

A SURPRISE.

Once in a while a vessel on our inland waters strikes a snag; it may or may not smash a hole through the ship, but it gives a shock and a surprise. We struck a snag Monday night in the shape of the Ravinia Improvement Society, in accepting a courteous invitation to attend and make a "few feeble remarks," a duty we can always perform. Had they wanted a sound, sound, solid speech they would have gone elsewhere, probably. We gave them what they wanted, as well as we could in 15 minutes. But we were surprised and greatly pleased with the whole affair, abating a little flippancy, as it seemed to us, over one matter. It carried us back 40 years at a single bound, when we taught our first school in 1852-3, way out on "Koniac street," when we had spelling schools of our own, and went to others in all districts thereabouts or earlier where we used to go to the "corner" five miles from home to the Debating Society in the old schoolhouse. The like of those old spelling schools and lyceums we shall never see again.

But this Ravinia meeting was more of a business affair with a literary or social annex. It was as purely rural as though an hundred miles from any city, save that the men wore, what they call out on the frontier "biled shirts and dickies," had their hair neatly brushed and boots neatly blacked, while the women were dressed in the latest and nobbiest styles of State street. We could not tell the aristocracy from the proletariat. Everybody was as good as everybody else and that was A. 1. They were as quick to see a point as a weasel is to see a dog and when we accidentally said something funny, we did not have to stop and say "Laugh now;" they knew when and how. Business was done in a busi-

ness-like manner; they ordered a car of lumber for a sidewalk, to let ex-Judge Comstock out to church, with only about \$10 in the treasury, but they picked up the balance in five minutes, these bucolic millionaires; they sang the old inspiring Battle Hymn of the Republic and carried us back to the dark days of the war, when it broke on the country through the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, like a bugle blast. One man spoke of their literary program, as rather "slim," and it was, so far as the News contributed to it, but if the rest was slim, what would they call a "well-fed" entertainment. Taking it all in all, it was a delightful evening, and they so far forgot themselves as to ask us to go again, and now—can't back out!

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Another victim of the grip—Miss Irene Russell.

Although John Obee's face was not dirty, the girls washed it with snow.

When they get the new High School building, opposite Mr. Parrott's, yours truly will not have to walk so far, and will therefore have time to write more and better items.

Talking about coasting, Highland Park is not in it with Ft. Spokane, where Joe Bubb came from. There are hills there where you can take a coast of two or three miles; you come down in five minutes and go back in an hour.

Prof. Wilson has been laid up at home with the grip this week. Miss Stewart manages things in his absence, and does admirably. It is not every woman that could take hold of another's classes, and keep them agoing besides her own, and look after the order of the whole school at the same time.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Highland Park, Ill., Feb. 1, 1897.
The undersigned begs leave to announce to the citizens of Highland Park and vicinity that that he has purchased the business, tools, fixtures and good-will of the old and well-known Aldridge Black-smithing stand, just back of John Freberg's Livery, on St. Johns avenue.

Having worked for some time in the shop with Mr. Aldridge, I know the demands of the place, and its high reputation. It is my purpose to maintain the former high standard for promptness and excellency of work, as well as reasonableness of price, as all work will be done under my personal supervision.

Hence I solicit the continued patronage of the old patrons, as well as that of new friends. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Yours respectfully,
FRED DENMAN.

James McDonald,

DEALER IN

**Dry Goods, Groceries,
Flour, Feed and Wood.**

We keep but the best goods, and all are sold at one price.

