

**MR. HODGES' DEATH.**

Maurice K. Hodges, who died Monday, at St. Luke's hospital, in Chicago was born in Waler-town, N. Y., in 1850. A year ago last May he had a partial stroke of paralysis and then Bright's disease set in and developed into an acute form terminating fatally as above stated. He came to the Park to reside about twelve years ago. His wife was Miss Mary Peterson, of Racine, one of the best, the most patient, conscientious and devoted women this community has had. She has followed her sense of duty from first to last and hence the wide-spread and genuine sympathy for and kindness shown the family by those who have known her best.

Mr. Hodges was a skilled and capable workman, but has not been able to do anything for a long time. He was the brother of Mrs. C. W. Aldridge, and leaves besides his wife, a mother and invalid sister as members of his household. The funeral was Wednesday at 1 o'clock p. m. at his late home, conducted by Rector P. C. Wolcott, who, with his church, has shown great and constant kindness to Mr. Hodges and his family

through it all. The interment was in the Lake Forest cemetery. Mrs. Hodges, the aged mother, traces her lineage back, through her Virginia ancestry, to the best blood of the the earliest settlers of the country, some of them having come over, all think, in the Mayflower itself.

**STILL ANOTHER.**

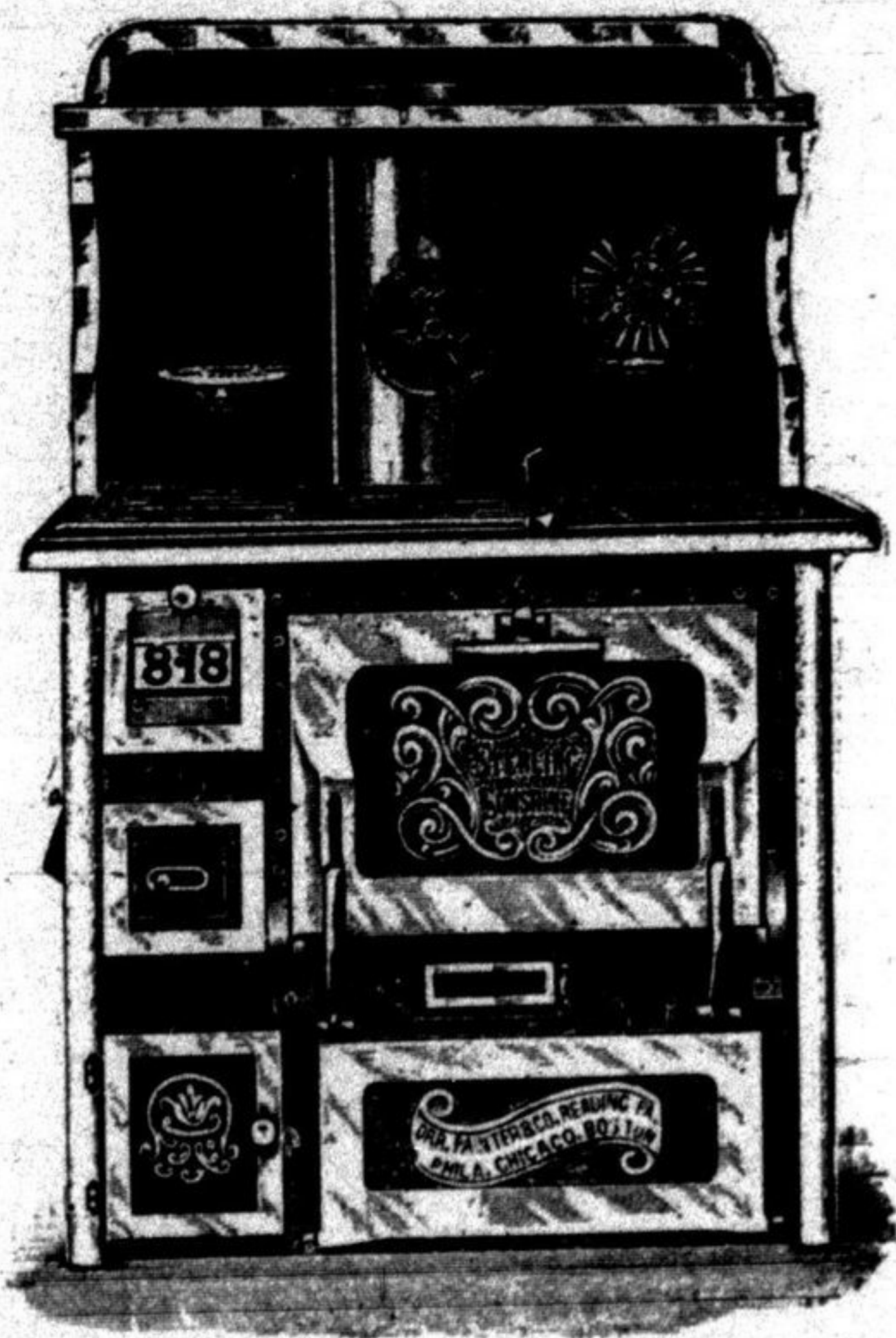
Here is another: a letter with one of Uncle Sam's notes in it for a subscription to the News, from Charles H. Smith of Pomona, Tennessee, the state of parson Vines and his wife. He has endured it as long as he could and now that he can't endure any longer he says he must have the News and he shall have it: he goes at it in the right kind of a way. Some folks seem to think nothing can happen if they just refuse to subscribe for the paper. But therein they err, for happenings go right along every day, no matter who does or who don't subscribe. We got spunky once, while a boy, and refused to eat our dinner: But when we found that "all creation" did not stop over our boyish folly, we fell to and made the best we could of a cold bite. Fall in and keep up with the moving reading procession.

**A VERMONT DEMOCRAT.**

Two or three weeks ago we mentioned the fact that our old town of Cavendish had elected as its representative to the state legislature Cashier Charles W. Whitcomb, a native of the town, some five and thirty or forty years old. He is a democrat and the town republican, but he is so able, honest and worthy in every way that they all took hold and elected him, though a democrat. He is not a bourbon or a moss-back or hunker, but a right, loyal manly man. Last week his legislature re-elected Redfield Proctor to the United States Senate, by an overwhelming majority and strong outspoken republican, of course, and President Harrison's Secretary of War. Here is a resolution that Mr. Whitcomb introduced and was passed with great eclat.

"Resolved, that the senator just elected possesses is an eminent degree, the confidence and esteem of this joint assembly without regard to party affiliation, and that we desire to place on record our recognition of this fact, and our appreciation of his devotion to the interests of our State and his efforts to advance its material welfare."

That is the statesman-like of democrats they have in Vermont; we wish they could send some of them to Illinois, that would be a noble, and patriotic thing to do.



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