

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

People will call 'em cyclones in spite of the prophets.

Alton, Ill., has an onion club, and they say it is a strong one.

Just before the Fourth every year we read about a powder trust.

The sweet girl graduate—well, you know all about her by this time.

Tongue is defeated in Oregon, but Chinn is victorious in Kentucky; so neither party's ahead.

The Easy Boss is improperly so called. There isn't another man anywhere who is so uneasy.

An Italian recently sold his wife for five hundred dollars, and yet they say that business is depressed.

The Atchison Globe says that some men can remember the last visitation of the seventeen-year locusts, but no women.

An attack on the squirrel by an agricultural paper is so abusive that it may fairly be called matter of great squirrelity.

Another anthracite coal trust has been formed. This comes pretty close to fulfilling all the conditions of a burning shame.

The African queen who put to death 49 of her husbands will some day find herself permanently widowed through a masculine deficit.

Voting is not a crime, but it is liable to bring on us all the pains, penalties, exasperating annoyances and inconveniences of jury duty.

How are the mighty fallen! Ex-Reverend Starkweather of West Superior, Wis., is reported to be interested in a proposed concert saloon.

Why is Artist Thomas Dawley of the United States confined in Moro castle? Has he been kodaking some of the military executions?

Allceton, Wis., "the town without a woman," has captured one. Postmaster F. H. Metcalf went over to Farmington last week and married Miss Laura Matthews.

A wet handkerchief or a cabbage left inside of a man's hat in these sweating days may be pardoned, but the housewife draws the line when he comes home with a brick in it.

We are informed that there is only one ten-thousand-dollar greenback, and that is in the treasury vault in Washington. We have often wondered where it was located, haven't you?

The Milwaukee Street Railroad company was struck a body blow last week when the common council passed a four-cent fare ordinance. The sentiment of the people is said to have been fairly expressed by the vote of their aldermen which stood 29 to 2. The old employes of the road still live. Corporations occasionally find out that the people are running this country.

Two Theosophists were first married five thousand years ago. They transmigrated a few times during the intervening period, and occasionally married again; and the other day they were reunited, the ceremony being performed by the temporarily disembodied spirit of William Q. Judge, which wore a dress sheet for the occasion. And yet Rider Haggard thinks he writes fiction and tells the truth solely by accident.

Money is accumulating in the banks of London at a great rate, and the poor owners of the vast deposits do not know what to do with them. They are offered a great many opportunities to invest, but most of them do not appear to be filled with promise of future results. The capitalists seem to be wary, on account of the unsettled condition of the business prospects in most of the countries of the world. The money awaiting investment is said to aggregate many hundreds of millions of dollars in value.

Beware of strangers. Two well dressed ones recently opened a photograph studio in Litchfield, Ill., and began advertising that they would take fine photos for \$1 a dozen. There was a grand rush of those who wanted a good thing cheap. From far and near came men, women and children, each wanting from one to five dollars' worth. When the grand rush was over (and the good looking "artists" had "hung up" all the merchants in town) they silently stole away with out finishing a single picture. The regular home photographers of Litchfield can now be easily recognized by the broad smile they are wearing.

Dr. Talfourd celebrates his liver by giving two hundred and fifty dollars to a London temperance hospital in token of the fact that he has drunk nothing in fifty-six years. Both pain and triumph are suggested in this generosity; but the truth probably is that the dear old fellow is so constituted that anything stronger than the effervescent but molasses pop would give him both agony and humiliation.

Some men who feel that they are able to lead never seem to be able to hold the right end of the string.

A FRONTIER MYSTERY.

The Good-Looking Woman Shot "Kansas Jack."

One afternoon the train brought into Ellsworth a queer passenger, says the Detroit Free Press. It wasn't so queer that she was a woman, but that she was all alone and evidently a perfect lady. There was never a more lawless young city. Human life was the cheapest thing in it. The Terror was supreme. He killed right and left and was killed in return. Along a street not over half a mile long you might count from four to ten dead men of a morning. The wounded were not counted—the dead counted only by the hard-up tenderfoots who dug their shallow graves at \$4 each. The little woman was not an army officer's wife. She couldn't have come intending to take up her residence in a shanty or dugout. Some of those who looked into the barn-like waiting room of the depot and saw her sitting there said that she had got confused in travelling and had taken a wrong train. She made no inquiries and it was half an hour before any one addressed her. Then the ticket agent inquired if she expected any one to meet her.

