

GIANT IN FEATHERS

Experiences of a Young Frenchman in Madagascar.

(JOHN R. CORELL, in St. Nicholas.)

PIERRE CHARTONNE was not by any means the least excited person on the French fleet which cast anchor in Mahala Bay, Madagascar, on a certain day some 900 years ago.

The next morning, with his beloved blunderbuss borne upon his shoulder, Pierre stepped proudly on the beach, ready and anxious to meet the savage and curious wild beasts he felt sure he was going to see.

Shortly before dinner-time it was proposed that some of the sailors should try to shoot a few of the birds of which the forest seemed full; for fresh meat to a sailor is one of the greatest of luxuries, and it seemed a pity to do without it when it was directly at hand.



The shooting party that consent was given.

Pierre, blunderbuss in hand, and three others started for the forest.

An hour later, the three men hurried down to the beach laden with game, but without Pierre. Where he was they did not know; they had missed him some time half an hour before, and supposed he had returned to the beach.

"Where he is now, suddenly exclaimed one of the men.

"Add there, indeed, he was, hatless and in haste. As quickly as his short legs could carry him, he was tearing through the underbrush; and as he drew nearer the man on the beach could see that he was frightened.

"When he reached the alarmed sailors, he sank, panting and exhausted, on the sand. To all their hurried questions he could only gasp out, 'After me!' and point to the forest. Whereupon they all gathered eagerly about him to hear his story.

"After we had gone about two miles into the forest," he began, "I left the others, because I thought we would see more game in two parties than in one.

"A little while after I had left them I saw what looked like a large round white stone in the thick brush. I thought I might as well find out what it was, and made my way to it, and, I give you my word, it was a great big egg—almost as big as a tar-bucket. I made up my mind to carry it back to the ship to take home, though it was heavy; but while I stood with it in my arms, brushing off the dirt that was on the under side, I heard a rustling in the bushes, and then I thought there must have been a big bird to lay that enormous egg, and then I took so that I nearly dropped the egg.

"I got behind a tree near by and stooped down so that I could see through the bushes what kind of a bird was coming.

"I never saw such a thing in my life before! Maybe you won't believe me, but that bird made so much noise as it came through the bushes that I thought it was a herd of cattle. And when it came to where I could see it, each of its legs looked as big around as my leg, and it was as tall as a small tree. And such a beak as it had!

"It went directly to the spot where the egg had been, and then I was frightened, for I knew if it caught me with the egg I'd be eaten up in a minute. But I didn't dare to move. When the monstrous creature missed the egg, it set up an awful squawk. Then I dropped the egg and ran in the direction that seemed clearest of trees.

"The bird ran, too, for I could hear it crashing through the bushes, and expected every minute to be taken in its big mouth. By and by I couldn't run any more, and fell down, when five big birds similar to the one I had already seen came leaping along straight at me. 'I lifted my gun, but before I could

shoot, the first bird had run over me and knocked me down.

"I jumped up and ran, and I didn't stop running till I found you, and here I am."

"Is that all?" asked one of the men, sarcastically, when Pierre had ceased speaking.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Well," said the man, "if I were going to make up a yarn I'd try to have it reasonable, or end in something exciting."

"But I didn't make it up!" exclaimed Pierre, indignantly.

"All I'm sorry for," said one of the men, "is that he didn't bring the egg with him. It would have made such a rare omelet."

At this the sailors laughed.

As long as Pierre lived he was known as Big-Bird Pierre, for he could get nobody to believe him. Since his time, however, more has been learned of Madagascar, the island where Pierre landed; and though nobody has seen a living bird such as Pierre described, eggs and skeletons of birds have been found, and, judging from them, it is no wonder that the little French boy was frightened.

The egg is larger than a football and would, it is calculated, hold as much as 160 hens' eggs. As for the bird, it was of the same family as the ostrich, but was more than twice as tall and proportionately heavier, so that, towering as it did a man's height above the tallest elephant, it must have been a startling bird to see for the first time unexpectedly.

The aporrinis, as the bird is called, does not exist now, but Mr. Wallace, the great naturalist, thinks that all the indications are that it may have lived within the last two centuries.

