

ISSUED BY  
D. M. ERSKINE, JR.,  
INSURANCE,

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENT

It seems fitting at this time for us to return thanks to the residents of Highland Park and vicinity for the liberal patronage which has been bestowed upon our Agency since its establishment.

We have been identified with our present line of business some fourteen years, and during that time have reaped such benefits of experience and study as only constant practice will afford. Our purpose at this time is to call your attention more particularly to

THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

of our Agency, which, we are pleased to state, is growing steadily. The number of risks and the character of the same, as attested by our registers, afford us pleasure and satisfaction, especially when it is known that all policies issued at our agency are such as can be relied upon when the test comes.

This is the oldest Agency in Highland Park, and only well-known and strictly reliable Fire Companies are represented, a list of which is given elsewhere. Policies are issued to cover all kinds of insurable buildings and stocks, also, dwelling houses and their contents, at rates commensurate with the hazard assumed.

We have, also, the Agency of the old Aetna Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, and the North-Western Mutual Life, of Milwaukee, Wis., which stand in the front rank of Life Companies, and we are pleased to say that some of Lake County's leading citizens are among its policy holders, and right here it might be well for us to add that the most superficial observer must admit the beneficent effects of Life Insurance. Its advantages are certainly worth considering. It is not only a system of credit, but a system of saving, as well. Common business prudence demands the Life Insurance policy. Of course, in the selection of a company, it is the part of wisdom to select one of the best. The Aetna Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, and North-Western, of Milwaukee, are old, tried and successful Companies, and therefore the ones you should select.

You will now allow us to call your attention to The Travelers' Accident Insurance Company, the largest Accident Company in the world. We look upon this company with much pride, for the reason that its advantages are appreciated by many and should be by all. A General Accident Policy provides a fixed sum-

tal accident or a weekly indemnity for loss of time—from \$5.00 to \$50.00 per week in case of total disability. Every prudent man should be insured against accidents. The Travelers' has paid over \$5,000,000 for accident claims. Quite a number of citizens hereabouts are holding policies in this Company, and not a few of them can testify to its "healing qualities," as applied to them, in the shape of a cheque, after sustaining painful and expensive injury. Full explanation regarding its plan will be cheerfully given upon application.

Mrs. Jas. H. Woodworth.

In the City of Washington, D. C., on the tenth day of last July, Mrs. Almyra Booth Woodworth departed this life, having "served her generation by the will of God." As she lived so she died, peacefully, triumphantly, and in her death, as in her life, she glorified God. It is not possible in the short space allotted for this sketch to enter into details concerning a life which was so full of earnest, benevolent and Christian activities.

Mrs. Woodworth was born in Oxford, Chenango Co., N. Y., on the 13th of July, 1816, and was almost 67 years old at her death. She was a resident of Chicago for about 25 years, and of Highland Park for eleven years. During the last years of her life here she was an invalid, and withdrew almost entirely from society. During her residence both in Chicago and Highland Park, she was an exemplary member of the Baptist Church, but her labors were not confined to her church or community. The suffering emigrants during the prevalence of cholera in Chicago, sick and wounded soldiers during the war, as well as the poor and needy at her door were tenderly ministered to by her own hand. She was a real "Dorcas" whose personal kindnesses will cause her memory to remain long with all who knew her.

She died at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Judge Dickinson, and her remains were brought to Chicago. A memorial service was held in the First Baptist Church, conducted by Dr. J. C. Burroughs (her first pastor in Chicago, and a lifelong friend,) and her late pastor, Rev. H. C. Leland, and her body was laid by the side of her husband in Oakwood Cemetery. "Asleep in Jesus."

While at his summer cottage in Cottage City, Mass., the Hon. Samuel James, father of Col. W. A. James and Mrs. T. H. Spencer, of this city, was taken seriously ill, gradually growing worse until death called him away on the 20th of last month. The Colonel, who had been summoned a few days before, was present when he died. The remains were taken to his home in Providence, R. I., where he had always been held in the highest esteem during a long and useful life.

