

## Glencoe Department.

### A NOCTURNE.

(With abject apologies to the shade of Edgar Allan Poe.)

Hear the slogan of the dogs—noisy dogs!  
Now grate the wheels of Night upon their  
eggs!

How each barks, and barks, and barks,  
On the balmy air of night,  
While the stars, like tiny sparks,  
Peep and twinkle their delight  
At our plight.  
Like a Cerberian rhyme,  
How their baying keeps the time,  
And his tintinnabulation stabs the ears.  
Hear the canine chorus swell  
Like a very blast from hell,  
Appalling us with sleep-dispelling fears.

List, the loud alarm dogs—savage dogs!  
How rudely on the ear their infernal jar-  
gon jogs!

In the startled air of night  
Hear them snarl and growl and fight,  
And the homeward-bound belated wretch  
affright,  
How they rage and ram around,  
Though with chain securely bound;  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
In their rabid, wild desire  
To snatch a quarter-section from his  
"togs."

Hear the doleful, bodeful howling of the  
dogs—

First in chorus, then alternate dialogues!  
How we shiver, shiver, shiver,  
And our heads with blankets "kiver,"  
While our nerves with anguish quiver,  
And the chills, just like a river,  
Up and down along the spinal cord are  
flowing.

Now floats a howl in solo on the palpitat-  
ing air.  
Like a bugle from the elfland faintly blow-  
ing.

"Tis some "melancholy Dane,"  
Vainly sighing for his "fair,"  
Who would like his crop of wild oats to be  
sowing.

Then same cur of low degree,  
With a voice in "upper G,"  
To the dismal chorus adds one terror more,  
Like the wolf, with hunger bold,  
Whose prolonged crescendo rolled  
A cry of empty want along the Onalaska  
shore.

From away off in the distance  
Comes a note of faint insistence.  
"Tis some puppy that will get there by-and-  
by.

Quick each mongrel, whelp and hound  
Winds his sharpest bugle round  
While the bull-dog and Bernard,  
Raging round about the yard,  
Join the chorus of distraction in reply.

Now with noses pointed upward at the  
moon,

They lift their brazen voices at the loon  
Who, club in hand, confronts them,  
Who, with scowling face, affronts them,  
While they, baying, pour their throats in  
note jejune.

The dogs! O, the dogs!—Confound the  
canine scamps!

Unnumbered as the sands; as useless as the  
irrap ps!

Not a million hungry hogs,  
Not the croaking of the frogs  
In forty thousand bogs,  
Could make the night so hideous as these  
dogs.

If they'd only join the wolf upon that  
shore!

Or better still! their fix  
On the other side of Styx!  
But they bark and yelp and yowl;  
But they rave and rant and growl;  
But they're with us, fair or foul,  
By day and night, year in, year out, for-  
ever, evermore!

Other Glencoe news on page 13.

Mr. Laurence Howard is home for  
his vacation.

Mr. Robert Pringle moved into his  
house Tuesday.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago was in  
the village Saturday.

Marshal Gooch of Evanston, spent  
Saturday with Archie Hall.

Mr. Morton Culver, Sr., returned  
Monday from Nova Scotia, B. C.

Mr. Will Muir of Chicago was the  
guest of John Day, Jr., over Sunday.

Miss Kaufman of Chicago was a  
guest at Mr. Frank Newhall's over  
Sabbath.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ligare and  
daughter are guests at Mr. Ashbel  
Ligare's.

Mr. Aldis and his Sabbath school  
class of 20 boys spent Sunday in  
Glencoe.

Messrs. Kennedy and Backus were  
guests at Gen. C. H. Howard's over  
Sunday.

Mrs. E. Hurford of Streator, Ill.,  
is the guest of her son, Mr. S. R.  
Hurford.

The opportunity Club met in the  
church parlors Tuesday afternoon at  
4 o'clock.

Misses Mate Lyon and Harriet  
Hodder were the guests of Miss Mur-  
dow over Sabbath.

Mr. George Ligare has gone to  
River Forest to visit his daughter,  
Mrs. Louis Mayo,

What is home without THE NEWS-  
LETTER? Only \$1.50 per year.

Mrs. F. J. Brown and daughter  
Beatrice, spent part of the week at  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. O. D. Swain gave a dinner  
Wednesday evening of last week.  
Covers were laid for twelve.

Miss Leonette Cooper left last  
Thursday for Manitou Island. She  
expects to remain a week or ten days.

Saturday the Winnetka Jrs., play-  
ed the Glencoe Jrs., at the grounds  
in Glencoe. The Glencoe's were  
victorious again. The score was  
27 to 19.

On Saturday the third year pupils  
of a West Side high school number-  
ing 160 or 170, visited our village.  
Not content with stripping the ra-  
vines of the wild flowers they entered  
private grounds and carried off every-  
thing in bloom.

Mr. George Williams, an aged col-  
ored man who lived on Adams st.,  
near Greenwood, died Tuesday after  
a long illness. He had been a fami-  
liar figure in Glencoe for several  
years and retained keen mental facul-  
ties up to near the last. Mr. Wil-  
liams appeared to be a very old man,  
but his exact age, I believe, is not  
known.

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