LATE LOCAL BRIEFS

Mrs. B. M. Muszey and little daughter arrived Wednesday morning from Los Angeles, Cal., where they have been since Jan. 1. Mr. Muszey remains in Los Angeles and Mrs. Muszey expects to return there in the fall.

In Honor of Judge Adams

On Tuesday, July 12, a stag dinner was given by L. W. Stanley at his home, 112 Gilbert avenue, in honor of Judge Amos Adams, of San Francisco, Cal. The guests included Dexter C. Stanley, John Stanley, T. S. Rogers, J. W. Rogers, E. O. Stanley and Elbert C. Stanley. Judge Adams with his brother, Albert Adams, D. C. Stanley and L. W. Stanley left Downers Grove for the gold fields of California April 10th, 1850, arriving in Hangtown August 3rd, their mode of travel being a four-horse team and covered wagon. The dinner was a memorable one, as this is Judge Adams' first visit to Downers Grove, and time all too swiftly passed as they recalled the days of "Auld Lang Syne" and the "Auld Acquaintance ne'er Forgot."

Gone to His Long Rest

Rev. Washburn, of Chicago, father of Dr. A. S. Washburn, of Downers Grove, died last Friday at his home in Ravenswood. He had reached the ripe old age of 73 years, and for fifty years had been a pastor of the Methodist church. He was one of the early Illinoisian Methodist ministers who laid the foundation for that sect which now numbers its tens of thousands of adherents. The deceased has been in ill health for some years, and has not been in active church work for about twelve years past. The funeral services were of a two-fold character. A brief service was held at the family home at Ravenswood on Sunday by Rev. H. G. Jackson, of Chicago, and on Monday the remains were taken to Millington, Ill., for interment, where Rev. H. H. Root, of Downers Grove, conducted a service. Dr. A. S. Washburn and Geo. B. Hearty, of Downers Grove, were among those who were present. Millington, where the late lamented pastor and friend of all is buried, was the central point of some of his early experiences in building up the Methodist church in that district about 42 years ago. Deceased leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters.

The New Theatre Project

The new theatre project is still being agitated. J. W. Tucker, the real estate agent, has become a moving spirit in the enterprise and no doubt will bring the matter to a focus soon. It may be that a stock company will be formed to float the project. The owners of the building which will become vacant soon when the chair factory is moved to the new building, seem favorably disposed to making the necessary changes. It would be a very good paying investment, no doubt, as the living flats and offices that were proposed would find ready tenants, and if a first-class amusement house that could be used for all kinds of entertainments as well as a place for regular theatrical engagements during the winter season, was built, it would receive the patronage of the village citizens. Downers Grove is located just far enough from the city to make such a venture possible, as the time to take the ride, and expense connected therewith, makes these trips prohibitive except to a few, besides many here work in the city and after a long, dreary day in the congested offices and shops are not anxious to go back again to see a show. If we had a first-class house here all could enjoy it and it would become a recreation place to be valued.

Frederick Hatch, of Lisle, Dead

Frederick Hatch, one of the oldest citizens of Du Page county, died at his home, about three miles from Downers Grove, on Thursday of this week. He had been ailing for some time and death was a happy release. Deceased was a well known and respected personage in this part of the county. He was of a family who were among those who comprised the early settlers of Du Page county and took this prairie country from its natural state and transformed it into the many beautiful homes that now are to be seen. His father and mother came to Du Page county in 1832. They were of hardy New Hampshire stock and the boundless prairies to them at that early date, while no doubt trials that made many hearts quaver, proved to be a task that could be and was overcome, to convert same to a home for themselves and their family. There were three sons, of whom Frederick, just deceased, was one. He was born in 1832. Mr. Hatch attended the country school and Wheaton College, and after graduating taught school for nine terms. He was married to Hannah T. Burtiss, of Iowa, who died in 1867, and he was again married in 1868, to Anna Ott, daughter of Jos. Ott, of Wheaton, she dying about six months ago. Mr. Hatch was for several years honored by his friends and neighbors by being elected supervisor of Lisle township. He was an ardent Republican in politics, but of a fair and honest nature, and was loved and respected by all with whom he came in contact. He was a member of the Congregational church at Lisle. He leaves a family of seven children, all grown up, to mourn his demise. Luther Hatch, a son of the deceased, has been a teacher in the State Normal school at the Falls for some years.

