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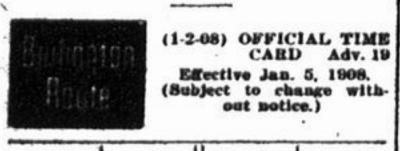
ARRIVAL OF MATES

From West: From East 6:08 a.m. 8:57 a. m. 9:03 a. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:84 p. m. 5:06 p. m.

Post office hours are from 7:00 a. m. to 7:00 p. m. Last mall in the evening is glowed at 7:00 p. m., and leaves here at 8:44 going east.

Elbert C. Stanley, P. M.

DOWNERS GROVE.



Loave Chicago.	Downers Grove.	Downers Grove.	Arrive Chicago.
6:40 am 7:45 8:20 8:40 10:15 11:00 am 12:20 pm 1:80 2:20 8:15 4:05 4:05 4:40 5:11 5:15 5:83 5:55 6:15 6:40 7:50 8:20 9:45 10:35 10:35 10:35	7:30 mm 8:40 8:57 9:35 11:10 11:40 mm 12:01 pm 1:10 2:20 3:12 4:05 4:55 5:30 5:51 6:07 6:16 6:25 6:20 6:48 7:10 7:30 8:20 9:68 10:35 11:24 11:27 pm 12:19 mm 1:14 mm	5:50 am 6:08 6:28 6:28 6:50 7:93 7:20 7:40 7:45 8:00 8:27 9:08 9:52 10:03 11:17 am 12:40 pm 1:34 2:00 *2:40 2:58 8:30 3:55 4:50 5:33 5:40 6:55 7:40 8:25 9:00 9:10 10:40 pm	6:40 am 6:50 7:20 7:40 7:43 8:13 8:25 8:37 8:45 9:17 10:00 10:35 10:55 am 12:10 pm 1:30 2:20 2:53 3:30 3:50 4:20 4:45 5:45 6:15 6:30 7:45 8:30 9:15 9:40 10:00 11:40 pm
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5 :30 am	5:20 am []	5 :50 am	6 :49 am

11:45 am

2:10 pm

3 :52 5 :58 7 :30 9 :00 19 :58 12 : 19 am 1 :14 am

If a man doesn't care to be his own bear he might as well marry.

Lists of proud men take off their hats when they meet an ultimatum.

STREET, STREET, STREET,

Chaus reconstituents.

Beery widow who knows her bust ness knows when a man means busi-

----Somehow a compliment is pleasing to a woman, even when she knows it isn't

It's surprising how brave the average man to when there len't any real dan-

Market Street, Control of the Control if it doesn't get busy when he has occasion to visit a graveyard.

A girl will forgive a young man emicker for kinning her against her will than for not being interested enough to

When you are willing to go in debt for things you don't need, just because your neighbor has them, it's time to

Russia and Japan banging away at the doors of China, the Chiness awakening is not so startling after all.

As to that one armed man who "mam" the whiripool rapids at Niagara, the credit belongs entirely to a

kind Providence. While a few women continue clamor for a vote, the great majority will be content with keeping the coun

try supplied with roters. Some peculiarly terrifying form of capital punishment should be devised for the man who shoots a rifle builet

at an aeronaut or his balloon One of the Vanderbilt children carries \$25,000 insurance on his toys. We are wondering whether the insurance

A Texas prophet announces that the of the world will come in 1911. avorite sons who are looking forand hopefully to 1912 are advised to

oright on hoping. It will be a great literary triumph Mr. Rockefeller if he realizes as

nally in book form has been suggested that our gov-

people of that country. have a way of keeping to and it is not probable ill make an exception for of Uncle Sam's agents.

