

M. O. MADSEN,

Private Dairy.

Families here for the season will do well to give our milk a trial. We keep our own cows. Cleanliness and purity guaranteed in our dairy.

Two Blocks West on Oak, Winnetka.

DR. H. C. R. NORRISS;

Cor. Railroad Ave., and Elm Street,

WINNETKA.

GEORGE BISSET,

Plumber.

Shop: Opp. Depot; Res., over Meyer's Store.

Wm. Landwehr, Dealer in

Pure Milk, Cream, Etc.

Skim Milk, Sour Milk, Buttermilk, Cottage Cheese and Whipped Cream.

Hotels, restaurants and boarding houses supplied at reasonable rates.

Depot: W. Elm St., Winnetka.

North Shore Cash Laundry

NELSON BROS. Proprietors.

Goods called for and delivered at Winnetka, Glencoe and Kenilworth.

W. ELM ST., WINNETKA

E. C. WEISSENBERG, Coal, Wood, Feed and Ice

W. ELM ST., WINNETKA.

VICTOR BECK,

Horse-Shoer and Wagonmaker,

Valuable Horses Carefully Shod.

H. A. LINDALL,

Upholstering and Window Shades,

West Elm Street, Winnetka.

CHAS. SCHROEDER,

Dealer in

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats.

Orders called for and promptly delivered.

Opp. Depot. Winnetka.

WINNETKA BRANCH

Evanston Steam Laundry Co

Goods called for and delivered at Winnetka, Kenilworth and Glencoe.

C. A. Thorsen, Mgr.,

Railroad Ave, One-half Blk. No. of Elm St.

WINNETKA.

Glencoe Department.

A LEGEND OF LONG AGO.

"Tell me a story, grandpa," said the little boy of four,

They sat upon the balcony of the hostelry "North Shore."

As the evening shades descended.

As the skies and waters blended.

Just before the darkness gathers and the daylight is no more.

"A story of the olden time, when life was full of joy,

And this big town along the lake was just a little boy."

The grandsire shifted once his quid, and looked across the lake,

Then took the boy upon his knee, and thus to him he spake:

'Twas in the charming suburb where once flourished Ira Brown.

This is not very definite, for Ira went around, There was a peaceful citizen of credit and renown

Who planted himself firmly on the bed-rock in that town.

Who said: "I'll plant my fig tree; I'll repose beneath my vine;

My house shall be my castle; my acres shall be mine;

No bloated corporation shall encroach beyond my line."

It happened this good man's demesne projected in the street

An angle square, enclosing which his fence had failed to meet.

Alas! 'tis man proposes, as the proverb old observes,

But Providence disposes things on very different curves.

A bloated corporation came along the street one day

And rudely jostled this good man out of its swaggering way.

It crowded him, it flouted him—and never once said "pay"

"Enough!" he said, "that sort of thing on me is rather rough,

But I will let these fellows see I'm made of different stuff.

They'll find before they're through with me that I am up to snuff

And don't lie down before the frown of any such a bluff!"

Forthwith, this peaceful citizen did go and get his spade,

And several perforations in the earth he quickly made;

And, one in each, he set a stake, a solid cedar post,

And rammed the dirt about them till they were as firm almost

As the rock against which Roderick Dhu defied the embattled host.

That night, while this good citizen in peaceful slumber lay,

Strong men went there, pulled out the posts and took the holes away.

When dawn disclosed the mischief done, he soon the breach repaired;

And went, like Johnny, for his gun, and then the whole world dared—

And in the teeth of all mankind his bold defiance flared.

It chanced the village guardian cast that way his eagle eye;

He went to see what had been done, and ask the reason why.

The good man said: "This ground is mine, and here I plant my stake;

And the next man that pulls it out, a corpse of him I'll make."

The guardian, in a thoughtful mood, went on his winding way;

"Ta, ta!" he said, "I'll come again some more convenient day."

Next day he went, armed with a writ, the citizen to meet,

Commanding him to take away obstructions from the street.

And when this bold belligerent this paper missile saw,

He spiked his gun, and yielded to the majesty of law.

And thus the story ended, most happily, 'tis said,

That threatened one time to be writ in characters of red!

[The NEWS-LETTER very much regrets publishing in its issue of last week a paragraph from the pen of some unknown writer, alleging that two young lady visitors had recently been disciplined by their host. The story is without foundation.]

There are good prospects that about twenty of Glencoe's wheelmen will soon find themselves under the necessity of answering for violation of the sidewalk riding ordinance. This is a second warning. "Verbum sap."

As a slight token of appreciation of her eleven years gratuitous service in the choir, Miss May Sieber was recently presented with a volume of Whittier's Poems, in tree calf, with a substantial greenback between its leaves.

At a representative meeting of the citizens of Glencoe called together by President Orde it was voted to accept the cordial invitation of Winnetka to be present at the patriotic exercises to be held in Winnetka on the coming Fourth of July. The occasion being a memorable one in view of the great national events of the past year it was felt we could not do better than join with our neighbors in celebrating.

Announcement...

I wish to announce to my customers that my line of Imported English and French Flannels for Golf and Tennis Suits is now complete, and I will be pleased to show you the largest and most select stock of novelties in Golf goods. Respectfully,

120 Dearborn St. **M. H. McCarthy**