

CITY COUNCIL.

Tuesday evening was regular meeting; all present but Mr. Fritsch. The time for putting a smoke consumer on the electric light folks' stack was extended 30 days. The matter of a sidewalk from C. H. Baker's to school house No. 6 went to the street committee. Judge Dooley came in with \$300 in cash to pay what he thought right on their cedar block pavement. The attorney said he had no legal remedy, but the council could do as it sees fit. It went to the special assessment committee.

The sealer has collected \$8.05 for August. Mr. Smoot made a report on the new special assessment law, showing that the council can no longer initiate and pass these special ordinances, all that is done now by the Board of Local Improvements, consisting of the mayor, city engineer and superintendent of streets, R. G. Evans, H. L. Bowen and John Nolan.

The pumping engineer reported for August as follows:

Total pumpage, gallons.....	9,965,934
Daily average.....	321,481
Total oil.....	8,492
Daily.....	209

The marshal has had two persons arrested and fined; 70 dogs and three pedlers licensed and two street sprinklers—the latter have not quarrelled during the month. Alderman Cushman objected to all this stuff coming before the council.

Laing & Happ, balance on Vine ordered paid. The street railway was given until July, 1898, to complete the road south of Lincoln street. They will build down to H. G. Dickinson's corner this fall. The contract for fuel oil with Standard folks, \$.018 at per gallon was closed; last year it was \$.025. The city clerk was instructed to repair and improve his office, not to cost over \$30.

An hour was spent on the report of the committee on making four wards. Mr. Cushman had a long report concerning the late census and refusing to recommend the new ward. All the aldermen made one or more speeches on the subject and even Judge Hibbard made one. But the council would not go back on its 3016 population report.

A whole grist of cement sidewalk ordinances were passed as follows: On the east of Bohl and Sampson lot, on the south of Sampson's, where Captain Robinson lives, in front of where Mr. Hudson lived beyond H. L. Requa's on Hazel, in front of the Presbyterian church, and a plank one on McGovern street in front of Thayer's. Bids for paint-

ing the water tower were opened. Brand Bros. bid \$85.00, Maurice Hodges \$75, Wm. J. McKinney \$75 and Ed. Ingalls \$69. The fire and water committee were given power to act.

A railroad gate and watchman were ordered at Lincoln street crossing and Mr. Cushman was made a committee of one to make the Northwestern do it. At midnight the council adjourned.

NOTES.

The chief criticism of the evening was the excess of long speeches. The News emphasizes this, as it is a growing evil. In place of two gifted speakers in the last council we have at least four in this one, two of whom can pour out rounded, flowing periods like Burke or Pitt.

When Mr. Cushman made his exhaustive report on the census—that's what it was—he made a long speech and then Mr. Phillips gathered up his Ciceronian logic and eloquence and made the speech of his life, thus far. His facts were well grouped, his logic was fired with a fiery zeal and his rhetoric was finished and he filled the crowd with enthusiasm. Cut down our 3,016 population? Not much: that tickled the popular heart; Phillips' blows were hard; straightening up to his full stature he said "Sir, there is one physician in this town who aids in bringing 100 babies into the world and he is one of six physicians in this city and we have not 3,016 inhabitants?" Preposterous, such a burst of eloquence was too much for the crowd; they applauded and the mayor smiled as only a good man can over the prosperity of his own city.

When Alderman Cushman arose to make his third or fourth speech on the same subject, his neighbor Cobb quietly suggested that even aldermen were limited in the number of speeches they could make on the same subject. Some one wisely suggested that when the aldermen kept the people there till 11 o'clock, refreshments should be ordered at the aldermen's expense. Mr. Phillips suggested that the senior alderman from the second ward had "made a bargain," or deal about certain matters, and the "senior" arose with the old Roman fire in his eye, and proclaimed "I repudiate any bargain" and the people believed him, and took Mr. Phillips remark as a crooked pin in the school-master's chair.

Mr. Phillips went astray, gave himself and his cause away when in his impassioned flow of forensic oratory he said the real gist or aim of Mr. Cushman's anti-census report was to knock the legal basis out from

under the Library appropriation. That statement may have been true, but it weakened Mr. Phillips' case immensely. But no matter the Park has over 3000 inhabitants, don't you lose sight of that fact. But did not the Scotch fire shine out when Col. Davidson straightened up to resist and resent the implied impeachment on his sterling—Scotch—Puritan integrity? Population of Highland Park 3,016, at last quotations.

CHARLES B. FESSENDEN.

"Father Fessenden" as those who knew him so well familiarly styled him, died Sunday afternoon. He was born in Boston, July 4th. 1812. He married Susan E. Skinner, January 8th. 1835. His father was a boy of 17 years when, living in Charlestown, he heard the noise of the battle of Bunker Hill, and seizing his flint lock musket, powder horn and bullet pouch he ran across the fields and participated in that historic conflict. He was in many other battles of the Revolution and died in 1827.

His son, Charles, of whom we write, spent his business life in Boston and New York. For years he was one of the largest ship owners in New England, his clippers sailing every sea, and several of his ships, in oil, hang on the walls of his son's home here in this city, where he spent his last years and where he died. He was dining one day with Dr. Jackson, the discoverer of anaesthetics, when he was told how teeth could be pulled without pain. To satisfy himself he had the new medicine tried on one of his grumbling molars, with marvelous success, as he regarded it.

He was a gentleman of the old school as we say, and came of a race who believed in good blood, Harvard University, business success and all the virtues which made, for two centuries, the old New England civilization the most potent factor in our national life. His wife died in 1869, after which he spent several years in Europe, and then came here for his last years with his son B. A. Fessenden. Rector Wolcott conducted the simple but beautiful service Monday evening at Happy-go-luckie, and the interment was Tuesday in Lake Forest.

If our friends out in West Deerfield who are opposing our high school building have any preparations to make ere they go hence, they had better be about it at once, for we shall bring the nib of our editorial pen to bear on them next week, very much as mother used to do with her slipper.