Cass Boy Dies from Lockjaw

Frank Johnson, the 14 year old son of August Johnson, living on the Orchard Road a little west of Cass, died from lockjaw, or as the physicians term it tetanus, on Saturday of last week. It appears that the boy was engaged, like thousands of other boys throughout the country on July 4th, in celebrating independence day by shooting off firecrackers, when he received a simple wound from exploding powder. Care was given to the wound but blood poisoning set in and the dread attack of lockjaw followed on Saturday. Every attention that medical science could give was directed towards saving the boy's life, but he finally succumbed.

Disappointed Purchasers

There seems to be some dissatisfaction over the new county atlas just published, among those who subscribed here. It is claimed the atlas is not much of a re-issuement of the old one and the printing is poorly done, besides \$15 is considered a pretty high price for the book. The trouble with many people is that when the solicitors were around they believed, when they harangued by the hour about the publication they have in hand being the most wonderful, greatest, best, finest, etc. Then when the article delivered is but ordinary, the people grumble, and like the disappointed Irishman at Niagara Falls, when he exclaimed, "It's only water running over the rocks innny way."

Home Advertising

A western editor hits the nail on the head when he says that "Too many merchants look upon advertising as a scheme to help the editor. With rural delivery and department stores sending out tons of advertising matter, the country merchant must have the goods and the prices and he must advertise or get run over in the march of civilization. His rents are less, his help costs less and he can compete with the city retailer and pay his advertising too; and the time has come when he absolutely has to do it. Country merchants are finding out and are taking advantage of it. Our exchanges are showing half-page and whole page ads. that have always carried but small ads. before. Get into the band wagon or the automobile will butt you into the middle of next week."

Former Citizen is Dead

W. H. Smith, a former citizen of Downers Grove, died at his home in Chicago, Wednesday, and was buried yesterday. Mr. Smith lived for a long time in Downers Grove and up to about eight years ago, when he moved to Chicago. He was a member of the Woodmen order, and several members of that order from here attended the obsequies yesterday.

A Union Sunday School Picnic

Some of the town Sunday schools are planning to hold a union picnic Saturday, August 6th. Already the superintendents have held several meetings to make plans, and have now appointed committees to assist them. The Sunday schools of the Baptist, Congregational and Methodist churches are the only schools that have as yet voted to accept the invitation to join together for this picnic. There will be several features of interest and some contest games, which will add to the success of the affair.

Maccabee Social

The ladies of the Maccabees will give a basket social at the home of Mrs. J. H. Clappitt, 96 South Main street, on Saturday evening, July 18. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Each lady is requested to bring a basket of lunch for two. The baskets will be sold at auction to the highest bidders.

For sale—New milk cow.

Inquire corner Garfield and Ayres avenues, Hinsdale, near Fullersburg.

Novel Method of Profit Sharing.

A shirtwaist manufacturer in the local wholesale market surprised the employes a few days ago by announcing that he intends to retire from active business in their favor. His plan is to turn the plant over to "tried and true" subordinates, with the stipulation that in case the business should prosper they are to pay for the property on the installment basis. In the event of time demonstrating that these "trusties" cannot make a "go" of the enterprise, the "boss" is to take charge of affairs, assuming all liabilities and begin anew to build up trade.—New York Press.

Pay in Parliament.

There is a strong feeling in England against the payment of members, on the ground that it would tend to create the class of professional politicians seen in foreign countries and our colonies, writes Henry Norman in the Century. Its absence obviously tends to restrict membership of Parliament to the well-to-do classes, and, as a matter of fact, these enjoy an overwhelming representation in the House of Commons, the labor members, whose expenses and a modest salary are provided from some organization of the classes they represent, being at present a small but happily increasing group. To compel a candidate to pay the cost of counting the votes which send him to serve the nation in Parliament is preposterous, and, after taking safeguard against a superfluity of candidates, the system will probably soon be abolished.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Benefit for Clement Scott.

