

IMPRESSIONS AT LEISURE

Gathered in and About the County by A Special Descriptive Writer

[The following is one of a series of sketches written by a descriptive writer and in a peculiar style of his own. We propose to have many of the pretty little nooks and corners in this neighborhood written up by this writer, as they will be of interest to all.—Ed.]

"I don't know why it is, but I have a liking for a cemetery no, I mean a graveyard, one of those which is irregularly laid out, grass grown, with square and rounded slab like headstones, which cite to you sentiment and tragedy in mute but specific terms. Somehow I like to wander through the labyrinths of tall grass and overgrowth and read the inscriptions, then ponder over what they tell me and weave lives for those who lie beneath. It is a recreation, a fad, maybe. Some have their bugs, their beetles, their stamp albums, their sports, but give me an old-fashioned graveyard and I can have a half day's pleasure amid the solitude, little dreamed of by the bustling crowd about me.

Today is beautiful, one of those bright Sundays for which Illinois is noted, particularly in the country. Here I am in the pretty little village of Downers Grove, twenty-one miles west of Chicago, just far enough away from the greatness of the metropolis with its noises, its push and dash of modern commercialism, to be enjoyed. This is a grove and no effort has been made to remove the "grove," as there are trees here, trees there, trees all around you, even on the streets, the driveways circling the big, massive trees. Shaded avenues run every way. It is an ideal place. It is a sylvan retreat if ever there was one. Poets could certainly find their hearts' desire in these surroundings to bring forth the best of words blended in pure rhythm. Artists need not want for scenes here to paint in the dells and the dales that abound.

But it is of the old cemetery that I wish to write. It nestles right in the very center of the village, and in real quietude slumber the early settlers of this part of Illinois. Here are buried the fathers and mothers who took the prairies in their virgin condition away from the Indian and the buffalo and made homes for themselves. The little graveyard is on a slight elevation, a side of a hill. How is it that the early fathers used to select a hillside, or knoll as it is called, for their graveyards?

Everything has a real cemetery air about it. There is scarce a sound to be heard on this midsummer day as I wander through this "city of the dead" and note the headstones pointing skyward, as if were the hopes of those whose clay lies beneath were wont to point to another sphere beyond, far away. Out comes my pencil and pad, just for a few jottings of my visit. Sleep on, rest on, oh dead! I shall not trouble your slumbers. Only a few notes to remind the living of what has been and how thou wert connected therewith.

This is not a very large burying place scarce more than an acre or so—but here are sleeping some of those who were forerunners of the great civilization of the west—civilization that had its outpost in and around Downers Grove and has now passed on and on, crossed the great expanses where the Shoshone and the Blackfoot had their teepees, crossed the Rockies headed by a Pathfinder, and found the Pacific, and even now that great water has not stopped this civilization of our world, for in the far away Philippines it is to be found. Here lie those who long before the great city in the distance was more than a mere trading post were the landmark makers, those who trod these prairies and cast their lots in this section. They lived their lives as pioneers, in fear of danger from Indians and wild beasts, for years, but the ever conquering power of civilization was with them. They were of the fettle that wins.

A great massive block of marble is the first to catch my eye. At the foot lie four mounds, marked "Father," "Mother," "Son," and "Daughter," while near are two vacant places. They hold a tale. Mayhap those two who should be resting here are in some distant part of this great world of ours. Mayhap only waiting waiting for mortals who may be hurrying hither and thither in the great better shelter with its pleasures and its worries, but soon to lay down the battle arms and seek the rest of those who lie here in their peaceful sleep.

"Born 1828, died 1897," is the inscription one may read on a small stone. Born during those exciting days 1828. Just then such great reformers as Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison had scarce conceived their great idea of a free America. The nation was then of but small compass, the boundless west was an unknown country. Lived during those early days when political parties were being formed only to be wrecked and reformed when ideas as we view them today were very crude; those days when the oxcart was the means of locomotion, and the fallow dip for light; during the eventful days of '47, '48 and '49, and again in '61, '62 and '63. But from the vicissitudes of a young nation here was a life that saw it all and, phoenix like, saw peace, happiness and prosperity. Then was it time to lay down the earthly robe and seek the resting place of the old settlers of Downers Grove, in the old cemetery, with a last satisfied look that what was once a great unknown land was at last the home of a peaceful people, and the ploughshare was no longer being forged into a sword by brother against brother; that from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, rolling prairies, mountains, lakes and rivers were all yielding to the husbandman and the artisan, all for the nation's welfare, without strife of cannon or danger from the savage's tomahawk.

