

THE SMILE OF A WOMAN.

The smile of a woman—it brings back the sun When shadows drift down and the daylight is done!

—Baltimore Sun.

THE TRESPASSERS

The young man paused before the cottage and stared at it in surprise. It was a pretty cottage with a well-kept lawn, and roses climbing on the porch.

The young man took in all these pleasing features with a quick glance and the faint lines in his forehead suddenly deepened.

But before he could ring the bell he was confronted by a young woman who suddenly came around the house.

The young woman wore a big sunbonnet and a simple frock and long gloves and she carried a pair of shears.

"How do you do?" she said. Her voice was very pleasant. "I'm reasonably well, thank you," he answered as he removed his hat.

"May I ask if you represent Mr. Griscom?" "Yes," he replied. "I represent Mr. Griscom."

She looked past him at the door. "Would you mind sitting out here under the apple tree?" "Why, no," he answered.

There was a bench under the apple tree, a stout bench painted the same shade of green as the house.

The young woman motioned the young man to the bench and took the chair herself. Then she removed her sunbonnet and laid it on the grass beside her.

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do with us?" "To do with us?" he exclaimed. She nodded.

"Let me know the worst. It's trespass, of course, but I don't think it's forcible entry because the door was unlocked. You can't make it destroying property, because there's nothing destroyed.

"It looks very attractive," he said. "That's what I think. It seems to me that in its present shape it should sell for quite a little more than it would in its former condition. Are you a lawyer?"

"I know something about law." "Then perhaps you know whether the crime of trespass carries with it a jail sentence or not—or is it simply a fine?"

"I would have to look that up," said the young man. "The laws change frequently, you know."

"Of course it doesn't make any difference," said the girl. "If it's a fine I couldn't pay it—so it will be imprisonment either way."

The young man, who had been looking at the girl in a somewhat surprised and altogether admiring way, suddenly stooped and picked up her sunbonnet and gently shook three predatory grasshoppers from the crown, then laid it beside him on the bench.

"Perhaps it would be well to tell me the story," he said. "Do you think you care to hear it?" she asked. "I'll have to tell it in court, of course. You may find it monotonous."

"At the same time I think it would be well to hear it now." She nodded and drew a quick breath.

"I suppose I'd better tell my real name. Otherwise you'd have to call me Jane Doe in the legal papers, wouldn't you?" "Yes," he gravely answered. "It would have to be either Jane Doe or Roberta Roe."

"I don't like either name," she said. "I am Helen Deering. My mother is Mrs. John Deering. We are trespassers, one of us being deliberately guilty and the other entirely innocent. Please keep this distinction in your mind. I alone am guilty."

He nodded. "Are you aware that what you say may be used against you?" "Yes. And I realize, too, that I am acting without advice of counsel. But now for my story. My father is Prof. John Deering. He has been in ill-health for some time and not able to work. He had seven left the university several thousands of dollars. Most of this he put into an Alaska mining scheme, by the advice of a friend. There were others who invested at the same time, and when returns failed to come they held a meeting and decided to send my father to the mining district to investigate. When my father started for the far Northwest my mother and I moved into this suburb because it was cheaper. We had a small house about a mile from here. My father left with my mother five hundred dollars for current expenses. Four hundred of this, without consulting me, she loaned to an irrespon-

sible relative. The place where my father is going is quite remote from postoffice facilities. We knew we might not hear from him for several months and we haven't heard from him since he left the steamer. When our money was exhausted our landlord told us to move. Of course we didn't know where to go. I looked around and found this place. It was shabby and unkempt. It had not been for rent for many months, they told me. I went home and told my mother that I had found a place we could live in until a purchaser could be found for it—the condition being that we put it in good order. Of course I was a little desperate. The neighbors told me they hadn't seen Mr. Griscom, the owner, for a long, long time. I simply took my chances, hoping every day to hear good news from father." She looked at him suddenly. "That's all."

"May I ask how you live?" he presently inquired. "You haven't any designs on our income?" "No, no."

