

# The Marseilles Plaindealer.

VOL. XIV.

MARSEILLES, ILL, FRIDAY, SEP. 26, 1890.

NO. 39

## A GREAT CLUB OFFER! \$12.25 FOR NOTHING.

### "The Great Divide" Gemstone Cabinet GIVEN AWAY FREE!

This is done to call your attention to the Best Dollar Monthly in the world.

## THE GREAT DIVIDE,

[STANLEY WOOD, EDITOR.]

PUBLISHED AT DENVER, COLORADO,

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Cameo, finely cut, can be used for ring, scarf pin or brooch set.....	\$1.75
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Tiger Eye, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
Pink Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.95
Green Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.75
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Petrified Wood, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
Jasper, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
Mosaic, inlaid with Agate and Jasper, a watch-charm complete, to be mounted with compass.....	1.00
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Mosaic, square pattern, sleeve button sets.....	1.25
Sardonyx, setting for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
This whole lot of Gemstones will be sent with each sub. Total value.....	\$12.25

All of the above are finely finished cut gemstones, all polished ready for any jeweler to mount as you may desire. They are all guaranteed to be of value stated, and it is given to increase our subscription list quickly. We recognize its costliness, but nowadays it requires an unusual offer to establish a journal with a large circulation in a short space of time.

### OUR CLUB OFFER TO YOU.

THE GREAT DIVIDE and PLAINDEALER will be sent for one full year upon receipt of only \$1.50. The Gemstone Cabinet will also be sent you as a premium free of any cost. Bear this in mind.

As it may seem impossible that we can and do give you so much value for so little money, we have a sample copy of "The Great Divide" and a Gemstone Cabinet at our office, and will be pleased to have you call and see it. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

THIS OFFER IS GOOD ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME.

Send \$1.50 to this office and secure "The Great Divide," PLAINDEALER and the Gemstone Cabinet free, as a premium. Do not delay.

Home seekers will find the last of the public domain of agricultural and grazing value along the Great Northern Ry. in North Dakota and Montana.

**FREE LANDS.**

100 or more, along the Great Northern Railway Line. Business chances. Write F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn., for books, maps, etc.

Settlers on free Government lands along the Great Northern Ry. Line in North Dakota and Montana get low rates and fine markets for products.

**LOW RATES.**

Finest resorts in America along Great Northern Ry. Line in Minnesota, Dakota and Montana. Best climate for health seekers.

Montana produces the finest horses and cattle. Free Ranges yet in Mouse, Milk and Sun River Valleys and Sweet Grass Hills.

**HORSES, CATTLE.**

in Montana. Free Lands, New Towns, New Railways, New Mines, Low Rates. Largest area of good vacant land.

Sweet Grass Hills, Milk and Sun River Valleys, Montana, reached only by the Great Northern Ry. Line. "The Stock Raisers' paradise."

**SHEEP, HOGS.**

The regions tributary to Great Northern Railway Line in Montana produce all the precious and laser metals. New towns and railways are being built.

Go to the Great Reservations of Montana and get a good free home-steel. Low rates and Free Sleepers on Great Northern Ry. Line. Go now.

**MILK RIVER.**

These have made Montana the richest state per capita in the Union. Plenty of room for more miners and stock raisers. Now is the time.

Along the Great Northern Railway Line in Montana, are free ranches and pastures, mines of precious metals, iron and coal, and new cities and towns. Now is your chance.

**YOUNG MAN!**

Surrounded by a fine agricultural and grazing country, close to mines of precious metals, iron and coal, possessing a water power unequalled in America, it is Montana's industrial centre.

The valleys of Red, Mouse, Missouri, Milk and Sun Rivers reached by Great Northern Ry. Line. Half rate excursions Sep. 2, 23, and Oct. 14, 1890. Write F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn.

BASE balls, bats, caps, etc. A nice line for sale at Terry Simmons'

### R. R. TIME TABLE C. R. I. & P. RY.

GOING EAST.	
No. 10 leaves.....	7:45 A. M.
" 2 ".....	10:44 A. M.
" 4 ".....	4:15 P. M.
" 4 ".....	4:01 A. M.
GOING WEST.	
No. 7 leaves.....	11:10 A. M.
" 1 ".....	3:52 P. M.
" 9 ".....	7:55 P. M.
" 15 ".....	1:46 A. M.
" 11 ".....	8:19 P. M.
ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—EAST.	
No. 30 leaves.....	5:00 P. M.
" 28 ".....	3:55 P. M.
ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—WEST.	
No. 29 leaves.....	8:25 A. M.
" 23 ".....	11:55 A. M.

Corn, 43.  
Oats, 35.  
Portia Carnes Monday night.  
New dinner pails at Simmons'.  
See her! Hear her Monday night.  
Underwear at Poole & Galloway's.  
Buy the celebrated buckskin breeches at Bennett's.

A few sets of 75 cent croquet left at Johnson's drug store.

See those late styles stiff hats just in at POOLE & GALLOWAY'S.

Outing flannel, in dark fall shades, only 10 cents per yard, at Brodbeck's.

Another lot of those ten cent hair curlers at the Red, White, and Blue store.

Work, Dress and Kid Gloves at Bennett's.

Miss Flora Carpenter will entertain the Chautauqua Circle next Tuesday evening.

P. A. Butterfield's tread was heard on his old-stamping ground, Main street, Monday.

The infant prodigy of the World's Fair city Monday night, at Congregational church.

The latest styles of children's bonnets, in black, white and colors, just received at Brodbeck's.

Say, do you want a chimney for that little night lamp? Simmons has just received some.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Brodbeck lost a little child Sunday the funeral taking place the day following.

THAT FALL SUIT will suit if it is made by Hart & Kelso. Why not order it at once?

Frank Neff is again on his native heath, having done Minneapolis in the most agreeable manner.

How about coal pails, fire shovels, stove pokers, lid lifters, etc.? See Simmons' stock and prices.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Thurber returned this morning from their Colorado trip. Good fortune attended them.

Large invoice of tin pails at Simmons'. One, two, three, four and six quart covered pails at way down prices.

Corn, 43, and overcoats only \$8.00, \$10.00, or \$12.00. How many bushels to pay for a first-class coat? Ask Poole & Galloway.

Miss Mary Hildenbrandt and Jennie Montgomery expect to take the 4:01 A. M. train to-morrow for Chicago, returning Monday evening.

To keep your children well good shoes are important. Lord's line of school shoes has no superior in La-Salle county and his prices are right.

The ladies of the Universalist society will give a fifteen cent tea at the residence of Mrs. L. A. Smith, on Union Street, East Marseilles, Friday evening, October 3d.

Down to hard pan—those lamp chimney stove at Simmons'. Fit on to chimney to heat water, milk, etc., at a moment's notice, and he sells them for five cents each.

This afternoon the Yorkvilles and Rutlands cross bats at the base ball park. Chas. Harley and Nicholson will be the battery for the Rutlands. A lively game is looked for.

### BEFORE BEING BOOTED

this Fall or Winter, remember that you can

### Kick Yourself

if you buy your boots or shoes anywhere else than at my place, for you will

### Never Kick

over what I offer you in low prices, first quality and the choicest styles. Come and see.

### JOHN LORD.

G. B. STOCKDALE,

Co. Supt. Public Schools.

Office—Room 15, Court House, Ottawa.

Examinations at Office 2d and 4th Saturday in each month.

Residence and P. O. Address, Peru.

### Said Joe to Mariar

LET'S BUILD UP A FI-RE,

### AND U NO AND I NO

THAT THE PLACE TO BUY

Coal Hods,

Fire Shovels,

Stove Pokers,

Stove Lifters,

ETC., IS ALWAYS AND EVER

that

bargain

house,

THE

RED, WHITE & BLUE STORE.

### Bakery and Confectionery.

FINE STOCK OF

FRUITS, CANDIES, CIGARS AND TOBACCO

All guaranteed the best for the money.

Canned Goods, Bread, Cookies, Pies, Etc

MENDO JENNINGS.

24 door S. of bank.

W. A. MOREY, Pres. F. T. NEFF, Cash.

N. FLEMING, Vice Pres.

### First National Bank

MARSEILLES, ILL.

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$8,050

DIRECTORS.

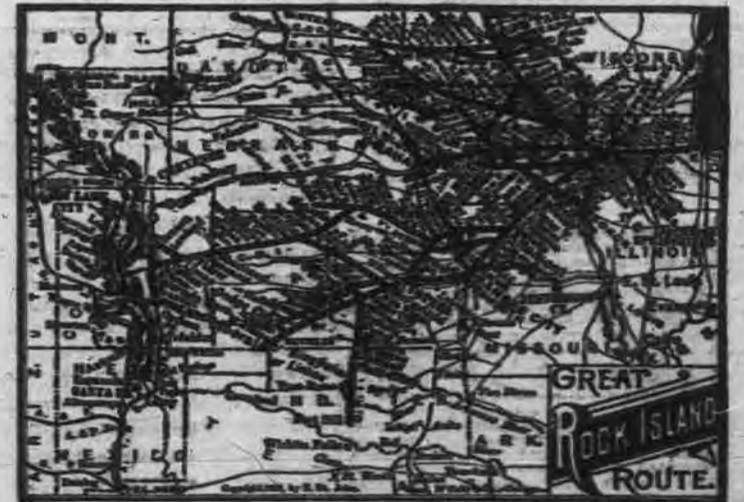
A. N. DOUGLASS, D. W. DONARD,  
F. T. NEFF, GEO. L. THOMPSON,  
N. FLEMING, E. T. REED,  
W. A. MOREY.

**SPECIAL LOCAL** agent wanted in your territory at once, part or full time. A reliable and energetic man can secure a permanent and paying position with us. Stock warranted first-class, and any failing to live, replaced **FREE!** Write for terms at once. All letters promptly answered. **E. D. LUTCHFORD & CO.** Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

**JOB PRINTING** done at this office on short notice and in the best style.

## IA MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



### THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Westtown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelora, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Turley, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abbeville, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Improves now and west areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transcontinental Seaports.

### MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. 7000 Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (near of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels furnished, meals at reasonable hours west of Missouri River. California Excursion daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Triana, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Chicago, Kansas, Garden of the Gods, the Southwestern, and Seely Grandeur of Colorado.

