

## Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

### DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS. OF A SPORTING NATURE.

Proctor calculated that there were no less than 635,013,559,600 ways of dealing whist hands and that there is only one chance in 158,753,389,000 of holding thirteen trumps and, of course, that includes the dealer's trump.

Nogent-Sur-Marne has rendered itself famous by inaugurating a series of running contests for wooden-legged men. Not long ago, by invitation, sixty-seven individuals who had lost a leg or a thigh competed for a number of prizes over a distance of 200 meters. The champion turned out to be a man whose thigh had been amputated in 1887. He got over the course—about 220 yards—in thirty seconds.

A unique gambling game was inaugurated in Ostend some time ago. A party of gamblers sat down to dinner and some fresh oysters were brought in. Immediately one of the men waged that his oyster would gape first. The idea was hailed with enthusiasm; each man selected his oyster, impromptu rules were drawn up, stakes were deposited and the game began. Half an hour passed, and then an hour, and still the oysters made no move. News of the contest had reached the Casino and an interested crowd soon surrounded the table, bets being made for large sums amounting up to thousands. Just as the third hour was completed one of the oysters gaped feebly several times and then fell open on its owner's plate. When this man counted his winnings and side bets he had just \$35,000.

### FASHION'S FADS.

A superb visiting costume is of Seves blue crepon with a front of renaissance lace. The sleeves are of plaid taffeta.

My lady's new shirt waists will have cuffs that turn back from the wrist with square or rounded corners. The collar will be a standing one of white linen.

The useful coat and skirt to be worn with shirt waists or fronts will be popular again as soon as the weather permits. The coats will be short, jaunty and have big buttons for ornaments.

Sleeves are less obstructive and have a general sagging effect. Those in evening gowns are made of gauze or mousseline de soie and have epaulets of ribbons or pearl galloon to hold them on the shoulders.

Peau de cygne is the latest thing for brides' gowns. It is a rich satiny textile, with a silver sheen like moonlight on it. It should be made up in the simplest possible style with a Louis XVI. pointed corsage and a Trianon Schu of duchess lace.

A becoming neck dressing consists of a crushed band of silk held by a flashing buckle. On each side are plaited and double ruchings of the same silk which flare away from the throat and overlap each other.

In Paris coats are more popular than waists. They are becoming and distinctive and are made of silk, cloth or velvet. The Louis XVI. coat worn with a dark skirt is the prettiest and most picturesque thing Dame Fashion has given us for a long time.

### THEIR FAVORITES.

Emile Zola likes best "Pot-Bouille." Ella Wheeler Wilcox likes best her "Poems of Passion."

Stanley Weyman says he considers the "Gentleman of France" his strongest work.

Robert Louis Stevenson's favorites were two parts of David Balfour's adventures.

Margaret Deland prefers "Philip and His Wife" to her "John Ward, Preacher."

Marion Crawford's preference is a surprise. He rates "Zoroaster" above all his later works.

Archibald Clavering Gunter considers "That Frenchman" his strongest work and it is also his favorite.

William Dean Howells thinks "A Modern Instance" his strongest book, but likes "Indian Summer" better.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward likes "The Story of Avis" best, though "Gates Ajar" rather divides her affection.

Will Carleton loves his "Farm Festivals" and "City Ballads" best, because they appeal most to the heart.

Mrs. Frances Burnett says that "Through One Administration" is her strongest work, but she loves "Little Lord Fauntleroy" best.

Dr. Edward Eggleston and "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" are almost synonymous but the doctor likes "Roxy" better than his masterpiece.

Octave Thanet likes her "Stories of a Western Town," while Mary Hall-ock Foote names "The Chosen Valley."

Clara Louise Burnham, while rather inclined to favor her latest book, says she always turns to "Next Door" when she wants to give any one an autograph copy.

Edmund Clarence Stedman says: "I have no favorite book or poem among everything I have written. I never stop to think whether one is better than another."

Charles Dudley Warner says he has no favorites among the works he has written, but that his "A Little Journey in the World" took most out of him. It was months before he escaped the sadness that work caused him.

Conan Doyle burst into fame on account of Sherlock Holmes but he considers the series the worst he ever did and killed the detective because he did not wish to be identified with him any longer. He likes "The White Company."

### STRANGE STORY.

A Man's Course of Life Changed by the Presentation of a Card.

"This play of 'The Fatal Card' we've been having here lately," said a Washington merchant, "reminds me of a card story."