> instance of mixing gov mirate business was ex uring a congression on it was shown the

ments of women which the world has ever known was made by Dickens, probably without much consciousness of the violence of his attack, when he created his whole class of nagging wo men. These women are to be found in every one of his novels. A list of them would include Mrs. Wilfer, Mrs. Varden, Mrs. Podanap, Mrs. Gummidge, Miss Squeers, and-names of ill omen !---Mrs. Sowerberry, Mrs. Mc-Stinger, Mrs. Snageby and Miss Knag. It is a testimony to the grim acceptance of their type by the world that we can laugh at them. They are generally indulged and excused by their men-folk and feared by their children. They are caricatures, no doubt, but like most caricatures which survive the moment, they bear a vital relation to fact. Education helps to discourage and abolish the nagging woman. She still exists, however, although she is now driven to apologize for herself. She talks effectively of the tyranny of her nerves, of the wear and tear of social and domestic life, and especially of the inescapable sway of tempera-

One of the most terrible arraign-

and those of her friends are due to temper rather than to temperament. The fault is not in her stars, but in herself, that she is altogether detestable. Neither argument nor grace seems able to save her. A Yankee farmer, the victim for forty years of his wife's tongue and temper, put the thing in a nutshell with the wit an the frankness for which his kind are famous. He had listened half an hour to ber abusive talk, without a word in reply. Finally he left his favorite sent by the fire, fairly driven out by the storm within. As he went, he flung

