

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee.
 Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
 A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
 From underneath a thatch of tangled hair;
 You feel the loving, trustful, tender touch
 Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so
 tight;
 You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
 You are almost too tired to pray tonight.

Yet it is blessedness. A year ago
 I did not feel it as I do today,
 We are too dull and thankless and too slow
 To catch the sunshine ere it flits away.
 And now it seems surpassing strange to me
 That while I bore the badge of motherhood
 I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
 The little child who brought me only good.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
 At little children clinging to their gown,
 Or that the footprints when the days are wet
 Are ever black enough to make them frown.
 If I could find a little muddy boot
 Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor,
 If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot
 And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart today,
 Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,
 There is no woman in God's world could say
 She was more blissfully content than I.
 But, oh! the dainty pillow next my own
 Is never ruffled by a shining head;
 My singing birdling from its nest has flown:
 My little boy I used to kiss is dead.

—Philadelphia Times.

EXCELSIOR.

Olney Moore, our former High-School correspondent, has gone to Milton, Wis. for his college course. Here is what the Journal of that city says of him: "Mr. Olney Moore of Highland Park, Ill., will attend Milton college next year. He will also take a 'case' on the Journal. Mr. Moore is a son of N. O. Moore, who, for many years, was the proprietor of a printing establishment in Chicago. He is therefore a printer of considerable experience. The Journal congratulates itself."

By a curious coincidence, Mr. Davis the publisher of the Journal, once worked for young Moore's father as a printer, so that our young friend will be in congenial society, and amid first class intellectual and moral surroundings. We admire his pluck in pushing his way through college. He is starting out just as Daniel Webster did: but he will never commit the superb folly of a 7th of March speech, as Webster did.

In 1879 we took out a \$2000 life-insurance policy in what was regarded as a first class company, and the other day it went into the hands of a receiver. We have paid our premiums promptly all these 18 years, and now only a worthless policy to show for it all. Would we not have been in luck to have died a few years ago? That's the problem; Shakespeare raised it in Hamlet though he had no life insurance policy.

FORT SHERIDAN.

Col. Hall, the officer in command at Fort Sheridan, gave a reception Saturday at the Fort to the Chicago Press Club. Some 600 members of the club and guests came out from Chicago on a special train, furnished by the Northwestern road, leaving the city about 1 o'clock p. m. General Brook in command of the department of the Missouri sent as his representative Captain Richards of his staff.

When the club and its guests reached the Fort, a little after 2 o'clock, they were received by a salute from a battery of light artillery, this was followed by a series of artillery maneuvers of absorbing interest. Then came a cavalry display, followed by a battalion of infantry exhibiting their skill in a bar drill. Another battalion of infantry went through the full dress parade, the whole closing with a band concert. After these interesting, and thrilling exercises Col. Hall and others gave receptions to select members. Large numbers of people from the Park, Highwood, Lake Forest and Lake Bluff were present to witness the military evolutions, for there is something in the human heart which delights in and responds to such displays.

The Club returned to Chicago high in their praise of Fort Sheridan.

OBITUARY.

The editor of the NEWS was called up Monday by his friend, J. R. McQuiston of Chicago, a former well known resident of the Park, asking him to go in Tuesday and conduct the funeral services of his sister, Miss Clara, at Woodlawn Park. Mrs. Frank B. Green and Miss Geraldine Hull went in and sang favorite hymns of the deceased. Miss McQuiston had conducted for some years a successful millinery business in Yorkville, removed to Chicago some three or four years ago, where she was equally successful until attacked with pneumonia last spring which developed into tuberculosis, ending in her death. She possessed the phenomenal family business ability, was of a strong and thoroughly sound mind, and embodied the sterling virtues and high character which endow life with its value and power. The interment was in Oakwoods.

Robertson & Nolan are reported as doing a thriving lumber business these days, their business last week being more than double that of the week before. They also are prepared to furnish hard and soft coal of all kinds at short notice.

CITY BREVITIES.

A full line of school supplies at Dale Sweetland's.

John Wilson of Greenwich, New York, is visiting his son, Professor Wilson.

The Deutsch folks over at Grays Lake are to have a Candy Makers' Picnic and Ball next week Thursday, Sept. 9th, and they invite the NEWS and all the Deutsch over here to attend. It will be in Sloan's grove and no postponement on account of the weather. Of course they will serve all the delicacies of the Faderland.

A young man has applied for the degree of "S. M."—Scientiae Magister, in the Chicago University and to obtain it he must write a satisfactory essay on "The Conform Representation by the function $w = a z^2 - 2 b^2 x c$ and the inverse function." It must be painful to be so awfully learned as all that: we are glad we don't know too much?

Miss Helen Stone, who has spent some days with Mrs. Custer, came down one Sunday morning while here, and played the harp for Mr. Small at his mother's. Miss Stone is said to be one of the most expert and promising harpists in the country, albeit she is yet only a pupil. Those who have heard speak of her efforts in the highest terms.

When you get ready to start for Klondike next spring, don't forget to go into Hibbard, Spencer & Bartlett's for one of their complete camp cooking outfits. It is one of the most complete things we ever saw and can be packed away in small compass. We write this for the benefit of Dr. Ingalls and Robert C. Raffin, who have Klondike on the brain, and have it bad, too.

The city council of Waukegan is not behaving with very great dignity. Not long since it tried to pass an ordinance without the legal number of votes, and lately some few aldermen have skipped the meetings to prevent a quorum and so hinder business. That's the pettiness and folly of partisan politics in municipal affairs. Come down to Highland Park and see how men do things.

Miss Erskine easily takes the prize on her window display of millinery. She has both taste and skill and while she may not put as much time into it, as do some of the big stores of Chicago, she has remarkable success. She has the Butterick patterns of all kinds and up to date at Chicago prices, so that any lady in town can get a pattern for a kitchen apron or a party dress on a moment's notice.