"It amounts to just twenty dollars a month. It comes from my grandmother Stark. She was a great-granddaughter of General Stark, of Bennington. She invested a sum of money in bonds for me and I draw interest monthly at the bank in town."

"And can you live on that?" "Nicerly. But we can't pay the rent."

"I understand." "I can't promise you we'll move, because we have nowhere to go."

"I understand that, too." "What will you say to the owner?" "The owner?" "Mr. Griscom."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Griscom isn't well. That's the reason I came down in his place."

"Do you look after all his places?" "To some extent." "Doesn't it harden you?" "I hope not."

"They say he owns half the town. But that wouldn't prevent him from missing even so small a cottage as this I wish you'd tell him that I have tried to improve the place. Look at my hands."

She held them out to him. He looked at them critically. There certainly were callouses in the little palms.

"I'm afraid this would be of no avail with Mr. Griscom," he said. "He's very near-sighted."

"Do you know," she said, "that I believe my story made very little impression on you. Rent collecting certainly has hardened your senses of sympathy."

"You can't mean the sort of collecting I am doing here," he said. "There is nothing hardening about this."

She looked at him reprovingly. "You will leave us a notice to quit, of course?" "I will leave you a notice," he said. "How long will that give us?" "Three days."

"And then?" "If you are not out, a suit of ejectment will be brought against you."

"Thank you. You didn't notice any desirable-looking empty houses as you came along, did you?" "No," he answered. He scribbled a few lines on a slip of paper. Then he arose.

"There is your notice," he said. "Read it carefully." The girl looked at him with a little smile.

"I hope you won't set us out on the sidewalk on a rainy day," she said. "That will depend largely on the weather," he answered. He bowed politely and turned away.

The girl watched him until he disappeared. Then something seemed to rise in her throat. She half sobbed.

"He was a gentleman," she murmured. "What will I think of me? He doesn't dream that I wanted to cry all the time I was talking that nonsense."

"Who was that man, Helen?" came a voice from the porch. "Somebody to look at the house, mother."

A little later the girl found the opportunity to open the notice and read it unobserved. This is what she read: "Jane Doe, alias Helen Deering—You will hereby take notice that I desire possession of the premises now occupied by you, to wit, the story and a half cottage with a lot of land upon which it is situated, in the town of East Meredith. Your prompt compliance with this notice will prevent further legal proceedings being taken—always providing and excepting you take no action in this matter until further notification is personally served by the duly qualified agent of the owner of said property."

And beneath this somewhat remarkable legal document was the signature: "PETER GRISCOM, by A. E." The girl laughed hysterically. "He wants an excuse for coming again," she said and laughed again. Then she went down to the gate and waited until the postman went by. Four days later the young man came again. She met him with a little nod.

"Not out yet?" he said in a surprised manner. "Nowhere to go," she answered. "All the empty houses seem to be filled. How is Mr. Griscom?"

"No better. He has turned this place over to me. It will be in my charge until he gets well."

"Did you tell him about the trespassers?" "Certainly not. That's my guilty secret."

"What is your name?" she asked. "My name?" "Yes, that's not a guilty secret, too, is it?"

He flushed. "My name is Arthur Evans." "Well, Mr. Arthur Evans, will you accept a seat on our porch—I mean your porch—or rather, Mr. Griscom's porch?"

"Thank you. It will give me pleasure." "But don't let any false hopes buoy you up," said the girl. "We have heard nothing from father."

So the young agent became a regular visitor at the house of the Deerings. He came frequently to see if the premises were in order, really to see Helen. And still no letter came from the absent father.

She had warned the young man that he might get into trouble in protecting them. He had laughed and said there was no risk. The house was not suffering from their occupancy. It was only a case of non-payment of rent.

Then one day she met him at the gate. He saw that her usually good spirits were depressed.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "We had a letter from father this morning. It is very discouraging. He isn't coming home for some time. And he says nothing about money."

He looked away across the pretty garden. "I think it is time for you to move."

"Don't think I'm a brute. I—I have another house in view for you."

"But you know our circumstances. We can't go into another house as we have come into this one. You—you

have been very kind, but you have no right to burden yourself with our troubles."

