

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

Campaign buttons are now on.

True nobility shows itself, in doing good.

Mr. Pace is a Kansas horse buyer. He's hard to beat.

The government should serve not the politicians but the people.

Spain wants a bigger navy and she needs it if she expects to hold Havana.

Some folks make a specialty of picking out crosses for other people to carry.

It would be too bad to have a muss with Spain, just when the bass are biting at their best.

Here is a decision that should stand: A Washington Judge has decided that twisting a cow's tail is cruelty to animals.

Emperor William has taken 300 books on the financial question away with him on a cruise. After he has read them all "Old Subscriber" will explain to him what the facts really are.

Sarah Ann Angel of Houses Point, N. Y., claims that she was married to the late Jay Gould away back in April, 1853, and therefore is entitled to a few of the millions that Jay left. Sarah Ann has certainly taken her own time in revealing the secret.

A man in New Jersey has sued a woman for breach of promise of marriage. The woman had promised to marry, but finally said: "Can't marry you. A young man who used to wait on me has returned, and he has lots of money." For the sake of the eternal fitness of things the man suing and the sordid woman should have had the happiness of going through life together.

Famine is desolating portions of China. Tonquin has always been regarded as the most prosperous province of the Flowery Kingdom, but last year drouth cut short the harvests. Mothers are offering their children for sale for something to eat. At Hanoi a mother offered her three infants to a missionary for eight cents, preferring to hand them over to a European rather than see them perish from hunger in her arms.

At last "Dynamite Dick" has been captured and the people of Oklahoma are breathing easier. For three long and exciting years officers have been on "Dynamite's" trail, not only for "Dynamite" himself, but for the \$3,000 reward as well, and his capture is only another instance in favor of perseverance, which, we are taught, accomplishes much. Very early in life "Dynamite" chose the career of a bandit, and now, scarcely out of his teens, he faces a frowning gallows. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard.

James F. Matthews and Henry L. Sherburne, of Topeka, Kan., have invented an apparatus for drenching train robbers with scalding water. The invention consists of a number of metal nozzles for throwing jets of scalding water. From the boiler of the locomotive the inventors intend to run pipes passing around the engine, ending in nozzles at the end of the cab. These nozzles are so arranged that when high-waymen try to hold up an engineer all he will have to do is to turn on the hot water. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, streams of boiling liquid will be thrown out in every direction from the cab, while a steel shield guard, before invisible, will rise quickly and shut off all entrance of robbers or bullets to the cab or tender. Thus protected the engineer may throw his throttle wide open and leave the scalded and chagrined robbers far behind.

The pretensions of Ignatius Kojoliek, a Chicago youth, to an exclusive possession of his stanic majesty and the consequent elation of his neighbors must be shattered by the reports from New York, where a hysterical school girl saw the individual in person. "There he is," she is said to have shrieked, and in the subsequent panic among her fellow pupils nothing could have been more fitting than the forethought of an equally hysterical bystander, who sent in a fire call. The fire department arrived quickly, but found nothing to put out, the director-general of the greatest conflagration on or under the earth having presumably removed his flaming material presence to a less watery locality. This is not the first New York school to have received this shellie visitation, and until Master Kojoliek shall add more corroborative evidence to his limited manifestations the particular satan he thinks he has entertained must be set down as an interloper, to put it mildly.

It has been discovered that John McDonald, who has spent six years in the Marquette penitentiary for a murder at Ontonagon, is the wrong man. Every little while we hear of similar cases, all of which shows that circumstantial evidence frequently convicts when it ought not. The state should pay McDonald for the time it compelled him to lose. But it will not.

It turns out that Helen Gould gave \$500,000 instead of \$100,000 to the St. Louis sisters, which is a horse of another color.

A FENCE 400 MILES LONG.

How the Australians Deal with the Rabbit Pest.