"No, I'm not expecting any one," she replied. "I shall probably go east on the next train. Do you know a man here who calls himself 'Kansas Jack'?" "Yes'm. He's boss of the town just now. He killed a man a few hours ago. Kansas Jack is what we call a holy terror out this way."

"He has killed several men?" "A full dozen, I guess."

"I want to see him. Where do you think I could find him?" "Why, ma'am, I'll send for him to come down here. Sure it's Kansas Jack you want to see?" "Yes. I will be very much obliged to you."

The agent sent a boy out to hunt up the Terror and tell him what was wanted. The little woman stood at a window fronting the street and saw the man as he came swaggering along. Not a hundred feet from the depot he pulled his gun to fire on a man standing in a saloon door, but the threatened man dodged too quickly. The Terror kicked open the door with an oath and glared around in search of the woman. She left her place at the window, walked straight up to him, and, looking him full in the face, she put a pistol to his heart and shot him dead. He fell backward at full length and never uttered a groan nor moved a limb. The woman waited a moment, pistol held ready for another shot, and when she saw that he was dead she went away and sat down. They dragged Jack's body outdoors and hauled it off for burial, but no one disturbed her. Forty minutes after the shooting the east-bound train came along and she got aboard, and that was the last seen of her. The wooden head-board placed at the Terror's grave bore this inscription, rudely carved by some friend:

Here Lies KANSAS JACK, 34 years old. He was shot plumb-center by a cussed good-looking woman. GONE TO HEAVEN!

Christianity. Christianity is not merely to make us happy hereafter, but to make us live divinely here and now, lifting up our bodies and our divine souls out of their degradation and sin and sorrow, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow.—Bishop Davis Sessums.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

President Francis E. Clark is now in Mexico, where he has gone to attend the Mexican National convention. He will return in season for the Washington convention.

The Christian Endeavorers of the Melville Presbyterian church, Montreal, Can., are in the habit of sending bundles of good literature to a country minister who uses them in his itinerant preaching.

The spirit in which the Christian Endeavor pledge is fulfilled, is manifested by a striking incident reported by the pastor of the young woman concerned. She had been an active Christian Endeavorer for two years when she was stricken with fever and a short time ago died. During the last days of her illness, when too weak to hold her Bible, the young woman asked her mother to hold the book for her so that she could read a portion from it each day. "For," said she, "I wish to be faithful to my pledge to the very end of my life."

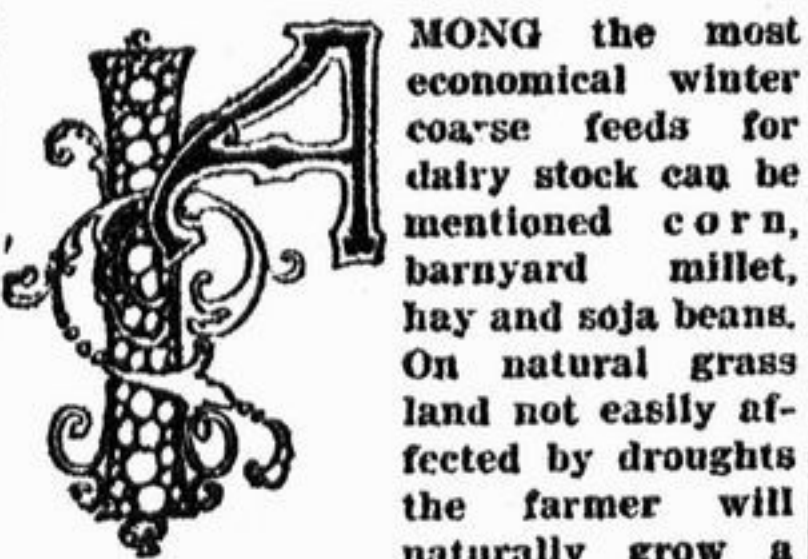
There is a Christian Endeavorer in the west who is a railroad conductor. In his train he has placed a paper rack which he keeps supplied with religious literature. These papers have afforded him an opportunity for personal work with the passengers. Fellow-workmen and a number of passengers, including several traveling salesmen, have been led into the better life. All but one of the members of the crew on this train are Christians and among them is a male quartet. While the train is waiting for orders at stations the men have gospel song services, which many persons gather to hear.