"Wait," he said. "The house I refer to can be occupied by you on one condition. I am empowered to make the arrangements. You would only have to deal with me."

"But the owner?" "The owner is a little eccentric. Come, I think I can point out the house to you." She followed him, wondering. He was not quite like himself, she thought. They went down the road a short distance and paused where a view could be secured of the valley in which lay the town, and of the hills beyond that formed the background.

"The air is hazy," he said. "But can't you see across there on the west hill the house with the tall white pillars?" "Why, yes," she answered; "that is the beautiful Everett home. Is the house near there?"

"Yes," he answered, "very near." He looked around with a sudden smile. "You will be surprised to learn that the house you now occupy is a part of the Everett estate."

"Why, I thought Mr. Griscom—" "Griscom is merely the agent."

"Come," he said, "let us go back to the porch. It is beginning to rain. This is a very sudden shower."

The drops were falling fast when they reached the house. There they found a boy awaiting their coming. He had a wolverine envelope in his hand. "A telegram," said the girl. "From father."

It was not until the boy had hurried away that she had the courage to open the envelope.

Then she handed the message to the man. He read aloud: "Mine worthless. Scheme a swindle. Am coming home. J. D."

The girl was looking up at the coming storm. There were tears in her eyes.

"We are in for a lively blow," said the man. "Where is your mother?" "At a neighbor's. They'll take good care of her."

A sudden boom of thunder came across the valley. The rain fell faster. "There is only one thing I fear," said the girl. "It is lightning."

And then a white glare filled the room and a terrific crash seemed to rive the roof above them.

"Arthur!" screamed the girl, and flung herself against the man and pillowed her head on his breast. He held her close and soothed her with gentle words.

And then she suddenly drew away from him and burst into tears, and her pale face reddened with shame. "Oh, oh," she said, "what have I done?"

She looked up at him in surprise. "Yes," she murmured. "When her old manner suddenly returned. 'Anything to avoid paying the rent,' she laughed hysterically."

"Well," he said, "the first thing for the rent collector to do is to eject you from this house. Then you will have to move into the house he pointed out before that blessed storm came up. The house with the white pillars."

"The Everett house?" "The Everett house?" "Yes," he answered. "The rent will be the same."

She stared at him dumbly. She could not comprehend. "I haven't been quite frank with you," he said. "I told you my name was Arthur Evans. That's true as far as it goes. But it is also Everett—Arthur Evans Everett, if you want the whole mouthful. And the Everett house—and some other things—happen to be mine."

He strode to the window and pushed up the shade. A patch of blue sky showed above the western hills. A ray of sunshine touched the girl's brown hair.—W. F. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WOMEN OF JAPAN.

Know Their Rights and Insist on Having Them.

As I sat at a formal dinner in the city of Osaka, Japan, not long since I asked a Japanese gentleman beside me—a highly educated and polished man of the west, who is adviser to the Chinese government—of, with the great advancement in Japan in so many respects, the status of woman is advancing, says Henry George, Jr., in The Circle.

"Which woman?" he asked. "The laboring woman? Yes. The woman bred abroad or of necessity part of the diplomatic world? Yes. And it is to be doubted if their advancement to the state of woman in Europe and America will add to their attractiveness or their happiness, since conditions here are and must be so different. As for the women of the domestic circle—the wife, the mother, the sister, the daughter in the great middle class of Japan—her status is not changing. Nor should it. Any change that will bring her out of domestic refinement will expose her in a field for which nature unites her. The wife is the home mistress, with full jurisdiction in the home circle. Her husband is premier, he besides, attends to all things outside the household. This is as it should be, for in this way there is, and only in this way can there be, perfect domestic happiness."

At another time I sat at luncheon with a fascinating Japanese lady of high standing in Tokyo. She had graduated from Yassar College, of which New Yorkers are so proud—I shall not say how many years ago. Suffice it that she possessed the ease of speech and frankness of manner of an American girl. I repeated to her the substance of the Osaka gentleman's statement and asked her opinion.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, with smiling vivacity. "We Japanese women are coming to know our rights and the men are afraid of us."