Clement Scott, the dean of the London dramatic critics, is to have a benefit. Mr. Scott has been suffering from an incurable illness for the last year, and although he once wielded enormous influence, he has now fallen upon evil times. It is expected the performance will realize \$10,000.

SUPPORT

SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a bridge to carry the weakened and starved system along until it can find firm support in ordinary food.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c and \$1.00; all druggists.

World's Swiftest River.

British India has the swiftest river in the world. It is the Sutlej, which, in 180 miles, has a descent of 12,000 feet.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Regularly maintains its Special Correspondents in war or peace at TOKYO, NAGASAKI, YOKOHAMA, KOBE, PORT ARTHUR, PEKIN, SHANGHAI AND HONGKONG.

As well as at the principal capitals of Europe. Its normal service, therefore, for covering the Russo-Japanese War

not only in the field of war but also in that of diplomacy, is more complete than that of any other Chicago newspaper. In addition it also has the service of The Associated Press with its great allied foreign news agencies. And the whole is now supplemented by its

OWN SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE FIELD.

No other paper in Chicago has so complete an equipment for printing the war news promptly and fully. That the people of Chicago and the Northwest appreciate the policy of The Daily News in printing all the news of all the world all the time is attested by the fact that its circulation exceeds

320,000 a Day.

The largest similarly attested daily newspaper circulation, morning or evening, in America.

Use Royal Poultry Mixture

It beats all: the greatest egg producer on earth. A sure cure for Cholera, Roup, and Gaps. The ROYAL STOCK FOOD—the world's greatest medicated stock food. Sold under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. Agents wanted. TRY ROYAL LICE KILLER—The greatest insect destroyer known.

FOR SALE AT THE DOWNERS GROVE FAIR. E. L. CLEMENT, Gen'l. Ag't ROYAL CO-OPERATIVE CO., Sole Man'rs Indianapolis, Ind.

AN AFRICAN BIRD VILLAGE.

Wonderful Architectural Ability Displayed by the Weaving Grosbeak and His Family.



Birds are clever home-builders, but perhaps none known to American bird lovers make quite so curious a structure as do the weaving grosbeaks of Africa. The umbrella in the picture was woven by the grosbeak from bushman's grass. Side by side around the edge of the rain-proof umbrella, they build their nests, each with its separate entrance. As barns are built in Africa, who can say whether or not the sociable grosbeaks will abandon their umbrella villages and seek the protection of buildings as the birds elsewhere do, and at length lose their skill as roof weavers?—Little Observer.

Virginia's Big Arsenic Mine.

What is said to be the largest arsenic mine in the world, and stated to be at present turning out 70 tons a month, is located in Floyd county, Virginia, 17 miles from Christiansburg, the nearest town. The number of persons employed at the mine is about 125, who are housed and supplied with the necessities of life by the company owning the mine.

THE SELF-TAMED MUSKRAT.

Shy Little Animal Made Friends with a Farmer's Family and Became a Pet.

The muskrat is very shy, and it seems strange that of its own choice it should elect to become a pet; but this is the story told in the Christian Endeavor World:

The family lived on the banks of a stream, where the water flowed swiftly, free from ice, until it emptied into the pond nearby. Along the shores of the pond the muskrats each season built their huts. In the winter they frequently swam about in the open stream, and the boys threw apples into the water for them.

At length one rat ventured to climb up the steep bank and prowled about the house. Not being molested in his visits, one night he crawled under the kitchen floor and gnawed through into the kitchen. After that he was the pet of the family.

He took food from the boys' hands and allowed them to stroke his fur. He did not object to being taken in their laps. He preferred, however, to lie behind the stove; there he would stay for hours. The hole he gnawed was boarded up, and he was taught to come and go through the door. When he wished to come in, he scratched at the door. At night he sometimes proved troublesome. If no one answered his call, he crawled under the house and began gnawing a new hole.

A queer pet he proved. He was not nearly so quick on land as in water. When he walked across the floor, his long, scaly tail dragged noisily after him. His favorite food was apples. While eating he "scratched" on his hind feet and held the food in his mouth. He was a very tame animal.