

local journalism demands some capital—experience, business ability, integrity, character and standing, we would gladly step aside and give over the field to them. The men, for whom we have so long looked and waited, have appeared in the persons of the publishers of the NEWS, the elder sons of our worthy mayor, Robert G. Evans, and they more than come up to the somewhat broad and comprehensive measure of our demands.

We have placed, so long as they shall deem it necessary, our experience, knowledge and ability, such as they are in quality or quantity, at their disposal, with authority to draw upon and utilize at any and all times as may best serve their new enterprise, at such compensation as the success of the venture shall justify. If it yields us a round \$1000 per annum, we shall rejoice, or if it be but "two and six pence" we shall not complain, for the real practical problem of life, whose solution God forces upon us, is not how much pay can we get, but how much service can we render. LEWIS B. HIBBARD.

HISTORICAL.

The first issue of the NEWS was in April, 1874, by Frank P. Hawkins. It was started as a monthly, hoping it would ultimately grow into a weekly, a hope never realized, for in May, we think, 1875, it suspended publication. When the editorial pen was laid down, over one and twenty years ago, it was not supposed it would lie so long unused. But Van Winkle's long sleep has come to an end; the rusty old gun is cleaned up and seems quite serviceable yet; at all events we shall rely on it for some good work. Old Rip himself feels as fresh as a kid, though his joints are a little stiff and his natural strength abated. The NEWS was started twenty-two and a half years ago to promote the good of Highland Park; it is the same now; a long suspension of activity has not changed its purpose; we have simply taken up the old task, not to complete it, for that is not given to one man or one generation, but to carry it forward the length of our tether.

We are glad the founder of the NEWS is still alive to welcome a return to animated activity this child of his brain and his heart and rejoice in its later as well as its earlier achievements. Next week we hope to discuss some changes witnessed during the quarter century, since his brain evolved the idea of the NEWS, under the caption of "Now, and Then."

LOCAL HISTORICAL STUDIES.

Among the features of the NEWS planned for is a series of articles with the above title, to appear during the year. They will not be exactly a history of Deerfield, but "studies" in that history, treating of the early settlers, the old-time postal facilities, its railway growth, its churches; schools, the founding and growth of Highland Park and its twin-sister, Highwood; and also little, but not unimportant, Ravinia. If at the end of the year they are found of sufficient value, they can be revised and put into a more permanent form and sold at a nominal price, so as to preserve for the future historian, things which will soon be lost beyond recovery.

THE SERGEANT'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of the Fifteenth Infantry at Fort Sheridan.

[BY JESSIE M. MOORE AND ALICE SKIDMORE.]

Sergeant Churchill had a daughter. All the men in his company knew it, for ever since he came into the company, he was wont in the tender, reminiscent moments that come "in the gloaming" to speak of his daughter. He had told her history over, until every man in his company knew it, but her name he had never mentioned, always speaking of her with reverent, lingering accent, as "my daughter." Years before he had married a daintily reared, pure-spirited woman, and their honeymoon only ceased with her death. Her memory still lingered in his heart like the fragrance of dead roses. But growing over the grave of his dead affections was the loved, tender, almost worshiping, for his daughter, who was coming now to keep house for him. She had lived with her mother's people

since childhood, and now, with due allowance for a father's partiality, we may believe she was the best, dearest, sweetest girl the sun ever shone upon.

After years of homeless barracks life, Sergeant Churchill resolved to have a little home for himself, with his daughter to preside over it. "She is twenty years old now," he said to himself, "and must be a good housekeeper after these years under her Aunt Jeannie's training. But housekeeper or no, I must have my little girl with me."

So, on an early June day, the Sergeant looking as trim and military as the most fastidious Inspector-General could wish, stood waiting outside the box like station for the train that should bring to him his daughter.

We will pass over that first meeting between father and daughter, nor will we speak of her girlish pleasure in everything that "Daddy" had done to make her new home pleasant.

They lived in a pretty cottage a short distance from the reservation gates. It had formerly been owned by an old English couple, who had spent all their time in cultivating the place until it was a veritable bower of beauty. And Churchill himself had spent a good many hours there that spring, putting the place in order, thinking as he worked of the happy hours spent in like manner with his wife in their little Paradise.

Anna Churchill, as her father had so confidently expected, was a good house keeper, and the wheels of domestic life moved so smoothly that their presence was never suspected. Gradually, it became the custom for a few chosen friends to come in one evening in the week, usually Saturday, to play and sing. Sergeant Churchill was passionately fond of music, and had a good tenor voice; Anna had a clear sweet soprano and could play very well, so that, with the help of their few friends, their "Churchill concerts" came to be very enjoyable. Sergeant Churchill was very careful as to those he allowed the privilege of visiting at his house. Anna, too, had a good deal of dignity; and a certain