ment. In point of fact, her miseries



over his shoulder his final judgment

"Sairey, there's that in ye that nothin

~~~~~~ (blorosts.

This is a peculiar form of anemia which occurs in young women, general ly between the ages of fifteen and twenty. If it is found after the age of twenty five it is a reinpose from a former attack. It is characterized by yellowish green that of the skin, and from this it receives its name. In any case of anemia where there is a doubt of the diagnosis, an examination of the blood itself will soon settle the

The blood of the chlorotic patient will invariably be deficient in hemoglo-11:40 pm bin, which is the coloring matter of the red corpuscies and the carrier of oxygen to the system. While in other forms of anemia the red corpuscies may be found greatly decreased in quantity, in chlorosis they will be found in sufficient number, but poor in qual-

As it is the hemoglobin in the blood which enables one to breathe, it follows as a matter of course that any deficlency in it will affect the breathing power, and therefore the supply of necessury oxygen which comes to the aye. ana's letters were interesting. tem. The chlorotic patient therefore lives in continued had air wherever she is, and her whole system suffers accord-

The whole nuncular system of course | hollybocks, the suffers, because muscular force is in direct ratio to the amount of oxygen drooping in the sun-warmed air, melt-There isn't much philosophy in a man taken in. The heart muscle will be ed swiftly into a hilleous rainbow of confession. I hope you are not going eyes. weak and irritable, and there will be seuse of breathlessness and probably palpitation following any exertion. As tim entire system of nuncles is affected there will naturally be a sense of fatigue and lassitude, with pain at the hase of the neck and in the small of the bark.

The peculiar color is absent in certain cases, although it may declare it the ears or the chest, when it is not noticeable on the face except as an or

Another aymptom that will usually he found in the sufferer from chlorosis s puffiness of the face and swelling of the ankles. There may also be persistent dry cough, worse at night, or coming on after long talking.

As to the treatment of this condition iron in some form or another may b said to be a specific, but must, course, he regulated by the physician in charge, both as to the form of fron to he taken and the quantity.

There should be careful attention to general hygiene. Plents of time should be spent in the open air, but fatiguing exercise should not be attempted until the muscles have regained their tone, and common sense should be exercised as to hours of study, diet and sleep. - Youth's Companion.

Bullet That Does Not Kill. manies permit him to have a hatch-A bullet that hits the mark but does not kill has just been invented by Dr. Defriers of Paris. The details of its construction are not mentioned. but it is said to be hollow and can be used several times. In a test for duel practice pistols were used with steel guards resembling a sword hilt, because, although the bullet does not penetrate the clothing, it will wound naked flesh. Both men wore goggles. Out of 272 shots 202 struck some part of the bodies of the duelists.

> The Pan as Bad as the Play. "I see that Sastley's play has made quite a furore."

"Indeed, and what did the few roar" 'Shoot the author!' 'scat!' and so forth?"-Boston Transcript.

The Only Way.

Belle-I told you not to kiss me Jack (already a delinquent)—But her arm and returned to the veranda; precipitately into the subject. "It's ington Star. that's the only way I can kiss you

now."-Boston Transcript, Faith and seel always ontstrip r

# PAPERS BY PEOPLE

THE IDEAL LABOR UNION.

By Chancellor Day of Syracuse University. There might be a union of great help to its membership and to business. I believe in labor organizations as I believe in corporations. But let it be a union upon principles of mutual benefit and helpfulness both to the laborer and to the manufacturer, both to the work ingman and to the contractor.

Let it be for the purpose of securing to the employer the greatest proficiency, fusisting upon only skilled mechanics for mechanics' pay. Let it consider the luterests of the business and how to serve them. Let it compel its wage, not by excluding those who choose to work for less or to work when the union men will not work, but by furnishing the highest type of man and workman, so that business men will say "If you want the most skilled and reliable mechanic or laborer, you must get them from the union. They will have no one in the union but a first-class man."

Let the union have clubrooms, and discuss thrift and temperance and home sanitation and ways and means of getting the home and furnishing it with books and periodicals for mental improvement, and spend some of the time in amasements and healthy games now spent in the saloons. Let the energy now being put into opposition to capital be used in self-improvement and furnishing a higher class of mechanic.

# TRAINING THE FACULTIES FOR SUCCESS.

By John A. Howland.

blowing, stirring the leaves about her

with a vague, musicul rustle, and

cooling the hot blood in her cheeks.

Nhe took up her peu and selected a

sharply, and she sat up alert. The

paper slipped from her fingers.

ruice under the apple tree.

the knotted limb at her back.

him that he was altogether wrong!

For a second the girl said nothing.

but his black hair was full of waves,

HE GAVE HER TWO LETTERS.

tant step," he went on musingly, his

flushed face, "and I want your-your

wrinkling the bridge of her nose. She

crossed her hands at the back of her

head and stared past him at the rows

The minister regarded her solemnia

speak, then closing them again uncer

good-looking face. "Perhaps," he sug-

Viola could not suppress a smile at

caused her to turn her head with a

He straightened himself then, and

affair does not interest you?"

"Mine?" she queried, a tiny furrow

dy with health,

I shall accept the call or not-that is glance sweeping the sky, the ground,

a weman's prerogative, isn't it? How- and settling at last upon her slightly

She flung back her head with a quick the lugubrious countenance before her

a smile to her lips, a glow to her eyes, straight into the minister's eyes. But

She would do it; yes, she would ac- only for a flash. Something in them

cept Enstace Vandiver and go with him | that she could not altogether make out

She went to her room and sat down with a rush of enthusiasm, recollecting

at her desk, but something seemed to her role, "I thought you were sure of

the shade of the orchard beyond entic- about some one I love," he said, speak-

ed her and she ran down the steps and | ing rapidly, "someone, I want to be

pride, and excitement and steadying her breath, she gazed

swift heartbeat,

er's letter with mechanical fingers and of apple trees in the distance.

work of branches.

to-to disapprove?

tion with bodily activity is the greatest active force in civilization. There are human activities which are effective without concentration in the mind, but somewhere in the harnessing of this force some broad scheme has been evolved without which this aimless force in the individual would be wasted. Concentration of mind is not a faculty; it is an acquired ability to command the faculties of mind and of body. and for the best results this acquirement must insure a harmonious relation between brain and brawn. Advice to a man, "You must concentrate yourself in your work." ts about as ineffective as to suggest to him that he grow four inches taller than he is. If he has come to maturity without learning concentration, he is not likely ever to appreciate the need sufficiently to undergo the training

Concentration of mind in harmonious rela-

Concentration of the faculties not only is a safeguard against errors, but it is an assurance that when a move has been considered and determined upon the more will have all effectiveness and accomplish the maximum in results. There is no work in life where this attentiveness does not render assurance to the worker and to everyone interested in that work. This concentration is a visible evidence of dependableness in the man. It is fore the people as subject to his domination.

Meeting the Question