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Sold by Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with FREE Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, St. Paul, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE BEST LINE VIA DENVER AND KANSAS offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. For rates, maps, folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

JOHN JOHN, JOHN SEBASTIAN,  
Chicago, ILL. Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agent.

**PARRY MFG. CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**

**NO. 71.**

Price, \$15.00 a pair. One pair per order.

Barrel First-Class. Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Good Axles and Irons. Low Ball, Heavy Arms. Long, Very Strong, Oil Treated Springs. Best Wheels and Best All Over.

**IF YOU WANT FINE WHEELS FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.**

# THE PLAINDEALER.

MARSELLES, : : : ILLINOIS.

## TH' FEE O' CONSCIENCE.

I never b'lieved in worryin' much, but since  
Mastidy died  
Thar's sutlin haunts me, night an' day, 'et  
won't be actin' no  
I try t' be th' man I was; an' laugh, an' talk,  
an' joke.  
But hithed behind each laugh and jest are feel-  
in's 'et kin' choice.  
I've heerd a straight confession wuz a blessin'  
to th' soul.  
So now I've started out to talk, I'll jest confess  
th' whole.

We sot alone—my pipe an' I—upon the porch  
one night.  
An' thar I see, or seemed t' see, all in th' fadin'  
light.  
Some pictur's jest as nat'ral as an artist ever  
drew.  
'Et rose up 'th' th' outlin' smoke, then faded  
out o' view.  
I seemed t' live ag'in the days I lived so long  
ago.  
An' th' pictur's come an' shifted, like a pano-  
rama's show.

I see the bloomin' girl I loved, an' then the  
blubb'n' bride.  
A lookin' so contented like, a standin' by my  
side.  
An' as party as a pictur' in her speckled mus-  
lin gown—  
(Most folks allowed 'et Thidy wuz th' purtiest  
girt in town).  
I see th' look o' confidence she gin me on that  
day.  
An' seemed to hear th' words ag'in 'et then I  
heerd her say.  
An' then I see th' lovin' wife, a lovin' day by  
day  
Without the first unkindness or complainin' in  
her way—  
Although it never beat ag'in my drift and cal-  
lous heart  
'Et summin' up life's kindly acts, I'd failed to  
do my part.  
An' when our little humble nest held in it more  
than two  
I never realized that thar wuz double work to  
do.

An' lines arose before my sight, four little  
bright-eyed boys  
Et allus come t' "mother" with thar sorrows  
an' thar joys;  
An' sometimes when I'd come in cross an'  
'g'inest all reason—chide,  
They' cuddle up whar "mother" stood an' in  
her apron hide.  
I see ag'in her soft an' mild appealin' look to  
me.  
But when a man is half a brute, he's bound t'  
disagree!

Somewh' I never noticed as th' swift years  
crept away  
How she was gettin' pale, an' sort o' stiller  
ev'ry day;  
For she allus kept on worryin'—jest a diggin'  
with her might  
All through th' blessed day-time hours, an' far  
into the night.  
A "chill" or a "bakin", or a piffin' of the meals,  
Or a mendin' ragged stockin's, all out at toes  
an' heels.

An' finally appeared to view, a white face,  
strumetly still!  
'Et th' half-grown boys a sebbin', an' a room all  
dark an' chill,  
An' a pictur' full o' laos, restin' on th' kitchen  
stand,  
An' a basket full o' mendin', an' some garments  
she had planned,  
An' th' sympathizin' neighbors that come kind-  
ly lookin' in—  
As plain as ever above the sun, I see it all ag'in;  
I ain't yer sentimental kind, nor womanish, my  
friend;  
But I shall keep a thinkin', allus thinkin' to  
the end.  
Thar if I'd treated Thidy right, she might been  
livin' still.  
Instead o' sleepin' yonder, over yonder, on th'  
hill.  
An' my conscience is as full o' p'ints as any  
chestnut burr.  
Each time I think about th' years I lived along  
o' her.

Thar's folks 'et die by accident, and others by  
disease—  
An' some, when love an' hope, an' strength, are  
altered to th' lees.  
An' conscience is a feller pen can't coddle ev'ry  
day.  
An' th' fee o' conscience, sometimes, is a mighty  
fee to pay!  
I sipped up th' business in a nutshell t'other  
night.  
Thar folks are first-class ephers, 'less they act  
'best s'cept an' right!  
—Katherine H. Perry, in Good Housekeeping.

## THE LIVING CHESS-MEN.

### A Desperate Game for Life or Death in India.

"This game reminds me of a great chess-game that I once played," said the Captain, as he checkedmate his opponent's king and drew back in his chair to begin a story. "It was the great game of my life," he continued, "and I shall never forget it. In fact we were playing with living chess-men. You don't believe it, eh? Well, just listen to my story, and you'll think such playing as this mere fooling."

We had been playing for nearly two hours, and the Captain's skill had won. His love for the game of chess was only second to his love for his profession, and his life as a soldier had given him plenty of opportunities to gratify his passion in this particular.

"You remember I spent a couple of years in India, when a young fellow, and during that time I met with many adventures that none of you have ever heard. Although I have seen considerable service since then, and some hard work and fighting, I think, on the whole, that those two years were the most exciting of my life. We were on the constant go then, and if we weren't hunting men we were hunting wild beasts in the jungles."

"My friend Captain Rawdon was an English officer stationed at Calcutta at the time he invited me to visit him. He had just taken a wife in that far-off country, and they were living happily in a neat little place a short distance out of the city. He wanted me to come out and see him, and above all to select a wife from among the English ladies

that were living there at the time. Jack always took a fatherly interest in me in this way, but unfortunately his plans never worked out well.

"Well, to make a long story short, I went out to Calcutta one year and found every thing just as my friend represented it. It was a delightful place for hunting, and we did some pretty rough riding over the country and through the jungles in pursuit of game. I managed to secure my first man-eater shortly after I arrived, and several other tough customers. Jack roamed over the country with me whenever he could get away from his duty, and together we succeeded in having a pretty lively time. Jack's wife was a pretty, piquant-looking lady, the daughter of an old English officer who had died in the East Indian service. She took a great friendly interest in me, and I returned her feelings with interest. When we were not hunting we would spend hours listening to Evelyn's playing or singing, which was truly delightful recreation.

"Our mutual friendship thus grew apace, and we all three began to look ahead and regret the time of our parting. My duty called me back to America in a few months, and I was almost as loath to leave as they were to have me go. Jack vainly implored me to enter into business in Calcutta and take up my permanent abode there, but I told him that I had other ties and interests to draw me away, yet I should have almost decided to stay with them longer if an incident had not occurred which made me rather tired of India.

"One day rumors came in that there was trouble with the Hindoos. There were risings in various parts of the country, and the British residents began to tremble for their lives. Jack, as Captain in the army, had to leave his home to help quell the rebellions. I, of course, was left to protect his home and wife. There was little or no disturbance around Calcutta at the time, but the insurgents soon rose up around us on every side, until we were completely hemmed in. The soldiers were off in another part of the country, and Jack's home was left in a helpless condition.

"The result was that one day we were surrounded, and after a brave defense we were captured by a party of natives, and carried away a hundred miles or so into the interior. After our capture I did not get another glimpse of Jack's wife for a long time, and I felt considerably worried about her fate. I was carried before a Rajah, or native Prince, who had rebelled against the British rule. The Rajah was a great chess-player, and he had been indulging in his favorite game before I was brought into his presence. The chess-board was standing before him, while a member of his court was studying out a problem of checkmating the Rajah's king. In fact, the Prince's men were cornered, and the game seemed to be lost. I had always taken a lively interest in chess, and when I saw the predicament in which the Rajah had gotten his men, I began to study the positions of the pieces while the rest of the prisoners were being examined.

"Well, in my eagerness I forgot my position, and when I discovered an avenue of escape for the nearly checkmated king, I stepped forward and made a move with the Rajah's bishop. The court player looked at me in astonishment for a moment and then moved one of his pawns. I followed it up with another move, and in less than fifteen minutes I had his king checkmated. I clapped my hands in triumph then, and on looking up saw the Rajah watching me closely. He had been an interested spectator of the game.

"That game of chess saved my life for a short time. I was sent to prison, but not condemned to death. The next day, and in fact every day for several weeks, I was brought out of the prison and commanded to play chess with the Prince. He was far from being a poor player; but after I had met him several times I felt confident that I could beat him. From policy's sake, however, I let him win most of the games, which seemed to please him immensely. This sort of thing went on for a long time, until I began to get restless and anxious to learn what my fate was to be. I began to look around to discover some means of escape; but the prison was guarded so carefully that my chances were very poor.

"One day I was called into the Rajah's presence earlier in the day than common, and I instinctively felt that I was going there to learn my fate. I was led into another part of the royal quarters, a place that I had never entered before. I was conducted between two lines of soldiers, until a spacious balcony, where the Rajah was sitting, was reached. The balcony overlooked a great court-yard, which was thronged with people and native soldiers. In the center of the court-yard was a large vacant space, divided up into large squares of alternating black and white marble. It was, in fact, a huge chess-board, laid out in the most costly way.

"As a great lover of the game, I instinctively uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. My position was such that I could see every one of the sixty-four squares. While I was still looking, the crowd at one side fell back, and four elephants, two draped with black and two with white, entered, and took the places at the four corners of the strange chess-board. Small castle-shaped structures were on their backs, which made them look like the castles of the chess-board. Then came in the knights, two horsemen on white steeds, and two on black. These also took their proper positions on the chess-board. Foots or clowns, then took the

places of the bishops, which is the custom in the Oriental countries. Two were Hindoos, and the other two were captured Englishmen. Then eight Hindoo soldiers took the places of the pawns on one side, and eight English soldiers were placed in a row on the opposite side. The two kings next entered, one a white man, the other a Hindoo, and both richly dressed in magnificent robes. The two queens followed, carried in on sedan chairs. One was a Hindoo maiden, and the other—well, one glance was sufficient—was Evelyn, Jack's wife!

"The whole matter was getting pretty interesting by this time, and I felt myself worked up to a feverish heat. The chess-men were all living ones, and they were in position, ready for the players. The Rajah then told me that I had but one chance for my life. If I won this game of chess I could have my liberty, and also that of the white queen, if I stayed her.