Some Colorado Springs, Colo., Endeavorers went to the circus the other day. But they took the gospel with them and left the circus a purer, sweeter place after they had departed. Seeing that no effort was being made for the spiritual welfare of the men connected with the circus, some two hundred Endeavorers gathered with a gospel wagon at the circus grounds after the close of the church services one Sunday. The meeting which was large and spiritual, resulted in some thirty persons expressing the desire to lead the better life. All the New Testaments in town were purchased by the Endeavorers the next morning and distributed among the men who received them gladly.

DAIRY AND POULTRY

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



AMONG the most economical winter coarse feeds for dairy stock can be mentioned corn, barnyard millet, hay and soya beans. On natural grass land not easily affected by droughts the farmer will naturally grow a considerable area of hay, and depend upon this crop to a large extent for coarse feed. Such land should be made to produce three tons of hay, equivalent to about three thousand pounds of digestible matter per acre. Similar land planted to corn and equally well manured would probably produce fully four thousand pounds digestible matter per acre, but the increased cost of growing an acre of corn would in the writer's judgment fully balance the increase in yield. There are, however, considerable areas on every farm that are not natural grass lands. Such lands are so easily affected by frequent droughts, that from one to one and one-half tons of hay per acre are maximum crops. Land of this kind is far better suited for corn and will yield fully three times as much digestible matter per acre as when in grass.

Ensilage: Corn or any crop put in the silo is not improved in quality. The various fermentations which such materials undergo, decrease to an extent their nutritive effect, i. e., a ton of fodder before being ensilaged would have a greater nutritive value than after being ensilaged. The writer does not believe in putting any crop into the silo that can be properly cured. Un-

CEYLON BUFFALOES.



On this page we give an illustration of a Ceylonese team of buffaloes hitched to a cart common to that country. It will be noticed that the tongue is fastened to a yoke bound to the horns. Thus the weight of the pull is on the horns and not on the shoulders, as with us. Consul W. Morey, of Colombo, writes of these animals as follows: The common buffaloes also inhabit Ceylon, and are found both wild in the interior and partially tame in the Singhalese villages, where they are kept and used to trample the paddy (rice) lands after

plowing, and to be sometimes milked, though not often, as they are fierce and troublesome and their yield of milk small and of poor quality. Their flesh is almost inedible. It is different, however, with their cognates from Southern India, which are larger and tamer, and are often imported for dairy uses in large numbers, for they are fairly tractable, and give a good supply of wholesome milk. Being kept in the neighborhood of large towns, they are allowed to feed upon the commons, where they present an interesting sight to strangers, who are astonished at their almost

Streaks of Blood in Eggs. The blemish referred to is a sign that something is amiss with the egg-producing organs of the fowl, and I should be inclined to say that the faulty eggs are all laid by the same fowl. If this be so, and she can be distinguished, I should advise "Leopard-town" to confine her for a time, feeding sparingly the while on hard corn; so as to check the production of eggs. It may be that matters will right themselves under this treatment, but nothing more can be done. I think it extremely probable that the blood-spots are the outcome of high feeding. On more than one occasion I have noticed that the spots are most frequent in cases where a high percentage of eggs is obtained, and that the eggs are most numerous in the spring months, when hens lay more freely than at other seasons. It by no means follows that the hens have been overdone with food, so far as mere feeding is concerned, but it cannot be denied that in the spring and early summer fowls obtain much animal food in their daily rambles, particularly when they have free access to manure heaps or to plantations; in either of which there is always a large supply of such food to be had for the asking.—Ex.

