

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS. The small size of some men keeps them out of trouble.

Some men are born great, and some have handcliffs thrust upon them.

The cycling schools of London are so crowded that the prices of lessons have increased.

In spite of the tremendous demand for bicycles there is a great falling off of purchasers.

Glass jars may advance in price, but other family jars will be within easy reach all summer.

Now that L'Anse, Mich., has been wiped out by fire it would be a good time to change its name.

Mr. Rockefeller's income is said to be \$1,368 an hour. That explains why he can't afford to lay off Saturday afternoons.

The affection of an Indiana woman for her husband caused her to fuss over him to such a degree that he wants to obtain a divorce from her.

A lady in Kentucky 77 years of age insists that she can shear more sheep than any new woman on earth. She says she presumes she will be getting a bicycle next.

One night last week twenty-five Chicago officers raided a prize fight and captured the two pugilists and a few boys who were watching the mill. A policeman who was present as a spectator made his escape, and already there is a clamor for his discharge. There are those who seem to think that a policeman shouldn't have a bit of amusement.

Montana mines yielded \$47,115,000 worth of minerals last year. The copper production of the state was about 65 per cent of the whole product of the United States. The gold product amounted to \$4,100,000; silver to 4,500,000 ounces; copper to 212,000 pounds and lead to 24,500,000 pounds. The gold output was 10 per cent greater than in the previous year and 47 per cent greater than in 1893.

Miss Kate Shelley of Molokona, Iowa, who made her way through a raging blizzard at midnight several years ago, and, by signaling to a crowded express train on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, saved it from plunging through a wrecked bridge, has applied to the Iowa legislature for employment in the state house as a mental. She is devoted and has to support her aged mother and an invalid brother. So is heroism rewarded.

Miss M. E. Braddon, writing for the Philadelphia Bulletin, says the right of woman to propose involves a heavy responsibility. It obliges the lady to take her sweetheart to the opera, to give him confectionery, and perhaps to supply him with beer and tobacco. To do this correctly the lady must pay the necessary expenses, and therefore the old way is the best and the popping must be done by the old-fashioned man. Sordid thing! As if money were to be thought of in these affairs of the heart.

France is learning by sharp experience that she cannot make her executive responsible to the two chambers of a double legislature. In framing her constitution she followed America in establishing an elective executive, but England is making her advisers dependent on a legislative majority for their continuance in office. Thus the executive has neither the English strength of heredity and continuity nor the American of independence. Under this system nothing has been easier than to upset a French ministry and they have followed one another in such rapid succession that the memory refuses to be burdened with them.

Some of the enormous possibilities of theosophy are revealed by a wedding which took place in New York the other day, the formality of a marriage ceremony having been dispensed with for the very good reason that bride and groom were really married by priests of Isis in Egypt 5,000 years ago. Now there is a married life for you with some substance to it. These interesting young people say that they remember that original marriage ceremony quite distinctly, and although they have been separated a summer's day matter of several centuries they doubtless will, upon more fully comparing notes, be able to recall other episodes of their prolonged conjugal existence, as when they were divorced in Assyria and Greece and Rome. Perhaps the most important point in that this youth and maiden, after 5,000 years' experience, are anxious to stay married—which should certainly settle the question, is marriage a failure?

Lillian Russell's golden bicycle has come to grief. A scorching ran into it while Lillian was perambulating in the park, and not only marred the beauty of the glittering bike, but sprained Lillian's fair ankle as well. She has her golden tresses left, however.

There is quite a flutter in Dunkirk, N. Y., over the fact that William E. Hayward has at last been cornered by his various wives in New York, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Ontario. William is said to have been the gayest kind of a bachelor.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.

New Hampshire's Flery Member of the U. S. Senate.