~~~~~

door. He gave her two letters; one

was addressed in Diana Colvert's ab-

surdly angular hand, and was bulky,

with a fortnight's accumulated effus-

ion; the other bore her name in the

familiar caligraphy of Eustace Van-

diver, who had proposed to her quarter-

the first one with eager fingers; Di-

first eight pages avidly, then suddenly

fluttered to the ground. The roses, the

violets and jessamine, nodding and

impossible color, the matutinal chicp-

ing of the birds grew harsh and mock-

letter into her trembling hands and

The minister, their minister, going to

he married and move to Cloverdale!

Billy Colvert, Diana's brother, had had

a letter from him, so there could be no

mistake about it. And she what a

little simpleton she had been to waste

her affections on someone who was go-

ing to wed another girl. Surely, in

their intimate relations of the last

year he must have guessed her morti-

fying secret; probably he was taking

this very step to get clear of her. Burn-

ing tears sprang to Viola's eyes and

dripped over her throbbing cheeks.

But she dashed them away in flerce

self-scorn, and read on to the end, her

lips compressed, the blood scorching

There were his exact words, quoted

from Billy's letter: "I am seriously

considering making a change in my

residence. I hope soon to marry the

dearest girl in the world and bring

course, it will rest with her whether

ever, let us see you in Brookwood

Viola folded up the closely written

sheets and returned them to the envel-

ope. Then she opened young Vandly-

glanced wearily at his twenty-fifth dec-

laration of love, accompanied by an im-

passioned plea to marry him and sail

ing to complete his course at Heidel-

berg. Go abroad-away from it all-

show him that she had not given her

love unmasked, and that * * *

to the ends of the earth if need be-

she could not write a syllable. In

dull her brain and numb her hands; that-always."

past the flower beds to the gate on the my wife."

anywhere away from this.

whenever it suits your convenience to advice."

went on with her reading.

anapdragons,

She went out and sat down on the

ly for haif a dozen years,

Viola met the postman at the front

necessary to get it.

evidence of the quality of brain which the worker possesses. It reflects the faculties which education and experience have developed harmoniously. Without this power of concentration every one of these faculties must prove a poor, broken reed instead of a lever that might move a world.

ENJOY BEAUTY WITHOUT ANALYZING IT.

By G. Santayana.

To feet beauty is a better thing than to understand how we come to feel it. To have imagination and taste, to love the best, to be carried by the contemplation of nature to a vivid faith in the ideal, all this is more, a great deal more, than any science can hope to be.

When a man tells you that beauty is the manifestation of God to the senses you wish you might understand him. Yet reflection might have shown you that the word of the Master was but the vague expression of His highly complex emotions. It is one of the attributes of God, one of the perfections which we contemplate in our ideas of him, that there is no opposition in his will and his vision between the impulses of His nature and the events of His life. This is what we commonly designate as omnipotence and cre-

In the contemplation of beauty our faculties of perception have the same perfection; it is, indeed, from the experlence of beauty and happiness, from the occasional harmony between our nature and our environment that we draw our conception of the Divine life. There is, then, a real propriety in calling beauty a manifestation of God to the senses, since, in the region of sense, the perception of beauty exemplifies that adequacy and perfection which in general we objectify in an ideal of God.

PEOPLE. NOT THE BOSSES. RULE.

By Gov. Hughes of New York.

You may say all you please of the cunning of political maneuvering and of the resources of chicanery. All schemes will prove as child's play if the people set out to deal with a real issue of popular government and the supremacy of the constitution of this State over race track gamblers. It is well that there should be organization to advance party principles. It is well that it should be effective; vigorous and skillful leadership is required. But it is the duty of an elected officer to serve the people and not any particular man, and no party leader