I turn and look at two little mounds, side by side, and from the moss grown stones I decipher that here lie two children who died in 1844. Away back in those early years when the parents were struggling with the frontier foe! What must have been the heart's anguish and loneliness of the mother to no longer hear the prattle of the little ones about the cabin when the father and bread winner was absent in the fields! Today we lose our loved ones, and so do our friends, and misery consoles misery, but in those days the loss must have really been greater. The mute stones tell some heart-rending tales. Their chiseled words are plain and speak in accents strong and forcible.

Just to the left I find a broken slab over an unkempt grave. Time has dealt hard with this one. The lower part of the slab is missing and a great hole appears where once it stood at the head of the mound, while all that remains on the rest part of this stone is the chisel-

ing of a weeping willow. No name or other data so I can dream not on what thou art, Oh, dead! Child, father or mother! Gone are your friends! From your grave I reach to pluck a leaf and find that it is a four leafed clover. Token of remembrance! If you poor, weary soul, have no friends to keep green your grave, nature has given you this little token, a four leafed clover, and stranger though I be, I crave this as a writer's reward.

Another! Here grows a goodly sized tree right on the little mound. Here in 1870, thirty four years ago, you, my silent friend, went to sleep. Some one who loved you planted a weeping willow twig on your grave and it grew, and now I can scarce span it with both hands. Sleep on, little daughter, and soon those shadowing branches will completely endow your sepulchre.

Here and there I find what brings back the thoughts of early youthful days away down east on the old farm. "Tiger lilies!" How dear to the heart of every farm reared child are those old tiger lilies. Flowers we may have but they do not bring back the reminiscences of the old farm house like the tiger lilies. One's thoughts run to the flower beds that the silver-haired mother used so tenderly to care for.

A long shaft in the center looms up boldly. It is the highest of any and is nicely surrounded by evergreens, but in some way to me it does not harmonize with its surroundings; it seems to be too modern.

I turn to another and read thereon the inscription in quaint old letters. It bears the date "Nov. 18, 1863," and the word "Chattanooga." Died for his country! That awful struggle. It left its mark on the country, and it is in the big cemeteries and country graveyards like this that it is brought so vividly to mind. To the front! To the front! was the cry, in the very heat of the battle, but the fatal bullets were no respecters of persons. They mowed the masses down and filled the earth with their children shrouded in their warrior robes. Sleep on, thou valiant son! You gave your life for the union might be saved. You gave it in the name of humanity and you deserve the rest of the brave, the true, and the just.

The shades of night are falling and a tolling bell awakens me from my musings. I hasten back to the whirl of this latter day life and leave the "city of the dead" to the long, long sleep, but just as I go my attention is drawn to two shafts near each other, almost out of sight among the overhanging foliage of the maples and pines. I stop in the fading light, read the inscriptions and what I read may be the writings in the tablets of a tragedy. One is the marking of a young man who gave up his life on that memorable day—July 30, 1863, at Murfreesboro—and the other evidently that of a sister who died just a year later. What a story one could write. Here the two, brother and sister, lie in peace, side by side. The one gave up his life for his country and the other, just entering wifehood, goes to join him only a year later.

I have the little plot, well pleased with my visit and with thoughts of how common is the last shroud of man. Here indeed is rest from the toil, the worry and the turmoil of daily life. Here beneath the pine needles, the spreading maple boughs, the weeping willows, the overgrowth of grass, or a Scotch thistle, the sons and daughters of early Illinois can rest in peace where they chose the spot. Away shall care and trivial trouble; there is rest in the grave even at last!

MAX FORD.

An Italian is Killed

Giuseppe Pecararo, an Italian section hand, was killed near Itasca station on Wednesday morning. He was walking between the tracks and got too close to the one on which a passenger train was running at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The end of the pilot beam struck him and knocked him fifty yards. When he was picked up he was dead and terribly mangled. He leaves a wife and three children in Jeanerette, La.

De Kalb Teachers' Institute

The De Kalb County Teachers' annual institute will be held in Nycamore, Aug. 8-12. The instructors will be Professors Frank H. Hall, John A. Keith, and Fred A. Charles, and Miss Elizabeth Eagen of the Rock Island Primary school.

New Railway Licensed

The Secretary of State has licensed the following company: De Kalb and Southeastern Railroad Company, De Kalb; capital, \$10,000; terminal railway, connecting railways in De Kalb.