Senator William Eaton Chandler of New Hampshire, who has earned for himself the enviable distinction of being called "Tom Reed's closest friend," has been a public man for a long time. The senator was born in the academic town of Concord in 1836, and attended the common schools. He was graduated from the Harvard law school and admitted to the bar in 1855. He was elected to the legislature in 1862, 1863 and 1864, and served as speaker during the last two terms. In 1865 he became solicitor and judge advocate general of the navy. In the same year he was appointed first assistant secretary of the treasury, and resigned from that office in November, 1867. Serving as a member of the New Hampshire Constitutional convention in 1876, he was again a member of the legislature in 1881, and in that year he was appointed by President Garfield solicitor general, but was rejected by the senate. President Arthur made him secretary of the navy in 1882, and he served in that office for three years. He was elected to the senate in 1887 to fill an unexpired term, and was re-elected in 1889 and 1895. Mr. Chandler is best known, perhaps, for the part he played in the presidential campaign in 1876, when, as was claimed, he went to Florida and



SENATOR CHANDLER.

seized that state from the democrats, thus securing the election of Mr. Hayes. Mr. Chandler also attracted public attention when Senator Voorhees of Indiana once gave his nose a severe tweak in the senate chamber.

Lord Cromer on English Reform in Egypt

Lord Cromer, in his annual report upon the condition of Egypt, says the treasury closed the year with an excess of revenue over expenditures of £1,000,000, the largest yet realized, and with a reserve of £5,000,000, the accumulated savings of the past year. "The main principle," says Lord Cromer, "upon which the work of reform in Egypt has been based from the beginning may be summed up in a single phrase—European head and Egyptian hands. Our task here is not to rule the Egyptians, but as far as possible to teach the Egyptians to rule themselves. The peace and tranquillity of the village population—that is to say, of the great mass of the inhabitants of Egypt—have greatly increased. Village life is no longer to so great extent troubled by political dissensions, the result generally of some Cairo complication which has been misunderstood and misinterpreted. An interesting proof of the peaceful and contented spirit just now prevailing among the people is found in the fact that the present disturbed condition of other parts of the Turkish empire and the consequent ill feeling which has been aroused between the Mohammedan and Christian subjects of the sultan have produced no serious symptoms of any kind in Egypt."—Exchange.

EX-SENATOR WALLACE. Ex-Senator William A. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, was born in Huntingdon county, Pa., in 1832. After attending common schools he received an academic education. Subsequently he read law and began its practice in Clearfield. His practice was always large. In 1862 he was elected a member of the state senate and served continuously



EX-SENATOR WALLACE.

in that body until the winter of 1875, when he was elected to the United States senate. There he served from March 4 of that year until March 4, 1881. At the late election he was again elected to the state senate as a democrat, defeating Cyrus Gordon, republican and fusionist.

Bridegroom of 70 Drops Dead. H. P. Huffman, for many years owner and manager of the Huffman house in Fort Howard, Wis., dropped dead at his home. He was 70 years old, and recently married a woman much younger than himself, for his second wife.

This year the prince of Wales will have been grand master of the English Freemasons for twenty-one years.

MONSTERS OF JUPITER.

SOME WONDERS OF LIFE ON THE GREAT PLANET.

Men Sixty Feet Tall and Heavy in Proportion—Garrett P. Serviss, the Famous Astronomer on the Scientific Phenomena.

WHETHER lifts up his eyes to the starry heavens these evenings must be struck by the appearance of the great planet Jupiter, outshining all the fixed stars, and glowing with a rich yellow light, high in the southwest, near the twin stars Castor and Pollux, of the constellation Gemini. Happy the man who has a telescope with which to view the giant planet and to behold its immense belts of alternate rosy and golden clouds, and its broad polar regions, shading to the color of blued steel.

Put the earth up there in the place of Jupiter and the naked eye would with difficulty be able to see it. Jupiter is 1,300 times larger than the earth in bulk or volume, and its surface area exceeds that of the earth about 120 times. It would seem as if the ancients must have had some inkling of the fact that that planet is the largest of all the worlds that revolve around the sun when they bestowed upon it the name of the greatest of the gods.

We have almost no evidence whatever touching of the nature of the materials of Jupiter. The spectroscopic cannot aid us, because Jupiter does not shine by its own light, and the sunlight reflected from it comes from the upper surface of its dense clouds, and consequently makes no revelations concerning what lies beneath.

But the telescope shows that Jupiter is covered with wonderful clouds continually changing in shape, and more or less in color; that these clouds float in an atmosphere of great depth, and that they form perhaps successive lay-

ers of varying density, which may be separated by comparatively clear spaces. Appearances have been noticed on Jupiter such as would be produced by the shadows of great clouds, as broad as some of our continents, falling upon other clouds floating hundreds of miles beneath them.