"Not one of the kind of cards that Washingtonians are most familiar with, is it?" inquired the reporter, trying to be facetious.

"Hardly. But let me tell you the tale. When I was a youngster of 15 or less, which is now forty or fifty years ago, I hadn't as much money as I have now, nor did my parents, but we thrived well, and I got the best education that was to be had at the time, owing to the kindness of a millionaire relative of mine, an old chap who died when I was about 20. We never knew the story until he died, and then it all came out in a letter he wrote and left with his will.

"It seems that when the old man was about 20 he went west with a young man of his own age, who had been brought with him by the same people, both being orphans. They were as brothers, or even closer, in their affections, and when they started out to seek their fortunes they each wrote a card and gave it to the other. Just what the inscription was I don't know, but it was enough to signify that if one was in need the other would honor the card under any circumstances, and after any lapse of time, if he were financially able to do so.

"Well, they worked together for awhile, and then, by business changes and one way or another, they separated. For a long time they kept up a correspondence, but as the years went by that dropped, for in a few years one was very successful, while the other man was not, and you know how things go under those circumstances. A quarter of a century went by, and by that time my relative was a millionaire many times over, and the naivest, meanest, stingiest, crustiest old cuss in ten states. He couldn't help that, perhaps, and I don't know that he tried.

"Anyhow, one day a ragged and starving man came into his office and asked to see him alone. He told him to state his business where he was. The man told a long story of suffering and want, of a sick and starving wife and children and the usual concomitants of that kind of a situation, and then handed my relative a card. It was yellow and worn and dirty, but it was the same old card that he had given his boyhood friend. The old man gave the applicant a dime and told him to get out and not come back there any more. He obeyed the cruel command and went out silently. That evening a policeman came to the old man's office with a note and a card. All the note said was: 'Give this to my boyhood friend. He will understand.'

"The note was unsigned. The card which the policeman handed over had a hole through it as if cut by a knife, and there was blood about the edges of the cut. The officer explained that it had been found on the dead body of a man in an attic room in the slums, with a knife driven through it and into the man's heart. That was all the policeman knew. I don't know what the old man said, or how he felt, but I do know that from that day forward he was a changed man.

"He gave to every worthy person needing help; he sought out all his poor kin and took care of them judiciously; educating the girls, giving the boys a start in business, and helping their parents; he organized charities and he offered a reward of \$1,000 for the family of his dead friend. He never found it, however, and I fancy the friend never had a family. I guess he wasn't any good, anyway, but whether he was or not, the way he took himself off was a blessing to the old man, and most emphatically to all of his kin."—Washington Star.

**Fish Hatched by Hens.**  
China is a land of queer things. Even their hens are queer. When not engaged in hatching out a brood of their own kind they are put to the additional and novel task of hatching fish eggs. Chinese cheap labor collects the spawn of fish from the water's edge, places it in an empty eggshell, which is then hermetically sealed with wax, and places it under the unsuspecting sitting hen. After some days the eggshell is removed and carefully broken, and the spawn which has been warmed into life, is emptied into a shallow pool well warmed by the sun. Here the minnows that soon develop are nursed until strong enough to be turned into a lake or stream.

**Riches From An Accident.**  
The shop of a Dublin tobacconist was destroyed by fire. While the owner was gazing into the ruins, he noticed that his neighbors were gathering the snuff from the casisters. He tested the snuff, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. He secured another shop, built himself a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident.

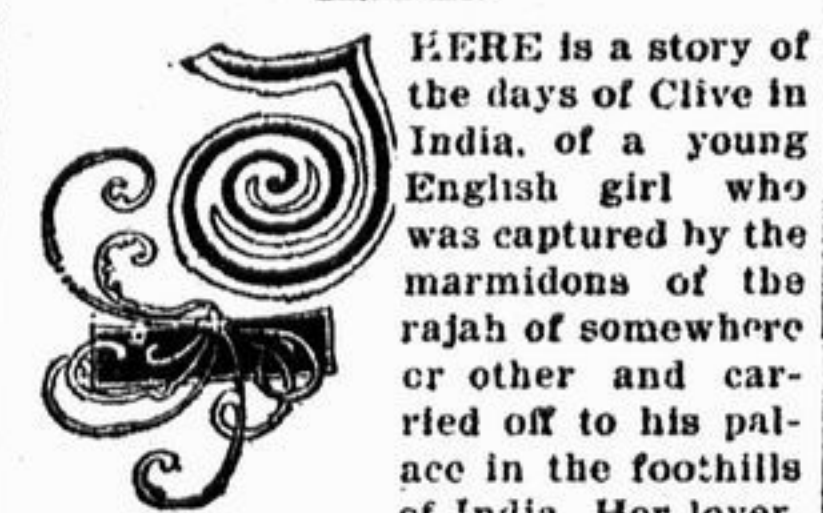
**Cost of Living.**  
Maine's labor commissioner has been gathering statistics on the cost of living in that state. He figures that the average daily cost of living is 31 cents a day for each individual in the average family. The cost of living to a single man, boarding, is 46 cents. These figures cover rent, food, fuel and light.