Then the New South Wales government, it may be remembered, offered a reward of £25,000 to any person or persons who could suggest a really efficient method of getting rid of the pest, but, although this liberal offer led to the receipt of no fewer than 2,000 schemes from all parts of the world, none of them was regarded as satisfactory, and the offer was withdrawn, says the London Times. The domestic cat was introduced and in certain limited areas did much service. Poisons were largely resorted to, and ferrets, stoats and weasels have been imported in thousands into some of the colonies and have increased fast. But hitherto the rabbits, owing to the rate at which they multiply, have managed not only to hold their own, but to constantly spread over new ground, carrying destruction with them wherever they go. In South Australia, for instance, the direct loss from the rabbits has been put down at £250,000 per annum and the indirect loss at a similar amount. In Victoria the active operations for the destruction of rabbits on crown lands have been carried on by the government since 1880, and from that date to the middle of 1894 a total of nearly £300,000 had been spent by the state on that object. As for the money spent by private individuals for the same purpose, that is almost incalculable, but it may be mentioned that on one estate alone upward of £15,000 has been expended by the owner with the view of clearing his land of the pest. In the seventeen years ending with 1893 nearly 68,000,000 rabbit skins, valued at £402,000, were exported from Victoria, without counting the large quantities used by hat manufacturers in the colony, one establishment alone using 371,000 every year; yet, notwithstanding all this slaughter, the present infested area throughout the colony is estimated by the chief inspector at no less than 37,750,000 acres. Adding to the direct expenditure the depreciation of the grazing values of the land, the losses to the colonies concerned amount to millions of pounds sterling.

The final outcome of royal commissions, of intercolonial conferences and of the testing of every practical method of extermination is that the most effectual method of dealing with the evil is found to be the construction of rabbit-proof netting by means of which the animals can be kept from areas not yet infested, can be shut off from food supplies, and can be more effectually dealt with locally. The length of some of these fences is enormous. There is one starting at Barrington, on the Queensland border, and following the main trunk line from Bourke to Corowa, a distance of 407 miles, and there is another along the entire western boundary of New South Wales, a distance of 346 miles. The Queensland government, too, has erected a similar fence along a considerable portion of the northern boundary of New South Wales, but the surveyor-general of Queensland, in the report already referred to, says that "the rabbits must have come through the fence in mobs and droves of innumerable multitudes at some time," and thus have established themselves in Queensland as well.

That's Different. An exchange says that a boy can sit on a sled six inches square, tied to a sled moving eight miles an hour, but can't sit on a sofa five minutes for a dollar. A man will sit on an inch board and talk politics for three hours; put him in a church pew for forty minutes, he gets nervous, twists and turns, and goes to sleep. Man will pouch his cheeks with filthy tobacco, juice runs down his chin, feels good; but a hair in the butter kills him. He stays out till midnight, wife don't know where he is, comes home when he pleases; but if a meal is not ready just on time, pouts, frowns and says unpretty things.—Womankind.

Washing Fine Handkerchiefs. Few laundresses wash fine embroidered handkerchiefs properly. Too often they go to pieces in the wringer or are rubbed into holes on the washboard. The dainty bit of cambric that is carried more for show than for use may be washed by the owner in her own bowl. This done, all dust should be wiped from a large window pane, and the handkerchief, while it is still wet, spread smoothly over the glass, all creases pressed out and the corners kept flat. When the handkerchief is dry it will be crisp and new in appearance.

On Condition. Money Lender (to lieutenant)—"All right, I will prolong your bill, but only on one condition, namely, that during the next paper chase you scatter broadcast these little cards with the words: 'Money advanced on easy terms by N. N.'"—Feinsinnige Zeitung.

Unity of Faith. Men have always differed and always will on unessential matters. I do not think it is necessary that they should all agree perfectly. So while I am a firm believer in the unity of faith I do not look for the unity of the churches.—Rev. A. D. Mason.

An Outrage. "It is an outrage!" the Spanish general exclaimed. "What has happened?" "That war correspondent insists on publishing untruths of his own composition!"—Washington Post.

An Old Rule Revisited. "Don't you think a blonde woman ought to marry a brunette man?" "Of course not. His neckties would not suit her at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

HAD BOGUS FUNERAL.

