MEDITATIONS OF LITTLE TEDDIC.

wight at I was bigger, so when I go out to play With older boys they wouldn't try to order me away; An' nen they wouldn't always make me set up on the fence, When they are playin' circus, an' be the audy-ence.

I'd like to git into the ring, an' play I was the clown, Or alse the bareback rider, who goes jumpin' up an' down, Or I'd like to be ringmaster-wouldn't that be jist immense! But ev'ry time they make me play 'at I'm the audy-ence.

When I git bigger, some day I'm a-goin' to have a ring An' be the lofty tumbler, an' clown, an' ev'rything, An' then the little boys'll have to set up on the fence An' clap their hands when I perform—an' be the audy-ence I -Cleveland Leader.



A shadow fell across the page of the ! ledger. The gray baired man looked up. A young woman was glancing she ssaid. down at him.

"Why, dearte!" "Why, daddy!"

"What are you doing down here

dearie?" "Came to see you, daddy."

He shook his head at her. "Isn't the Appleton reception this afternoon?"

Mother and Isabel were getany more, daddy.

"Pooh, pooh. You've got the blues my dear. Everything will be all right again in a day or two. You're a little pale, my dear. I noticed it this morntng. Perhaps you ought to see the doc-

"No, daddy. There's nothing the matter with me. It isn't nice for you to say so." She faintly smiled. "Perhaps you think it's a bad symptom for me to want to see you?"

dear. At the same time it is one that always arouses my suspicions. What b it you want, dearle?"

"I really and truly wanted to see you, daddy. You understand me better than any one else does."

"Don't tell your mother that, my dear."

"Daddy," she slowly said, "I want to

so to work. I want something to do." He stared at her. "That's a very revolutionary idea, my

dear. And what do you think you can "I don't know, daddy. I think I could tearn to do something. Just a few days ago I met a girl who was in my class

at school years ago, and she told me che had a fine place in the City hall. She said her uncle had a pull and he got it for her. Haven't you a pull, "Not in the City hall. But come, my dear, let us be sensible. There is no

necessity for you to earn any money If you secured a situation you would be depriving some really needy girl of the wages. Besides, your mother would four minutes." never consent to it." A frown crossed the girl's fair face

"I know that, daddy, but I think the time to coming when I am going to emancipate myself. I don't care for the miary-I want something to do-I. want to be useful. Can't you let me halp you here?"

And she gut her arm lovingly about his neck.

"No extolories, pet. It would never do to have you around here. You'd eletract my attention continually, Come, now, you must be reasonable." He patted her hand softly.

"Daddy, dear, you are looking old."

"Can't help that, pet," "And tired."

"People who work hard must pay the penaltr."

"And It's all for us"

"I couldn't be better engaged than when working for my girls. You are all a credit to me."

"It doesn't seem quite fair, daddn," "You don't hear me complain, do you.

we want. And and you let mamma rule you in everything."

He didn't take offense. He only amiled.

"It's the easier way, my dear." There was a little pause.

"And do you manage here all alone. daddy?"

"I'm the whole thing, my flear." "And it's such a hig place."

"Yes, it's growing too big for me. should have a pair of sounger shoulders here to lay part of the burden on." He looked at his watch. "Two o'clock. Blees my soul, is it as fate as that!" He looked up and caught the girl's mace. "See here, Lydia, are you still thinking of that young Lyford?"

Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. the turned abruptly and walked to the window and stood there looking out into the courtyard.

The gray haired man looked after her. Then he closed the ledger and softly whistled for a little while, his sent dramming on the cannes cover.

Principly he arose. "Back in a minute, my dear," he said and left the room.

He was gone five minutes. When he

seturned he was smiling.

"Come here, Ledia," he said, She turned and came to him. "Well, daddy."

He smiled up at her. "We'll say no more about John Lyknows best." He paused and patted motion. He nodded reassuringly. her hand again. "You and I are a mainted. You shall come down here telling where it would have stoppedwery day, if you like and bother me at the bottom of the ravine, so doubt-

She stooped and kissed him.

"You're the best daddy in the world."

"We'll take that for granted, my dear. And you are not after money either. Well, well." He reached up and pinched her cheek. "A good deal too pale, my dear. We must find some way to get the color back. Don't inter-

rupt me, pet. I'm thinking." "I thought you were always thinking.

"This is a different line of thought, ting ready and I ran away. I don't my dear. You couldn't guess what I'm think I'm going to care for receptions | thinking about if you tried for a month of Sundays.

> "Then I give it up, daddy." He softly chuckled.

"I am thinking, my dear, that to would be a fine thing for us to run away this sunny afternoon for a few hours in the country somewhere.

"I'd love to go, daddy. But can you be spared?"

"That's the only question. However, I have consulted myself and asked myself if I could spare myself for foot "It's a very delightful symptom, my this once and here's the answer." He slammed down the cover of the desk and picked up his hat.

"Ob, daddy, this is fine!" As they passed through the foor the gray haired man turned to the clerk at

the desk in the ante room and gave him a few orders. Then they made their exit through a side entrance. "We must walk fast, my dear. The



suburban car leaves Edgeton park to

They walked fast until they came in sight of the car. Then they broke into a run. The car was moving, but the conductor mw them and stopped it and ther clambered aboard.

"Whow!" breathed the gray haired man, "I'm beginning to find I have

They took a vacant seat near the door and the girl suddenly laughed de-

"This is awfully nice, daddy," said. "Do you know I feel like looking over my shoulder to see if we are not

purmed." "There is only one person who thinks enough of us to follow our trail-and she's getting farther away from us at every turn of these wheels. I wonder what your mother is doing now?"

The girl laughed again. "She saying, 'Shall I play, partner? And they both laughed. "Retter than bridge, im't it, pet?"

"Ever so much better, daddr. The gray haired man casually

glanced about the car and a slight "Never, daddy. You let us have all frown crossed his face. He seemed to expect to see someone he know The car had a closed compartment at

one end for the smokers, and the gray haired man glanged toward it. "I think I'll go forward, my dear, and see the conductor about the stops," "But he'll be back here in a moment,

"Yes, I know," he said, and harried

up the aisle. He was gone five minutes or more

and his face wore a cheerful expression "It's all right," he said; "the car

stops at Alamo park-that's the new suburban resort, you know. I thought we'd like to see it. There's so much of nature still left there, they say, and an unusually fine beach."

"That will be ever so nice, daddy." She looked around at him with a bright

They were speeding down a steep incline and the girl watched the bright landscape at it whirled by. Suddenly there was a blinding flash from the front end of the car, followed

by a wild cry of alarm, and the forward compartment was filled with gray

The car bounded ahead as if beyond control. Then its wild swerving ceased, its speed slackened, and it crossed a long trestle safely and, rounding the sharp curve beyond, to a standstill.

The gray haired man arose and went ford, my dear. Your mother disap- forward. He was gone for some time. proves of him and-well, she thinks she | When he returned the car was again in

"It's all right my dear. The current got good deal alike your mother says | loose in some way and knocked down Sthough I'm afraid that isn't intended | the motorman and bumped his head so s a compliment to you, and we are hard that he was rendered unconscious. sing to become a good deal better ac- Then the car ran away and there is no not as much as you like. Is that a if a young fellow on the front sent hadn't fumped forward and taken the "Degs," "A Chinese Compound."

motorman's place. He don't get ness of things a second too soon. And luckily he knew just what to do. He tells me he was educated for an electrical engineer. He's going to run the car as far as Alamo park, where he gets off, and the company will have a man there

to take his place." "Why, he's quite a here, daddy. I'd like to see him."

"He's a Johnny-on-the-spot all right," said the gray haired man. "Perhaps 1 can point him out to you."

The idea seemed to please him much that he laughed aloud.

The car ran along without further incident and pretty soon it drew up at the ornamental little station that bore the words "Alamo Park."

There the father and daughter alighted and crossed the station platform.

"Where is the hero, daddy? I didn't

"He's a bashful fellow, no doubt. We may see him later. Come along." And they passed along the smooth highway, with its border of bending

trees, and presently came in sight of

the blue waters of the lake. Presently the girl looked back. "Daddy," she said, "I think there's a

man following us." "Following us! Who?"

the man?"

