



VISION OF GETTYSBURG.

Painted by a Little Girl for Her Soldier Grandfather.

"Some years ago an old man with silvery hair was led into the cyclorama of Gettysburg by a bright-faced little girl. Aged and feeble, he sat down, while the child described to him the features of the picture. Occasionally he asked her a question as in doubt of the accuracy of her account. She had described the charge of the confederate columns and the struggle at the stone wall, when he asked: 'But where's the artillery, May?' 'Do you mean the big guns? They're over there on the hill in a row.' 'All in a row?' he asked. 'Yes,' she said; 'there are some more down here, but they are all upset. I think they are bursted.' 'Is that where the men are coming over the hill?' 'Yes, grandpa.' 'Is there a grove of trees?' 'Yes, it seems to be full of men, but the smoke is so thick you can not see them.' 'Oh, I see them,' he cried.

"It was then noticed by some of the party near him that he was blind. The little girl answered: 'O, no, grandpa, you can't see them.' 'Yes, I can,' said the old soldier. 'I can see the men, the grove, and the broken cannon lying about.' The child looked at him in innocent surprise, and said: 'You are joking, grandpa.' 'No, my dear,' answered the old man. 'No, that was the last thing I ever saw. There was a caisson exploded there just this side of the stone wall, and that was the last terrible picture I ever saw, for it was then that I lost my eyesight, and I have never got the picture out of my mind.'"

**Those Gotham Sharks.**

Silas Redtop—Back from New York, eh? How did you like the town, Hi?  
Hiram Hardapple—Got bunked, be gosh! Some smart chap said for a quarter he'd direct me to the Flatiron building, where they made flatirons, and when I got thar I couldn't buy a datiron to save my life, be gosh!

**The Fishermen from Billville.**

A fisherman killed two snakes yesterday. That is, the snakes bit him, and the liquor that was circulating in him killed the snakes.

**Good Tonic.**

Halve your food, double your drinking water, treble your consumption of pure air and quadruple your laughter.

**Humanity's Selfishness.**

When we love, in sorrow, we turn to those who love us.—Cecil Raleigh.



"My goodness, gran'pa, were you ever as young as that?"  
"That was taken the day we marched away . . . 46 years ago. I was the drummer boy. . . The men used to laugh at me and my big drum, they called me the baby of the regiment."  
"They don't laugh at you now, do they, gran'pa?"  
"Not many of them, poor fellows. . . Why, my goodness, I'm just as young as that now, but you see, I have grown older because I'm a grandpa, you know. I just do it to keep up appearances."

**Memorial Day on Sunday.**

The best day for this memorial observance is Sunday. We must make up our minds to take the people as they are and bring this memorial institution to them, instead of stubbornly insisting upon rounding them up to the institution. And when we do adopt such a broad-gauged plan of expediency we shall find that patriotism and sentimental regard for noble sacrifices and Sunday all go well together, and the people themselves know it and feel it.—St. Albans Messenger.

**Royalty Not So Exclusive.**

Modern royalty, in England at least, differs widely from the past royalty in the matter of the liberty of movement permitted their daughters. For example, Queen Victoria's daughters were never separated from her for a single night until after they were married. Day and night they were under her supervision, with the one exception of the Princess Louise. This occurred soon after Prince Albert's death, when the princess, suffering from a nervous breakdown, was permitted to pay a visit to Mme. Van der Weyer, a trusted friend of the queen who lived near Windsor, but even this visit was a short one. To-day the duke and duchess of Connaught allow the Princess Patricia a great deal of freedom. During her visit to Sweden she was attended only by the Hon. Lady Eger-

**Immense Nugget of Gold.**

A placer claim in Calaveras county, California, yielded in 1857 a lump in which there was quartz, that, when pounded up, gave a return of 161 pounds of gold, valued at \$38,920.

**Daily Thought.**

Men grow old more quickly from having nothing to do than from overwork. A running machine will keep bright for years. An idle one will soon rust out.—Anon.

**Must Practice the Right.**

To be engaged in opposing wrong affords, under the conditions of our mental constitution, but slender guarantee for being right.—Gladstone.

**Our Daily Due.**

No day can come or go without enriching us to the full extent to which we have developed our capacity to receive.—Charles B. Newcomb.

**Patience.**

Patience is not much of a virtue when it is utilized for the purpose of teaching a dog to hop on three feet.

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