HOW A COURT SCANDAL WAS HUSHED UP.

The Case of the Earl of Aylesford—He Spent the Latter Part of His Life in New York as "Mr. Simpson," Frequenting Madison and Union Squares.



VERY unpleasant affair has been recalled in Europe by the announcement in a number of German papers on indisputable authority that Count Guido Lynar, a member of the princely house of that name, has been met, very much alive and in fine condition, at Florence, where he is now living without the slightest attempt to conceal his identity, says the New York Journal. In order to appreciate the sensation caused throughout Germany by this announcement it is necessary to state that the count, a major of the crack regiment of the Guard du Corps, decorated with almost every order of Europe, possessed of an independent fortune of \$50,000 a year and celebrated as the handsomest man of his corps, was arrested by the English police in London on a horrible charge while occupying the post charge d'affaires of the German emperor. What rendered the matter worse was that the late Emperor Frederick, at the time crown prince, was, with his consort, in London at the moment and had to bear the full brunt of the scandal. Had Count Lynar given his name and quality to the police when arrested he would at once have been set at liberty and steps would have been taken to hush up this scandal as have been so many others during the present century, the authorities being aware of the complications that are created by the arrest of a foreign diplomat. But Lynar, who had con-

MRS. DYCHES SAVES HER HUSBAND FROM DEATH.



A different taste in jokes very nearly cost the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Dyches, of Leesburg, Fla., one day last week. They owe their continued existence to the courage displayed by Mrs. Dyches. The husband and wife were out driving when they encountered a twelve-foot alligator in the road. Mr. Dyches thought it would be a joke to drive over him. Mrs. Dyches did not. Neither did the alligator. As the wheels touched the scurried animal made a sweep with its tail that wrecked the buggy and deposited the Dyches couple on the ground. The alligator promptly attacked them and

completely lost his head, refrained from disclosing his identity until his companions had been committed for trial, when he himself had undergone the public ignominy of being placed in the prisoner's dock. On the assurance given by the German government that Lynar should be severely punished, he was turned over to the embassy and by the latter to three officials of the Berlin police, who took him back with them to Germany. On arriving there he was at once placed in an insane asylum, on the plea that he was demented, and his name was removed from the roster of the diplomatic service as well as from that of the army.

Three months later it was announced in all the papers that he had died while under restraint and his name, after being cited in the necrological appendix of the "Almanach de Gotha," disappeared from that golden book of the European nobility. A coffin purporting to contain his remains was placed in the family vault and his widowed mother, after mourning for her son, died about six months later, it is believed, from a broken heart in consequence of his loss. Now comes the news that he is alive and well, living on the fat of the land and enjoying himself to his heart's content in Florence. The inference is that the German authorities have conspired at a deception particularly gruesome in character, which has found its counterpart on several occasions in England, the most notable instance being that of the uncle of the present duke of Newcastle. The latter got mixed up in a scrape of the same kind as Count Guido Lynar, and having been placed on trial along with his friends, Boulton and Parke, was about to be convicted, when the announcement of his death

was made and he was interred with much pomp and ceremony in the vaults of the ducal house of Newcastle. Yet a few months later he was recognized in New York, where he spent the remainder of his life, bearing the name of "Mr. Simpson." He used to haunt the restaurants and saloons around Union and Madison squares and spent a long time in one of the metropolitan hospitals, thanks to an accident which occurred to him on his passage to this country.

Then there is the case of the late earl of Aylesford, who, having been forced to expatriate himself from England, ruined beyond hope, both socially and financially, was reported to have died in Texas. A coffin containing a body represented as that of the earl was brought to New York and shipped to England. But grave doubts were entertained at the time and still exist as to whether he is really dead, a curious feature in connection with the affair being that the insurance upon his life was never collected.

PORT ARTHUR IS DIFFERENT.