"My heart jumped into my throat, so to speak, and I began to study out the game, determined to make it the game of my life. I felt more confident than ever that I could defeat the Rajah, and so I summoned all my courage to steady my nerves.

"The play soon began. The Rajah had the first move; and one of his pawns, or English soldiers, he having chosen the whites, came out two squares. I followed with one of my Hindoo soldiers. After three or four moves there was an exchange of pawns. The two soldiers were carried out, and in sight of every one they were executed. This bloodthirsty act unsettled my nerves so that I could hardly collect my thoughts; but when I was informed that the Hindoo soldiers were waiters condemned to death, and that the English soldiers had likewise been sentenced to execution, I partly recovered my composure.

"The game then proceeded. The white queen of the Rajah soon began to make great havoc with my black men, and it seemed necessary to take her if I intended to win. Then the terrible thought that if I took her she would be executed the same as the rest of the living chess-men, made the cold sweat stand out on my forehead. I could not sentence Jack's wife to the executioner's sword, not even if I lost the game and my life with it. The Rajah seemed to understand this, and he moved his queen around recklessly among my men, taking pawn after pawn. The game became doubly difficult, for I felt that I could not take the Rajah's strongest piece.

"I bent my whole mind to the game, and tried to lay some trap for the Rajah's men. After a little maneuvering I succeeded in taking two of his bishop's, one castle and both of his knights; but the reckless queen was still hedging me in on every side, putting herself in positions where I could easily have taken her if it had not been a question of life or death with her. Evelyn's face was pale and anxious as she watched me play, and I tried to give her a reassuring smile now and then. But she saw how difficult it was for me to avoid taking her off the chess-board and having her executed so that I could win the game and thus save my own life.

"The Rajah, seeing my difficulty, soon became reckless in his playing with his other pieces. I studied to take advantage of his folly. I suddenly saw an advantage that his reckless playing had given me, and I worked it up carefully. I made a move: he fell into the trap with the very next move. Two or three swift moves followed, and the Rajah's king was checkmated.

"It so astonished the native Prince that he jumped to his feet and made a circle or two around his head with a heavy sword. But he was a man of his word; and after looking at the chess-board a minute or two to convince himself there was no cheating, he turned to me and told me that I had played well. In reward for my good playing I was to have my liberty, along with the remaining white chess-men on the board. These consisted of the queen, Jack's wife, and three English soldiers.

"The Rajah was true to his word; and that afternoon we were conducted out of the Rajah's territory, and started safely on our way to Calcutta. The rebellion had been quelled there, and the English were again in power. When we reached the city we had no difficulty in finding Jack, who was nearly desperate over the loss of his wife.

"You can easily imagine the meeting that took place between them; and it is needless to say that I was their ideal hero ever afterwards. They heaped all sorts of kindness upon me, and made me really ashamed of myself. Every Christmas I am now reminded of that game with living chess-men, and of Jack and his wife, by receiving some elaborate present from India. The present, though, that I value the most highly, is a small ivory chess-board with pieces in exact imitation of those living chess-men who played in that memorable game. Whenever I play with it I think of that critical time in my life when there was only a straw between me and death."—George Ethelbert Walsh, in Demorest's Magazine.

Where Are the Folks?  
Necroman (at front door)—Loc! (Tenuously chuck rattles over stone walk.)  
First Tramp (to pal)—Hey! Bill, here's our chance. We are saved at last.  
Second Tramp—How so?  
First Tramp—You kiff him on de jaw and I'll seize de jewel an' run!—Detroit Free Press.

## HOW TO MAKE PICKLES.

Some Tested Recipes from the Note-Book of Mrs. E. R. Parker.

For making pickles none but the best apple vinegar should be used, and it should never be boiled, but heated. A porcelain or granite kettle should be used in making pickles.

For spicing care must be taken to favor so no one kind will predominate. Almost all vegetables make nice pickles, but must be gathered at the proper season.

Pickled Beans—String half a peck of green beans, put in a kettle, cover with boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt and let boil half an hour. Drain, when cold put in glass jars, sprinkle with pepper, and a tablespoonful of mustard seed, two of chopped horseradish, one of celery seed, with an ounce of cloves and allspice each. Cover with strong vinegar.

Cucumber Pickles—Wash and wipe one hundred small cucumbers. Put in a large jar, and cover with boiling brine, let strain ten days. Pour off, put the pickles in jars, cover with hot spiced vinegar, add chopped onions. Set aside for two weeks, when they will be ready for use.

Yellow Pickle—Take two gallons of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, one ounce of turmeric, three of allspice, one of cloves, one of mace, one pint of mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls of celery seed. Pound all together, and put in the vinegar well heated. Take three large heads of cabbage, cut and scald in brine, squeeze dry and hang in the sun for two days. Then put in cold, strong vinegar and let stand overnight. Drain, put in a jar and cover with spiced vinegar.

Onion Pickle—Take large, white onions, pour boiling salt water over them and let stand three days, change the brine and let stand three days longer. Take one gallon of strong vinegar, add two ounces of turmeric; scald and pour over the onions boiling hot, and let stand ten days. Then drain, and pour over spiced vinegar.

Pepper Pickles—Cut the stems off of fifty large pods of green peppers with a penknife; fill the peppers each with chopped cabbage, horseradish, mustard seed and salt; replace the stem; then pack in jars and cover with vinegar.

Tomato Pickles—Take ripe, firm tomatoes, puncture with a needle. Put a layer of tomatoes with chopped onions sprinkled with salt, put on another layer and more salt until the jar is full; let stand a week; then drain and squeeze the salt water out, put in a jar and cover with strong vinegar.

Pickled Cauliflower—Take good white heads of cauliflower, break in pieces and boil for ten minutes in strong salt and water; drain, let cool, put in a jar; spice hot vinega and pour over.

Artichoke Pickles—Rub off the outer skin, lay in salt and water for a day, drain, pour over cold vinegar.

Lemon Pickle—Remove the rind of two dozen lemons and pack in salt for a week; set in the oven until the salt melts, put in a kettle and pour over a gallon of well-spiced vinegar; scald and put in a jar.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Stylish French Redingotes.  
Long French redingotes of satin-striped camel's hair, or plain chuddah, are among the stylish overgarments made in severe tailor fashion, now worn at Bar Harbor, Newport and Cape May. Models in silver-gray chuddah, have organ-plaits at the back, and open over skirts of silver gray silk that are bordered either with gray silk passementeries in Vandyke points, or with silk embroideries in golden-brown, old rose, or reseda. Two breadths of the silk show at the back of the redingote, and the mousquetaire collar and full sleeves are also of the silk. A rich black-satin redingote, with a wide brocade stripe, made for an elderly matron, has a chantly lace front, full lace sleeves, and an inserted breadth of the lace at the back of the redingote.—N. Y. Post.

Took Money With Him.  
Easterne—I am looking for a man named Smarth, who came here from our section some years ago.  
Westerner—Look among those those palaces on New street. He has probably made a fortune by this time.  
Easterne—He had money when he came here.  
Westerner—Oh! Look in the poor-house.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Good Time to Tie Up.  
She—George, I see by the paper that a general tie up has been ordered in the building trades.  
He—Well, what of it?  
She—Er—um—don't you think it would be a good time for us to fall in' line, George?—Burlington Free Press.

Didn't Want a Bath.  
First Anarchist—(sadly)—It's no use; society can't be brought to our way of thinking.  
Second Da.—No, they throw cold water on every thing.  
First—(shuddering)—How glad I am that is merely a figure of speech.—Phil adelphia Press.

Friend—Madam, you have not heard from your husband since he went out in the wild West, have you?  
Wife—No, John has not written for a long time.  
Friend—'Tis my painful duty to tell you that he has been hanged for horse-stealing. Some ranchmen caught him in the act and strung him up.  
Wife—I am not surprised. John was always high strung.—America

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Ludovic Halevy announces his retirement from literary work. He is tired and will write no more unless he concludes to finish an uncompleted novel.

Salmon P. Chase's old law sign has been discovered, covered with dust and cobwebs, on a building formerly occupied by lawyers on Third street, near Main, in Cincinnati.

Bertha von Hillera is still an ardent pedestrian, though most of her time is now devoted to work in her studio in the Virginia Mountains—She is a devout Catholic, and frequently walks eleven miles to church and back again.

Princess Helen Cusa, whose husband died in Madrid lately leaving her a fortune of 3,000,000 francs, has determined to devote her whole income to charitable purposes. She has become a nurse in the children's hospital at Jassy.

Sir Edwin Arnold's new epic, now finished, "The Light of the World," was conceived before he wrote "The Light of Asia," and for all inspiration and correct localization he traveled extensively through the Holy Land. His new epic is in blank verse, relieved with occasional lyrics.

Mr. Gladstone estimates his library to contain from 23,000 to 25,000 books, arranged by himself into minute divisions and sections. He thinks that about one-fourth of the volumes may be theological. He has about twenty editions of Homer, and from thirty to forty translations, whole or in part.

A complete list of the Sultan's wives shows that he has five first-class wives, valids; twenty-four second-class or morganatic wives; and some two hundred and fifty third-class partners, variously described as "favorites" and "slaves." The care and attendance of the female establishments require the service of 6,000 persons, who are the only people in Turkey who receive their full pay with regularity.

From Cairo, by way of Germany, is reported the discovery of a Coptic manuscript which contains much new light upon the Council of Ephesus in 431. It consists of a series of letters written from Ephesus by Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, to his agent at the court of Theodosius II., and a report by his agent, Victor the Younger, on the result of his negotiations.

The American Humane Education Society offers two prizes of \$250 each for best essays on this question: "In the interests of humanity should vivisection be permitted, and, if so, under what restrictions and limitations?" One prize of \$250 is for the best essay advocating vivisection, the other of \$250 for the best essay opposing it. Essays must be received before January 1, 1891, by George T. Angell, 19 Milk street, Boston.

HUMOROUS.

Mother—"What did you learn at Sunday-school?" Tommy—"The lesson was all about a man's health." Mother—"What did it say about it?" Tommy—"It said: 'Jacob's well.'"—Lawrence American.