Aurora Chautauqua Assembly

The Aurora Chautauqua Assembly will be held Aug. 12-21 inclusive, and a program has been arranged that is one of the strongest that has come to our notice this season. During the Assembly there will be given 58 lectures, addresses and sermons, 30 concerts, entertainments, etc., 40 study classes and round tables, as well as dining clubs and other interesting features.

Two Deaths at Naperville

After an illness of several weeks' duration, Frederick Strubler died at his home Tuesday afternoon. Jacob Kailer, who for several months was a sufferer from a rheumatic affection, died in this city early Tuesday morning.—Clarion.

Died very Suddenly

Mrs. Martha L. Kaylor, wife of Frank Kaylor, died suddenly at her home in Du Page, on Tuesday evening, July 19. She had retired in her usual health, and about 9 o'clock was taken with a smothering spell and a severe pain in her chest. The near neighbors were called to assist, but all that loving hands could do brought no relief. She passed away about an hour after she was taken sick, before a physician could reach her. The cause of her death was no doubt heart failure, probably superinduced by the hot weather. Deceased was 28 years old and leaves a husband and two children—Lillian and Raymond, aged seven and four years old, respectively—to mourn the loss of a loving and devoted wife and mother.

Cass Correspondence

Rev. Mr. Fred Perrill returned last Saturday from Kansas.

Master Orville Chilvers now drives a splendid new buggy horse.

Frank Gregory is giving his farm buildings a coat of paint.

Mrs. Edie Martyn is spending a few days visiting relatives in Plainfield.

Miss Alberta Smith, of Chicago, is visiting the family of Albert Smart.

Mr. John Sinyard, who has been quite sick the past week, is now much better.

Mr. Geo. Littlefield, Jr., and Miss Grace Smart attended the camp meeting at Des Plaines this week.

Miss Anna Worden, of Joliet, is spending a couple of weeks visiting her cousin, Miss Millie Batterham.

Miss Nellie is spending a few days with her cousin, Miss Edith Smart, at Elgin.

About forty friends of Miss Lottie Littlefield gave her a surprise last Thursday night. All report a most enjoyable time.

Miss Madden's pupils are making splendid progress in vocal music. Her class now take part in the regular choir service.

Mr. John G. Budenschatz, for many years a druggist in Lemont, died in that city of tuberculosis last Thursday, and was buried last Saturday.

Mrs. Daniel Pitcher, of Chicago, is staying with the family of A. C. Drew, and will spend the next few weeks calling on old friends and neighbors.

Mrs. Dick Kruger and baby and Miss Cora Reader had an exciting time driving to Downers Grove last Friday morning. When passing a road grader near E. H. Cramer's, the buggy wheel caught on the grader and upset, demolishing the buggy top. The occupants escaped with slight bruises.

Hinsdale Local News

Marvin Fox leaves on Thursday for a tour through Colorado.

Miss Moulton is visiting in Mass. Michigan, with relatives.

Wilfred Hess has returned after a pleasant visit at Quincy, Ill.

Miss Helen Macdonald has returned from a trip to St. Paul, Minn.

George Pollock and his sister have gone to Boston, Mass., on a trip.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Raymond have returned from visiting in St. Louis.

Miss Anna F. Holcomb has returned from a three weeks' visit at St. Louis.

Charles Holcomb is spending a few days at the World-Fair this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple have gone to Reading, Pa., and Boston, Mass., for a vacation.

Mrs. George Petric entertained the members of Y. P. H. M. S. at her residence last night (Friday).

E. C. Crosby has commenced building a modern dwelling on the corner of 1st street and Garfield avenue.

The village board at their last meeting decided to try and round up some of the automobiles by fixing a speed limit of ten miles per hour, and providing other safeguards; penalty for non-compliance being a fine of from \$5 to \$25 for each violation.

Among the Churches

Next Sunday morning and evening Rev. Willard Fisk will preach in the Methodist church here. Mr. Fisk is pastor of the Methodist church at Naperville, to which village Mr. Rood goes for the day.

Tickets for Bishop McCabe's lecture can be had at both the drug stores, at Marshall's market, and at Thompson's and Gerwig's stores. Better get your tickets at once for there will be a crowd.

Rev. H. H. Rood spent a part of the week at the camp meeting at Desplaines.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Mertz, Washington and Curtiss streets, on Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 2:30 p. m. The annual election of officers will be held. Mrs. Muench, county corresponding secretary, will be present.

The subject of the sermon on Sunday, July 31, at the First Church of Christ, Scientist, is "Spirit." Text: "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling."—Eph. iv:4.

