

Highland Park.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Noerenberg is ill with the "gripp," and that Miss Jennie, daughter of Alderman Grant, is quite sick with pneumonia.

W. C. Egan was looking over "Egandale" a few days ago. He says they will be out by May 1st and they all want to get out where they can get some clean, fresh air and pure water again.

Mr. Woodruff who is putting the Denison house into such excellent repair says the trees which he has removed were dead or dying and their places will be filled by others more beautiful and enduring.

Quite a number of fresh calls for homes here this season by Chicago folks. One man wanted to know if rents were "high" here and we told him "no", they were "just awful low" and he smiled pleasantly. Another "sucker".

L. G. Yoe was out here Tuesday looking over his summer home and having the grounds put in repair. He had Nicholas Clappitt with him as he went down the "Yoelands." Why is it that when these rich Chicago men want a nice job they go for an Englishman? We go for an Irishman, "begorra we do."

We have read Mrs. Sampson's paper on California Missions with interest. It covers the whole ground and relates a chapter in American history but little known, we had hoped to give quite a full abstract of it but these legal documents crowd it and other matter out.

The town ticket, said to be the fine work of Marshal Dooley, Mayor Cobb, Attorney Knox, Alderman Obee, etc., reminds us of the boy's calf which was ailing. After asking Johnnie about his calf and naming all juvenile bovine diseases to which calves are subject, his friend said, "Well, Johnnie, what is the matter with your calf anyhow," to which little Johnnie replied, in sad and tremulous tones, and a gathering moisture in his eyes, "Oh, I don't know, but some way he is kind o' gin' out all over," and Johnnie sobbed.

New Trier High School.

On Tuesday next, do not forget that two members of the High School Board to succeed Mess. Johnson and Stolp, both of Wilmette must be elected. Dr. Stolp has declined to stand for re-election. Mr. Johnson has been renominated and a caucus of Kenilworth voters has unanimously nominated Mr. Clarence T. Morse to succeed Dr. Stolp.

The nomination of Mr. Morse is eminently fitting. He is a young lawyer who has the full confidence of his many friends in the township.

Kenilworth has loyally stood by the best interests of the High School project at every election and, voted solidly in favor of giving Glencoe and Winnetka each a representative on the Board. Now that Kenilworth has been made a school district, it also should have a member of the board. With the election of Mr. Morse, the board will consist of one member from Gross Point and from each of the North Shore villages in the township.

Although at this writing no opposition candidate has been named, doubtless others will be heard from election day. Remember that the ladies can vote.

Francis Rudd.

Francis Rudd, who died in Waukegan last Friday morning at the age of 84 years, was the father of Mrs. Bridget Duffy and the grandfather of John and the other Duffy young men of this city. Mr. Rudd came to Lake County in 1837, and made his home at Warrenton Grove, moving into Waukegan some ten years ago. He was a good man, widely known, and among the men who made Lake County what it is. The funeral was Monday and the interment in Waukegan.

Vote.

Let every citizen get out and vote next Tuesday for the town officers. The one man who has no right to complain of the way things go is the one who fails to vote.

There are petition candidates, and one caucus candidate, and there will be more or less writing in of names. But the one thing we urge is to vote.

Let us have a full vote and a fair count and then abide the result; that is pure democracy.

The Old Man Had Changed.

A Lancaster county man once came to a Philadelphia portrait painter with a request that he paint a picture of his father. "Very well," said the artist, "have the old gentleman come in when next in town and I will give him a sitting." The man replied: "He gant do dot; he is deit."

"Oh, well then, you have a photograph of him?"

"No. I don't got no fottograf of him, eider."

"Well, how do you expect me to paint the portrait of your father when I cannot see him, and have nothing to give me an idea of his appearance?"

"Vell," he replied, "I dinked maybe of I dolt you about him, you gan baint him from dot."

"All right," said the artest "describe him."

"Vell, my fadder was not so dall und not so short, he vas not fat und not so din," and so the honest fellow proceeded to describe his father as he recalled him.

The artist undertook to paint the picture and in due course it is completed, and the Lancaster county man came in to view the results of the artist's efforts. As the canvas is disclosed, he gazes long and reverently upon the picture of his departed parent. Then he feelingly remarked: "Yah, dot is mine fadder! Mine fadder vot I loafed so much—but, ach himmel! Fadder, how you haf changed!"

Killed by the Cars.

Hubert Coble, a man about 75 years of age, was run over by the train yesterday afternoon about one-fourth of a mile south of Ravinia. He was walking on the track and stepped off to let a train pass, when he was struck by a train passing in the opposite direction and almost instantly killed, but lived long enough to give his name.

All receipts for money paid to the NEWS LETTER should bear the signature of N. P. Davidson.