

# Highland Park News.

BY EVANS & FORREST.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS.

## Bear Wasn't the Point.

The Point Was Gun, and the Result Proved the Truth of It.

"THE consarned gun hadn't been shot off for 30 year and better," said the Knob country man, "and I told Tom so when he started out with it that night. 'Tom, I says, 'that gun'll kick you worse'n a mule if you fire it; mind what I tell you!' 'Cause it was an old army musket that Tom had lugged all through the war, and when he come back home he hung it up on a couple o' pegs on the settin'-room wall, and it seemed to me that it hadn't never been took down sence. 'Tom, I says, 'that gun'll kick you worse'n a mule.'"

"'But here's two more o' my sheep lugged away last night!' says Tom. 'And by that same infernal old bear, I know! And that makes nine sence the fust o' the month, says he. 'Hain't this clearin' got nothin' to do but raise mutton for bears?' says he. 'Tom, I says, 'I hain't raised the question o' bears, I says. 'Stick to the p'int!' I says. 'The p'int is that if you shoot that gun it'll kick you worse'n a mule. That's what I argue, an' I stick to it. Kickin' guns, not bears, is what I'm arguin' on. It'll kick you worse'n a mule,' I says. 'Mind what I tell you.' 'Tom he says: 'Oh, you pshaw!' and off he goes with the old gun and Jake Dolph, his hired man."

"Samantha, I says to Tom's wife, 'that gun hain't been fired for 30 year and better, has it?' I says. 'Not as I knows on,' says Samantha. 'Pap took it down a year or so 'fore he died, jest after Tom fetched it home from the war,' she says, 'and put a load in it to kill a hawk,' says she. 'That's so,' I says. 'I didn't think it had been took down sence Tom hung it up,' I says. 'Yes,' says Samantha. 'Pap took it down an' loaded it to shoot a hawk,' says she, 'but the hawk wouldn't be come nigh to, and Pap didn't shoot it; so he hung the gun back,' says she. 'Yes, and it was took down ag'in, come to think on it,' says Samantha. 'It was, eh?' I says. 'Yes,' says she. 'Along mebbe a couple or three year after Pap died Tom's brother Sim took it down and loaded it to kill a fox, but the fox got away and Sim didn't fire it,' says she. 'Your pap loaded it and didn't fire it?' I says. 'Yes,' says Samantha. 'And Tom's brother Sim loaded it after that and didn't fire it?' I says. 'Yes,' says Samantha. 'Did Tom load it for usin' this evenin'?' I says. 'Yes,' says Samantha. 'Samantha, I says, 'when they fetch Tom home to-night consider'ble on-finted,' I says, 'and mebbe peeled like a spudded hemlock, send fer me and I'll explain things,' I says. 'Why, Abel,' says Samantha, skeery-like, 'you don't think the bear'll chaw him and mummix him as bad as that, do you?'

"'Bears ain't the p'int!' I says. 'I hain't said a darn thing about bears!' I says. 'Gun is what I'm arguin' on! If Tom fires that gun it'll kick him worse'n a mule. Worse'n a mule! Sizzlin' Socrates! Worse'n a drove o' mules!' I says, and away I starts for home, aggravated like Sam Hill 'cause they kep' throwin' up bears at me when I wa'n't arguin' bears, but was makin' that gun the all pervadin' p'int. 'Yit, when I come to think on it, I hadn't orto blamed Tom and Samantha so much for it, after all, for bear had been thinnin' out their sheep tremendous, and though hunters had sot up nights watchin' for the thievin' bruin and tried to run him down with dogs ddytimes, he give 'em all the slip, and then when they'd go home to rest and git a little sleep he'd sneak in and lug off another sheep, till he had Tom's pastur' pretty well thinned down, and Tom he made up his mind he'd go out with the old musket and see what he could do himself. Consequently, mebbe I hadn't orto blamed him so much for arguin' bear when I was makin' gun the p'int. 'I hadn't got fur on my way home when I says to myself that I better go find Tom where he mowt be layin' 'low in the pastur' lot and argue with him ag'in, thinkin' mebbe that I mowt be able to make more of a p'int by fetchin' in the arguments about Samantha's dad havin' fammed a load in the gun and left it there, and Tom's brother Sim havin' ramm'd a load in the gun on top o' Samantha's dad's and left it there, and the load that Tom himself had ramm'd in on top o' Samantha's dad's and Sim's with the idee o' not leavin' it there. 'If them arguments ain't enough to show Tom that the p'int is gun more than bear,' I says, 'then he don't know nothin' about logic, and if Samantha is left a widder and the coroner gits a fee,' I says, 'I won't be because I didn't argue on proper p'int's. 'So I turned and follered the road to'rds Tom's back pastur' lot, where he was more'n likely settin' on the brink