GOV. HE SHES has a right to assume the role of dictator, or so to violate the manhood of elected officials as to parade them be-

very matter-of-fact tone

pulled herself together and said in a

sheet of note paper. A twig cracked her hair, her eyes everything, you The minister contemplated her with

something about her; her disposition,

"You want my advice about her

"Did I startle you?" inquired a deep a fatuous expression. "Why as to her disposition," he re "Not the least," said she, disposing plied earnestly, "tha; is all that could be destrod-perfect. Her eyes," he herself with studied primness against scrutinized her with surreptitious anx-The minister vaulted the lower limb lety, "her eyes are splendidly, worn! rounly brown-" He paused. Viola easily and picked out a comfortable seat opposite, tossing his hat on a netlistened movelessly, "Her hair

brown, too-and-most beautiful." Viola regarded him first with cold-A queer silence followed his words ness, then with assumed indifference, When Viola looked up she was pale but valiant, and she seemed all at once finally with a friendly smile that was thousands of miles away. complished in her twenty-one years.

"She must be very, very lovelythis girl," she said, dreamlly, "Do he had already done so. And if he had she must set to work to prove to The minister looked somewhat in

scrutable as he made reply ; "Vlois," he began in his straightfor-"I am not sure perhaps you do not ward way, "I've come to you with a She returned his gaze with absent

> "Well?" he prompted with an enig "Well, I really don't see what I'm to

she thought. He must be at least 39, know you are so—so happy and thatthat-" she bit her lips, "to congratulate you and-"But it is not time for congratula

tions," he interposed thoughtfully, "you don't understand." "No," said she shaking her head.

No. I'm afraid I do not.

"It's this way," he pursued eagerly bending near to her, "I've been called to Cloverdale. I don't want to go with out first finding out whether she will go with me." He reddened and broke off, keeping his hands locked to the limbs on which ther were resting.

"The only thing," remarked Viola with sage eyes and a sinking heart, "is to tell her that truth and get it over quick." She caught her breath. "Mayhe you have told her?" she suggested tentatively.

"Not just as I should like to." "Then you will, at once? Put your his eyes bright and clear, his face rud fate to the test, as they say in tire some love stories." "I'm considering a somewhat impor-

"To you consider them tiresome?" "Other people's."

"Then we'll not waste any more time discussing other people's." He bent farther, till his warm breath fanned the loose gold about her temples. "Viola," he said, "I love you. Will you

"Oh," she said, "I don't---" "You don't love me!" with swiftly clouding eyes. Viola met his look with a wonderful

for a moment, opening his lips twice to little smile breaking through the shadows of her face, "But-but my hair for Europe in June, whither he was go- tainly. A shadow drifted across his isn't brown at all," she said bewilderingly, "and my eyes are unmistakably gested with a downward inflection, "the "And mine," laughed he, with his

> arms about her, "are color-blind. Shall I go to Cloverdale?" "We mustn't think of it," she said .--New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Did you invite Mr. Bliggins to our "Of course, it interests me," she said | house party?" asked Mr. Cumrox. "Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "I'm afraid he considers house parties "He shows sense. I have a mind to

An Unenthusiastic Host.

stupid. He sent his regreta." despair she took her portfolio under with a gesture of determination broke send him my congratulations."-Wash-

There is no excuse for profanity, of course, and a good many men use ft other side. Entering, she sought her | Viola colored furiously; the leaves freely without attempting to find an favorite retreat in the fork of a guari- all about her guivered gently. But she excuse for it.

BRENDA AND A CAREER.

Country Girl Decides She Does Not Want to See "Life." As soon as the dishes were washed, Brenda Harlow slipped up to her little attic room and read the letter for the

tenth time. "What you want, Brenda," Harriet had written, "is to come to New York. There are hard knocks, of course, but one expects them anywhere, and you have grit. Don't dream of wasting er is the thing to aim at, and if you've of the abourd sound of the tribal name, nerve enough to hold out, I'll help you "Kickapoo" will always be quoted with to it. I thank my stars a thousand a laugh, and the hilarious name will be times a week that I'm not mewed up passed back and forth ages after the in a little country hole, teaching a last member of the nation has been laid dozen barefooted children. Here I'm to rest. having balls, concerts, companionship -life! I'm coming home for a few

days, and we'll talk it over then." Brenda, with her letter in her hand, went slowly down to the sitting room. Uncle Ben was sitting at one side of the table, reading his favorite paper, and Aunt Polly knitting upon the other. It was the way they always spent the evenings until 9 o'clock. In Brenda's mind bits of Harriet's letter almost spoke themselves aloud. "Mewed up in a little country bole—balls—concerts -life. And I can help you to it."