If these appearances are not deceptive Jupiter's clouds evidently float at, proportionally, a far greater elevation than those of the earth. The highest of our clouds are, perhaps, ten miles above the earth; the loftiest clouds on Jupiter may be a thousand miles high.

And these tremendous clouds are swept along by belts of wind that are no less wonderful. Jupiter turns very fast on its axis, notwithstanding its enormous size. It takes less than ten hours to make a complete rotation, while the little earth requires twenty-four hours. On the equator of Jupiter everything is flying around at the rate of 450 miles in a minute! The resulting centrifugal strain is so great that the equatorial parts of the vast planet bulge and swell out thousands of miles. Jupiter is more than 5,000 miles broader through its equator than through its poles!

All things must there experience a powerful and resistless tendency urging them toward the equator. If the planet turned about three times faster than it does, objects would weigh nothing at all along the equator. The effect of this fearful velocity of rotation is shown by the streaks and lines of clouds that the telescope reveals surrounding Jupiter. At one place in the southern hemisphere there is an immense, mysterious, fiery-looking mass, as large in extent as the whole surface of the earth, which during the past eighteen years has been thrust up among the rushing and tumbling clouds in one of the great trade-wind belts of Jupiter. By actual observation the clouds are hurled against the western end of that mysterious obstacle until they pile up there in vast glowing masses, and are swept past it in gyrating currents and eddies infinitely wilder and grander than the leaping waters in the Niagara whirlpool gorge.

Swifter and swifter fly the streaming clouds as the equator of the planet is approached. Great globe-shaped masses, gleaming in the sunlight, roll and pitch in the mighty onward currents. Through the comparatively

clear spaces glimpses are obtained of other cloudlands deep beneath, filled with other strange hurrying shapes, all whirling madly on as if racing for a goal. Whatever else may or may not be said of Jupiter, at any rate, it is pre-eminently the world of clouds and winds and tempests.

Can we, then, imagine inhabitants in such a world of turmoil and unrest as Jupiter is? It depends entirely upon what we mean by inhabitants. It is evident that such beings as we are could not live there, unless it is true that deep beneath Jupiter's world of clouds and cyclones is hidden another globe resembling the earth. On such a globe, so placed, inhabitants more or less like those of this earth could live. The great many-storied dome of clouds above them would, perhaps, be just what they needed in order to obtain a comfortable degree of heat in their far-away planet. For we must remember that Jupiter is about five times as far from the sun as the earth is, and that, consequently, the sunlight and the sunheat on Jupiter are twenty-five times less effective than on the earth. This is because the intensities of light and heat vary inversely as the square of the distance.

With a comparatively open and cloudless atmosphere like ours the heat from the sun would quickly be lost by being radiated away into space, and the inhabitants of Jupiter would shiver and freeze in a worse than Arctic climate. But with such an atmosphere as they have surrounding them it is not improbable that the effect of the greater distance of the sun may be compensated by the capacity of the atmosphere itself to retain and, so to speak, entrap the heat for the benefit of the inhabitants.

But all this argument proceeds upon the assumption that such inhabitants must be framed of just such materials, possessing just such density as compose our bodies. Manifestly that assumption is purely gratuitous. As we have already seen, the average density of things in Jupiter is much less than upon the earth, and we are not certain that its constituent materials may not be as widely variant in nature from those of our planet.

We have perfect justification, then, for assuming, if we choose, that the inhabitants of Jupiter are shaped from substances very different from, and much more ethereal than, those that compose our bodies. That argument would not in any manner affect the spiritual or intellectual side of their nature. There is no demonstrable reason why an intelligent being might not be made out of something else than the water and carbon and other elements comprised in the human frame.

If we accept the view that the spirit of man, which is the real essence of his being, is of a nature and composition so fine as to transcend all the coarser laws that govern the visible world, then is there any reason why upon a planet like Jupiter such a spirit may not be enclosed in a body as tenuous as vapor even, or as light as cork?

Grant that, and it is easy to see that, no matter how much greater the force of gravity may be upon Jupiter than upon the earth, mortal beings could be formed, even out of the range of natural elements known to us, who might be suitably proportioned to gravitation, even though they should attain a comparative stature as gigantic in relation to ours as the stature of Jupiter himself is when placed side by side with the little earth.

