

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

The present Congress has, we are told, "forty editors in it." They make things snappy.

The anti-trust cigaret concerns instead of making no trust or no cigarets are making it another trust and more cigarets.

Utah's juries now consist of eight instead of twelve men. This innovation is based on the theory that eight Utah men are equal to twelve citizens of any other state.

Destruction of the Cuban tobacco crop having failed to perceptibly diminish the output of Havana cigars, smokers are awaiting with much interest the census statistics from Connecticut.

Gen. Miles has been signally honored by the National Society of New England Women, who propose to build, furnish and present to him a colonial mansion in Washington. The proposed cost of this structure and its equipment is not announced, but that is a trifling detail compared to the pleasure the Major-General of the army must feel at this show of pride in his achievements. The work is being pushed by the energetic women at the helm, and the sum of \$125 has been subscribed already, conditionally.

For some time a movement has been going on among the clergymen of New York to check the growing tendency of artisans, mechanics, etc., to congregate in the cities. They have the support of Gov. Morton, Chauncey Depew, and others. The movement has crystallized in the shape of the Home Farm Association. The association has purchased about 35,000 acres of land within thirty miles of New York, to be let to applicants of satisfactory standing, for a nominal payment down, and small weekly or monthly payments, all to go towards the purchase price. The homesteaders will also receive assistance to enable them not only to cultivate the land, but to assist them in building dwelling houses. The lots will vary in size from one to five acres.

Chief Moore, of the weather bureau, has made a special report to the secretary of agriculture with reference to the actual money value of cold-wave warnings to the people of this country, with special reference to the cold wave of Jan. 2 to 5 of the present year. That was one of unusual severity, spreading over the entire country east of the Rock Mountains, with the exception of the southern portion of Florida. At every weather bureau station throughout this region the cold-wave flag was displayed, and the warnings were distributed at least twenty-four hours before the cold wave occurred. Reports received from 102 stations indicate that these warnings were directly instrumental in saving property exceeding \$3,500,000 in value, suitable for cultivation.

There will not be much regret that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided the Stanford case in favor of the widow of California's multimillionaire. It is true that a decision in favor of the government would have formed a precedent from the vantage ground of which a demand for indemnity might have been made of Huntington. But would that that demand have actually been made and enforced? Probably not. Huntington is still very much alive, and entrenched behind the enormous power of his millions. The government never got up its courage to make the demand of Stanford until he was safely dead and his ill-gotten money had been dedicated to a beneficent public use and had only a woman to defend it. The proceedings against his estate had a disagreeable color of cowardice.

The recent combination of coal companies to advance the price of coal and so limit production has stirred up a good deal of opposition to trusts in general. The legislatures of New York and of New Jersey both took the matter in hand, and are trying to find out what they can do about it. The latter legislature tried to delegate authority to the attorney-general of the state to investigate the matter and bring action. The latter refused to accept the trust, as he said it was contrary to the constitution of the state for the legislature to attempt to delegate its powers. He, however, proposed a law that would give the commissioner or state's attorney power to compel the attendance of witnesses. The people are thoroughly awake to the present power of the trusts. The latter are mightier today than ever before. This is a sign propitious for the future. Their very power is raising up for them a host of enemies who are being gradually drawn together in a common resistance. The abuse of power sooner or later leads to the overthrow of that power. No one will question that the trusts have abused their power. That their dissolution will follow seems certain.

John Gardner of St. Louis has died once too often. Twelve times his physicians declared life was extinct in Gardner and twelve times has Gardner revived. He is dead again for the thirteenth time and the fatal antecedents of the number leave little hope for another recovery.

Professor Garner, who went to Africa to learn the monkey language, is stranded in New York clamoring for funds. Surely a few lectures in the monkey language to the ladies of New York ought to yield enough cash.

SOME CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Work of a Literary Gentleman.
"The Heart of Old Hickory," by Will Allen Dromgoole. (Cloth, \$1.25. Boston: The Arena Pub. Co.) When bleak December chills the spirit, when all the air is laden with discontentment and when in the firmament of discouragement, the search for the fixed star of friendship is in vain; then as the bird seeks the southern clime, does my inner self seek the warmth and companionship of such a volume. As naturally as on the window glass those beautiful pictures form themselves under the contact of heat with cold—here a forest beneath whose shade we bask—there a star full as this life with hope—yet, an icy finger pointing the way to heaven. Just so spontaneously are presented these stories, penciled with a woman's delicacy, fashioned by the genial warmth of a noble nature in contrast with the coldness of this world. The incidents that could be sketched on the window pane of each life are so vividly traced that they crystallize the thought, we are all "God's children." Each story strikes a chord within the register of all and so perfectly formed that the sympathetic vibrator is wonderful. I cry and laugh and laugh again another day, to hear in the corridor of memory the distant echo, the mellow reverberation of that darky voice, "Who broke up de meetin'?" Material well adapted for the elocutionist because so fresh and new comes the thought, just left like a jewel ready for the setting.

Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By Hamlin Garland. (Cloth, 403 pages, \$1.50. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.) "Dutcher" is her patronymic and "Coolly" a corruption of coule. Mr. Garland's Rose is a child of nature who grows up as free as a colt and as free from the conventional scruples of a girl as if she were really one of the boys whom she envies and emulates. A curious freak of fancy impels her to fall in love—as she thinks—with a circus athlete who never even sees her. This abnormal development of admiration—for it is nothing more—inspires her with a thirst for knowledge that she may be worthy of him. The current of her life is turned, education at the University of Wisconsin follows, and then an abandonment of home in a vain attempt to achieve literary fame in Chicago.

It is difficult to express one's exact meaning in writing of a certain feature of the earlier chapters. Mr. Garland, in his desire to be perfectly natural, endeavors to depict the growth of the sex instinct in a girl, and he treads upon delicate ground. Although not transgressing the bounds of good taste, his depiction of this phase of girlhood makes his story one for the mature in thought, or as Mr. Hardy would say, for men and women of full age.

The effete Eastern man who looks upon Chicago only as an example of garish, crude newness, should read the book and see with what a picturesque glamour Mr. Garland invests the great city. For the lake he has a love in all her varying aspects, and the description of a storm is wonderfully graphic. On the whole Mr. Garland has scored a success in this his first long story. The publishers have put it forth in unexceptionable form.

"Life of Lincoln."
Mr. Wm. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, is one of the most intelligent and indefatigable collectors of Lincolniana in the country. His collection includes many rare and precious pieces, such as the praecipe in Lincoln's first lawsuit; Lincoln's old "Webster's Dictionary"; the chair, desk and inkstand used by Lincoln for years in his Springfield law office; one of the finest original Lincoln letters, besides quantities of engravings, wood-cuts and curios. Mr. Lambert's collection of literature on Lincoln is practically complete, containing hundreds of books, pamphlets and newspapers. With this vast amount of matter Mr. Lambert is himself perfectly familiar, and his intimate knowledge of all that has been written in regard to Lincoln makes his opinion of any new work on the subject of peculiar value. Of the "Life of Lincoln now running in McClure's Magazine, Mr. Lambert writes:
"I congratulate you upon the value of the Lincoln history, and upon the success which has followed its publication. Presenting as it does Lincoln's personal history and characteristics more fully than any other biography, I believe it is destined to be the popular life of the great American."

SMILES BETWEEN SERMONS.
If you find yourself becoming ungrateful, look around and see how much better off you are than other people.
Silk should never be ironed, as the heat takes all the life from it and makes it papery. The silk may be sponged and then smoothly rolled on large wooden rollers that come for the purpose, or, if a roller cannot be obtained, spread papers over the carpet and pin the silk, right side down, to the carpet, drawing it smooth and firm. Let it remain until thoroughly dry.

WIT AND HUMOR.
A Boston flirt had an offer of marriage the other evening, and, rushing into the hall, she called upstairs, "Mother, am I engaged to anybody now?"
A serious-looking person had charge of the grammar division of a school examination, and gave a bright-looking boy this sentence to correct: "Between you and I this is good butter." The boy shortly returned the slip, thus marked: "Incorrect—the lamp post is omitted."

IN MY LADY'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Current Notes of the Modes and Pictures of Feminine Attire—The Craze for Belts—A Countess' Exploit—Some Timely Recipes.

HE stores teem once more with buyers! Now, however, they are not in search of gifts, but bargains. And the bargains are to be had. Silks can be bought at half-price and the wise woman lays in a stock for next summer. Now, too, is a good opportunity to buy school dresses for the little ones.

Those bought for them at the beginning of the term are rather shabby and new ones must be secured. Rough goods, boucles, camel's hair, chevrons, are best for cold days and should be of some bright coloring. These dresses are oftentimes trimmed with fur, while no gown is complete without a bit of velvet somewhere about it.

A frock for a girl of 7, of red and brown boucle, has a plain, full skirt.



GARTERS, STOCKINGS AND SUCH—THE NEWEST.

The yoke is of red velvet and the boucle beneath it has a band of red velvet down the center of the front and back. On these bands are double rows of tiny pearl buttons. The large puffed sleeves have revers of boucle falling over them. Alaska sable edges the revers and a velvet belt encircles the waist.