"Uncle Ben," Brenda said, "I want to go to the city. I want to be a reporter, like Harriet Putnam. She will get me a place. Oh, Uncle Benjamin, I do so want to write and and know about things!"

Uncle Ben put down his paper Aunt Polly dropped her knitting and her eyes were startled. Brenda, young and eager, faced them both.

"Oh, won't you let me go?" It was a long talk and a hard

for all of them, but at last it was decided that Brenda should have ber way and go back to the city with Harrlet. She could hardly walt for Har riet to come home. She danced and sang through the day, unconscious of Aunt Polly's wistful eyes and Uncle Ben's silences. Then Harriet came

At first Brenda was dazed, then be wildered, then troubled. Was Harriet always like this-bold, inquisitive, impertinent? But Harriet only laughed at Brenda's troubled face.

"Mercy on us, child, you've got to hold your own " she sald. "Journalism tan't a cinch, I can tell you. You've got to put your wits against other people's drag things cut of them in spite of themselves, outwit them when they try to throw you down. It's all very well to talk of scruples, but you play the game to win." That evening Brenda climbed once

more to her room, and sat there in the dark a long time. At 9 o'clock she came down. Uncle Ben was just wind-Well, then you will have to tell me ing the clock. He tried to speak cheerfully, but there was a quiver in his

"Next week when I wind this you' be seeing the world, Brenda," Brenda buried her face on his old cost sieere.

"I shall be seeing it from West Derby." she said. "I-I can't afford a lit erary career, Uncle Ben."-Youth's Companion.

All There.

Old Lady Goodyear laid down the paper with a sigh, and looked over ber spectacles at Grandfather Goodyear. "I feel quite asbamed when I remember our humble marriage notice," she "'Married in the First Congregation-

al Church of Harborville, Abel Goodyear to Mary Lawton," chanted Grandfather Goodyear. "It read well, to my thinking." "Yes, for those days, but not for pres-

Laura married a Toby, and their daughter has just married Sophy Leavitt's from his confinement tell you except that I'm delighted to grandson. His mother, Sophy's child, married a Wilson."

"Well, what of all that?" inquired Grandfather Goodyear, rubbing his forehead in great confusion of mind. "It's the fashion to keep all the family names," said Old Lady Goodyear,

"'Married, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Frederick Cummings-Toby, by the Reverend Harold Lowden Kirkbright, Edith Smythe Cummings to

George Broune Leavitt-Wilson. "Now there's something for old ish Grandpa Bronne and Grandma Smythe to be proud of-if they were alive." "M-m !" said Grandfather Goodyear.

No Place for Him Here.

"Your honor," said a prosecuting attorney in a backwoods court, "the prisoner at the bar is charged with killing one of the most exemplary citizens of this county. Thomas Jones, your honor, was in every respect a model man. He was a member of the church; he was never known to bet on horses. play poker, drink whisky or use to bacco. He---"

"Hold on a minute," said the judge. "You say he never het on a horse?" "That's what I said, your honor."

"Never was known to play a game? "Never, your honor." "And he never drank whisky?" "Never drank a drop in his life."

"And he didn't chew tobacco?" "Never took a chew in his life." "Well, then," said the judge, "I don't see what he wanted to live for. There wasn't anything in life for him, and i don't see why he ain't about as we!!

Nashville American. If you want to learn something easily, open the dictionary at any page. You will see so many things you do not know that you should puzzled and delighted by turns." have known, that it will take a great deal of conceit out of you, and do you

off dead as alive. Release the prisoner,

Mr. Sheriff, and call the next case."-

a world of good. When you were a child, you frequently went to "stay all night" with some of the neighborhood children And did you ever "stay all night" in a neighboring family without finding out a family secret you didn't know be

fore? Every man believes that he carrie the heavy end of the log.