"Living Without Fear" will be the subject for the sermon at the Baptist church Sunday morning. At the evening service the subject will be "Christ's Rule; Four Times Two." On Wednesday evening at 8 the theme will be "Religion in the Life of Children."

Died at the Age of 83

C. R. Bickerbach, aged 83 years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Heyner, west of this place, on Tuesday. Deceased was of German descent, being born in Rheydt, Germany, in 1821, coming to this country in 1849. For 33 years he was bookkeeper for the Second National bank at Freeport, Ill. His wife died in February, 1899, after a long illness, and since then Mr. Bickerbach had made his home with his daughter. He was buried at Freeport, Ill.

What Becomes of It

If a man eats two pounds daily, near two pounds daily must in some way pass from his body, or disease and a premature death is a speedy and inevitable result. The food that is eaten must contain the elements necessary to supply nutriment to the system and free from all substances that bind the bowels.

DR. PRICE'S WHEAT FLAKE CELERY FOOD

If eaten daily there will be a daily action of the bowels; waste removed, nutriment retained. It's Nature's food for man. Served hot or cold.

Palatable—Nutritious—Easy of Digestion and Ready to Eat

My signature on every package.

Dr. W. C. Price

Dr. Price, the creator of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and Delicious Flavoring Extracts. A cook book containing 76 excellent receipts for using the food mailed free to any address.

FOR SALE BY LEADING GROCERS.

Prepared by PRICE CEREAL FOOD COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois.

For Sale in Downers Grove by J. W. NASH

Disease takes no summer vacation. If you need flesh and strength use

Scott's Emulsion summer as in winter.

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

Serious Runaway Accident

Mrs. Venard, who lives out in Downers Grove township, met with a severe accident on Sunday. She was thrown or jumped from her buggy as her horse was running away, and suffered a broken collar bone. Mrs. Venard had been out to Downers Grove to meet a train from Chicago, on which came a visitor for her, Miss Connor, of Chicago. As the two women were riding along near Mrs. Venard's residence an automobile came speeding up and the horse became unmanageable and started to run away. It is not known whether the woman jumped or were thrown out, but they were badly shaken up. Mrs. Venard receiving a broken collar bone. The owner of the automobile, who was a Chicago doctor, stopped and gave all assistance he could and then went to Downers Grove for Dr. Gurley, who has been in attendance on the injured woman since.

Miscellaneous Locals

The Woolen Cigar. National Light oil at Nash's. White Rose gasoline at Nash's. Cook's Flaked Rice at the Fair. Refrigerators—Mertz & Moschel. Best oil in town at Curtiss & Heart's. For Sale—Fine pedigree Scotch collie pups, from prize winning stock. Inquire of Edwin Frank. Ice chests and refrigerators at cost at Mertz & Moschel's. Fine assortment, come and see them. We have a number of reliable clients who desire to rent modern houses. Naramore & Foster, 24 Main st. To Loan—I have \$40,000 to loan on good farm security in northern Illinois. Jonas W. Tucker. For Sale—A Two-seated Surrey, in good repair. Inquire at 105 Gilbert avenue. If you have something to sell let it be known through the columns of the Reporter. Wanted—Girl for general housework, in family of three; good wages. Address J. 23, care The Reporter. Wanted—To rent for several months, a furnished house or part of house, or board for two adults. Address F. H., care The Reporter. This Banning gives prompt attention to trunks or baggage, and express teaming. Telephone 233, or leave orders at Curtiss & Heart's. Lost—On Saturday, June 23, between Downers Grove and Naperville, a black leather pocketbook containing about \$42 or \$43. Reward if returned to J. O. Van Arsdale, care Oakhurst farm, Naperville, Ill. D. H. Ulhorn has his fine, new store is shape for business and will carry the best of milk and cream, skimmed milk, butter, cottage cheese and buttermilk. Order by telephone or otherwise. I am prepared to give prompt and careful attention to all orders of baggage and expressing. Leave orders at Adams Express Co., or 102 Carpenter St. Adolph Baker. Lost—On Barnard's farm, near Du Page River, tan coat. Please return to Mrs. J. C. Austin, 91 Maple avenue, Downers Grove, Ill., or to office Downers Grove Reporter, and receive reward.



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Use Royal Poultry Mixture

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

FOR SALE AT THE DOWNERS GROVE FAIR. E. L. CLEMENT, G.S.A. AGENT

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Advertisement for Chicago Telephone Company. Text: "Is Your Time Money" "If so you ought to appreciate anything that will help you save it." "The best way to save time is to have a Chicago Telephone" "Cost but 6 1/2 cents a day" "CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY"