STILL A BOY.

"Still a boy," we heard one say To another, half in jest. Then fun-wrinkles joined in play With a laugh of merry zest: and the jolly frame of him Shook with bursts of sheerest joy As he answered back with vim. "Well, I'm glad I'm still a boy !"

Still a boy-aye, true enough-Glad, yet gentle; pure and kind; Molded sure of manly stuff-Kind of boy it's hard to find Kind of boy it's good to see-Man-boy, wholesome, simple, true-Kind of boy you'd like to pe If the choice were left to you.

Still a boy-how many now Have forgot the solemn eye-Have forgot the wrinkled brow Is the boy's that once came by? Call him back-it is his due: Let him come with youth and joy Back into the heart of you, Laughingly, and still a boy.

Still a boy-ah, well-a-day, Boys are scarce enough at best. With the rippling roundelay Let the boy still be your guest; Let him cleave unto your heart In boy-confidence and hold-Still a boy-the man apart, Long, long after he is old. -The Reader.

Madam and Mrs. Susan.

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more some

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his History of the Heresies, when his Mrs. Susan, overdone with the cares of the household, the family and the perish, had almost ceased to be comely. If you could have brought the fact to his notice he would have said that a parson's helpmeet had no need to be pleasing to the eyes of the flesh. So far away had he traveled from the lover who had praised Susan Trevisa's cool, creamy cheeks and her eyes brown as autumn leaves.

To be sure, Mrs. Susan made but a poor appearance when she dined at the Manor House, Madame Cholmondeley having come down from town with a whole crowd of ladies and gullants in her train.

Mrs. Susan's brown silk had been turned after hard wearing on its other side. She had done her best to furbish it up, poor soul, with knots of ribbon and a yellowed muslin fichu, but its make had not been the fashion these ten years back. Mrs. Susan had been up all night with a sick child and looked twice her age. Her unpowdered bair was lifeless and drooping, that was wont to curl in little tendrils when the world went well with her. The illnatured fine ladies winked and nodded at Mrs. Susan, who all but dozed in her chair in the darkest corner of the drawing-room. They were sorry when she dozed, for it had been sport to see how shocked she was at their smart sayings. Already the conversation at the dinner table had brought a flickering fire to her cheek, by the light of which Mr. Selwyn declared afterward that the parson's wife in Madame's sacque had been a handsome: woma than Madame

It was a cruel freak o, Madame Cholmondeles to set herself to dazzle the parson. Perhaps she had heard what Mr. Selwyn had said, and was determined to be revenged on innocent Mra. Susan for being dispraised by a famous gallant.

It was a wonderful piece of acting when she talked to Parson Towne of his History of Herestes,

She was a black-eyed, small featured lady, with cheeks which would have been pale only for the rouge, and wonferful, thin delicate, black brows, rising in a perfect arch. In her powder, with a patch by her eey and another by her lip, in her sacque of pink satin, with diamonds for her breast knot and her shoe buckles, she was irresistible.

It was wonderful how she smoothed the sparkling audacity out of her face when she set berself to bewitch Parsen Towne. To be sure, she had been a stage lady before Richard Cholmondeley fell in love with and married ber. Never had she accomplished so witty a piece of acting as when she bewitched Parson Towne to prose to her of his immortal work, a thing which she reproduced most gaily when the poor parson and Mrs. Susan had rolled away in the musty, fusty chaise from the Postboys, which had scented Mrs. Susan with an odor as of mouldy hay.

The good man went to bed in a daze. The next morning at breakfast he looked at his wife with a new expression in his eye.

Mrs. Susan had been up some hours had washed and dressed half-adozen children, and, poor soul, her halt was touzled and her wrapper not overfresh. Her husband looked at her as bough some scales had fallen from his wes, and rebuked her. A slatternly man. And the wife of a parson, who ought to stand as a shining examale in the eyes of the parish. His roice was cold and his eyes stern. Mrs. Bosan, in the act of feeding a child with bread and milk, flushed, and tears affed her eyes. Her husband, as though he could eat no more breakfast, took his cane and went out,

After that the parson was always bebidden to the Manor House. He all manner of famous persons and was visibly puffed out and L by their condescension to him. more absent-minded than

those aching days and miserable nights she all but washed away her pretty eyes with her tears.

The days went on toward the inevitable tragic ending when MadameCholmondeley should grow tired of her play. There were times now when Parson Towns no longer seemed as though he nursed a secret exhilaration. He began by looking worried. He went on to looking sullen and miserable. For weeks now he had not touched his great History. His wife wandering into his study, during one of his frequent absences found the last page of manuscript lying on his table. The dust was on it, that he had been used to regard as so precious a thing.

Mrs. Susan wiped away the dust with her handkerchief, and reading mechanically the incomprehensible words: Gnostics, Manicheans, Ariaulsm, Pelagianism, she dropped a tear on the page. She had been overwhelmed with the honor when the scholarly parson had chosen a little country maid like her. And now she perceived in her harmless thoughts that she had never been his equal. He had but raised her to the place by his side that she should be cast down more irrevocably because

of that immense promotion. Meanwhile Madame Cholmondeley was tired of the country, pining for Ranelagh and St. James', and was on the point of flight. Only before she must leave the Manor House it was her privilege to entertain there the Bishop of the diocese in which she dwelt, that famous prelate Anthony John Westbury, of all the gifts and al the graces, whose plety, combined with worldly knowledge, beauty of person, charm of manner, brightness of intellect, and a ready and kindly wit, shed such luster on the Church of England

Now Medam Cholmondeley was devoted to the Bishop, and he, being the great-minded man be was, had given Mrs. Susan, the wife of Parson her his friendship, although stage Towne, had so long been dowdy that players and the church stood far apart. she as well as her husband had all but | She adored the Bishop, and she was a forgotten the time when she had been little afraid of him. How was she going to tell him that just for a little He, good man, was too absorbed in cruel sport she had been making havoc with innocent lives and those lives parish work was over, to notice that which he might be supposed to have under his speciap rotection? And she would have to tell him. She always



She was considering the problem one day when she had stolen away from her guests, with whose gayety she was out of tune, and was walking in the dripping woods. She had never meant the thing to go so far. She had a good heart, had Madam Cholmondeley, and she had never thought the elderly parson, with the pretty dowdy wife, could have taken her play so desperately to

she came face to face with Mrs. Susan. She, poor soul, had also fied to the ners, I broke right out and hollered: roods from her trouble; and her face was so twisted and stained by weeping that it was downright pitiful.

"Why do you weep, child?" faltered Madam, knowing only too well the cause of the weeping.

The two women stood facing each other; about them the smell of the wei earth and leaves and the drip, drip from the melanchely branches, Madam was very pale. Her rouge was streaked

by the rain or her tears. "Alas, Madam, you know only too well," cried Mrs. Susan, shaking and sobbing. "Why did you, whose beauty men cannot resist, stoop to take my husband from me. Now he sees me as I am by the light of your beauty, withered before my time, worn with hard work, while you . . You have the world of men at you feet. Why

could you not leave me my husband?" Suddenly Madam began to laugh, even while the tears made little rivers through the rouge. She laughed with the fresh irresistible gayety which had had set the playhouse in a roar, something as fresh as primrose and as innocent, which had made the wits call Madam in her play-acting days the Country come to Town.

Poor Mrs. Susan choked as she stared at her. To add mockery to the injury she had already inflicted! Had Madam no mercy?

"Dear soul," cried Madam, suddenly catching at Mrs. Susan's hands and holding them to her breast, "You are a thousand times handsomer than I. Withered indeed! Why, you are fresh, you are sweet, if only the man had the wit to see it, far beyond a women who has known such things as I have known. But my dear, you will forgive me"-nothing could exceed Madam's sweetness-"you are somewhat unbecomingly clad. I have a thought. We are going to open his eyes. Tomorrow night the Bishop comes. Your husband adores him. Saint as he is, he has an eye for a pretty woman. I hid you both to supper; but you must come an hour before your husband. You will

see what you will see." She kissed Mrs. Susan's wet cheek and was gone, leaving the other woman oddly comforted, although much mysti-

Mrs. Susan was at the Manor House at five of the clock punctually, taking off her pattens and her long cloak net now it was an absent-mind- humbly in the little room off the hall, behind which some subtle grati- where the lackeys troubled her by offering her their services, It still rained. wife no more after that first | the whole country was dripping. Some taking of hope and courage had co of her was such that she to freshen like a flower which hen long cause he has a doub

been in the drought and dust and has suddenly had a drenching. She i to revive, her pale cheeks to grow firm, her eyes bright, though her heart

thumped in her side. The poor Prince! Parson Towns button-boling the Bishop, who was too profoundly interested in all mankind to find anyone dull, blinked as his wife came in with Madame. Her brown eyes fluttered like moths at twilight. She trembled excessively. Why, she was far more beautiful than Madame.

What scales had been on his eyes? The Bishop bowed over Mrs. Susan's hand. His tine face was alight with the admiration he felt. He turned to Parson Towne.

"Ah, my friend," he said. "So you have been hiding Beauty from us! To think that one country parsonage should house Learning and the Graces."

That night Parson Towne fell in love again with with his wife, who, lanocent soul, desired none but him, else the fine gentlemen might have turned her head. That night he discovered that Madame was wrinkled and of a complexion somewhat yellow, while the angels recorded that Madame went unrouged and wore a sacque that misbecame her, so that Mrs. Susan should reign alone.

Nor did she go back to be Cinderella. Madame saw to that. The gifts that came to the parsonage—the pretty woolens, the flowered silks and muslins, the ribbons and furbelows-It would take a long time to catalogue. When Madame loved, she loved. And she had taken Mrs. Susan to her good heart. Wherefore the parsonage was another place from what It had been. And presently the parson, becoming famous as a man of learning, the town would have drawn them out of their country greediness. But they were light wiser than to go.-Philadelphia Tele-

Sir Walter Scott's Soldier.

During a walk along a country road the author of "Cicero in Maine" fell in with a quiet-looking old farmer, who invited the author to ride with him. By and by, when they had talked of a number of other things, their conversation turned to books.

"I ain't read any too many," he said, "but when my mother went to Bangor one time, when I was bout seventeen year old, she brought me a copy of Walter Scott's poetry, and I've thought a good many times 't that book made a difference in my whole life.

"I set by it in the first place because knew what it meant to mother to buy it. Her money came hard, and books cost more then than they do

"I'm pretty sure I picked me out different kind of a wife from what I should if I hadn't fallen in love with Ellen Douglas for my first sweetheart. didn't choose my wife just because she was pretty or smart, or could make good butter and cheese. And when I got her, mother liked her, and they lived happy together,

"Then pretty soon the war broke out. We lived way off here where we didn't hear much, and we didn't get the papers very often, and father thought the main thing was to stay here on the farm and raise a good crop o' potatoes and apples; but I was uneasy. I didn't think war was going to be all romance and troubadours, but I kept saying to myself that here was my chance to show what kind of a man

"One day I had to go part way up Cedar Mountain, to hunt after a steer 't had strayed; and when I looked away off and saw the mountains all round the sky, and the sun shining on Suddrnly, as a turn of the pathway, the fields and poods, and the trees waving their tops as if they were bun-

> "Where's the coward that would no dare To fight for such a land?

"That settled it. I enlisted and stayed in the army till the war was

" Tod n't all poetry, but there aln' any part of my life 't I feel any better satisfied with."

Boiled Down.

Major Gen. Sir Owen Tudor narrates among his "Memories" an incident that occurred during the vicerovalty in India of Earl Canning-a period which covered the Sepoy Muting-which suggests that Hindustani should never be handled save by its friends.

At Lord Canning's durbar, in Novem ber, 1858, at the close of the muting the vicerny made a long and dignified address to the chiefs. He spoke of the great queen who had desired him to decorate them; he thanked all present for their services in the muting; he particularly impressed upon the chiefs and princes their duty in the future of abolishing infanticide, of making roads and railways in their territories, and of moving in the paths of virtue and civ-

It was a fine address, but was unfortunately translated by the then foreign secretary, who was an indifferent Hindustani scholar.

He bluntly said, to the horror of all those who knew the language, and to the visible astonishment of the chiefs:

"The viceroy commands me to say, 'How d'ye do? You are a set of rascals. Reform! Don't kill your female children. Make roads and move on Enough. You may go."

Hardly. Miss D .- Angelina, why don't you

marry Lieutenant Y.? Miss A .- First, because he has no brains, and he can't ride, dance or play tennis. What could we do with him? "But he swims beautifully."

"Oh, yes. But one can't keep one's bushand in an aquartum, you know."-London Tid-Bits.

est type. He attends to his own case boats. and makes if a rule never to be out of

"Give us a man who sings at his work," says Carlyle. Yes, deliver him into our hands and we'll gladly do the

a man lan't ne countly two-faced be-

One of the institutions of a small mining township in the Colorado mountains, unnoted and unknown, is a barber's shop kept by a man who is notorious as a humorist and joker. The shop is a popular lounging place, where the proprietor's latest joke is always halled with shouts of laughter. A frequent butt had been a big, red-bearded Canadian, known as "Trapper Joe," who earns a living by selling firewood cut by himself in the near-by woods. In prosperous times Joe owns a string of three burros led by a "skewbald" mule, but being an unlucky, left-handed kind of person, he is usually accompanied only by his faithful mule.

One day be halted before the barber shop with a load of wood, and a little crowd of loafers drifted together to witness the dicker. A pair of gold spectacles was the sole mark of distinction that graced the person of one of this sun-burned gathering.

The barber's glbes and jokes played round Trapper Joc, and when at last the barber cried, "I'll give you fifty cents for all the wood on the mule!" he accepted the offer with the relieved air of one who finds shelter from a storm,

and hasfily began to unload. Stick by stick it was passed under the steps, and Joe stood waiting for his

"itut that isn't all," said the barber. "I must have the saddle, too," "Haow?" said the Canadian.

"Didn't you sell me all the wood on the male for fifty cents, and what's that saddle made of?" The barber's friends roared with de-

"But that's a saddle, it ain't cord-

"'All the wood on the mule' is what we agreed," replied the barber," and amid the laughter of the crowd Joe threw down the saddle and led the mule

An hour or two later, as he was loafing round with a disconsolate air, be was accosted by the man in gold spectacles, accompanied by a friend; and the three found a retired corner for a confidential chat. Nobody knows what was said, but presently Trapper Joe leisurely happened round at the "tonsorial pariors" with the air of a man who has made up his mind to forgive and forget.

"Say," he said, "the spring's coming on an' I was thinking of a shave, and my pardner, too, will be along, and be wants a shave, too. But you see"-and he plunged his freckled hand into the bristly jungle of his beard, with a look of inquiry.

"Rough bit of clearing, but as it's you I'll shave you and your pardner for twenty cents."

shampooed. "Where's your pardner?" asked the

So Joe was handsomely shaved and

"I'll go fetch him." He returned leading the mule, and accompanied also by the man in gold spectacies and a small crowd of citizens. He dragged the mule on to the ciattering boards of the sidewalk as the barber appeared at the floor.

"What's all this?" said he, "Wal, you said you'd shave me and my pardner for twenty cents, and this is all the pardner I've got. Kim up,

"But that's not a Christian, I don't shave any-qualified-mules." "He's my pardner, anyway, an' you've got to shave him. D'ye calc'inte to do

It here or on the cheer inside?" It is to be regretted that the barber, now that he no longer led the laugh, was inclined to lose his temper. But the man with the gold spectacles quietly reasoned with him, and the magnetism of a personality born to lead and command wrought upon him to such a tune that he rejuctantly took up his clippers and began his task while the fickle audience, once his admirers, roared over his discomfiture. And Trapper Joe, with no pretense of wit, threw in a slow, drawling comment or word of advice quite as effective as the barber's

lokes had been. The mule's coat was shaggy and coarse, the clippers were soon'dull, and

the barber's hands trembled. The man in the gold spectacles edged up to the group and asked Joe what he would take to let up on the barber.

"I'd ruther leave it to you, sir," said Joe, but the harber cried, "I'll give you back your saddle-I meant to anyhow,

and I'll buy you another mule!" "That's good enough for your end of the joke," said the man with the gold spectacles, and turning to the crowd, he said, "It seems to me, gentlemen, that we also ought to have a hand in this deal. I value my obligation for this morning's entertainment at ten dollars, and my friend here is willing to

pay the same gate-money." Then he picked out the men of substance with a questioning eye. The barber's assistant emptied the bowl of lather and rapidly wiping it dry, handed it to the friend of the man with the gold spectacles. The money rained into it; and, to make a long story short, Trapper Joe was started in business with a first-rate string of mules and saddles. He has quit peddling cordwood and owns a considerable packing business across the mountains. The "skewbald" mule leads, and it is notable that his head is always kept clipped clean and close, as the barber's shears left him.-Youth's Companion,

Mice on Boats.

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