after the pits, or vesicles, have appeared. If the seventh day has been reached it is hardly possible to prevent the pits from breaking and hence becoming permanent. Another important point is that the exclusion of the chemical rays of daylight must be complete and continued until the vesicles have quite dried up.—New York World.

A Greek Judge's Sentence.

A curious judgment was pronounced the other day by a judge in a court of law at Volosso, in the island of Scio. An action for damages was brought by two persons against the local railway company for losses sustained by a collision. It appeared that a man had lost an arm and a young woman had lost her husband. The judge—a Greek—assessed the damages thus: He gave 6,000 piastres to the man for the loss of his arm and 2,000 to the woman for the loss of her husband. At this there were loud murmurs, whereupon the judge gave his reasons in these terms: "My dear people, my verdict must remain, for you will see it is a just one. Poor Nikola has lost his arm, and nothing on earth can restore that priceless limb. But you" (turning to the woman)—"you are still young and pretty. You have some money; you will easily find another husband, who possibly may be as good as—or perhaps better than—your dead lord. That is my verdict, my people; and so it must go forth." So saying, the judge left the hall. The people cheered him and congratulated themselves on having such a judge.

Sleeping Rooms.

Oil stoves and gas stoves should never be kept burning in a sleeping room, for they are burned in the open air of the room, and, having no connection with a chimney flue, throw the poisonous carbonic oxide of combustion into the air of the apartment and make it unfit for respiration. Even an oil lamp is dangerous if left burning all night, but an oil stove is worse, because stoves generally feed more flame, consume more of the oxygen, and give off more poisonous gas.

Forged His Way.

In a biographical sketch, intended to be wholly complimentary of a banker in Lamar, Kan., a newspaper of that town says the banker "has forged his way from a clerkship to a position in the firm."

YOUNG FOLK'S CORNER.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Sunshine Still Shall Follow Rain—A Noble Response—Just Trust Him—An Unwelcome Visitor—She Got the Sent—Anecdote and Incident.

HEN inky clouds a deluge pour, And nearer distant thunders roar, Midst dreary days and dismal sighs Still look for fair and brighter skies. Thy hope will not prove false or vain For sunshine still shall follow rain.

Tis off in life's fast-fleeting years We sow the seed in bitter tears. When seed-time days and tears are gone We reap the field in sadness sown, With joy we gather golden grain, For sunshine still shall follow rain.

Ho! Traveler, ho! ye weary ones, With bleeding feet on life's sharp stones, 'Neath burdens great and yokes that gall, Look up, tho' you beneath them fall, Strive hard to stand and not complain, For sunshine still shall follow rain.

O! dying heart, look up to Him Mid snow white thrones and cherubim,

"Well, the fact is, I could not lie still; I could not realize that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began to struggle, and, of course, down I went at once."

"And then?"

"Then I found out that I must give up all the struggle, and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that; I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should never sink."

"And is not God's word more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for your feelings; he commands you just to rest in him, to believe his word, and accept his gift. His message of life reaches down to you in your place of ruin and death, and his word to you now is, 'The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

An Unwelcome Visitor.
A merchant sat at his office desk. Various letters were spread before him. His whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of religion entered the office. "I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the cause of Christ," said the good man.

"Sir, you must excuse me," replied the merchant, "I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, inquiry is on the increase among us," said his friend.

"Is it? I'm sorry, but I'm too busy at present to do anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir; I wish you good-morning."

Then, bowing the intruder out of his office, he resumed the study of his papers.

GOING TO SCHOOL.



For guardian angels from the sky 'Round thee in unseen cohorts fly, Sweet will it be when free from pain, For sunshine still shall follow rain.

When we have crossed the river chill And mortal clay in death is still, When we are borne to that fair shore, To life and youth forevermore, We'll touch our harps in glad refrain, For sunshine still shall follow rain.

A Noble Response.