Here are two viewpoints or, rather, two attitudes—that of a conservative man and that of a radical or progressive woman. Which is right may at first puzzle the newcomer to determine. But we reach clear ground when we study the new Japanese code, which certainly indicates a very decided advance for women.

KING OF THE MOSQUITOES.

His Power in Keeping White Men Out of Nicaragua.

Dr. E. E. Flanagan, a former citizen of Charlottesville, Va., but who has for the last five years been living at Cape Gracia, an important town on the east coast of Nicaragua, is at the Helvedere. The doctor is a friend of Gen. Zelaya, President of the republic of Nicaragua, and has been honored by him with several important offices, according to the Baltimore American.

"There is probably no richer country in the world than Nicaragua," said Dr. Flanagan. "It is, however, almost in a virgin state, as there has been scarcely any development of its great resources. President Zelaya, the able and energetic chief executive, is giving the country a most excellent administration and enjoys the absolute confidence of the people. The natives of the Mosquito coast, as my section is called, are known as Moscos, or Sambo Indians, and are a queer mixture of Indian, negro and Caucasian elements, with the native Indian type predominating, though most of them show their strain of African blood by a kinkiness of the hair, while others are fair-haired and light of skin, as a remnant of Scotch buccaneer progenitors. Not one in fifty of these Sambos ever slept in a bed and not more than one in five ever handled a piece of money. The older members of the family sleep in hammocks woven from the fibers of the banana or the banana stalk, while the juveniles curl up on the floor. They are about as near to nature as any people under the sun, for nature supplies them with everything necessary to sustain life."

"These Sambos are nominally under the Nicaraguan government. It is true, but they pay direct allegiance to a king, a monarch of their own tribe. His authority extends over many villages and settlements, embracing a coast line of 150 miles, and he is by no means a figurehead, for in periodical revolutions he often holds the balance of power and dictates terms to the contending leaders. The Mosquito coast is the most backward, commercially and industrially, of all the regions bordering on the Caribbean, and for this the Samba king is directly responsible. He is shrewd enough to know that wherever the white man gets a footing the natives soon vanish, and therefore has refused the granting of concessions for the exploitation of the valuable forests of his kingdom, nor will he allow his subjects to sell their lands. Thus this wily Indian ruler, who can't write his name, has managed to hold his territory in its prime state against the avaricious schemes of the white man. His people obey him unquestioningly and the general government is content to let him alone."

THE CAVALRY HORSE.

He is an Important Factor in European Armies.

Germany needs 1,000,000 horses for cavalry and artillery to put her colossal forces in the field. France requires probably 750,000, and even Great Britain needed as many as 250,000 in South Africa while she was fighting the Boers.

Although England in peace time mounts only two-thirds of her cavalry her horse bill amounts to about \$400,000 a year—a figure which may be multiplied by four or five for the German army.

In most countries omnibuses, farm and domestic horses are registered as being available in time of war for miscellaneous service, and for this anything from \$30,000 to \$150,000 a year may be paid by a military nation.

France spends upward of \$600,000 a year on horses for her great armies. As a general rule, says a writer in the Circle, the recruits are five years old and cost \$200 each.

Cavalry chargers vary from 15 to 16 hands in height, and sharp rules have been laid down about their shape, action and treatment. There are regular schools where the raw four-legged recruit is trained. His education embraces the fearless swimming of deep and wide rivers.

It is extremely interesting to see 1,000 four-legged recruits drawn up in a ring around the instructor, who opens the proceedings with a sharp shot from an army revolver. The animals are taught to gallop fearlessly up to a line or square of infantry who are blazing away with their rifles, of course loaded with blank cartridges. Lastly comes a charge upon batteries of quick firing cannon. It is worth noting that when smokeless powder came into general use it was found that thousands of horses which would face without flinching the smoke of guns using black powder balked and shied at the sinister flash and roar of the new explosive.

"Nature is really a great mechanic. Just think of getting thirty-two teeth in your tiny little mouth."—Meggendorfer Blätter.