of a volcano that would do some onmerciful belchin' if he ever let that gun go. I had got pretty well in to'rds the pastur' fence when all of a sudden there was a flash that lit up the surroundin' country for a second or so like sheet lightning, and then there was a rumble and a roar and a crash and a crash that shook things enormous. 'The volcano has belched,' I says, and as I was hurryin' on I seen somethin' comin' tearin' down the road to'rds me like a runaway hoss. As it got nigh me I see it was Tom's hired man. 'Bears! Bears! Bears!' he hollered, as he went tearin' by. 'Bears be durned!' I hollered, stoppin' to argue with him. 'Bears ain't the p'int. The p'int is—' 'But the fired man tore on out o' sight. 'So I hurried on to find out whether there was enough left o' Tom to be open to conviction. I found him lyin' on the ground at one edge o' the pastur', groanin' and squirmin' and wringin' and twistin' worse than if cholera morbus had sot in. I riz him so he sot up, but it was a minute or more before he got hisself gathered together enough to know where he was. Then it come to him, and lookin' up and seein' me, he says: 'Did they chaw me up pooty tremendous, Abel? Am I clawed and ripped up much by 'em?' says he. 'I see that he was stickin' to bears yit, and it riled me. 'Consarn yer, Tom!' says I. 'Bears ain't the p'int! Did you fire that gun or didn't you?' 'The left o' evidence mowt be that I did,' says he, 'but I wouldn't want to swear that it wasn't earthquakes,' says he. 'Then I see he was kind o' gittin' round to seein' the real p'int o' the argument, and I says: 'Where is it?' 'Seems to me,' says he, 'that I remember of it's quittin' me, but I didn't have no time to ask it where it was goin', says he. 'Then I see that one side o' Tom's face was swelled up bigger'n a pumpkin and that he didn't have no use o' his right shoulder, and he said he didn't think, from the way he was feelin' in them parts, that there was more than four o' his ribs broke on that side, but there mowt be five. I looked around and seen a panel o' rail fence down a rod or so behind us. 'What did you tear that fence down fur?' I says. 'There wa'n't no fence tore down when me and the gun came in,' says Tom. 'Then I knowed that the gun had kicked that panel o' fence down and I followed the trail through the panel o' fence, found a gully plowed in the road clean across it, more'n six inches deep, kind o' caty-cornered to'rds the woods on t'other side. I followed the gully off into the woods a couple o' rods, and at the end of it I found the gun, chuck

up ag'in a hemlock tree, and there was bark knocked off o' the tree half-way round and three foot up. The gun was actually quiverin' yit, as if it hadn't hardly give its dyin' kick. I picked it up and went back to Tom. Jest as I got there in come Samantha and the hired man, and we worked Tom home by degrees. The doctor from the Eddy happened to be at the mill that night and he didn't take long to git him. After he had straightened Tom around and made him comfortable, Samantha took up the argument ag'in. 'Who'd a-thank,' says she, 'that bear o'uld a—' 'Samantha,' says Tom, 'bears ain't the p'int. The p'int is that amazin' gun, and when I git around ag'in,' says he, 'I'm goin' to spike it and bury it down in the fur corner of the old stone lot,' says he, 'with stones a top of it three foot deep. 'Then I knowed that Tom had come square round to the p'int o' the argument, and seen that logic was logic, and I went home feelin' that all you got to do when you got your p'int's right is to stick to 'em, and nothin' kin down you. 'Did Tom git any bears? Well, as I been tryin' to tell you, bears wa'n't the p'int, but I believe they did find a couple o' bears in the pastur' lot next day. One of 'em, they said, had a hole through him you could shove a stovepipe in, and out o' t'other un, which must a been in range o' the first un, they took so much lead that I have an idee he must a stopped all o' Tom's load, and all o' Tom's brother Sim's load, and all o' Samantha's dad's load—there bein' too much vim to the gun for 'em to have time for stoppin' in the first bear.'—N. Y. Sun.

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## NEW GERMAN NAVY.

### Emperor William Wants It to Be Absolute Perfection.

#### Phenomenal Development of the Ship-Building Industry in Half a Score of German and Baltic Sea Ports.

[Special Berlin (Germany) Letter.]