**She Wrote for George.**  
The first successful woman editor and proprietor of a newspaper in this country was, according to the Hartford Courant, Miss Watson, who edited the Courant 120 years ago. She numbered among her subscribers George Washington.

### LIVING CHECKERS.

PRETTY GIRLS AS PLAYERS FOR SWEET CHARITY.

Opera House a Checkerboard—Interesting Idea Adapted from a Story of Life in India—An Exciting Contest Between Reds and Blacks.



HERE is a story of the days of Clive in India, of a young English girl who was captured by the marmions of the rajah of somewhere or other and carried off to his palace in the foothills of India. Her lover, an army officer in the English army, single and alone, found his way to the potentate's court and demanded her of her captor.

The rajah admiring the bravery of the man made much of him, but refused the boon he asked. Finally finding the Englishman was an expert chess player he made a fiendish compact with him that they should play a game with living chessmen, the rajah to furnish the pieces.

The terms of the game were simple. As either side lost a move the unfortunate pawn was to lose his life, the rajah's executioner standing by to behead him instantly. Then if, at the end, the Englishman won he was to take the girl and both would be escorted back to the English possessions, safe and sound; if, however, he lost, he was to lose his life and the girl must enter the rajah's harem. The Englishman consented; it was the best he could do.

The following day the courtyard of the palace was laid out in the form of a gigantic chessboard, and at a given signal the living chessmen took their places. To the Englishman's horror he saw that the white queen, the piece of his adversary, the rajah, was his sweetheart! It was devilish ingenuity worthy of an Oriental.

However, the game went on. At one

terpart with the living chessmen, although, of course, no fair young lives were sacrificed.

The tournament will be repeated in the near future, and all of the young ladies of Frostburg have their hearts set upon being in the game, either as red or black pieces. They have no choice.

The Journal's picture was drawn from a diagram of the hall and photographs of the young women who were the living checkers.

### LOST ARTICLES.

They Amount to a Pretty Sum in a Year.

The following interesting items have been gathered about the articles lost on railroad trains in England: At the Euston railway station 30,000 articles are received every year. The inquiries for articles that have been lost but not found average over twenty a day.

A first-class passenger from Liverpool threw his false teeth out of the window with some plum stones. The track was searched and near it the teeth were found and duly restored to their owner.

The Great Eastern Railway company sold the following articles last year among the unclaimed lost property: One hundred and forty handbags, five enormous cases of books, 459 pairs of boots and shoes, 614 collars, cuffs and fronts, 252 caps, 506 deerstalker hats, 2,000 single gloves, 230 hats (women's) and bonnets, 94 brushes and combs, 255 pipes, 110 purses, 100 tobacco pouches, 1,006 walking sticks, 300 socks and stockings, 108 towels, 172 handkerchiefs, 2,301 umbrellas, 128 articles and seven big cases of wearing apparel.

At Bing's Cross it takes six weeks to sort out the articles for the annual sale. Umbrellas are sold in lots from 6 to 36, and bring from \$10 a lot down.

Last year's lost and unclaimed property in the Great Northern was sold for \$850. It included 1,000 walking sticks and 1,300 umbrellas, so the things must have gone for almost nothing.

Gloves are sold very cheap; at one sale 2,000 went for about 2 cents a pair. The purses found on the Southwestern trains yield, on an average, \$500 a year.

### CRAZY OVER GOLD.

Story of a Great "Find" of Wealth Near Blaine.

George Webber, a United States customs inspector, arrived in this city recently from Blaine and tells of a great excitement among the people there and across the British Columbia line over a "gold-find," says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Mr. Webber's story sounds like a tale of fiction, and, while there is nothing romantic about it, there are exciting suggestions of wealth to be got from the earth. Mr. Webber says that a rancher named James Goodfellow, whose acquaintance the inspector made while on duty at Point Roberts, came to Blaine and asked him to return to Point Roberts with him and pass an opinion on what Goodfellow considered gold in the sand and dirt in the hills in the neighborhood of the canneries of the Alaska Packers' association. Mr. Webber, who was at first skeptical, having had a number of years practical experience as a miner, at last consented, and, hiring a team, accompanied by Goodfellow, made the fourteen-mile drive to Point Roberts. He procured a pan and went to the hills, directed by the excited rancher.

