

ABOUT TOWN.

Mr. Palmer the famous local boat builder, has the lumber all on his lot 5 block 38, corner High street and St. Johns avenue, for his new home. Build the two new bridges on St. Johns avenue and that wild and wooly country up there will be improved at once, and in five years St. Johns will be the street of the town and the North Shore. As a boat builder Mr. Palmer selects this site for his home so as to be in the swim; no pun intended.

There was a reported attempt at burglary Tuesday night, and the next day a somewhat seedy, kind of a tramp looking fellow applied to Mr. Ackerman for work and while engaged told some of the help he thought Highland Park a queer place as some one fired two or three shots at him while he was going around to the back door to ask for some food. Thus collapsed a possible sensation.

Some of our citizens who live a little out, complain to us of the way cows are turned loose, or tethered out on other people's lots, or along the sidewalks, where they not only make themselves a nuisance, but interfere with pedestrians. It seems to us this must be thoughtlessness and if the marshal's attention was called to it the evil, we think, would be remedied. Some owners of vacant lots are very much stirred up over the matter. Now, neighbors, seek peace and harmony, for the golden rule is still in force here.

Pretty respectable vote for the new High School building. Some ignoramus had told the farmers out west there must be a majority of the voters in the district in favor of the school to make it legal. This is the way the statute reads in voting to issue bonds to build or repair school buildings; the directors can do it—"when authorized by a majority of the votes cast at an election called for that purpose." There were 241 votes for building the school house and 35 against building it. We are told that our venerable, learned and distinguished Judge Comstock voted against it. Whew! A wearer of the spotless ermine opposed to the education of our youth. Don't he know that a little learning is a dangerous thing? Judge, Judge come in out of the rain!

One of our most public spirited citizens calls attention to the shocking condition of the hill south of Egandale, down to the lake from Mrs. Lay's, Egan's, Roche's etc. To drive down there in a buggy perils one's life. Now it seems to this tax-

payer, as it does to us, that so important a street as that for driving and showing the beauties of the Park should not be left in that condition all summer. If tolerably graded in the spring, at no very great expense, and cheap water bars put in, it would be serviceable all summer. The same man calls our attention to a big wash-out down on the Ravine Drive, and this man is one who spends no little time in showing strangers about the city.

EGANDALE.

Rioux & King are doing quite a job at W. C. Egan's. First they moved his shop and tool house back, and put on another story for a storage room. Then they moved back the barn toward the rear of the lot, so Mr. Laing can build a fine artistic drive way back to it. The barn is being remodeled on the inside. The house is to have a kitchen and laundry annex built on; the cellar is to be enlarged, and steam heating apparatus put in so they can make it comfortable for the winter. He has sold his fine city residence to Judge Fullerton, we understand, and proposes to make the Park his permanent home, whereat we all rejoice. No one dreamed when Mr. Egan began on that place, that it had any such possibilities of landscape beauty as he has developed, and we sometimes ask ourselves the question, if that single spot, under his skilled hands and trained eye be made so transcendently beautiful, what kind of a place could such an artist make of the entire city of Highland Park. To our mind Egandale is a prophesy of what the Park, and all this north shore, will yet become, an Eden on earth: the twentieth century will see it.

MATRIMONIAL.

Thomas Howe and Mrs. Daggett have been married, for Thomas writes us a note himself concerning the the happy event. He says his bride found her first lover on the other side of the wide rolling sea, but if he is any judge, she likes her present American spouse better; we trust he is correct in his diagnosis of her sentiments. At all events he has had their home, formerly the M. J. Cray house, on Oakwood avenue, painted inside and out, a new porch built and storm windows constructed at Warren's steam mill to keep out winter's blasts, and their old friends, to say nothing of a lot of new ones, will be welcome at the Howe-Dagget mansion.

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