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SATURDAY JUNE 3.

**Highland Park's Cat Farm.** Fame follows the name! No sooner is it announced that Highland Park has "benevolently assimilated" her neighbor to the south than Ravinia, dormant for so many years, verges into prominence.

By the deep Dean avenue ravine, where cat-birds flit in and out among the pussy-willows, a structure has been built that perhaps might be called a latter day catacomb. (Ravinia was originally a Baptist town.) Beneath the miniature cataract in the ravine, it is said, the cat-fish love to play in the shade of the catnip that fringes the waters' edge.

Not to put too fine a point on things, what is locally known as 'the cat farm' has been located in this ideally appropriate spot. Miss Simonton has come there to live with nineteen tabby tigers, three of whom took prizes at the late cat show. The NEWS-LETTER is not very well informed on the subject of cats and cannot undertake to give accurate data at this time but perhaps can do so later.

Miss Simonton keeps the cats merely for love of the thing. She never issued a catalogue and in fact never sold a cat, though some of the nineteen are valued as high as \$2000.

The place is well worth a visit and Miss Simonton was very courteous

in answering nearly every question in the category. Some people, under the circumstances, might object to being catechized about their cats.

It will be a surprise to most people that cats should be worth as much as \$2000. The possibilities of speculation along this new line are at once apparant. Now that the industrial stocks are proving unsatisfactory, idle capital may be directed in this new channel.

His Satanic Majesty stepped forward to welcome the man who had been selling Skokie lots as lake shore property. "I have concluded," he said, "to give you a lot fronting on the lake of fire. We haven't got to water yet, but the street is macadamized with good intentions. "I would like to ask," said the real estate man, his business instinct making him forget his misery for the moment, "if the riparian rights doctrine is recognized in this section."

"I was young at the time," said the man of military ancestry, "but at the first call for volunteers I went out as a drummer." "Ah, said his admiring listener, "and so you helped cheer the flagging troops on to victory." "Well, not exactly; the fact is I was traveling for a shoe house."

"So you've been here all the evening without catching any fish," the stranger remarked to the young man on the breakwater. "Didn't you even get a bite." "Oh, yes, I got a number of bites," replied the dejected fisherman; "the mosquitos are out in force."

A North Shore liveryman expresses himself as heartily in favor of a stable government for the Philippines.

"Harry's Pond," the famous Glencoe watering place, celebrated in story and in song—the private resort of the T. Caum, M. T. Barrell and Brocken Brocks' families, with all their brood of relatives representing the waste and debris of creation, despite the efforts in time past to have it closed—was never in

a more flourishing state than at the opening of this season of grace, 1899. It has every appearance of being destined to outlive the century and take a place in the annals of the next. It is a delightful neighbor and continues to be encouraged by those living near, who contribute from time to time to its attractions—a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The feeblest of foes 'tis not safe to despise. Even a hen has been known to lay for people.

And yet the heroes at Bunker Hill didn't know much about golf.

The second chapter of the Glencoe street war was as short as the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland. The edict from the village hall ended the insurrection. The revolting forces quietly withdrew and peace was allowed to spread her white wings the full length of the Green Bay Road. One of the insurgents, however, is of the opinion that the village ought to bring back his fence posts. While he submits gracefully to the superior force he claims that private property cannot be thus taken for public use except by due process of law.

**Nobles of the Mystic Shrine**

Excursion Chicago to Buffalo via the Nickel Plate Road, on occasion of the annual meeting of above order, June 14th and 15th. Tickets on sale June 11th, 12th and 13th, at one first-class limited fare for the round trip. Tickets will be available leaving Buffalo to and including July 2nd, 1899, providing they are deposited with joint agent in Buffalo on or before June 17th, 1899. Passengers may, if desired, have the privilege of either rail or water trip between Cleveland and Buffalo. The Nickel Plate Road has three first-class trains daily from Chicago to Buffalo, New York and Boston. For sleeping-car reservation address General Agent, 111 Adams Street, Chicago.

Mr. Peter Hansen of Oconomowoc, Wis., was revisiting friends in Glencoe the fore part of the week.