Goodfellow pointed out the place where he had first made his discoveries, and Mr. Webber, scooping up a pan of the dirt, went to a creek near the place and began washing it. The first thing after the soil and surface dirt had been removed was a black sand lying at the bottom of the pan. After this had been washed out Mr. Webber states that he could hardly believe his eyes, for the bottom of the pan was covered with shot gold. Having in mind several "salting" propositions, Mr. Webber again took up a pan of earth at a considerable distance from the place where Goodfellow claimed to have made his discoveries. This second pan was even more prolific of the yellow metal than the first, and upon convincing himself that Goodfellow had told the truth he jumped into his buggy and as fast as possible made for Blaine, from which place he proceeded to Whatcom, where he recorded two mining claims, and then returned to Point Roberts. In the

### SPAIN'S MINISTER OF WAR.

A Man Who Has Lately Become an Object of Scorn to Americans.

General Azcarraga, the Spanish minister of war, has shown himself to be an adept intriguer, if not an able director of armies. For many years he and the disgraced General Campos were at daggers' points. The feeling between them was bitter to a degree, and, although Azcarraga tried every means in his power to cloud the soldier, his opportunity did not seem to come until the war in Cuba presented itself for solution. Azcarraga knew well the real situation, and it was through his advice or petition, that Campos was made commander of the Spanish troops in Cuba. In Cuba Campos was a dead lion, so far as home intrigue went, and his enemy at Madrid watched every chance to finish him off. The cause of Cuba prospered, and the reports were never favorable to Campos' campaign. It was here that Azcarraga tightened his grip about the throat of his enemy in a thoroughly effectual way. Campos might never have been ordered home in disgrace were it not for the



GEN. AZCARRAGA.  
machinations of the war minister, who, although having no great power in the actual conduct of the campaign, had force enough to put this last nail in Gen. Campos' coffin by having him recalled. There are many ups and downs in continental politics, especially in the Latin countries. It may be the Cuban campaign will yet have the present war minister's portfolio, in which case Gen. Azcarraga may expect to be sent to Cuba. Stranger things have happened.

Anecdote of Sydney Smith.  
In his book of reminiscences Mr. Bratty Kingston relates this pleasant story of Sydney Smith:

One of the institutions of Combe Florey was a banquette—a bowl half filled with colored water, such as were then in general use for cleaning letters, and placed in the center of Sydney Smith's huge writing table just behind a "presentation" inkstand of massive silver, of which he spoke as his fount of inspiration. On the evening after our arrival at the rectory, when bedtime sounded for me, and I went up to the dear old man to bid him good night, he took me between his knees, drew the bowl toward him and, picking out a white wafer, pressed it hard upon my forehead, saying:

"While you stay with us in this way every night I shall signalize your conduct during the day. Absolutely irreproachable behavior will be rewarded by a white wafer. Any trivial misdemeanor will be gently hinted at by a colored wafer. A black wafer will mean that you have done something really wrong and that I am displeased with you. Now go to bed, my dear child, sleep well, and if you must dream let it be of white wafers."

An Irish Girl of Distinction.  
Miss Mildred A. Butler, who has just been elected an associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, is an Irish lass. She was born in Thomaston, County Kilkenny, and passed most of her life in that locality. She was largely aided in her early efforts by the invaluable instruction given her by the late Paul Naftel. She also studied for a few months with Mrs. Norman Garstin and for one term at Frank Calderon's school for animal painting. Miss Butler is a member of the Society of Lady Artists, the Dudley



MILDRED A. BUTLER.  
Gallery Art Society and the Water Color Society of Ireland. For several years past Miss Butler's paintings have been hung at the academy and the Royal Institute. Her work has been chiefly in the line of studies in landscapes and cattle, painted with singular force and directness and in a manner that is all her own, which won her fame.

Barney did Even.  
Many years ago Barney Barnato rented a little house in one of the frontier towns of South Africa. Barney spent considerable in improving the house, but he quarreled with his landlord and decided to move. By inserting the following advertisement in the local paper, the prospective millionaire in some measure got even with his landlord: "Wanted, by a gentleman who agreed to leave dwelling occupied by him in condition in which he found it, 100,000 lively black beetles." Then followed Barney's name and address.—San Francisco Argonaut.