A touching story of Beecher's sympathy and power is related by a contemporary. One Sunday morning at the Brooklyn Tabernacle Mr. Beecher told a friend of his who had called his attention to the peculiar case of a young girl who was to be sold that week, but who, having fallen into the hands of a slave dealer, less obdurate than some, had obtained permission to try to collect from charitable souls her own purchase price that she might gain her liberty. Beecher's help had been implored and he had brought the girl there that morning. He called her up to the platform and said: "This girl will be sold to-morrow unless we save her to-day. Her price is \$1,200," and sat down. Without another word the deacons sprung up and began to make a collection. Women who had no money with them tore off their ornaments to place on the plates, and two men walked up to the platform and told the preacher that whatever the collection might be they would guarantee the needed sum, and the girl was free. And then the vast congregation of 3,000 people, Sunday morning though it was, rose and cheered in gladness of thanksgiving.

Just Trust Him.

Very many unsaved persons want to become believers but dread the process, not knowing exactly how to go at it. A typical case is related by a writer in the Occident:

A young man distressed about his soul had confided his difficulties to a friend, who discerned very quietly that he was trying to obtain everlasting life by great effort. He spoke of "sincere prayers" and "heart-felt desires" after salvation, but continually lamented that he did not "feel any different in spite of all."

His friend did not answer him at first, but presently interrupted him with the inquiry, "Will, did you ever learn to float?"

"Yes, I did," was the surprised reply. "And did you find it easy to learn?" "Not at first," he answered. "What was the difficulty?" his friend asked.

The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what the object, he was always too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister that he was too busy for anything but to make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying, "Go home with me!"

The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his bed-chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bedside, whispering, ever and anon, "You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart; specters of ships, notes, houses, and lands flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew the name of his visitor was Death!

Humanity, mercy, and religion had alike begged his influence, means and attention in vain; but when death came he was powerless—he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.

She Got the Sent.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer: The new woman was here in dead earnest yesterday. She boarded a Euclid avenue motor at Willson avenue by way of the rear door.

Every seat was filled and two or three men were standing in the side aisle.

She grabbed strap after strap as she walked half the length of the car, then tapped a prominent business man on the back and said in a loud tone of voice, "May I have your seat, sir?"

The man addressed looked up pitifully from his morning paper and stood in true heroic style, saying, "Every inch of it is yours, ma'am."

This convulsed the whole car with laughter.

As she took the seat she looked him full in the face and said: "If you don't get what you want, always ask for it." And the car full of new ideas sped on toward town.

If in doubt at any time as to what is proper follow the example of others of more experience.

Both Mistaken.

From the Philadelphia Record: Some practical joker recently inserted in a daily paper an advertisement to the effect that Edward Wolf of Germantown avenue and Huntingdon street was anxious to buy a watch-dog. Wolf had no desire whatever to secure a dog, and he was naturally surprised, and not a little incensed, when a small boy entered his store leading a bear-eyed pup by a rope.

"My mother seen yer piece in de paipy," said the boy, "an' she wants to know if yer wants ter buy dis dog."

The boy and the dog were gently ushered into the street. A few moments later a man came in with a mastiff puppy in his arms. He was shown to the door somewhat less gently than the boy who preceded him. There was a brief period of rest and quiet, and then a tough young man, dragging an ugly bulldog, opened the shop door. He rushed up to the newcomer, and, grabbing him by the shoulder, said:

"I don't want to buy a dog, and I never did; now, get out of here. Wow! Call off your dog!"

The bulldog had fastened his teeth in Mr. Wolf's trousers and held on. After two minutes of wild excitement, Mr. Wolf, the tough young man and the dog, with a section of Mr. Wolf's trousers in his teeth, found themselves on the sidewalk.

"What's de matter wid you; are yer daffy?" panted the owner of the dog.

"Is dis de way yer always treats customers?"

"I don't want ter buy your dog," said Wolf.

"An' I don't want to sell no dog," said the other; "I want ter buy a pound of meat."

CURRENT READING.

NEWEST BOOKS FOUND ON SALE AT BOOK STORES.