Germany is one of the youngest of "modern" maritime nations. I say purposely "modern," for in the old days, when the Hansa lorded it over the seas; Germany was a fighting power on sea, for several centuries the most formidable. But of the modern powers she is, with the single exception of Japan, the youngest. It was exactly 50 years ago, in 1848, that the beginning of the German navy dates, and that first attempt panned out so badly that a couple of years later the young navy, for want of somebody to support it, was auctioned off to the highest bidder. This is literally true, a fact comparatively little known outside of Germany, where nobody likes to think of it. But it is quite different to-day. In the British naval press the best-informed and most competent writers express again and again the opinion that the pretty song "Britannia Rules the Waves" will in all likelihood soon become obsolete, and that the Teuton cousin across the channel will be most largely instrumental in bringing it about. As a matter of cool, unvarnished fact it must be conceded that there is a movement now in Germany to make her

German navy is to be doubled, and afterwards trebled, in size, these new yards, called, significantly enough, "Germansia yards," will execute no small portion of the work required. During a visit I recently paid to the famous Schichau yards in Elbing, on the Baltic, I was greatly interested in the new torpedo cruisers in process of construction there. They were being built for China, which country, it may be remembered, had her navy entirely destroyed by Japan during that remarkable duel between the pigmy and the unwieldy giant, and some others for Austria, whose ship-building capacities, so far as her navy is concerned, are not up to date. The newest type of torpedo cruiser, intended for China, was an especially remarkable vessel, with a registered speed of 22 knots, or about 27 miles, per hour, the swiftest boat afloat. To look at this vessel was indeed a treat, so much did the eye become pleased with the elegant lines and the racer-like qualities of it. Although but 230 feet long, and 33 feet wide, this remarkable cruiser is driven by 9,000 horse-power of steam and when under way there will, until some swifter are built, nothing be able to catch it on water. So the Chinese, if they ever have another marine war, will at least be able to run away from their enemies, which they were, it will be remembered, unable to do from the Japs. The latest built English torpedo cruisers, while nominally capable of a speed of 31 knots, have in reality only achieved 28 knots, when loaded up the way German vessels are on their trial trips. The Austrian government, in its torpedo cruisers, was not quite so exacting as the Chinese, having probably no such great need to supply themselves with the means of running away, and it is therefore satisfied with a speed of 27.5 knots. The vessel I saw had a length of 200 feet, 27 feet width, a tonnage of 510, and 6,000 horse-power. The steam was produced in four engines. The torpedo armament consisted of three deck projecting tubes, for 18-inch torpedoes, and six quick-firing guns of 45 centimeter-caliber. Against this very modern vessel an old-type torpedo, such as was constructed up to five years ago, looked very curious, with its one smoke stack, its top-heavy build, calculated to sink it with any swell of the sea, and its old-fashioned torpedoes on the jutting bow. Well, the next few years will probably see some material changes in the construction of big battleships, but none, I am assured, of any importance in the torpedo line.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

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Kiao-Chou was seized by the Germans and the "exploitation" of China became the motto in Germany, just a couple of months since, six new and large steamers for the far Asiatic passenger and freight traffic. Two of these newly-ordered steamers are to be of 14,000 tons each. The new floating docks of this same firm are a mechanical wonder in themselves, capable of accommodating ships of any size. And what confidence German capital, too—usually so cautious—has in this new movement is best seen from the fact that the capital stock of Blohm & Voss was raised to 60,000,000 marks within 24 hours, and that the money was subscribed twice over on the Hamburg bourse in a single day. However, the greatest wonder in this line, after all, is Kiel. The imperial yards there alone are worth a visit to the town, for they are in all essential respects—capacity, costly machinery, skill of workmen, ability of engineers, number employed, etc.—far ahead of the government yards of France in Toulon, Marseilles and Brest. For years a force of between 6,000 and 8,000 men has been steadily employed there. The smaller government yards in Wilhelmshaven are also of excellent capacity, although they cannot be compared with those in Kiel. But Kiel has of late had another important addition to its ship-building industries, the new Krupp yards. Although their beginning dates only back 18 months, these new works already cover a splendid tract of 180 acres, and employ 1,100 men. They are to be steadily enlarged, moreover, and it is intended to make them, within the coming ten years, the biggest of all. During the next seven years, while the

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## ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