The Mickspoo.

Many of the fighting tribes were stronger, flercer, more terrible, than the your time over foolish twopenny stories. Kickapoo, but but few of them last You want to see life. A society report- longer in memory, simply on account

The Kickspee, outside of their laughable name, deserve attention and comment. We've were the most restless, dissatisfied and migratory Indians, always in trouble in the past, and in trouble to-day. When the French explorers found them, 200 years ago, they bore the name of "Kicapoux," and inhabited parts of Illinois and Indiana.

Of Algonquin race, they were a valoroughaurly, and not specially likable numbering perhaps 1,200 to 1,500 at their strongest. Like most of the other tribes of the neighborhood, they raided the colonists, sided with the French first and the English later, and were induced to move on and out when the wave of civilization came their way.

The Kickapoo took up a reservation in Kansas, but did not like it. In fact, they seem never to have liked anything or anybody. Two-thirds of them finally declared against civilization, and marched to Mexico, raiding and killing on their way. Once in the Mexican mountains, they reverted utter savagery, and succeeded the Comanche and Lipan us terrors of the Texas border.

The government at last opened negotiations with them, and brought back most of the tribe to a reservation in Indian territory. Ever since thenthe return of the tribe was in 1873 -the Kickapoo have dwindled, not by death, but by the return of the discontented Indians to Mexico. Many of the «Kansas Kickapan, tiring of restraint, have rejoined them there. Those who stuck to their Indian terri tory bome were given allotments, but most of them have gone back to Mex ico within the post few years, and one of the biggest scandals in recent Indian affairs has risen from the trick ery employed by certain white men to get possession of the allotments they left behind.

About 200 Kickapoo remais in Kansas, and perhaps as many in Oklahoma. Some of the Kickapoo who went to Mexico make a pitiful living round the town of Muzquiz, but most of them live the life of free warriors in the mountains. Probably 300 of the tribe are now in Mexico. They do not raid the Texas frontier at preent, but may break loose again if the coldblooded robbery of their brethres. in not stopped and punished

MARGUERITE ON THE WIRE.

Sick Man Pussled by an Unknown Votes at the Telephone.

There is one man in New York who has reason to biest the telephone sys tem, says the Sun. He is an invalid would have gone on having unprint able thoughts about the hello business. "even as you and I." The story was told in this way

"The sick man had called up friend and was giving an account of his affliction. He was lamenting his ent times," said his old wife, "You condition, which shut him out of the sunlight and the bloom of the m spring, except as he saw the besinty

> "While lamenting the inevitable of the wire occurred. In sometwell cut in. To put it another way, the wires became crossed

"The sick man on the wire, how ever, didn't yell 'Keep out,' as most of There was something in the cadence. It southed the sick man when he listened "When his friend got a chance to

to keep out. He listened to the unknown and pleaded that she might fin "Then he talked to the and the unknown responded. She knew his number, he didn't know hers, and

with the perversity of her sex she kept

"The next day a messenger left at senger was gone before he could see

"That day he was called up on the The roice was the same he had heard the day before. If asked about the condition, the inquiry was sympothetic-the kind that takes hold of a sick man when he is alone

"In response to his plea might know the name of his unknown benefactress and replied 'It is Mar guerite, just that and nothing more. shall never be more than a voice to

"This inquiry and plea and the same response to the plea occurred day after day. The sick man is still receiving flowers and books. He has ex hausted his ingenuity in trying to ascertain the name or whereabouts of the mysterious woman, whom he met on the wire. Thus far she has the

"If he recovers the remance may end. If he continues sick he will be

Pleanant For the Bride.

"Do you know my husband?"

"Why, yes, I've known him as most of the other girls know him. It used to be quite the fashion here to be engaged to him. The funny part is that nobody ever dreamed he could be serious."-Cleveland Plain Degler.

they are not all right