Another frock for an older girl, is of a blue and cream mixed goods. The skirt is plain, as in the other dress, and the round waist is tight-fitting. Two

taken deep root as an evening gown adjunct, and a very fetching finish they make usually.

A chic, fairy-like frock for a young debutante, which she is to wear at a big social function in Washington, whither the family are going for the season's gaiety, was seen several days ago. The skirt was simply and severely made of crisp white satin, run through with dull blue stripes, which shone through the gauzy overskirt of sheeny white mousseline de soie, laid smoothly over it from waist to foot, where it was finished by a deep hem-stitched hem. There was a tiny baby blouse, with the mousseline de soie pouching freely over a broad belt of filigree gold which encircled the waist. It was cut in a square fashion about the shoulders and finished by a "harness" of turquoise, pearls, and gold, fitting smoothly over the shoulders and falling down to the waist in loose, tab ends. The sleeves are baby puffs of plain dull-blue satin, covered over with mousseline de soie, thickly studded with gold-trimmed turquoise. Altogether it was a simple, girlish frock, but wonderfully lovely.

A Countess' Exploit.

A young and attractive woman in Paris, who is said to be a countess, proposes to go from Marseilles to Paris in a balloon with a lion as her companion. She is what they call in France a "dompteuse," this translated into

good. Best of all, they are extremely comfortable. High-backed chairs are becoming, a fact which has done much toward making them popular. Carvings in woods or gilt and rich brocade throw out into greater evidence a handsome toilet, and it is funny to see how some women know this and pose accordingly.

Timely Recipes.

Hominy pudding—Two cupsfuls of cold boiled hominy, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three well-beaten eggs and one cup of sweet milk. Mix thoroughly, season to taste and bake in a buttered pan for one-half hour. This pudding may be served with the meat course at dinner.

Bread pudding—Slice a loaf of stale bread, spread with butter; put a layer in the bottom of a deep baking dish; cover with stoned raisins and sliced citron. Put in another layer of bread and fruit. Beat four eggs with one-half cupful of sugar; add two pints of milk. Flavor with nutmeg and pour over the pudding. Serve with rich sauce.

Mrs. Cornelia K.—Have you ever tried potato soufflé? If you want a dainty breakfast dish take potatoes that have been freshly baked and cut off the top; scrape out the mealy inside and having beaten them with a little cream, butter, pepper and salt, put the mixture back into the jackets, piling high over the edges. Put it into the oven and bake it a light brown.

NATURE'S WONDERS.

A TRIP THROUGH MOST PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

Story of an Interesting Run Across the Continent on the "Overland Route"—The Beauties of Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and the Great Northwest.

The story of the "Overland Route" has been told in prose and poem by those who have a right to claim the best knowledge of it; those who toiled over the plains driving oxen in spans, which pulled great caravans of freight; those who hopefully bore the heat and burden of the day, buoyed up and encouraged by the hope of an El Dorado in the mountains of the west—great, noble hearted men who sought in the glorious west the reward which seemed never to come near their doors in the populous east. They were brave, and kind-hearted, bold and gentle, and the writer loves to dwell on their adventures and deplete their hair-breadth escapes, and tell of their hopes and their disappointments. In one sense theirs is the story of the lives of many who read, and a chord of sympathy is touched by the skillful telling of the story. Everyone who has read these tales of the west has felt an instinctive desire to see the spots, hallowed at least in memory by some story, which has served to pass an hour away; and each one has longed for an opportunity. Those of the present day have the best of the earlier members of this mutual admiration society, for they can now make the trip in comfort, free from peril, and surrounded by all the luxuries incident to modern travel. Instead of toiling over the calcined track of those who preceded them, the traveler of the day simply selects "The Overland Route," the Union Pacific system, and, as much at home as though in the quiet of some New England village, glides swiftly over a splendid roadbed, and allows his eyes to feast on the magnificent scenery afforded.

The route through Kansas is a varied scene of thrift and growing greatness, agriculturally, and when night has lowered her shades and the hours of rest are passed, the grander beauties of the Rocky Mountains are in view, and one instinctively prepares himself to drink in the wonders which nature has strewn in prodigal plenty within reach, almost, of the passing train. From Denver to Cheyenne there is spread a panorama of hills and fields, distant rivers and the complaining brooks that made the meadows green, and mountains whose snow-capped tops seem to reach to the very skies, and mingle their glistening peaks amid the shadowy clouds. The highest point on this "Overland Route" across the continent is 8,247 feet, at Sherman; hence those who fear the results of great altitudes are relieved of that apprehension, as very little difficulty is experienced. One of the wonders of the American continent, artificial but interesting, is the Ames monument, erected in remembrance of the work done by Mr. Ames in connection with the building of this great east and west artery of commerce and which reminds one of the Pyramids of Egypt, and makes one wonder whether they, too, commemorated ability and power as well as served to keep the sacred remains of their projectors. The Dale creek bridge is another magnificent specimen of human skill, and one compares the handiwork of man with that of nature, which all around vies with it. Idaho is entered at Boulder Station, an appropriate name, and one then thinks of the great mineral productions of the country through which he is passing and stares anew at the creation of natural force, the Shoshone Falls, the great geysers which abound in the parks, the mountains ever seeming higher and fuller of poetry and romance, and challenging comparison with anything that has yet been seen. It seems to the traveler that what comes after must be a repetition, or some reproduction of something that has been seen on this delightful journey, and he guesses that the stories of the parks of the great northwest must be tales of fancy, for if these cannot cause the mind to revel, indeed, must the best part of man, his imagination, be dulled and be an object for pity. When, therefore, the grandest scenery of North America, the wonderful Yellowstone Park is reached, what a pleasure to feel that the power of appreciation has been whetted rather than dulled, and that the grandeur and beauty of the surroundings awaken new and embellished ideas, and give the heart and mind a greater degree of appreciation. So the whole route is an education, and an enjoyment at the same time, while the glow of new health heightens the color and drives away the weariness which, perchance, was the direct cause for the journey. While the route just described has been through Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and the Northwest, I have not been unmindful of still another pleasant journey, which every traveler through the west should take, viz.: To and through Utah, the youngest state in the union. While still in her maidenhood, she is by no means the least in importance of our states. For scenery Echo, Weber, and Ogden Canons cannot be excelled. The Valleys of Utah are rich in their production of fruit, vegetables and cereals, while the mountains are daily disclosing a mineral wealth which will yet cause the world to marvel.

The climate of Washington and Oregon is delightful. The western slope seems to be a chosen spot for pleasure, health and comfort. One forgets the many hundreds of miles covered by the ever-turning wheels and simply enjoys a treat to be found nowhere else in the universe. It is a trip which everyone should take, varying the climate, the altitude and general environments of business and care, and it can be taken so comfortably and at such reasonable expense in the splendid cars of the Union Pacific System that it should be decided upon at once as the one next to be undertaken.

F. P. BAKER.



SUNDAY MORNING.

slashes in the front of the waist reveal cream silk and blue velvet forms collar and belt.—The Latest, in Chicago News.

Current Craze for Belts.
To Yvette Guilbert we owe the present craze for metal belts and feminine



harness of all descriptions, combining all the glitter and splendor of the orient. Here the tall, slender, willowy girl considers herself decidedly at an advantage, but in the general opinion she is not half so fascinating as the petite, round-waisted girl, with her pretty waist caught around with a narrow, glittering belt. This "harness" fad has

the menagerie, and a rush was made for the entrance, but the brave countess stood her ground unterrified and managed to beat the lion off. Then she straightened herself up and made Tzar go through his usual performance. The panic was allayed and the spectators began to wildly applaud the courageous woman. Undissuaded by this adventure she insists that she will give her balloon performance at an early date with the same lion that attacked her. Yet she is but a new hand at lion taming. She began to exhibit herself with wild animals in a Parisian music hall, and went from there to Lyons, thence to Marseilles. She is not appearing under her family name.

To Clear the Complexion.

L. E. M. asks if washing the face in hot water every night and applying cold cream will cause hair to grow on the face. Also give some way to soften and whiten the skin. Answer: The use of hot water and cold cream is not likely to cause the face to become disfigured with hair. Still it may do so; or if there is a natural tendency that way, it may be increased by such means. Keeping the skin perfectly clean is one of the very best things that can possibly be done. Then rub into it some delicate preparation like rose water and glycerine.

High-Backed Chairs.

There is a craze for big, high-backed chairs that were fashionable in England long ago. They do not show any woodwork. They can scarcely be called graceful, but the lines are said to be

A handsome street gown of a clear, soft, prune colored boucle is handsomely decorated with chinchilla fur and black satin. The skirt is extravagantly wide, and has about the foot some distance apart broad bands of the fur. The bodice is snugly fitted and slashed open from the shoulder to belt to show an under vest of black satin. A nar-



row belt of black encircles the waist. The sleeves are mandolin shaped like the bodice, from shoulder to elbow, to show an under part of black satin. Chinchilla edges the wrists. A small cape collar, of prune cloth, edged with fur, flares jauntily about the throat, which is finished by an unusually high stock collar, edged with narrow fur.