

FORT SHERIDAN.

Saturday last the editor took his wheel and started out to inspect the electric road up to the Fort Sheridan depot. The road-bed was nearly graded to that point, and most of the track down. It looks as though it had very seriously injured St. Johns avenue for a public driveway. Since the time of our residence in Highwood that little burg has grown wonderfully. Now, Hogan and ourselves and the other primitive aldermen of that place would not have to go out and count the passengers in Jim Knight's train, ransack the hotel registers, and enumerate the tramps and the drummers, to secure the requisite 300 population for a village charter. That was a day of small population but heroic enterprise, and it won the victory. See that string of new buildings along the old Waukegan road, where once was well nigh a howling wilderness. The city hall, in our day, was the old school house, now they are building one with pressed Philadelphia brick front, Milwaukee sides and rear, and a building with all the latest modern improvements. Highland Park won't be nowhere.

And then how the Fort has changed things. Our first summer there we spent many a day hunting out those old grass grown streets and ghost infested houses. Now, the streets are alive with people and traffic: the houses are full and scores of new ones built. Then there was Prall's mineral spring, way up there in the woods, with its spiral stairway down to the healing waters, and out where the pumping station now stands we used to see how well we could shoot across the lake with our revolver. Then that elegant, spacious new depot, it reminded us of scores of little white school houses we used to see in northern Iowa, that were built and waiting for people to move in, children to grow up and make a school. That depot is very fine, but we do more business in our old affair here in the Park in one week than they do in that elegant one in all summer.

Then we spent half an hour visiting with Mr. Sweeney. He and his family were among the first people with whom we became acquainted when we came to this north shore. They sold us eggs and poultry, and wood and hay from their farm, during our nearly five years residence up there, and we never had a ton of hay that was not full weight and good feed: the eggs were not addled, or taken from a sitting hen: and the wood had 128 cubic feet in every cord. The Sweenies treated us

square every time. Well, he is older now than in 1883; so are we. He came there when very young, and the old log house his father built still stands, while he lives in a brick villa, in the midst of those grand, majestic old oaks. We talked politics, Lake county reminiscences and so the time passed till we had to hurry home after a most delightful afternoon. Some stenographer ought to sit down at Mr. Sweeney's elbow for a day or two, and let him tell his reminiscences of the early days, the changes, etc., for bye and bye he will be gone, and then who will tell us of the days of the father in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cutter, of the Elgin Watch Co., spent Sunday in town.

Ex-Pastor Neill's wife is in town visiting her many old friends and parishioners.

Judge Hibbard preached a very able and strong sermon last Sunday evening in the First United Evangelical church.

Miss Rebecca S. Meyer left on Wednesday for Des Moines, Iowa, where she takes the position of head nurse in the Tracy hospital.

Attorney Smoot's new cement sidewalk to his front door is built on the "elevated" plan, up to where his lawn ought, and some day will be. It is a wise man who plans well for the future.

A lot of golfers are coming out Saturday night to spend Sunday at the Exmoor club grounds, and have a sort of Halloween closing of the golfing season. They intend to lend a bit of Scotch air to the event.

F. G. Clarke of Port Clinton is becoming proud, we fear; he is laying down a brand new sidewalk from the corner to his front door. No fine for riding your wheel on that walk; and it is a long stretch, too.

Charles H. Baker returned Sunday morning from a trip of nearly three weeks to his Father Raffens' ranch out in Wyoming. He brought two guns but no bison; they will come later by express if at all. We asked him what kind of a life it is out there and his laconic reply was, "eat, drink, sit around and see cattle grow." "Don't they do anything out there," we asked, and he said "Nothing." A windmill and a river supply the water, and with thousands of acres, the stock graze and grow, and the ranchman gets rich,—if he can. He had rode in the saddle over miles and miles of prairie, was as bronzed as an Indian and with great capacity for eating.

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