Not only is there something far more satisfactory to the imagination in conceiving of gigantic inhabitants dwelling upon so stupendous a world, rather than in thinking of them as mere pigmies, but in thus considering them as giants amid gigantic surroundings, we do less violence to the general order of nature.

Let me, as a kind of apology for thus venturing into the fields of imagination that lie glittering just beyond the farthest outposts of science, quote what one of the founders of modern science has said about the possible inhabitants of another great world, only less in size than Jupiter, and which now also adorns our evening skies, Saturn. These are the words of Sir Humphrey Davy, in the chapter called "The Vision" in his beautiful "Consolation in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher." Conducted by a guiding Genius he is hovering above the planet Saturn:

"I saw moving on the surface below me immense masses, the forms of which I find it impossible to describe. They had systems for locomotion similar to those of the morse or sea-horse, but I

saw with great surprise that they moved from place to place by six extremely thin membranes, which they used as wings. Their colors were varied and beautiful, but principally azure and rose color.

"I saw numerous convolutions of tubes more analogous to the trunk of an elephant than to anything else I can imagine, occupying what I supposed to be the upper parts of the body, and my feeling of astonishment almost became one of disgust from the peculiar character of the organs of these singular beings, and it was with a species of terror that I saw one of them mounting upward, apparently flying towards those opaque clouds which I have before mentioned. 'I know what your feelings are,' said the Genius. 'You want analogies and all the elements of knowledge to comprehend the scene before you.' \* \* \* But those beings who appear to you almost as imperfect in their functions as the zoophytes of the polar sea have a sphere of sensibility and intellectual enjoyment far superior to that of the inhabitants of your earth. Each of those tubes which appear like the trunk of an elephant is an organ of peculiar motion or sensation. They have many modes of perception of which you are wholly ignorant and at the same time their sphere of vision is infinitely more extended than yours and their organs of touch far more perfect and exquisite. \* \* \* Their sources of pleasure are of the highest intellectual nature. \* \* \* As I cannot describe to you the organs of these wonderful beings, so neither can I show you their modes of life. But as their highest pleasures depend upon intellectual pursuits, so you may conclude that these modes of life bear the strictest analogy to that which on the earth you would call exalted virtue. \* \* \* If I were to show you the different parts of the surface of this planet you would see marvelous results of the powers possessed by those highly intellectual beings and of the wonderful manner in which they have applied and modified matter."



THE STRANGE MONSTERS THAT PEOPLE JUPITER AS THEY WOULD LOOK TO THE EARTH PEOPLE IN THE LEFT-HAND CORNER—LONG ARMS TO OVERCOME GRAVITY—SEE JUPITER'S FOUR MOONS IN VARIOUS POSITIONS.

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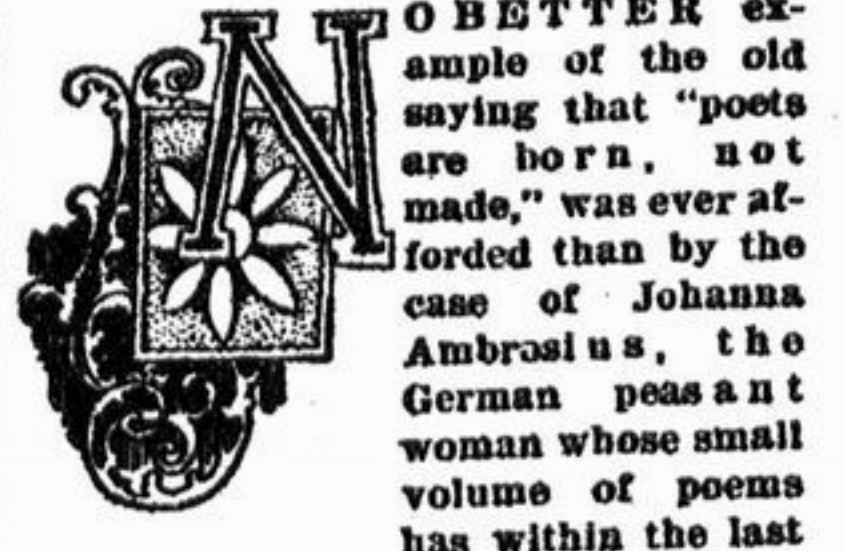
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Inspired by the enthusiasm of Sir Humphrey may we not imagine that the inhabitants of Jupiter might surpass even those of Saturn on their intellectual side, shedding a spiritual illumination among their aerial man-

A PEASANT POETESS.