Diphtheria Among Fowls.—Domestic fowls have two diseases of a diphtheritic nature, according to a report of M. Gallez to the Belgian Academy of Medicine. One is a contagious catarrh, called also morve, or fowl glanders, which is very contagious and fatal to hens and may give diphtheria to human beings. The other, though called fowl diphtheria, has nothing save the name in common with human diphtheria.

A Pig and Lamb.—A pig will awaken the neighbors with his squeal when fast, but a lamb will lie still and die. Often they crawl off into some hole to rest, and have not enough sense to find their way back again, and there they soon chill and die, when very young. They need care in numberless ways.—Exchange.

tion till cut with a mowing machine early in September for the silo, thus effecting a considerable saving of labor. Millet for ensilage should be planted about June 1.

The hay of vetch and oats, peas and clover, and of Hungarian grass makes good coarse feeds for winter, equal to an average quality of hay. The peas and clover can be cut when in blossom early in July and followed immediately by Hungarian grass. One is thus enabled to grow from 3 to 3½ tons of these hays per acre. On lands that cannot be made to produce two and one-half tons of English hay yearly, this method might be followed with advantage, if labor is not too costly. By planting a variety of annual fodder crops, many farmers are so situated as to be able to sell English hay to advantage.

Canadian Mutton.

It is without doubt true that the prime, active factor in the problem of the importation of sheep into the United States from Canada is the quality of mutton. There is no doubt that greater pains is taken in Canada to produce a fine quality of mutton than in this country, and there the English methods of mutton making have been much more generally adopted than here. It is said to be true that the English sheep farmer regards with considerable indifference the importation of sheep from all countries except Canada, for with that one exception no country sends any sheep to England to compete with native mutton except at very much lower prices. There is, of course, no good reason for Canadian mutton out-selling that of the United States, either at home or abroad, but it does do it, and simply because more attention and skill are devoted to the work of making it. There is nothing in the soil, climate or feeding-stuffs of Canada that necessarily make better mutton; the materials are at hand here in as great abundance and of as fine quality, and therefore the only thing lacking is the more skillful combing and feeding, and possibly breeding, to make a quality of meat as fine as the world can produce.—Ex.

Health of the Hens.

Mrs. Emma G. Foster, addressing the Missouri Poultry association, said: Roup has become a common disease. The symptoms are swollen eyes, discharge from nostrils, and frequently a rattling in the throat. When none of these symptoms appear it is shown by offensive breath. It usually comes from dampness, and is to fowls what heavy colds are to human individuals, and results in diphtheria or canker. When roup appears in malignant form, which makes its presence known by a peculiar disagreeable odor, a most excellent remedy is a sharp ax. Kill all such affected birds and burn them. There is no satisfaction or profit in doctoring roup fowls. Then work to prevent the well fowls from taking the disease. Keep them dry and reasonably warm; use asafoetida and carbolic acid in drinking water, and thoroughly clean and disinfect. Cleanliness is the key to success. If the fowls do not have access to gravel and sand, this must be supplied. Grit is as essential as food, and they must have it in some shape. Broken crockery and glassware afford excellent grit. Coarsely ground oyster shell, ground flint, etc., can be purchased by the barrel. River sand is good. A flock of fowls will soon devour a barrel of this; yet sand is not a substitute for gravel. Keep sharp gravel before the fowls and they do better. Digestion will not be complete unless the food is fully masticated.

England Excludes Foreign Cattle.

The British parliament has at last passed the bill making permanent the exclusion of cattle from foreign countries except such animals as shall be slaughtered at ports of entry. The Canadians are most concerned, for it strikes them hardest. Many English farmers have been accustomed to purchase live cattle of the Canadians and fatten them on the English pastures. They bought them at a rate low enough to allow a reasonable profit on the transaction. American cattle have been long since debarred from this privilege. The bill has been passed really in behalf of the cattle raisers of Great Britain, but the pretext is that disease exists in Canada.

A VALUABLE TURTLE.

He Was Advertised For Soup Every Day in the Week.