Miss Alice Allen. The death of this estimable young lady on the 16th of July, 1883, after a short illness, was as mournful as it was unexpected to a large circle of friends in Highland Park and elsewhere.

Cut down in the bloom of youth, in the prospect of long life and usefulness, it was one of those events which affect a whole community with silent and thoughtful sadness. It was like the sudden going out of a bright light, leaving a deeper gloom because of its brightness.

With a remarkable elasticity of spirits, a uniform cheerfulness of disposition, and an amiability which no change of circumstances seemed to disturb, she could not fail of winning universal friendship and strong attachments. Meeting her face, which was but a transparent covering of her emotions, was like meeting the sunshine.

Alive to all the rational enjoyments of the young around her, she was an active and efficient leader in their society, and was no less active and useful in every good work for the advancement of truth, and for the benefit of the needy.

For some years she had borne the Christian name, and without ostentation gave pleasing evidence of possessing the Christian spirit. Her faith was as natural and simple as a child's, and as unquestioning; and few, perhaps, outside of her most intimate friends, were aware of the deep hold it had upon her heart.

Looking back upon her short life and sunny character, it seems like a beautiful picture of which we get a passing glimpse, but can never forget.

Burdette on Home.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

I talk about home because I am rarely there—and men like to talk most of what they know least about. "There is no place like home." Even those who live in boarding-houses touchingly warble that song. Home is more to a woman than to a man. A man who has no home is a social tramp. With a woman it is different; she wants a home but does not always have a chance to get it. Woman feeds upon affection. She is never happy until she gets her ideal man; and then she is cast down to find another woman's photograph and love-letter in his overcoat pocket.

But a man gets his home—lot, house, mortgage, mechanic's lien and all. He has all but the mortgage, and the mortgage has him. All of a man's life, except what he spends at the store, club, caucuses, lodge or prayer-meeting, is spent in his home. Man is great in his own house; if he is not a king, he is at least a prince consort. Many are like the man

who, on being nominated for lieutenant-governor, said: "You have nominated the right man for the right place. I have been a lieutenant-governor ever since I married."

It is said that every home has a skeleton; but I don't believe it. It is only a thing of the imagination. Some regard a poor relation as a skeleton; but that is wrong. No man is poor for fun; he can't help it, and is entitled to your sympathy. Homes are brighter and better than they used to be. Our wives make them so. When a wife buys her husband a diamond pin for Christmas, it brightens home; and the husband is made happy by receiving the bill ten days before Christmas. Husbands, take your wives into your confidence; it will help you to success.

What is home without a dog? It is altogether too quiet. I took a dog from Philadelphia to Burlington once, and rather than to try it again I would take a pair of twin babies to San Francisco. That dog wound a six foot chain around my legs and around the legs of other men, in ways that were unaccountable. Some men are fond of dogs. They will pay \$400 for a Gordon setter, and never shoot anything but the setter.

Lodges are useful; but too many of them do not make a home happy. A man in Iowa joined so many that it took him and his wife all night to count them. He slept in regalia, called his wife Worshipful Master, and his son Junior Warden. He spent a great deal of his time marching in processions and in visiting the sick—especially ladies of sixteen years and upward. He was taken sick himself, and he was visited by so many committees that his wife was glad to get him well.

Fill your home with beauty. People ought to live in every room in the house. I have built a great many houses—on paper, and I am at it yet. I would avoid the spare room. It is cold and damp. There is nothing in a spare room that will burn. I have often tried to warm a bed in a spare room, but always failed. If you have any doubt about the spare room, ask your pastor; he knows all about it.

We live in brighter homes now, and live in better houses than kings formerly lived in. I can say, with Talmage, that I was glad to be on hand when this planet came along. Our fathers were a lot of scallawags. Clothed in tin and steel they would go into a neighbor's castle, and rob and destroy. But now things are better. If a man sees another with anything he wants, he makes a deal with him in stocks, in oil, or cotton, or what, and he gets the property—but he don't disfigure the corpse. Only 160 years ago the last witch was burned in Scotland for getting up a thunder-storm by pulling off her stockings; now a man won't get