A GERMAN WOMAN, WHO HAS JUST BECOME FAMOUS.

Does the Worst Kind of Manual Labor—Wrote at Night After the Household Labor, Stable Work and Threshing Was Done.



A BETTER example of the old saying that "poets are born, not made," was ever afforded than by the case of Johanna Ambrasius, the German peasant woman whose small volume of poems has within the last

twelve months gone through as many editions and has made her famous everywhere in literary Europe, says the New York Journal. Despite the fact that for two score years she has lived a typical peasant woman's life, and has done the hardest kind of manual labor, the poems she has written, it is said, will entitle her to be ranked with the greatest poets of Germany.

No author ever had a briefer tale for a biographer to tell than hers. She was born in 1854 at Lengwethen, a small village in East Prussia. Her parents were desperately poor. She went to the village school until she was 11 years old, and then her education ceased. Her mother was an invalid, and Johanna and her sister, both mere children, were obliged to attend to all the household duties. Her father was fond of books, but their poverty permitted them to indulge in but one luxury, which was a cheap weekly illustrated paper. Not until last year, after most of her poems were written, did she have a chance to read a single one of the great German writers.

Her body has been much enfeebled by illness, but in spite of this she still works as she has for many years, not only at her household tasks, but also on the threshing floor and in the stable, in order to keep the wolf from the door. Yet when her day's task was over and she was alone in her room at night she would plan and write her wonderful verses. Of intellectual companionship or luxury of any sort she has known nothing, but her poems, nevertheless, have such a broad, human interest about them that, if the reader should pick up the book, knowing nothing whatever about the author, he would find it hard to say to what nation she belonged.

Poverty and suffering and the cares of maternity are the three dominant notes in her book. "He who, like myself, has sat at table with Want and has drunk from the same cup with Myser, knows what living means," she says in one of her poems. In another place she shows that though her daily life has been narrow in the extreme, she has yet been able intuitively to grasp some of the broadest and most universal phases of existence, for she says: "Nothing is insatiable as the human heart. If it has enough to eat and drink it longs for costly vessels for the food to be served in, and once it possesses these, it would ask for the blue heavens as a tablecloth."

At 29 Johanna married a young peasant of the name of Voigt. A son and daughter were born, but aside from this fact there is no further mention of her married life in her biography. But there are several poems about children and child life which are so full of maternal love that they could not fail to touch the heart of even the most careless reader.

She was brought to public notice and her verses published by Karl Schratenthal, who discovered her talents and her work by the merest chance during a pleasure trip he was making through East Prussia, and it is he who has edited her book and becomes her biographer.

It Was the Opera House. "When 'The Wicklow Postman' was out on its memorable tour a year or so ago," said an actor in the company, "we almost stranded in Hot Springs. Our next staid was Texarkana and the manager wired me we must be sure to come on—would certainly play to a big house. Well, I raised enough money to get to Texarkana. It was dusk when we reached there, and, as we rode up to the hotel in a 'bus I saw what I presumed was the glow of sunset over the housetops. 'By jove, I remarked to the driver, 'you do have fine sunsets down here.' 'Sunset nothing!' he growled, as he glanced in the direction I was looking, that's the opera-house on fire."

Young Women as Librarians. The Kentucky legislature has awarded a great honor to Miss Emma Guy, having made her librarian-in-chief of the state library. Miss Guy is the daughter of the Hon. Ashby Guy, and is not yet 30 years old.

The lines of work followed by women are continually broadening. It is only lately that the state officers have begun to realize that the position of librarian is far more suitable as woman's work than man's, and they now show their appreciation of the fact by filling such places as they are vacated by appointing women instead of men. Miss Ellen J. Dorch, secretary of the Woman's Press Club, of Georgia, has lately received a position as librarian in that state.

According to a report from Consul Seymour of Palermo, experiments made in that consular district with sulphate of ammonia as a fertilizer for the citrus and the vine have proven very satisfactory.