### Cost of State Charities.

The state board of charities has issued its quarterly financial statement, showing the cost of maintenance of the several state charitable institutions for the quarter ended December, 1897. The report shows appropriations drawn during the quarter amounted to \$311,532.02, and appropriations undrawn January 1, 1898, \$2,786,453.96. The average number of inmates was 8,835, of whom 5,358 were in insane hospitals. The total cost to the state for the quarter for the several institutions for general expenses was as follows:

Northern insane hospital.....	\$4,139 87
Eastern insane hospital.....	78,324 09
Central insane hospital.....	29,384 19
Southern insane hospital.....	38,200 00
Asylum for insane criminals.....	8,538 00
Deaf and dumb asylum.....	36,363 00
Institution for the blind.....	14,754 00
Asylum for feeble-minded children.....	25,947 00
Soldiers' orphans' home.....	16,574 00
Eye and ear infirmary.....	3,054 00
Soldiers' widows' home.....	33,029 00
Home for juvenile female offenders.....	4,914 00
Total expense for the quarter.....	\$384,029 88

### More Room for the Insane.

Gov. Tanner has approved the action taken by the state commissioners of public charities in rearranging the districts from which patients are committed to the state hospital for the insane, and the quotas of the several counties in the hospitals of their respective districts. The present estimated capacity of the state hospitals for the insane is 9,950. Of the 750 beds added to the former quotas, as defined in the official circular of 1893, Cook county will gain 437 and the rural counties 313.

### The Royal Arcanum.

At the eighteenth annual convention in Rockford of the grand council of the Royal Arcanum officers were elected as follows: Supreme representatives, Messrs. Telford and Van Sandt; grand regent, Bernard McHugh; vice regent, F. T. Crittenden; orator, N. B. Jackson; secretary, John Wiley; treasurer, J. A. Held; chaplain, W. S. Elliot, Jr.; guard, Christian Wolfe; warden, G. F. Decker, all of Chicago; secretary, J. E. Hefferan, of Rockford.

### Flames Were Fatal.

Fire destroyed the Ayer building in Chicago, occupied by piano firms, the Presbyterian Publication society and other industries, causing a loss of over \$500,000, and six persons are known to have lost their lives in the flames, 17 others were missing and 34 were injured, some probably fatally. An explosion of chemicals caused the fire.

### A Boy Murderer.

Perry Gardiner enticed Will Rogers into an unoccupied building at Pulaski and beat his brains out with a club. He then escaped, and although officers are searching for him he has not been found. Gardiner and Rogers were playmates, aged 16. The former had a grudge against his companion and took this means of avenging it.

### Looks Like Murder.

Thomas Walsh, of the wholesale and retail grocery firm of Robert Walsh & Sons, of Joliet, was found dead a mile north of Plainfield, 11 miles from Joliet, in a ditch alongside the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern railroad tracks. The peculiar condition in which the body was found suggests murder.

### Told in a Few Lines.

The transfer steamer Barlow burned to the water's edge at Cairo, causing a loss of \$75,000. Adolf Kraus, Dudley Winston and Hempstead Washburne, the civil service commissioners indicted in Chicago for violating the law, were found not guilty. The Rock Island Plow company has raised the wages of the 600 molders in the shops ten per cent. Charles H. Childs, an insurance agent, committed suicide in Decatur by shooting himself. Despondency over bad business is supposed to have been the cause. A ten-hour working day has been inaugurated at the Rock Island arsenal and the wages of employes have been raised. Gov. Tanner has appointed W. F. Slater, of Marion county, judge of Williamson county to succeed L. D. Hartwell, who has been appointed postmaster at Marion. Mrs. John Brown, aged 20, committed suicide in Quincy by taking prussic acid because of ill health. She leaves a husband and two babes. Mrs. Lucinda Bent died at Bloomington, aged 75 years. She was wealthy and prominent and had lived there for nearly 40 years. The Chicago National League team of baseball players will no longer be known as colts. The Pulaski rolling mills have been sold to Gray Bros. for \$22,000. Douglas county paid \$609.14 for 34,657 sparrows killed this winter. Fred Krauss, a cigarmaker, committed suicide at his home in Amboy by taking "rough on rats." No cause was known. While returning from Olney William Cutchall, an old soldier, fell from his wagon, became entangled in a log chain and was dragged to death. Mrs. Gertrude Ackerman celebrated her one hundredth birthday anniversary at her home in Kirkwood. She is the mother of 11 children, six of whom are still living.