"That man on the road back there. See, he's hiding behind that clump of bushes. It is only a little ways to the lake. Suppose we run." So they ran hand in hand and soon

reached a bench that overlooked the take. Here they sank down quite breathless. "Look around, daddy. Do you see

"Why, bless my soul, there he now! Here, you-what do you mean by following us? Come nearer, I want

Thus encouraged the good looking a white sombrero hat. But the most young man who was loltering some distauce in the rear, quickly came for was a lady's sealskin cape, which be ward. As he paused by the bench the girl looked up. Then she drew a quick breath and laid her hand on her father's arm. Her face flushed.

John-it's Mr. Lyford!" The gray baired man stared at the newcomer. And the stare was accom-

panied by a covert wink. you?" And he put out his hand, "This sent the varied colors of the sea under is the hero you wanted to see, my

The newcomer seemed quite as conspread and deepened.

you see, it's John Lyford!" tween them," said the gray haired man with a critical look. "I notice it now that you point it out." And he winked

again at the young man. my daughter, Lydia-you may call her Lydia if you like."

The young man came nearer. He coked at the girl. "How do you do, Lydia?"

"I am quite well, thank you, John." He took the vacant place beside bez. "Hee here, my dear," protested the father, "you seem to be jumping at conclusions. How could John Laford possibly know that we would be here this afternoon?"

"You sent word to him, dear daddy. Oh, I'm sure you did. Don't deny it." "Jumping at conclusions again," he laughed, "Well, if I did drop him a hint it wasn't entirely because you-in short, I wanted to see him on business. You understand that, don't you, motor-

"I understand that I'm very much bewildered," said the young man, "and that the day suddenly seems brighter. and the sky biner, and-"

"Hold on, motorman," cried Lydia's father. "That will never do. I can't be expected to talk business to a poet, Come let us look this matter squarely between the eyes. You're fond of Lydia, John Lyford, and Lydia thinks she is fond of you. Am I right so far?" They nodded energetically. "Good. Lydia's mother has ideas that are quite her own. One of these ideas is that John Lyford's social standing isn't quite what it should be to make him an acceptable society son-in-law. Personally, as I have taken pains to discover. John Lyford is unobjectionable. You're all right, John. Now, Lydia's father, ghite a worthy old gentleman, and extremely well meaning." here Ledia contrived to put her very cheek against his shoulder, "steps in, and being a foxy schemer-in addition to his other good qualities suddenly recognizes and heads a dark and deep

onspiracy." Lydia clapped her hands.

"Go on, daddy, dear. You're much better than a play. Isn't he, John?" "Thank you, my pet," said her father. "I'm glad to receive this tardy recognition of my histronic abilities. But, to proceed. John Lyford, you are

"In a small way," the young man milingly replied. "I know all about the comparative dimensions of the two concerns," said Lydia's father, "And I'm a little

my rival in business, aren't you?"

afraid of you." "Mr. Marah!" "Watt. I think it would be much eafar for us to form an alliance. What do you say to uniting your business with mine and taking a quarter inter-

est in the consolidated concern?"

"You are altogether too generous Mr. Marsh. I socept, of course." "Then that's settled. And the other partnership is equally assured? Oh. you seedn't say anything. Circumstantiat evidence is all that's needed. Then I take it that there's nothing else to

"Except mother," said

The old man slightly sighed. "Your mother na really a very sensi ble woman, my child. She will never refuse her daughter to a partner in the old and prosperous house of Sterling Marsh & Co."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Preserved Ment in Distavor. On board a British battleship of the | planted peas and corn and tomatees." Mediterranean fleet a tin of preserved ment was recently holsted on a beam covered with labels, "Hata," for them."

DR. FARMILOE'S ADDRESS (Continued from First Page.)

Him. I want you to yield yourselves to the Lord Jesus.' Ten of these prisoners gave themselves up to an earnest Christian life. 'Somehow I believe God permitted all the trial, sorrow and burden that I might be able to tell that story,' said Mrs. Maybrick. We ought for a limited time only. to sympathize with the jail birds. Don't turn them down if they come to you. Perhaps from your kindness and help they may be led to a noble manhood or womanhood and a helpful life. May God help us to do the very best we can to serve humanity, no matter what the conditions may be."

SOME LITERARY DANDIES.

