

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

There will be a game of indoor ball, Saturday night, Feb. 6th, between Highland Park and Waukegan, at Goldberg's Hall. Admission, 15 cents.

A somewhat elderly, but vivacious lady met Judge D. A. Holmes in the post office the other day and said to him, "Why David". Of course we were shocked at such unprecedented familiarity with our Judge, in public. What to do we don't know, unless someone will send her an anonymous letter.

In 1852 our youngest uncle, he seemed like an elder brother, so near was he to our own age—went to India as a missionary. It then took from six to eight months to get word to and a reply from him, and that was regarded as fast time, as formerly it had taken a year. One of our old class-mates is secretary of a missionary organization in Boston and he received a despatch from a workman in Burmah just two hours after it was sent, through all the changes, repetitions, etc., between Rangoon and Boston. That is, a message can be sent half-way round the globe and a reply received back between dinner and supper, where but a few years ago the same thing required six months, and earlier in the century a full year.

We are told by competent electricians that instead of the \$75.00 which Alderman Cushman said it would cost to have our street lights tested it would cost several times that amount, \$300 or \$400 in fact. That to do the thing right and thorough it will be necessary to have a room about 12 feet square, lined with impenetrable black material about every incandescent lamp; of course such a little house can be built and hauled about from one lamp to another. But the fun will come in on the arc lights, as the testing room must be about 60 feet by twenty wide, lined with black. Messrs. Rioux and King could move that around, but it would soon eat up all that \$75.00 and lots more. Then when it was all done it would be good just for one night or in the language of show bills "one night only." But then when the city has such a painful surplus of funds, it must be fooled away some way. A Massachusetts Judge the other day adjourned court and told the sheriff to take one of the jurors out and give him a good thorough turkish bath. When our aldermen throw away all the money they can on expert tests of electric lights, won't they appropriate a handsome sum

for the construction of suitable bath rooms provided with hot and cold water, soap, sponges, flesh brushes, etc., for the convenience of our court? A good, hot bath would be better and more suitable than "\$5.00 and costs," with lots of fellows. We must have that bath room as a suitable adjunct of court soon; it would complete the architectural proportions and harmonies of the imposing corridors of our unique jail.

SATURDAY'S FIRE.

The Charles B. Soule house, for so many years the home of the late Dr. J. L. B. Soule, was pretty nearly ruined by fire Saturday morning, January 30th. Just how it took fire is not absolutely certain, but the consensus of opinion is, that it was from the breaking or upsetting of a kerosene lamp, being used to thaw out a frozen or freezing water pipe. The alarm was immediately turned in and the Electric light whistle blew the fire alarm vigorously, and the firemen responded almost to a man, and fought bravely. The roof is practically burned off, and the upper floor is beyond repair, and the lower floor is practically ruined. We learn also that the hydrants were frozen. Some denied this, but Major Davidson told us that the one near them was frozen, as he examined it after the fire, but it was thawed out Monday. That is not just the right state of things. How would it do for the council to put that \$75 or \$350 they want devoted to testing electric lights, on the hydrants, boxing them in and protecting them from the frost. This idea of burning down the nearest residence or business block to thaw out a frozen hydrant, does not commend itself to the average citizen.

Then we are told,—for though but little over a block from us; we knew not of the fire till all was over—some people got rattled and not only failed to help but really hindered, and some thought more of saving the doctor's things than the house. In fact, we have heard lots of things, but all unite in praise of the heroism and patience and work of the fire department.

Mr. Soule had his insurance placed in the city, but we understand he was well protected. Now that the house is so nearly ruined, we hope it will be entirely removed and a new and elegant home constructed there, for it is one of the finest lots in the central part of the city. Dr. Conger moved his goods at once into the Winchester house on the corner, where, we presume he will reside for the present.

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