Lady (to Tramp)—"Poor man; I suppose that in your hard life you meet with a great many stumbling blocks?" Tramp—"Yes, madam, but the chopping blocks are what I most dread."—Boston Herald.

The Czar—"Vodsky, what is thatskit?" Vodsky—"That is one of those Americanovitch slotkimachiniskis." The Czar—"And what does the thingovitch do?" Vodsky—"You drop a diamond in the slotvitch and try your weightskit."—N. Y. Sun.

Well, of all the ways of makin' a livin'," said Binks, "I think literature's about the easiest." "The easiest?" "Yes, I've watched the fellers that do it. All a man's got to do is to sit down an' slide his pen over the paper."—Washington Post.

Dinah—"Wat's de matter dere, honey?" Small Daughter (dressing for a party in Blackville)—"Dere's so many holes in my shoes dat my new red an' blue stockings shows right throo." Dinah—"Well, go wifout stockings, an do holes won't show."—Good News.

Some scientific men have come to the conclusion that the man of the future will be without hair and without teeth. That will be the final development of the species. Fortunately, we who are now on the planet will not live to see that happy time, and we need not give ourselves much concern about it.—London Edition Herald.

No," said she, "I—I can only be a sister to you." "Very well," said he, "I must be going; I had expected a different answer, but—well, good-night!" "George," she faltered, as he started out into the night, "George!" "What is it?" he asked crossly. "Aren't you going to kiss your sister good-night?" He did not go.—Lawrence American.

Upon one occasion Mr. Spurgeon told his students the following story. When I was in Arran I heard of a minister who preached in a certain church, and at the close of the service was strongly urged to promise his presence for a future supply of the pulpit—the collection after his sermon having been unusually large. "Dear me," said the minister, with becoming pride, "what might your ordinary collection amount to?" "Last Sunday it was twopenny halpenny." "What is it to-day, then?" asked the minister, expecting to hear a large sum. "Eightpence halpenny," was the reply. "Woe is me," moans the preacher within himself, "for I get the expence myself!"—Pick-Me-Up.

## THE SMALL BOYS BEHIND.

With a clasp, and bare, and boom and beat,  
The big procession marches.  
Through the lane of applause, through the  
shouting street.  
And under the towering arches:  
They march as grand as a conquering host,  
With many a plume and banner.  
As Sherman's army marched to the coast,  
And into the streets of Savannah.  
And the sun that glints from their helmets  
is bright.  
With dazzle, and gleam, and blind,  
But there follows them, like a string to a kite,  
The small boys who tag on behind.  
The small boys who tag on behind, the small  
boys who tag on behind.  
The best of the show, I would have you all  
know,  
Is the small boys who tag on behind!

A rabbit that wobbles and tumbles about  
Like bunnies who bring up the rear,  
They jostle and giggle and quarrel and shout  
And boot and jangle and jeer;  
But I watch for the glad raggedy parade,  
For the brave little barefooted bunnies,  
And I leave the crowd for the Boys' Brigade,  
And I leave the fiddlers and drummers.  
March on, my lads, for the route is long,  
And the way is hard to find,  
There's a long march ahead for the brave and  
strong,  
And small boys who tag on behind,  
The small boys who tag on behind, the small  
boys who tag on behind,  
Long, long must you tread, through the grim  
days ahead,  
You small boys who tag on behind.  
—S. W. Foss, in *Yankee Blade*.

## WHERE WAS MR. BLANK?

### His Absence Causes His Wife Much Trouble.

Pretty Mrs. Blank had a very unpleasant experience in Bay Grove, N. J., and it was all due to a mistake.

When she moved herself and her baby and her pug and her other household goods to Jersey, along in the spring, the villagers seemed to be ready to take her to their arms and their hearts. They gave her teas, they showed her all the show sights of the neighborhood, they posted her on the proper church to attend and the proper people to know. They almost gave a dinner in her honor, and that is something that had not been dreamed of since an unfortunate affair of several years back, when a heartless detective had appeared at a feast and had carried away with him one who for a brief month had all Bay Grove at his feet. It was the remembrance of that touching incident that made people hesitate, and by their hesitating Mrs. Blank lost the dinner.

She was bright, her maid's caps were irreproachable, what flirting she did was artistic enough to be pleasant to look upon. But it was seldom that Mrs. Blank was artistic in that way, and therefore she was popular with matrons and maids. The men liked her, too, and all went merry as a marriage bell for many a day and until somebody ill-naturedly asked a question.

"Where is Mr. Blank and who is he?" queried this busybody.

Nobody but Mrs. Blank could answer this, and she didn't volunteer any information on the subject. So gossip, having nothing to feed upon, grew rapidly, as is generally the way, and in a week Bay Grove began to believe that something must be very wrong somewhere. Now it happened that Mrs. Blank had brought one letter of introduction to Bay Grove. This epistle had been hurriedly penned by a young woman about to take a flight to Europe, and, under the scrutiny of a female committee of investigation, it appeared to lack satisfactory details about the nominal head of the Blank family.

"I do so hope you will like Mrs. R." it ran. "She can see so little of her husband, you know, that it will be very dull for her out there unless you look after her a bit. I think she frets over her husband sometimes, but how can it be helped now? But then she has—"

And here the writer drifted into matters that were never intended for the public eye. When the letter was received the sentences about the husband had attracted no attention; but now, with suspicion resting heavily upon them, the committee women agreed that something must be very, very wrong with Mrs. Blank's spouse. It came about therefore, that Mrs. Blank was soon put to the question.

"When are we to see your husband?" asked one of her friends in a guileless way.

Mrs. Blank pouted. "Really, I don't know," she said. "He is in Auburn now with that poor wretch Kemmler, I believe."

Auburn happens to contain a prison. Kemmler was then in that prison. It is not difficult to put one and one together and get a dozen, if you are in a proper frame of mind for the achievement. So it happened that when Mrs. Blank entered church the next day there was a rustle of silk all through the pews and with it a general feeling that the sermon should deal with hypocrisy. But it didn't. It was devoted to mercy. Which only goes to show that preachers are not always in touch with their congregations.

When Mrs. Blank joined the group in the vestibule after the services, the church thermometer having there dropped half a dozen degrees. Nobody quite cut her—the sermon had been really a good one—but the social atmosphere was full of little icicles. Mrs. Blank went home alone, wondering what was the matter.

The next day one of her closest friends called upon her. Just as the visitor was departing she indulged in a sort of spoken postscript, saving the important part of her business for the last, just as if she were writing a letter.

"How is Mr. Blank?" she queried. "He has been sent to Elmira," was the answer.

As there is a reformatory in Elmira, this proved to be a very unfortunate response. Bay Grove posted itself on New York's penal institutions, and the next day three acquaintances of Mrs. Blank failed to see her on the street. Nobody called, and her name did not appear on the list of patronesses of a strawberry festival the village was pledged to make a glorious success. She attended the festivities and was greatly puzzled by her treatment. Everybody seemed to shun her except one young man who was popularly understood to have gone very wrong in a big wholesale store in the city. He had never paid her much attention before, but now he treated her like a friend and a sister.

Finally there came another caller at the Blank cottage. She came up like one bent on business that is distasteful but must be done. She was, by the way, the person to whom the letter had been addressed.

"My dear," she said, without parley, "where is your husband?"

"Why, he has gone to Sing Sing," replied the hostess, wondering at her caller's manner. She was still more surprised at what she heard next.

"When I was a girl we were taught to be truthful above all things. You are younger than I, and perhaps times have changed; but I prefer that my daughter should not meet you after this."

And then she swept away, full of dignity, to lay before Bay Grove the problem how any one man, no matter how wicked he might be, could be in Auburn, Elmira and Sing Sing within a month. As for Mrs. Blank, she was very indignant, and then she wept, and then she was indignant again. Then she wrote a letter.

The letter brought an answer in the shape of a young man in a slouch hat, who came down by late train and went directly to the Blank cottage. He sat with Mrs. Blank on the piazza, and they talked earnestly for a long time. It was nearly midnight when the conference ended. Then the young man started for the gate. Mrs. Blank followed him, and they stood talking together by the post for two or three minutes. It was a beautiful, clear moonlight night, and anybody in the neighborhood could have seen the young man kiss Mrs. Blank when he went away. He caught a very late train for the city.

Now nobody in Bay Grove would willingly play the eavesdropper or the spy. That goes without saying. But, as a matter of fact, several pairs of eyes saw the parting in the moonlight, and as many pairs of ears heard the man say: "Well, dear, I'll be down here in a week, and then it won't matter what these people say or do."

A pretty woman, with a husband in three jails in a month and a mysterious midnight visitor? Bay Grove was scandalized. There could be no doubt after that that nobody in the village knew the offender. She seemed to have gained invisibility. Nobody saw her when she went out; at least, nobody give any sign of seeing her. Even the scapegrace gave her up—which meant a great deal, for he believed that he had only his wickedness to pride himself upon.

Six days passed and a caller again rang the door-bell at the cottage. He noticed with a shudder that the wire seemed to be getting rusty for want of use. That touched him, for he was the landlord and he hated to see the property depreciate. He had come to tell his pretty tenant that she must seek other quarters. She paid the rent regularly, but pressure had been brought to bear upon him—and his family had social aspirations, and he couldn't afford to disregard pressure.

He stammered, but was firm. Mrs. Blank was amazed, but loquacious. He explained that the cottage must be vacated at once. She declared that such a proceeding was unheard of. She tried to break down his resolution, but failed. Then she showed signs of getting hysterical.

"Oh, if my husband were only here!" she wailed.

"Yes, madam, if he were, but he ain't." That was as near to sarcasm as the landlord ever came. He was a philanthropist by nature and a preserver of the village morality by necessity.

"Hullo, what's all this?" said somebody in the doorway. Landlord and tenant turned like a flash. Mrs. Blank gave a shriek of delight and threw herself into the newcomer's arms. The landlord looked disgusted. He merely saw a young man in a slouch hat, no doubt the midnight visitor.

"I think you had better go as soon as you can, both of you."

"Well, that's cool. I've paid the rent of this house and I mean to stay especially as it suits my wife, or did until the neighbors went crazy." This was from the young man.

The landlord looked dazed. "Your wife?" he said. "Why, then, you're her husband?"