"Speaking of curious customs," said the downtown man to the New York Herald reporter, "one of the strangest I ever heard of was the renting out of a live turtle for green turtle soup. Yes, sir; I mean renting out, and you needn't stare at me. There used to be one old turtle that for many weeks brought in his owner a regular steady income, all because of the popularity of soup that went under that name. You know the dozens of little restaurants that put out a big, glaring sign every once in awhile 'Green turtle soup to-morrow.' Well, to make that turtle soup a drawing card it is necessary to put a live turtle on his back by the door, directly under the placard, the presumption on the part of the public being that this very animal will the next day be converted into the popular delicacy advertised. Now genuine turtles are expensive and these little restaurants do a small trade and make only a small living for the proprietor at the best. Any quantity of the green turtle soup advertised is not green turtle at all—only a tasty mixture made out of veal, delicately flavored. But the live turtle outside the day before is needed and that was where my friend came in. 'He had a famous old turtle that he affectionately called Tom and he quickly saw the chance of turning an honest penny with him. Going around to two or three of the cheap restaurants that liked to placard green turtle he broached his project to them, offering Tom to each restaurant for a day for the price of \$1.50. The idea took and each morning the turtle would be delivered, put on his back in a warm corner outside and the old placard dusted and hung up. The next day customers would crowd the little room to eat what they were sure was green turtle soup and Tom would be doing duty in the same way in front of an eating house but half a dozen blocks away. Soon that turtle was regularly engaged for five days in the week, and his master had a good thing of it in a small way. It would have been permanent, I suppose, if the turtle had not died from—they said it was overwork. I don't know how those restaurants that were in the scheme are making out at present."

ADDITIONS TO THE ALPHABET.

Two Letters of Which Our Forefathers Were in Total Ignorance.

It is a fact, not so well known but that it may be said to be curious, that the letters j and w are modern additions to our alphabet, says the Cincinnati Tribune. The letter j only came into general use during the commonwealth, say between 1649 and 1653. From 1620 to 1646 its use is exceedingly rare and I have never yet seen a book printed prior to 1653 in which it appeared. In the century immediately preceding the seventeenth it became the fashion to tail the last "i" when Roman numerals were used, as in this example: viij for 8 or xij in place of 12. This fashion still lingers but only in physicians' prescriptions, I believe. Where the French use "j" it has the power of "s" as we use it in the word "vision." What nation was the first to use it as a letter is an interesting but perhaps an unanswerable query. In a like manner the printers and language makers of the latter part of the sixteenth century began to recognize the fact that there was a sound in spoken English which was without a representative in the shape of an alphabetical sign or character, as the first sound in the word "wet." Prior to that time it had always been spelled as "vet" and v having the long sound of u or of two u's together. In order to convey an idea of the new sound they began to spell such words as "wet," "weather," "web," etc., with two u's and as the u of that date was a typical v the three words above looked like this: "Vet," "vweather," "vweb." After awhile the typefounders recognized the fact that the double u had come to stay, so they joined the two u's together and made the character now so well known as the w. I have one book in which three forms of the w are given. The first is an old double v (vv), the next is one in which the last stroke of the second and the third is the common w we use today.

Beards and Bacteria.

The bacteriology of the beard has not yet, so far as we are aware, been exhaustively studied; this might be a new world for one of our young Alexander of pathology to conquer. That it is possible that disease can be carried in the manner suggested will hardly be denied, but we cannot say that we think the danger so great that doctors need sacrifice their beards on the altar of hygiene. Most will think even the careful sterilization of the beard on leaving a sick-room a counsel of perfection. If the scrupulous hygienist thinks such a precaution necessary he should be consistent and insist on doctors shaving their heads and even their eyebrows. How would our professional sisters like this? To live in the odor of antiseptic sanctity we should, after due purification, clothe ourselves in cotton wool, wrap our heads in sterilized gauze and go about like veiled prophets of Khorassan.—British Medical Journal.

Different.

Mangled Party (slowly picking himself up from the foot of the stairway)—"I thought you said that editor upstairs was one-armed?"

Office Boy (who had waited to see the fun)—"No, I didn't. I said he was un-armed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No man who knows he is a fool is one.