"Froese Dramas," by Henrik Ibsen—"The Red Republic," by Robert W. Chambers—"The Little Room" and Other Stories by Madeline Yale Wynne.

AD MIRERS OF the Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, will be gratified to learn that his seven prose dramas have been collected in two uniform volumes, and edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

These dramas made the reputation of Ibsen as the most vivid painter of actual life of our time—in fact, the first of the dramatic realists. Four of the most widely known dramas: "A Doll's House," "The Pillars of Society," "An Enemy of Society" and "Ghosts," are translated by William Archer, which fact guarantees the excellence of the versions. Mention should also be made of the introduction by Edmund Gosse, which every admirer of Ibsen should read. For the past half a century the novel has been leaving the literary drama far behind in point of interest. Almost all of Ibsen's work is in dramatic form, and except in Norway, produced rarely and only at intervals; yet Ibsen is the originator of a new school and every one has either read a portion of his work or is acquainted with the nature of it. (Lovell, Coryell & Co., 310 Sixth St., New York City.)

A Romance of the Commune.

"The Red Republic," by Robert W. Chambers. (12mo, ornamental cover, \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Whoever has read "In the Quarter" and "The King in Yellow" is ready to at least give a hearing to Mr. Chambers' latest novel. And after the hearing there will be equal readiness to admit that he has written another exceptionally interesting story. To have read half a dozen romances, all more or less alike, and all involving for the most part the horrors of the Commune, so far from satiating the taste rather leaves a desire for another story of this period. The author describes scenes and relates events with a vividness that is truly remarkable in one who was not himself on the ground to see what he relates. It is the sort of historical novel which has a chance of living far into the next century, presenting as it does a wonderfully real and vital picture of that epoch of terror.

Original and Interesting.

"The Little Room" and other stories, by Madeline Yale Wynne. With cover design, frontispiece, and decorations by the author. (16mo, linen, gilt top, uncut, \$1.25. Chicago: Way & Williams.) This little book is daintily and tastefully gotten up and comprises a number of interesting and original tales, related in manner which awakens the imagination and gives it direction. The author evidently believes in thwarting human curiosity. She is provocatively silent to the very end, merely mentioning then that it was all a secret, and that every one may solve the mystery according to his ability in following a clue. The other stories combine the realistic with the supernatural in a vivid, imaginative way that is quite attractive, despite the slender proportions of each tale. For that very reason, they may be said to have that artistic merit of conveying much with little effort, which often crowns the briefest sketches as the best.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Princess Li, the wife of Viceroy Li Hung Chang, is 51 years old, but is said to look twenty years younger.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake suggests that international disputes be left to the women, if men cannot settle them. Miss Alice King, the English novelist, who has been blind since she was 7 years old, is an accomplished and fearless horsewoman and gallops over hills and rough moorland paths impassable to any but the most proficient rider.

Sarah Bernhardt, on being asked how she managed to look so young, replied: "I have my art. I work, work, work. In work I take my pleasure. It is a tonic, a delicious preventive of age. I never drink wine. I act. There you have it all."

Miss Lillian Gordon Pym, a daughter of James Pym of the Boston Herald composing-room staff, received the degree of L. R. A. M. from the Royal Academy of Music at the examination. Miss Pym is about 15, and is the youngest student by some years to secure such distinction from the Royal academy.

A hustling feminine tavern-keeper in Burns Ore., who is credited with being one of the best looking as well as one of the most successful hotel-keepers in eastern Oregon, advertised in a recent issue of the local newspaper that she will not be responsible hereafter for any debts contracted by her husband or her son.

Jeanne Peanben, a French girl, aged 18 years, has had a wonderful career. Two years ago she received the degree of bachelor of arts from one of the most famous colleges of France. She then became professor of philosophy in a woman's college at Lyons, and this year was a candidate at the Sorbonne for the important degree of licentiate in philosophy. She emerged from an extraordinarily severe examination (third out of 200 candidates. She amazed the examiners by her erudition and serene composure throughout the trying ordeal.

Drink from the cup—never from the saucer.