"Naturally," said the young man, dryly. "And now," he added, "what's all this to-do about, any way?"

He heard all about it in the next ten minutes, although it was a sadly disconnected story. Still he got the gist of it pretty clearly. Then he addressed the landlord:

"Look here; you don't deserve an explanation, but I'll give you one. My business is to see things and to write about them. I have been employed by a magazine to describe certain features of prison life in New York. To see them I have had to study the prisons carefully, and it has taken six weeks

of hard work. In that time I've had just time enough to spend one evening at home and then hurry back to work.

And now I come down here for a rest and find that you people have gone mad and treated my wife disgracefully. Somebody is going to smart for this."

As a matter of fact, a good many persons did smart, but only mentally, and, therefore, they survived and were anxious to make amends. The landlord withdrew his demand, and agreed to put in a new well-curb. Those who knew him say he suffered enough over this to atone for all he had done. Then came flocks of feminine visitors to the cottage, full of tears and expiations and contrition. The Blanks had determined to go away, but these good people couldn't bear of it. They showed the cottagers with attentions, and then they did something that settled it that the Blanks would continue in Bay Grove. They played their trump card. They gave Mrs. Blank a dinner, and Mr. Blank's determination to depart gave way. He and his wife are the pride of Bay Grove now.—N. Y. Times.

## A LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

To All It Teaches Its Lesson of Love, of Pity and Rest.

The funeral procession comes slowly along the street. Drawn by two milk white ponies, the little white hearse with its nodding white plumes moves on. Upon its snowy, silken curtains, buried beneath great masses of lilies and pale rose-buds, rests a tiny white coffin. All is white; as purely white as the little soul that has fitted forever away from the waxen baby form lying within the coffin.

At the street corner stands a crowd of noisy boys, tossing a ball back and forth among them. The crush of the passing wheels falls upon their ears, and looking up, the ball is dropped, the loud shouts hushed, as each boy doffs his cap and stands in mute reverence while the little white hearse passes by.

A street-car comes rumbling along the track, the bell upon the horse's neck jangling and clanging upon the air. The driver sees before him the little hearse with its flower-strewn burden, and feels his strong heart throb beneath his rough jacket. The brakes are down, the bell hangs silent upon the horse's neck, while the driver with bowed head, thinks of his baby boy, whose ruddy lips he kissed to-day at parting, and thanks God that no flower-decked coffin lid hides away his laughing face. The passengers look out and the women whisper with a sigh: "Some mother's eyes have looked their last upon her baby."

Amid the grime and dust of the street a long row of laborers delve with bent forms in the earth beneath. The rattle of wheels is heard, the weary bodies are lifted in vague curiosity, and each toll-hardened face softens as the little white hearse goes by on its way to the grave.

So on by merry girls, who check their gay laughter; by stern-browed men who forget for a moment the mighty problems of money and trade and ambition, and give a fleeting thought to that world where the baby has gone, and where this remorseless struggle for wealth and fame and power will count for naught; on, on through the ranks of the weary and toil-laden, who gaze and sigh for the rest the baby has found, the little white hearse goes, teaching its lesson of love, of pity and of rest.—Detroit Free Press.

## Of American Origin.

How few of us know that the stovepipe hat, which has come to be regarded as "quite foreign y'know," originated in the United States and was introduced into Europe by that lovely old Arcadian, Benjamin Franklin. The old gentleman came to Paris in the spring of 1790, wearing the simple attire of the Quakers. A distinguishing feature of this was the hat which has narrowed and heightened into the fashionable "plug" of to-day. It was low-crowned and broad-brimmed, and presented so quaint an aspect that the Parisian dandies were disposed to make it the butt of their wit. Not so, however, the rest. The leaders of the French revolution fancied that hat and they forthwith adopted it to be their own. In three days' time the Franklin hat as 'twas called, was the rage. And from that time—just one hundred years ago—the tile has grown in favor, although it is probable that a machine more destructive to the hair and more useless for practical purposes was never invented.—Chicago News.

## Mutilated by Kisses.

Cicero speaks of a bronze statue of Hercules which had the features worn away by the frequent osculations of the devout. Several instances of the same kind have occurred in modern times. The face of the Saviour among the bronze bas reliefs which adorn the Casa Santa at Loretto, has in this way been quite kissed away. The foot of the famous statue of St. Peter, in the Vatican, has lost much of its metal by the continual application of the lips and foreheads of votaries; and it has been found necessary to protect the foot of the statue of the Saviour, by Michael, in the Minerva, from similar injury by a brass buskin.—Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

## What Mamma Missed.

Mrs. Figs—I don't see why you continue to let him call on you. You seem to do nothing but quarrel.

Laura—But, mamma dear, you are not around when we are making up.—Terre Haute Express.

## OUR YOUNG READERS.

### ONE AFTERNOON.

Papa and mamma went out to row,  
And left us all alone at home, you know—  
Roderick, James, and me.  
"Now, dears," they said, "just play with  
your toys,  
Like dear little, good little, sweet little boys,  
And we will come home to tea."

We played with our toys the longest while!  
We built up our blocks for nearly a mile,  
Roderick, James, and I.  
But when they came tumbling down, alas!  
They fell right against the looking-glass;  
Oh! how the pieces did fly!

Then we found a pillow that had a rip,  
And all the feathers we out did slip,  
Roderick, James, and I.  
And we made a snow-storm, a glorious one,  
All over the room, Oh! wasn't it fun,  
As the feathery flakes did fly!

But just as the storm was raging around,  
Papa and mamma came, and found  
Roderick, James, and me,  
Oh! terrible, terrible things they said,  
And they put us all three right straight to  
bed,  
With the empty pillow-case under my head,  
And none of us had any tea.  
—Laura E. Richards, in *St. Nicholas*.

## TOMMY'S SHOW.

A Matinee That Gave a Wood-Sawyer a Good Dinner.

It all began with Tommy's being taken by Uncle Jack to Signor Blitz's matinee.

The very next day the nursery was turned into a hall, with Margie's half-dozen dollies seated in a staring row, and places of honor reserved for Margie herself, for mamma, brother Hal, Bertha, the nurse maid—anybody, in fact, who would be so kind as to watch Tommy play at "wizard."

Tommy's rosy face wore a very solemn expression as it rose behind the little table which he had draped with black cloth, and furnished with a mysterious collection of balls, rings and handkerchiefs collected from all parts of the house, not to mention Margie's canton-flannel rabbit and his own pretty stuffed canary.

And Tommy's performances were so remarkable and unexpected that it was no wonder that mamma whispered quite loud enough to be heard upon the stage that "it actually made her feel creepy to have a real wizard in the house."

But the most exciting time must come to an end, and Tommy at length grew tired, and went to one of the rear windows overlooking the alley, and watched old Gottlieb, the wood-sawyer, hard at work on a great pile of logs which Tommy's papa had ordered cut into lengths for the library fire.

The old man's face was thin and wrinkled, his hair was quite white, and his back crooked with long bending over his work. He could not swing the saw so rapidly as once, but he worked on steadily and patiently, only stopping occasionally to take breath, and to pass his brown hand across his hot forehead.

Gottlieb and his little granddaughter Gretchen lived all by themselves in a small room in one of the tall tenement houses, where Tommy's mamma went sometimes to visit her poor people. Tommy had once been there with her when Gretchen was ill.

Just behind Gottlieb, in a corner of the wood-pile, was his little brown-covered dinner-basket.

Tommy had so often watched Gottlieb at his luncheon that he could easily guess what was in it—a great piece of black bread, of that he was sure, but nothing more except a morsel of cheese, or a small bit of dried meat.

"If I was a truly wizard," said Tommy softly to himself, "I know what I would do. I would change that dry stuff in Gottlieb's basket into the nicest dinner that ever was cooked."

Then a bright smile tugged at the corners of Tommy's mouth, drawing his rosy lips into a bow, digging a dimple into the middle of his round cheek and setting his brown eyes dancing under their long lashes.

Away down-stairs he flew to Martha, the cook, who was busily baking gingerbread hearts in a delicious atmosphere of spiciness.

Martha was fond of Tommy, because he was respectful, and never "bothered," so she listened quite willingly to something which he whispered in her ear.

Five minutes later, Tommy had slipped through the entry-door, crept up behind old Gottlieb, who, what with the noise of the saw and his own deafness, would hardly have heard the tramp of a regiment of soldiers, and, snatching up the brown basket, disappeared inside the house.

In the kitchen, all was hurry and excitement, for suppose—only suppose that Gottlieb should miss the basket!

The half-loaf of black bread tumbled on the floor, unheeded by any body except Carlo, the dog, who sniffed at it a moment, and turned away in disdain to his place by the fire.

Ham sandwiches, buttered rolls, gingerbread, cookies, a lovely frosted cake, and a great, rosy apple surely nobody but a "truly" wizard could have placed so much in so small a space!

The basket was safely replaced, and not a moment too soon, for just as the log which Gottlieb was sawing, fell into two parts, the clock in the church-tower struck twelve, and the old man laid down his saw with a little sigh of relief.

When he had made a seat for himself upon a block of wood he set the basket on his knees, bowing his head a moment before opening it.

Meanwhile Tommy had flown to bring mamma to the nursery-window, while Martha peeped cautiously through a half-closed shutter.

Gottlieb lifted the lid. His jaw dropped in surprise, and his old face turned pale. Tommy squeezed his mamma's hand with all his strength to keep himself from shrieking aloud in his delight. The color came back to Gottlieb's cheeks, and raising her eyes, he gazed searchingly at every door and window. There was no one at all to be seen, for Tommy and his mamma had hidden behind the curtain.

Then a lovely smile overspread the old man's face. He took off his shabby cap, and while the wind fluttered the thin, white hair on his forehead, he looked up toward Heaven with moving lips.

But Gottlieb ate only the sandwiches, one of the rolls, and the smallest piece of gingerbread. All the rest he put carefully back into the basket.

"He is saving the best for Gretchen!" whispered Tommy, the wizard.—Mary A. P. Stansbury, in *Youth's Companion*.

## STORY OF THE FAN.

From the Oriental Palm-Leaf to the Modern Marabout.