England is Willing for Russia to Have What She Doesn't Want. Now, we have always held that Russia is entitled to an ice-free port in the Pacific, says the London Chronicle. It is out of the question that so colossal an undertaking as the trans-Siberian railway could be allowed to end in a remote harbor frozen for five months in the year. Mr. Balfour, we were glad to see, declared that the government would put no obstacle in the way of such an acquisition by Russia. All this, however, refers to Port Lazareff, on the eastern coast of Corea, or some place in the immediate neighborhood, upon which Russia has for long been known to have her eye. Port Arthur is a very different thing. Russia took the lead in coercing victorious Japan out of Port Arthur on the ground that the presence of Japan there would give the latter a dangerously preponderating influence upon China. A thousand times more will the influence of Russia

IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME QUEER AND CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

Speech and Silence, a Poem—At the Drawbridge for Half a Century—Drilling with Bullets—Snake Reached Out of Sight.

John Understood Very Well.

A member of the Poy company, who is a graduate of Vassar, went up into Chinatown to purchase some curios while the company was in San Francisco. A particularly ugly young Chinese was sitting on a little stool behind the counter in a dark and dirty little shop that the young lady entered to buy some punks. As the Chinese was wrapping them up the young woman turned to her companion and said in Latin:

He Understood Its Value.

From the Albany Express: Some days ago eight wheelmen were out for a run. They took the road to Slingerlands, and just after they had mounted the hill beyond the covered bridge they became thirsty, and so stopped at a farmhouse on the top of the hill to get a drink of water. Seeing nobody about and suspecting the presence of a dog, they waited for a few moments, and then, as no one appeared from whom they might ask the privilege of, they entered the yard and began to refresh themselves at the pump. Just as they were in the midst of their enjoyment, for the day was very warm, the owner of the place came out and said:

A Three-Counties Wedding.

From the Courier-Journal: Frank Cordary had a license to marry Elizabeth Schumacker, a widow of Johnson county. The couple called on Justice J. H. Taylor of Brown county to perform the ceremony. He said he had no jurisdiction in his county, as the license was procured in Johnson county. He said that as Cordary lived in Bartholomew county the only way he could tie the nuptial knot would be to go to the line of the county bordering on Bartholomew and Johnson. Accordingly the bride took her stand in Johnson county, the groom stood in Bartholomew, while the magistrate stood in Brown and pronounced the binding words.

Offered Him a Steady Job.

A good story is told of how Daniel O'Connell received the grateful blessing of an Irishman. During the course of his circuit in Ireland he was able to secure the liberation of a young son of Erin who had been charged with some offense or other. On a second turn round the country O'Connell again saved the Irishman from the arm of the law. The prisoner, overwhelmingly grateful went up to the advocate, shook him by the hand and, in the fullness of his heart, exclaimed: "And may the Lord save ye to defend me always, Mr. O'Connell."

In Honest Maine.

From the Farmington Chronicle: Bicycle riders occasionally lose off parts of their wheels, which are afterward found by other riders, but the owner is hard to find on account of such a variety of wheels in town. Capt. E. H. Marwick has an idea. He will place a box on the stairway west of his store, and asks all riders to deposit in that box any part of a bicycle they may find on the roads while riding. This box will be open at all times to inspection and articles lost can thus be easily recovered. A good idea; push it along.

A Down East Story.

On the boundary line of Penobscot and Hancock counties, Maine, there is a post, it is said, upon which a man may sit with his feet in Hancock county and his coat tails hanging down in Penobscot county. He may take a pipe out of a pocket in Hoiden, tobacco out of a pocket in Bucksport, and lighting the pipe, blow smoke into the town of Dedham.

Fussy's Happy Family.

C. O. Barnes has a cat at his home in Goldendale which is sucking three young squirrels, which were caught near town. She also suckles one kitten, the others having been killed to make room for the squirrels.

Boston's Typical Centenarian.

There is a nice old lady in Boston who has told people so often that she is 100 years old that she actually believes it herself, although the records do not agree with her idea.