Disraell's Gorgeous Clothes-Robert Louis Stevenson's Queer Get-Up. Lord Lytton and Dickens prided and satisfaction. themselves on being literary daudies, but in the matter of clothes their light paled before that of Disraeli, in the days when the novelist was paramount to the politician, says the London Tit-Bits. A black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the seam, a scarlet waistcoat with elegant lace ruffles of such a length as to cover his bands, and white gloves, the outside of which were decorated with a number of valuable rings, were with the addition of profusion of gold chains that meandered about his person, his not infre- ring. queut attire.

Stevenson's get-up is thus described by a fellow member of the Saville Club: "He wore a black flannel shirt with a curious knitted tie twisted in a knot; he had Wellington boots, rather tight dark trousers, a peajacket and astonishing item of all in his costume wore about his shoulders, fasteued at the neck by a fancy brooch, which also held together a bunch of daffodiby"

The dress of Gerard de Nerval, the "Why, daddy," she whispered, "it's French poet, was, on one occasion at least, in keeping with the lobster which be was wout to lead abroad on a gay ly colored ribbon. Trousers, coat and waistcout were of green satiu, each "Why, motorman," he cried, "how are bowever, of a different line, to reprediverse conditions. His hat was adorned with long strands of seaweed while around his neck he wore a string fused as the girl, whose flush had of corni beads. The buttons of his coat and waisteoat were of shells "Why, daddy," she whispered, "can't while on his breast were pinned sev eral pebble brooches. To complete his "There is a singular resemblance be marine garb he carried in his right

hand a Neptune's trident. Dumas the elder was certainly "loud" in the matter of personal adornment. He was not infrequently seen "But, sit down, motorman. There's abroad in a uniform plentifully beplenty of room on the bench. This is sprinkled with stedaille decorations of his own design, while he once attended an ambassador's reception wearing a shirt covered with red demons careen ing about in little red flannel flames. On another occasion be presented himself at a bal manque in the character of Bacchus, but although considerable latitude was allowed in the matter of dress his costume-or want of .t -was too realistic to permit of his being allowed entry.

Gautier was at times very gorgeous in the matter of raiment, a dr-ss of crimson and gold on one ocasion adorning his sturdy person; Paul Bourget in his routh wore green fromsers; "Monk" Lewis amused his friends by appearing in the streets in the guise of a "Vathek," presided at an entertainment at Footbill in the contune of a Roman emperor; while Boswell, at the time when General Paoli was his esperial hero, appeared at the Shakepeare celebrations at Stratford-ontvon wearing a hat whereon was in

seribed "Corsican Boswell," On the other hand, the eccentricity of untidiness prevails in authors' dress, as it did in the case of Leslie Stephen. who when a don at Cambridge might have been seen running with the boats wearing a pair of ancient flannels, the seat of which had been mended with a large patch of red flatinel, the me mento of a holiday among the Alps, when a piece cut from the pettionat of his guide's wife had been used to con-

real sundry dilapidations. Not a few writers have assumed singular garb while at work. Balzar used to don the dress of a Dominican monk ere he took pen in hand; Samuel Richardson, the author of Clarissa Har lowe " could never write earn in a loved coat and with a favorite diamond ring sparkling on his little finger; Rons semm's working costume was a court dress: Thomas Moore, the next, penned his poems with kidgloved hands, and Ruffon the eminent French naturalist. dressed himself as a dandy previous to sitting down to his desk

The Demon of the Barber Shop. The deepest depths the ocean holds May be both plumbed and gaged.

The highest mountain top and peak By daring scaled and staged. But where's the plummet that can sound With all the aid of art, The caverns of the human breast,

pon him gazed a score of eyes. By inward fire fed. As the each were a basilisk. The not a word was said: For seldom had that barber shop Seen such a fearful sight. For he was having his hair cut on

A crowded Saturday night.

-Philadelphia Times.

The dark way of the heart?

A young man, recently married, early n the spring secured a suburban place, mainly with the idea of "fresh, homegrown vegetables." Every evening be would hurry through his supper and rush out to his garden, where he displayed more energy than skill. But when many little green things began to break the ground in his neighbor's gardens, his own remained as bare as the Sahara. "It certainly has got me beat," he confided to a friend at his office one day. "I can't understand why not a blessed thing has come up. "Perhaps the seeds were defective," the friend suggested. "I hardly think it was that," the gardener replied, "for I got the very best-paid 15 cents a can

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