The nineteenth century belle, who, after casting a last look of satisfaction into the mirror which reflects her charms, takes her marabout fan, probably has no idea that the original of her graceful toy was the exclusive prerogative of sovereigns and ecclesiastical dignitaries. The Egyptians and Mesopotamians, who kindly bequeathed to posterity wall pictures whose clear and solid outlines show us the most minute details of their civilization, display magnificent specimens of feather fans, which, borne on long poles by the attendants surrounding royal personages, served the practical purpose of protecting them from the scorching rays of a tropical sun and at the same time contributing to the pomp and splendor of the pageant.

The pictures on Greek vases show us the ladies of Athens and Corinth in various graceful poses, holding fans which, though still retaining the form of the palm-leaf, appear to have been, like the hand-mirror, an important and artistically ornamented adjunct of the toilet. The Roman women were by no means behind their Hellenic sisters in appreciation of these dainty trifles, as is proven by the numerous passages in the writings of the classic poets and historians; nay, in the degenerate days of the later Emperors the fan was part of the equipment of the elaborately-attired dandies who strolled through the marble halls of the baths.

The middle ages held it in no less esteem, and the most superb decorations were lavished upon it, but it still retained the original form of the palm-leaf, and usually consisted of bright-hued feathers fastened to a handle.

Not until the period of the renaissance do we find a change in shape, and this, too, was doubtless introduced into Europe from the East by way of the greatest emporium of commerce during the middle ages—Venice. These new fans were little banners, either square or circular in form and made of silk or parchment, ornamented with painting or embroidery and often finished with a border of feathers fastened loosely on one side to a staff, around which they swung. But this shape, specially designated as Venetian, superb specimens of which are contained in a collection made by the Prince of Wales, was soon supplanted by the folding fan, which has reigned alone throughout Western countries ever since the sixteenth century. This, too, was ordinarily a gift from Eastern Asia, imitated in Italy—nay, it is probably the first example of the influence Japan has exerted upon Western art and which of late has made itself so distinctly felt in France.

The original folding-fan, according to the modern ideas, was enormous, and not until the seventeenth century did it shrink to moderate dimensions. The broad top has always afforded an admirable field for decoration by painting, embroidery, and lace of every description. The extremes of luxury attained by this article of dress are evinced by the statement that toward the close of the sixteenth century a fan valued at \$9,000 was given to Margaret of Lorraine by Queen Margaret of Navarre. This beautiful toy was composed of mother of pearl set with precious stones. During the eighteenth century the material value of fans was greatly enhanced by art. Besides a number of nameless painters, whose grace and skill would secure them a conspicuous place among the artists of the present time, men of eminence, like Watteau and Boucher, did not disdain to employ their genius in decorating fans.—Washington Star.

A Boston paper suggests that the brilliancy of the light in the electric cars which make suburban trips should be in some way subdued, in order that the surrounding scenery can be better appreciated by the many passengers who make it a habit to take a ride every evening on the electric car for mere pleasure. It is further suggested that the lights should be entirely extinguished, as a large number of riders in the cars during the warm summer weather would prefer to have no light at all.

—Police—"What are you waiting around here for?" Sad Young Man—"I'm waiting to see a fellow get thrown down the steps. It's the fellow who beat me out of my girl. He has just gone in there to see about getting his consent. I knew he was coming, and have sent four peddlers and a book agent in there within the last half hour."

# COAL!

Place your orders for your coal supply now, before prices advance.

## HARD COAL.

Lehigh Valley, West and Range, None Better,

\$6.50 per ton, delivered,

## SENECA SOFT COAL.

Per ton, delivered, \$2.65  
" " 5 to 10 ton lots, 2.50  
" " on car, 2.25

# LUMBER.

Call at the new lumber yard, at the old stand of Scott & Harrington, and get prices for lumber.

R. T. Harrington.

## C. M. BENSON,



## MERCHANT TAILOR

—And Dealer in—  
Cloths, Doeskins, Diagonals  
and Cassimeres.

CUTTING, CLEANING and REPAIRING  
promptly and satisfactorily done.

## JOHN J. BECKER,

DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED

## MEATS.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR Cattle, Hogs and Hides

Marseilles, Ill.

A thriving incorporated village on the C. R. I. & P. R. R., and Illinois and Michigan canal, eight miles from Ottawa, the county seat, 77 from Chicago and 104 from Rock Island. The Illinois river affords a splendid water power, and at the dam is one of the best fishing grounds in the state. There are five churches, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Universalist, and Catholic. Two excellent public schools and a high school projected. The most prominent manufactures are agricultural implement works, paper and flour mills, brick, tile, starchy rivet and hoop works. Good coal is mined and wool is abundant. Numerous stone quarries. Three newspapers, PLAINDEALER, Register and News. First National Bank. Electrically lighted and water works for fire protection. Population 1000, 2.25. Albert L. Stone, postmaster. Fred Sebring, depot agent. Nearly every variety represented. Fine scenery, excellent bass of people, best of drainage, very healthy. Nearly 100 constantly flowing artesian wells furnish an abundance of pure drinking water.

## STRICTLY TRUE.

THE prudent housewife finds it wise to buy household tinware and hardware as well as notions of all kinds at the Red, White & Blue store.

## CARPENTER & REPAIRER.

MORGAN'S OLD STAND, MAIN ST., MARSEILLES, ILL.

All kinds of jobbing done to order promptly, in good manner and at living rates. E. A. ALLEN.

## The Plaindealer.

Published every Friday.  
TERMS, 50 CENTS A YEAR.

Office in Simmons' Block, No. 7 Main Street.

TERRY SIMMONS. EDITOR

Large line of late style glass butter dishes at Red, White, and Blue store. They are beauties.

Have you seen the 25 cent fountain pens at C. F. Johnson's?

A large line of working vests, overalls and Jean pants at Bennett's.

Why pay twenty-five cents for a Dover egg beater when Simmons sells them for fifteen cents?

### YOU WILL FEEL

good if you wear a fine Fall suit made to order for you by Hart & Kelso.

Don't read this, but the miserable fact is the game this afternoon resulted in favor of the Yorkvilles, 12 to. Oh!!!

We have just opened an elegant line of overcoats for Fall and Winter wear and will be pleased to show them.

POOLE & GALLOWAY.

Monday evening at the Congregational church, Prof. and Mrs. W. W. Carnes and little Portia, a trio of attraction no one should miss. Admission, 25 cents; children, 15 cents.

Now is the time to leave orders for Fall suitings and overcoats. Benson (our tailor) is the man to buy from. He will positively give good satisfaction in prices, good fit, trimmings and work.

In Harper's Weekly to be published September 24th there will be an interesting article on "The Park and Parkway System," by Clarence Pullen, illustrated by Childre Hassam and E. H. Garrett.

### CORRECT STYLES,

cloth, and workmanship, are three points that Benson holds and increases custom with. He will be pleased to show you his Fall cloths, a line that is O. K. in every respect.

The W. R. C. will send to the Soldiers' Home, at Quincy, a box of jellies and canned fruit. Any one wishing to put in a glass of jelly or a can of fruit will please leave it with Mrs. Wm. Porter before the first of October.

We are in receipt of complimentary tickets to the Sioux City corn Palace, holding from Sep. 24th to Oct. 11th. Although we cannot visit it a number of our readers will, and they will return delighted with what they saw.

Mrs. J. T. Howland departed this life the first of this week, closing her eyes to the sights and scenes of a locality in which she has been well known for very many years. Funeral services were held at the Hickory Point church Wednesday, Rev. E. L. Shaffer officiating.

Mr. L. D. Carpenter, of Seneca, Ill. says that Griggs' Glycerine Salve is the most rapid healer he ever saw. Applied to raw sores on his horse's shoulders it healed them very rapidly and he was able to work the horse right along. He adds: You can truly call it a Wonder Healer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Walbridge left Tuesday for La Salle, where they took the Illinois Central for Sioux City, Iowa, where they will take a through look at the corn palace and its interesting interior. From there they will go to Colridge, Neb., to visit their daughter Leafie.

Prof. W. W. Carnes, of Chicago, needs no introduction here. His reputation is fixed, our people like his entertainments. With the assistance of his wife and little daughter, Portia, Monday night should see a large audience out to see and hear them at the Congregational church. Are you going?

### SWEET POTATOES.

I expect soon to have a limited supply of sweet potatoes which will be for sale at reasonable rates by the barrel. Persons wanting to buy can leave orders at PLAINDEALER office or with me in season.

M. M. SIMMONS.

Pure and harmless as the clover blossoms is Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which promptly and pleasantly cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Piles, Pimples, Costiveness, Bad Blood, Low Spirits, Kidney Troubles and chronic diseases. A bottle holding nearly a pint for 50 cents, at Frowbridge's.

The number of Harper's Bazar to be published September 29th contains a bright parlor comedy entitled "Taking a Scalp," by Edwin Lassetter Bynner. Also, a fully illustrated article on "The Exiles of Chislehurst," including a full-length portrait of the Empress Eugenie, and a picture of her present residence at Farnborough Hall.

At the county Democratic convention held at Ottawa Tuesday, the following ticket was nominated: State Senator, A. J. O'Connor; Representatives, M. O. Laughlin and L. Rohr; Probate Judge, S. P. Hall; County Judge, B. F. Lincoln; Probate Clerk, Henry Helming; County Clerk, Patrick Finley; Treasurer, W. J. Dawell; Sheriff, W. W. Taylor.

Quincy Herald: "Mr. Carnes is a reader and elocutionist of note, and his recitation of the poem, by Lover, entitled "Shamus O'Brien," was a masterpiece. It brought tears to many an eye. The happy end to what appeared to be so sorrowful a tale, took the house by storm and sent them home with light hearts and a smile on their faces."

At Yorkville Saturday there was a rousing game between Yorkville and Rutland, resulting in 12 to 12 when the game stopped to enable the Rutlands to catch the train. Jack Galloway, Nicholson and VanBuren were with the Rutlands. Jack speaks in the highest praise of the Yorkville boys and the treatment they gave their visitors.

### BASE BALL SERIES.

Three games are to be played at the base ball park Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2d, 3d and 4th, between the Brown Stockings and Montgomery's Amateurs, the latter in part imported for the occasion. Lovers of the game look forward to rare sport and with good music by the Marseilles band the place will assume a gala day air.

### Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

"Prof. Carnes, the gifted elocutionist of Chicago, had been engaged, and he proved himself to be an elocutionist of ability and power. The Burning of Chicago" and Sheridan's Ride" he recited in a manner which took the large audience by storm. He was down on the programme for six recitations, but he gave twelve, being encored at the end of each one." This was at Moline.

Mrs. Nelly Bayley, National Chalk Talker of the W. C. T. U., will give one of her very entertaining Chalk Talks Tuesday evening, Sept. 30th, at the Baptist church, for the benefit of the Willing Workers of the M. E. church, and on Thursday evening, Oct. 2d, at the Congregational church, for the benefit of the Marseilles W. C. T. U. Both entertainments commence at 7:45. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. All the children are especially invited.

### THE ONLY CORN PALACE.

This is an age of Mechanical and Industrial Palaces. Texas has her Spring Palace, Louisiana her Cotton Palace, Ottumwa her Coal Palace, St. Paul her Ice Palace, and Colorado her Mineral Palace, but the credit of conceiving and carrying out the idea of a Corn Palace must forever be accredited to the generous, far-sighted, enterprising and plucky citizens of Sioux City, Iowa. With them, no elevated railroad is too high, no cable line too long, no packing house too large, no opera house too grand, no business block too fine and no Corn Palace too magnificent for them to build. Their vim and business-like ways, command the world's admiration, and on the 25th of September they will open the 4th annual Corn Palace, larger and more beautiful than any that have preceded it. The mammoth array of exhibits will come from every direction. The farms, the mines, manufactories, with all their diversified products, will be largely represented. The most artistic designs in corn will decorate the exterior and interior of the great Palace. The parades will eclipse everything of the kind ever seen in this country outside of New Orleans. The music will be grand, and every feature of this wonderful exposition, combining pleasure with profit, only tends to inspire us with love for the great Northwest, of which, Sioux City is now and ever will be the Commercial Metropolis. To this gathering the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD will make a rate of ONE FARE, for the round trip, from all of its Illinois and Wisconsin points. Tickets will be on sale Sept. 23, 24th and 29th and October 1st, 3d, 6th and 8th. Tickets limited to ten days except those sold Sept. 23d which will be limited to 30 days. For a copy of the pamphlet entitled "A Little Journey to the Corn Palace," and other information, address the undersigned at 194 Clark St., Chicago.

F. B. BOWES,

Gen'l Northern Pass. Agt.

### LIBBY PRISON IN CHICAGO.

A visit to Chicago is not complete unless the visitor has spent a few hours in that wonderful institution, so full of patriotic memories, the Libby Prison War Museum. It is barely a year since this famous old prison was removed from its old home in Richmond, Va., to the great World's Fair metropolis,

and yet in that short time it has been visited by nearly a quarter of a million people. One of the most interesting facts in connection with this statement is the gratifying one that not one visitor has left the museum with any feeling of displeasure toward the exhibit, but thousands were displeased because they did not have time enough to stay and study everything. In no other place in America is there to be found such a grand exhibit of war relics, and it is alone worth the price of admission to see the celebrated old prison itself. During the war there were confined within its bare walls nearly 12,000 Union officers, and to-day the old structure stands as a monument to the patriotism of the heroes, and no more fitting home than this could be thought of for the thousand of valuable war relics it contains. There are relics from every battle field, original manuscripts of personal letters, official documents, and war orders from such men as Lincoln, Grant, Hancock, Sheridan, Sherman, McClellan, McPherson, Meade, Hooker and others of the North and from the pens of Gen. R. E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, Alex. H. Stevens, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnson, Jubal Early, Beauregard, Thompson, Stuart, Pickett and other famous men of the South. The walls of the old structure are covered with life size oil portraits of these men, with battle scenes, camp life sketches, war maps and other exhibits full of interest and instruction. Another interesting feature is the famous Yankee tunnel through which 100 Union officers made their escape from this prison. But words cannot tell all there is to see in this museum. The Rev. Joseph Cook, the eminent Boston orator, says: "It is an invaluable memorial." Prof. David Swing, one of Chicago's most noted clergymen, says: "It is liberal education. Millions ought to see it."

I was troubled with a bad cough for two years, and tried everything without avail until I tried Dr. Biglow's Positive Cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, which has entirely cured me, and I can rest all night now. I have sold medicine in Wayne County ten years, and can recommend Bigelow's Cough Cure as the best remedy I ever saw for coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc.

JOHN GEISLEMAN.

Sold at Trowbridge's.]

### HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

Take advantage of the cheap excursions offered by the CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY, to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Texas, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa South and North Dakota, Montana and Colorado, at the low rate of "one fare for the round trip." Tickets for these excursions will be sold on Tuesdays, Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14, 1890. They are first-class and good 30 days for return passage.

If you want to see the country, or secure a home in the Great West, don't neglect this opportunity. Be sure that your tickets read via the C. R. I. & P. R. Y., which has its own lines to principal points in many of the above named States.

For rates and full particulars address JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

### Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00 at all druggists. Sample bottles free.

The worlds Fair city never lacks for interest to the casual visitor. Not the novelty of years ago the present exposition nevertheless continues to draw. As a main attraction the art department is the most interesting feature. For the evening the grand electric fountain at Lincoln park is a superb spectacle and should by all means be seen where at all possible. It is not in operation every evening, though. Washington park, in floral designs is an enchanting spot. Its peer is not known in the United States has been said again and again. Take a Hyde Park cable car out to it, getting on at Lake street. It's a nine mile ride for five cents, and you pass several small parks on the way, besides getting a good idea of the South side. You will see there the site of the World's Fair. All the guide books picture the North side pumping works as something worth seeing. They truly are, not forgetting the tower. At present the latter, on the outside, is fair to see, but the climber of the interior will vote it a dismal disgrace. The steps appear not to have been swept for ages,

the windows cleaned for centuries, and the walls have been defaced by the rabble at every possible chance. At the top the windows are in good part sashless, those useful things being stacked in the passage way, panes of glass largely smashed out. A vast panorama is spread out to your gaze, reaching far out on the lake, over the city proper, but the grime of the tower mars the view. The party in charge of that tower should be unceremoniously dumped into the lake, and soused there until his vision is clear enough to realize the shameful condition of the inside of that tower. Then compel him at once to renovate from bottom to top, top to bottom and again bottom to top.

### RUTLAND.

The willipus wallapus is roaming in our vicinity.

F. Debolt buried about sixty rods of large hedge.

L. M. Butterfield Studded at the residence of Chas. Long.

Chas. Long and family spent the Sabbath with Mr. and Mrs. Gafford States.

Miss Olive Brumbach, of Manlius, and Miss Belle Brumbach, of Rutland, visited with Mrs. C. Long last Saturday.

Miss Bertha Long and her sister, Mrs. Geo. Finkle, of Odell, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Long last Thursday.

The peach party at Hon. D. E. Butterfield's was well attended. Relatives from Seneca and Marseilles were present.

Mr. Carl, Miss Libbie and Mrs. Chas. Fisher, of Stavanger, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Al Fisher last Wednesday.

A suit last week between R. T. Harrington, of Marseilles, and J. Connors was won by the former. Connors refused to deliver but half of his contract, which was 1,000 bushels of corn, which was sold for 32 cents. The result was Connors was obliged to pay Harrington a bonus of \$76. That, with lawyers fees, is more than twice the difference he got for the remaining 500 bushels.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stadden, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Miller went to Chicago last Saturday on the early train, which leaves Wedron at 7:45, and returned the following Monday night. All enjoyed a fine time and were greatly refreshed by the journey.

A dance near Dayton last Friday night was the scene of a bloody affray. A couple of boys from Ottawa, highly elevated with Sanicula water, put in their appearance and at once began a riot. One of them (the son of a proprietor of the leading hotel) drew a knife, slashing at any near him. Three of the boys were slashed in a shocking manner. Some of the girls fainted, and as they were being carried away, the young savage rushed at the young man who was aiding the girls, and to defend himself he drew a pistol and drove him from the house. One of them is out on \$5,000 bail, while the one who did the stabbing is positively refused bail. He will no doubt see Joliet, as the recovery of one of them is doubtful.

### HARD PAN.

### MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, passing through Minnesota, Dakota, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, was the first line to bring the region occupied by these states into communication with the east. Its main line and branches penetrate all sections of these states, reaching nine-tenths of the chief cities. It is the short line to Helena and Butte, Mont., Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., and the only line running through train services from the east through the states of Montana and Washington. Pullman Sleepers and furnished Tourist Sleeping Cars are run via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific, and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific, from Chicago through to the Pacific Coast without change. This is the Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Route.

The large travel on the Northern Pacific line necessitated the inauguration, in June, 1890, of a second through train to the Pacific Coast, thus enabling this road to offer the public the advantage of two through trains daily to Montana and points in the Pacific Northwest, carrying complete services of sleeping cars, dining cars and regular day coaches. The train leaving St. Paul in the morning runs via the recently completed Air Line of the Northern Pacific through Butte, Mont., making this the shortest line to the latter point by two miles.

Colonists for Washington, Oregon and British Columbia points should take no other line than the Northern Pacific, as by this line only, can all portions of the state of Washington be seen. Stopovers are allowed on second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, enabling settlers to inspect the country without extra expense.

For Maps, Time Tables and Illustrated Pamphlets, or any special information desired, address CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Geo. Sparks

# The Marseilles Plaindealer.

VOL. XIV.

MARSEILLES, ILL., FRIDAY, OCT. 2, 1890.

NO. 40

**CARPENTER & REPAIR SHOP!**  
MORGAN'S OLD STAND, MAIN ST.,  
MARSEILLES, ILL.

All kinds of jobbing done to order promptly, in good manner and at living rates.  
E. A. ALLEN.

**JOHN J. BECKER,**  
DEALER IN

**FRESH, SALT & SMOKED**

**MEATS.**

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR Cattle, Hogs and Hides

G. B. STOCKDALE,  
Co. Supt. Public Schools.

Office--Room 15, Court House, Ottawa.

Examinations at Office 2d and 4th Saturday in each month.

Residence and P. O. Address, Peru.