HERE he whose thoughts have eagle wings of speech,

Not hampered more than is the eagle's flight, And followed far with wonder and delight; Their sovran sway of hearts who would impeach? There be who never to their kind out-reach, Self-willed to silence on some native height, There be dumb souls whose wistful eyes, too bright, Do like the wounded fawn's our aid beseech.

Not mute am I except by force of fate, For I have words of fire and swift as flame, That, leal and willing, on my thought to wait; But I in all the world no ear may claim, So halt at home those heralds evermore. —Edith M. Thomas in Scribner's.

This Snake Reached Out of Sight.

The town of Denver, Ind., has contained a greatly agitated set of citizens during the past few days, owing to the report of a monster snake roaming about in the woods near town, which is made by Eri Gustin, a well-known and reputable citizen. Mr. Gustin tells that he and his wife, together with another woman, were coming home one evening in the buggy, and just about dusk they passed through the woods a little to the east of town, when their horse became suddenly frightened and almost fell to the ground through fright. They looked past the animal into the shadows of the trees ahead, and the sight they beheld almost frightened them to death, and the women were made hysterical. It was a monster snake, and its description is thus given in Mr. Gustin's own terms: "Such a snake I never saw. It lay on a twelve-foot log, extending its body the entire length of the log, with its head elevated about two feet, lapping its forked tongue out at us, while mischief lurked in its wicked-looking eyes. Its tail reached from the log six feet or more to the fence, and from that through the rails as far back as I could see into the field at the side of the woods. We were in mortal fear of our lives, and how we ever got our horse away from the place in safety I cannot tell."

Two Entucky Chinese.

From the Whateam Reveille: Last week McKee, a British Columbia logger, sent the cook at his camp to Douglas, the British Columbia station, just across the line from Blaine, to get an express package. The Mongolian came to Douglas, and instead of stopping there, wandered over the line to the Great Northern depot on this side, where he sat down. A zealous deputy marshal spied him, and after a few questions found out that he had no papers. So he detained him, and, according to law, the only thing that could be done was to deport him to China, although McKee came down and explained and tried to have him released to go back and cook. Sunday the train had just started south with this Mongolian on board when some one yelled: "There's another one." Sure enough, there came another big fat, wabbly looking Chinese across the line. The train was stopped instantly and he was questioned. He was on this side of the line, without papers, and the funny part of it was that he was a cook, who had been sent from Westminster to take the other fellow's place as cook in McKee's logging camp, and, mistaking his location, had wandered too far south. He cried when he knew his predicament, but law, as interpreted by the officers, is stern as well as surprisingly silly, and he will go back to China along with No. 1. In the meantime McKee has no cook.

Drilling with Bullets.

A novel method of perforating iron plates is reported from Salt Lake City. The city is being supplied with electricity for lighting and power generated fourteen miles away in the Big Cottonwood Canon. It was found necessary for the purpose of pipe connections, to cut four 48-inch openings in the seven-foot penstock, the plates of which were half an inch thick. The workmen began to cut with cape chisels, but the progress made was too exasperatingly slow for the engineer of the works, R. M. Jones, who is known throughout the west as the "cowboy engineer." Mr. Jones took up his rifle, and, using steel bullets cased with copper, shot a line of holes through the plates from a distance of about thirty feet. The intervening edges were afterward easily cut out, and in a very short time the job was finished.

At the Drawbridge for Fifty Years.

William Harford, the old drawbridge tender of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad at South Norwalk, died there the other morning, aged 75 years. He has held the same position with the railroad company for

Heartless Man.

"If women have not finer sensibilities than man," asked the defender of her sex, "then why is it that men laugh and women weep at a wedding?" "Because they are not the ones who are getting married," answered the coarse, heartless man.—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Harmful.

Doctor—"Above all, you must not exert your mental capacity too much." Poet—"But I want to finish a volume of poetry." Doctor—"Oh, that will not hurt you in the least."—Judy.

Ingersoll.

Colonel Ingersoll has done a vast amount of rude and violent work by way of clearing the religious field of many a superstition preparatory for better growth.—Rev. E. L. Rexford.