PRETTY MAIDS AS LIVING CHECKERS IN A GAME FOR CHARITY.

and sat the rajah, moving the white pieces by messenger; at the other the young English officer was directing the blacks.

As the game progressed, pawns, knights, castles and bishops were sacrificed. As they were lost on the board their lives paid the forfeit. Then, with a fiendish cunning the rajah made a move that placed the white queen in peril. The agonized Englishman must capture the queen and sacrifice her or lose the game and his own life.

Fortunately, the gifted writer of the tale (whether true or false, we cannot say), inspired in this dreadful moment, made a brilliant coup and checkmated the cruel rajah at the same time, saving the white queen.

This strange and exciting story fell into the hands of some bright young people in Frostburg, Md., and it was determined that it was just the thing to enact for charitable purposes. Unfortunately, while some of the favored people in Frostburg understood chess, the majority of the townspeople did not. So they compromised on checkers. So the best player in the town was selected and a challenge was sent out to the neighboring cities to produce their best player for a game with living checkers.

The player selected for Frostburg was Mr. Hugh Spier, the local champion at checkers. Lonaconing, a town near by, rejoiced in Mr. D. R. Sloan, hitherto undefeated at the game. On his behalf the citizens of Lonaconing took up the challenge, and last Thursday night the game took place in Mead's opera house, Frostburg. The floor of the opera house had been painted to resemble a huge checkerboard, and twenty-four young ladies, twelve in black and twelve in red, took their respective places, and to a crowded house the game began.

With breathless interest the audience followed the brilliant play, for both Mr. Spier and Mr. Sloan were in fine fettle. As the players were jumped they retired from the board, and the lucky few that reached the king row were crowned with gilt tiaras.

The games were closely contested from 8 until 10. Three in all were played, Mr. Spier, with the red, winning the first, and Mr. Sloan, with the black, the second. The third and deciding game, after a half hour of excitement and suspense, ended in a draw. It was almost as interesting as its Indian coun-

At the London and Southwestern line last year 103 mackintoshes and 240 hats and caps were found among other articles.

Saved by a Glove Button.  
How much may depend upon a glove fastening was illustrated at one of the Monson slate quarries in an adventure which the person concerned would not care to repeat. He was a derrick man, who stood on the brink of one of the great chasms from which the slate rock is hoisted. His duty was to catch hold of the big hook depending from the end of the bottom as it swung over the bank and attach it to the crate to be sent back into the pit. Standing upon the very edge, he reached out to catch the hook which dangled near him. It was winter and he wore thick buckskin gloves. The hook slipped from him as he leaned out but caught into the fastening of his glove. The swing of the great boom took him off his feet in an instant and carried him out into giddy space with his life depending on the glove's holding fast. His whole weight was hung on that button and there was a clear 175 feet of space between him and the floor of rock below. The moments that passed before the boom could be swung back over the bank seemed like hours to him but he got there at last, safe and sound.—Lowiston Journal.

Never Touched Him.  
The stomach of an ostrich that died a few days ago in the menagerie in Central Park, New York, was found to contain a wooden clothespin, two pieces of glass, a mouth harmonica, a piece of umbrella handle four inches long, a metal skate key, a brass door key, a silk handkerchief, a horn comb, two pieces of coal, and three pebbles and a hatchet. Yet the ostrich did not die of indigestion, but tuberculosis.—Daily Lyre.

Wanted to Go Fishing.  
It is related of Millais, the Royal Academy's new president, that when as a boy he took his first prize for drawing he had to stand on a chair to make himself visible to the audience. He was asked what he would like to have as a special favor, and answered, "Permission to go fishing in the Serpentine."

### MEN OF MARK.

In his younger days Ambrose Thomas had some celebrity as an athlete, and in his old age he was extremely fond of physical exercise and of outdoor life. The fact that he lived to be 85 shows the benefit he derived from it.

Prince Ghika, who has been appointed Roumanian minister at Paris, belongs to one of the most famous families of his country. In the last ten years there have been three Ghikas occupying posts as ministers—one at Berlin, one at London and the one now appointed at Paris.

Ex-Congressman Harter, who committed suicide, once described himself as "a Jeffersonian whose influence politically is conservative, for safe measures and against radical, unsound, meddlesome legislation, a quiet man in manners, a plain man in dress and a studious man by habit."