Local Happenings

(Continued from Page One.)

—Look for Financial Report of Village Treasurer, Board of Supervisors and Treasurer of School Fund on page 2.

—Wheeler & Wilson sewing machines for sale at E. M. Diener's.

—J. S. Stamm, pastor of the Evangelical Church, is attending the annual Conference session at Chatsworth, Ill., this week.

—Best mixed lawn seed; also white clover and all kinds of grass seed at Mertz & Moebel.

—Miss Ella Smart, who has been attending the De Kalb Normal School, spent her spring vacation at home, returning Monday for the spring term.

—Fine line of Easter candles, box candles and smokers' articles at Fred Hoffer's new store.

—The Seneca Base Ball team inaugurated the base ball season last Saturday by playing a seven inning tie game with a picked team from the C. B. & Q. office. The score was 3 to 2. Batteries, Senecas, Duncan and McLain. C. B. & Q., Vody and Sanborn.

—Plevka & MacDougall have just received one ton of axle grease that will be sold at prices that will surprise you.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational Church will have a sale on Thursday, April 6th, at the Library Building, open at ten o'clock; there will be home-made bakery goods, Easter aprons and gifts. A cordial welcome extended to all.

—Heintz and Armour's baked beans, Hildebrand canned goods, at L. Klein.

—Now is the time to make your selections for spring planting. Look up the Austin Nursery Co. ad. on another page.

—Mr. Conger, the speaker at the Auditorium on Monday evening, said that because of the local option law the people could no longer lay the responsibility on the town board, one way or the other; the people have their "say" now and that "say" is binding.

—Now is the time to advertise your property to rent or for sale.

—Hapsa's bread has been sold in Downers Grove for over ten years. Give it a trial. For sale at E. M. Diener's.

—Order your Easter lilies now. Visit the green house of C. V. Wolf.

—John Whitson, one of the general merchants of La Grange, got out a hand-bill which did much to help the cause of the Anti-Nobson forces in that city. The circular was a list of articles he would give and things he would do for an amount equivalent to the cost of three cents a day.

—Small smoked picnic ham, 9 cents a pound, at L. Klein's.

—With the exception of one or two, all bills incurred in prosecuting the local option campaign were paid on Tuesday evening. Money sufficient to cover all additional expense was subscribed and paid at the meeting held in the basement of the Methodist Church that evening.

—Red Comb Poultry Mixture; also all kinds of feed and poultry supplies at Mertz & Moebel.

—This week we start a campaign for new subscribers; we offer one of the most useful and instructive premiums ever offered by any newspaper. It is in the shape of a map, or rather three maps in one. See our advertisement on another page. We invite you to come around to the office and let us explain the good features of this map. We will also give this premium to any one renewing his subscription within the next thirty days.

—Postal cards for Easter, leap year cards, birthday cards, and card novelties on sale at E. M. Diener's.

BEAUTIFUL DOWNERS GROVE FOR SALE

No. 237 East Maple Avenue. The Home of W. Harry Spears, Formerly Editor of the Downers Grove Reporter. THE BEAUTIFUL modern constructed house and one lot is offered for sale at a very low figure because of the owner having sold his business in Downers Grove and bought a newspaper in Mandan, North Dakota.

W. HARRY SPEARS, Mandan, N. Dakota

Plevka & MacDougall One Minute Washing machine \$ 8.00 Sunshine Washing Machine \$10.00 Ocean Wave Washing Machine \$ 6.00 Ball Bearing Washing Machine \$10.00 Champion Washing Machine \$ 7.00 Water Power Washing Machine \$15.00

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In Everybody's Mouth WAHLBERG & HERMAN'S HOME-MADE BREAD CAKES AND PIES FRESH EVERY MORNING ABSOLUTELY PURE AND WHOLESOME

Did You Start the New Year Right? It is not too late now to start with the HOUSEHOLD EXPENSE ACCOUNT BOOK The only correct system of keeping account of the household expenses. You have your daily and weekly accounts in a permanent record. Order One in Your Next Order of Groceries or at Retail Price.