St. Johns and Central Ave

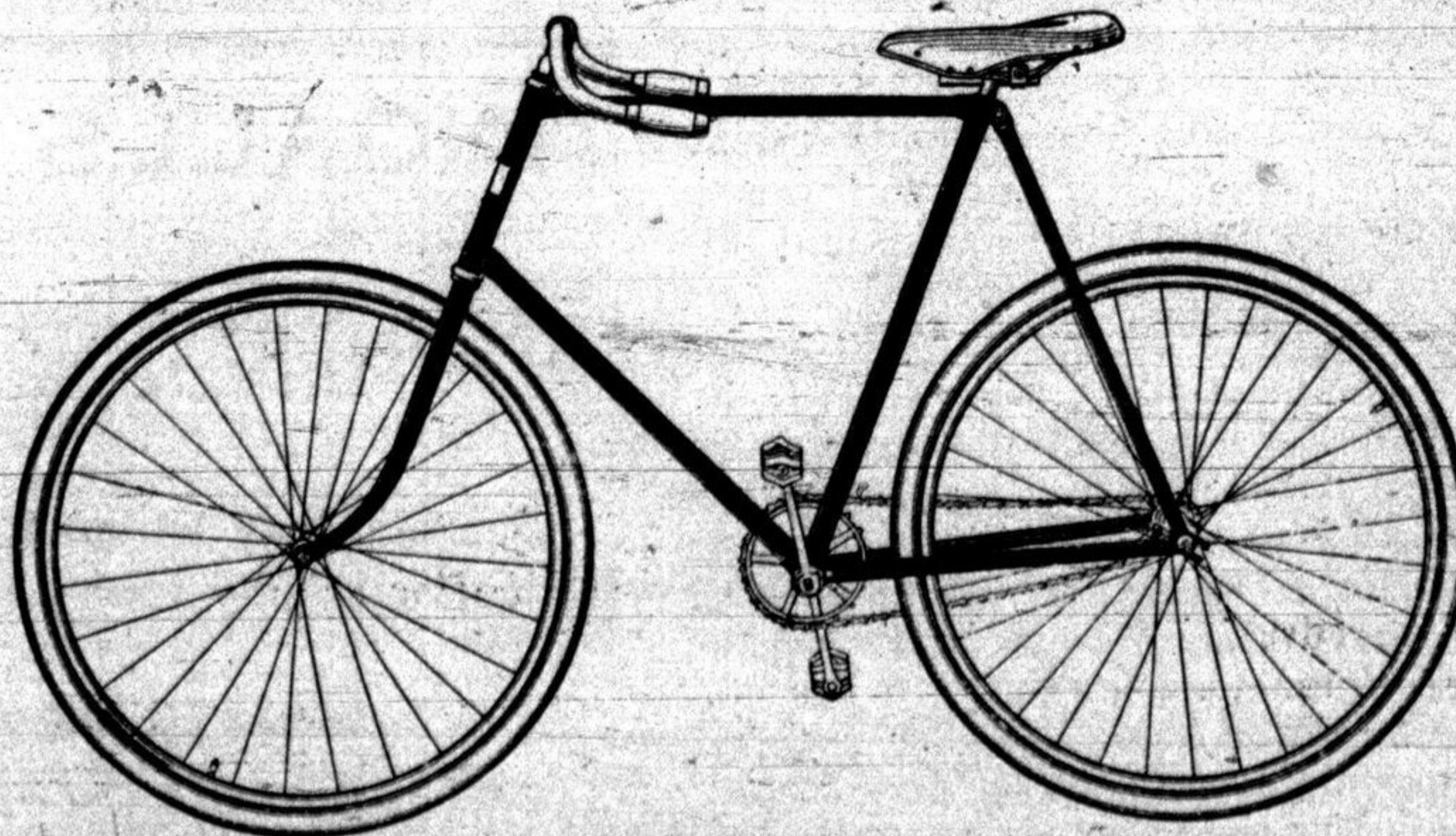
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

1897 *Waverley* Bicycles
AMERICA'S FAVORITE. \$55.

Built in the Largest and Best Equipped
Bicycle Factory in the World.

ALL KINDS OF
BICYCLE REPAIRING AND ENAMELING.

Several Good Second-Hand Wheels For Sale.
Agent for Chase Tough Tread Tires.



E. H. PURDY, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.