W. A. MOREY, Pres. F. T. NEFF, Cash.  
N. FLEMING, Vice Pres.

**First National Bank**

MARSEILLES, ILL.  
Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$8,050

**DIRECTORS.**  
A. N. DOUGLASS, D. W. CONARD,  
F. T. NEFF, GEO. L. THOMPSON,  
N. FLEMING, E. T. REED,  
W. A. MOREY.

**C. M. BENSON,**  
Merchant Tailor,  
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Our best  
CONCEDED BY ALL



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**SPECIAL** LOCAL agent wanted in your county at once, part or full time. A reliable and energetic man can secure a permanent and paying position with us. Stock warranted first-class, and any failing to live, replaced **FREE!** Write for terms at once. All letters promptly answered.  
E. D. LUTCHFORD & CO.,  
Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

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**R. T. Harrington.**

**The Plaindealer.**

Published every Friday.  
TERMS, 50 CENTS A YEAR.

Office in Simmons' Block, No. 7 Main Street.

TERRY SIMMONS, EDITOR

Dars a new coon in town. New dinner pails at Simmons'. Amateurs, 21; Brown Stockins, 9.

More new goods at Brodbeck's this week.

Ladies black caps just in at Poole & Galloway's.

A few sets of 75 cent croquet left at Johnson's drug store.

Price the underwear at Bennett's before buying elsewhere.

Marseilles was well represented at the state fair at Peoria.

Have you seen the 25 cent fountain pens at C. F. Johnson's?

**NEXT WEEK.**

New Winter clothing at Bennett's. Outing flannel, in dark fall shades, only 10 cents per yard, at Brodbeck's.

See those late styles stiff hats just in at POOLE & GALLOWAY'S.

New music! New songs! Eureka Concert company Wednesday evening Work.

Dress and Gloves at Bennett's. Kid

Another lot of those ten cent hair curlers at the Red, White, and Blue store.

Mrs. Judge Wing, of Morris, has been entertaining Miss Nellie Flannery the past week.

The Chautauqua Circle will meet next Tuesday evening with Miss Della Chaddock.

Miss Grace Pattee, of Shabbona, is spending the week with her relatives, the Simmons'.

**THAT FALL SUIT** will suit if it is made by Hart & Kelso. Why not order it at once?

Neither of the two chalk talks by Mrs. N. Bayley were well attended, but they were quite interesting.

The remains of Mrs. Dr. E. S. Morey, a former old citizen of Marseilles were brought here for burial this week.

**YOU WILL FEEL** good if you wear a fine Fall suit made to order for you by Hart & Kelso.

**SLIPPERS FOR ALL** the ladies and gentlemen in Marseilles and the surrounding country just received at John Lord's.

Mr. J. V. Read, of Chicago, was in our place last week securing pledges for the state work of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Eureka Concert company Wednesday, Oct. 8th, at Washington hall. Admission 15, 25 and 35 cents. Reserved seats at Trowbridges.

L. F. Conant and family now help to swell the population of Joliet. Mrs. C. in particular will leave an unfilled place, as she was ever so active in good works.

**BASE BALL.** Go to the game of ball at the park Saturday and see how the athletes can play with some of Poole & Galloway's popular fifty cent shirts on.

**TWO TO THREE**

was the score of Thursday's ball game; also remember that \$2.00 to \$3.00 may be saved by buying your Fall or Winter suit of Poole & Galloway.

Drop in at Benson's and look over the daisy line of season goods just in. And remember that he will make you up a suit or single garment that will be sure to please you, on leaving your order.

Oct. 8th to 12th the Eighteenth Annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Illinois, will be held at Englewood. As that is so near here Marseilles should be well represented.

Tuesday the good news came that through Dr. J. H. Goodell Mr. Wm. Maxton had been granted a pension of \$72.00 a month, to date from Aug. 14th. The Dr. is very successful in pushing such claims.

Mr. Geo. Westervelt and family removed to South Bend, Ind., where they will hereafter reside. The family is one we were sorry to lose and there are earnest wishes for their continued happiness at the new home.

Put it down with the other good news of the week that Rev. J. F. Clancy will continue for another year as pastor of the Methodist church, Seneca retains Rev. P. K. Hammond, and Sheridan gets Rev. H. R. Vernon.

We wish to tell our many patrons we now have the largest stock of seasonable goods we ever carried and will not advance prices on account of the McKinley tariff bill. THURBER & Co.

The blood, stomach and nerves preside over the health of the entire human system. Red Clover Tonic is a perfect cure for the above when out of normal condition. It is a good and great remedy. Sold by L. H. Trowbridge.

**AGAIN TO CHICAGO.**

September was a trade rusher at the Red, White & Blue Store. So much so, in fact, that Terry Simmons will go to Chicago the first of the week to buy another large Fall stock, as usual adding all the new and desirable articles in his line.

The article we copied from the Seneca Record last week regarding the death of Sydney Smith was unjust to the father of the boy who promptly met all expenses of care and burial, also to the uncles here, who were in no sense lax in their duties. The Seneca publisher Friday so explained.

**SWEET POTATOES.**

I expect soon to have a limited supply of sweet potatoes which will be for sale at reasonable rates by the barrel. Persons wanting to buy can leave orders at PLAINDEALER office or with me in season.

**M. M. SIMMONS.**

All in all one of the cutest little folks parties of the season was held in honor of Mrs. A. W. Allen's little daughter Saturday afternoon, there being eighteen present. The eatables were nice and all in size to correspond with the little company that eat them. She received quite a number of nice presents.

The September *Danwary Preacher* says: On the 7th inst. Prof. Yoder, of Marseilles, preached an excellent sermon to the people of Danway, in our church, the pastor filling an appointment at Wauponsee. Mr. Derby, of Marseilles, filled the pulpit in the absence of the editor, Sunday, Sep. 21st. A large audience gave good attention to a very good speech.

**A SENSIBLE MAN**

would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lung trouble. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung troubles than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a sample bottle free to convince you of the merits of this great remedy. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00.

The Fall amusement season opens at Washington hall Wednesday evening next with the Eureka Concert Company, comprising little Roma Littell, the child violin soloist, Miss Gene Banta, elocutionist, Mrs. Lula Littell, pianist, O. J. Littell, cornet virtuoso, E. T. Rawlston, clarionetist. All come recommended by actual bearers and the encomiums on little Roma are especially strong. Miss Banta also is a general favorite.

Try a blood medicine that cannot injure you—one far superior to Sarsaparilla, or other alterative medicines. It is Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic; it cures cancer, rheumatism, and all blood, stomach, and liver troubles. Sold by L. H. Trowbridge.

So far no school is being held at the Galloway schoolhouse, just South of the river, this term. Prof. Stockdale has been notified and will see wherein the trouble lies. In the meanwhile Mrs. Brinckman, living on the Ward farm, has a nine year old boy to send to school and no school to send him to, as explained above. She has tried to get him into the Bluff school, but the directors cannot find room for him. The situation troubles her.

Never send a dollar from home when the article that dollar will purchase can be found at home. Money is our financial blood. Its circulation keeps the business body alive. Bled that by sending your money away from home and soon trade will put on a look of lethargy and activity. Always trade at home. It is twice blessed. It helps the person patronized, and finds its way back to you again. Spend your money with the merchants who help sustain the city you reside in, and who pay taxes and are with you the year round.

**HOLD IT TO THE LIGHT.**

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Large bottles at all druggists, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sample bottle free.

Rev. Ethridge makes many happy hits in introducing celebrities to Marseilles audiences, and in shadowing forth what the Carnes entertainment would prove, particularly as to little Portia, struck a correct vein. She was a treasure, a surprise and fairly perfection in "The goblins will get you." The professor is always at his best, or has been here, and held the audience spell bound, while his wife was the happy medium between the father and daughter. No work of consequence was required to bring out the good audience present.

It was rumored a while ago that Rev. Chris. Christianson was about to give up his charge at Danway and remove to Iowa. We felt that to the church and congregation it would be a mistake to let him go, if at all possible to retain him, as few would labor to build up as he has so bravely done, in the face of great discouragements. At a church meeting held Monday evening it was voted to engage him for another year, and the matter was acted upon promptly. Now all work together and make the church at Danway a great blessing in the building up of the Master's Kingdom in all hearts.

W. Clark Russell, famous for his delightful sea-stories, and author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "Marooned" etc., contributes the complete novel to the October number of "Lippincott's Magazine". The story is entitled "A Marriage at Sea," and is a tale of love and adventure upon the deep. It is impregnated with that buoyant air and sea-flavor which lend a peculiar charm to Mr. Russell's stories, and make them as refreshing to the mind as is a dip in the ocean to the body. Clean, healthful, invigorating, Clark Russell's stories are the best antidote to the morbid novels which are at present inundating the market.

**TWO TO THREE.**

Yesterday's first game of the series, between the Brown Stockings and Montgomery's Amateurs, was a rouser, the former winning in a score of 2 to 3. But for two errors the latter would have been completely shut out. Rain and threatening prospects kept away many from the game, but there is every prospect of good crowds to-day and Saturday. Of the three runs Chas. Harley made two for the Brown Stockings, in fact the way he got in the deciding tally was a caution. Geo. Milligan made the two tallies for his side. The B. S.'s battery was Nicholson and

Harley, with the Ellis brothers for the Amateurs. Pat Carey, of Ottawa, umpired the game to the satisfaction of all. Dr. Montgomery had practice enough in marking down goose eggs to entitle him a professional star. Nicholson pitched a rattling good game, and Frank Ellis got in some fine steady work. By the looks of Harley's chin and Keeney's eye, there were two knock outs not down in the regular score. Do not miss the two coming games if you enjoy something worth seeing.

Patients suffering from sick-headache will find Red Clover Tonic a prompt and pleasant relief. As a laxative in the treatment of recent or chronic constipation the remedy is absolutely perfect, as it tones the system instead of debilitating, as do other similar remedies. In its efficacy for indigestion and all such stomach troubles, as a tonic and appetizer, also for dispelling lassitude, it has no equal. A little taken now and then after meals assists digestion and keeps the bowels regular. We know of no case where Red Clover Tonic has had anything but the most satisfactory results. It grows in favor each day. It cures all blood, stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Sold by L. H. Trowbridge.

Among the non-political offices of the county that of county school superintendent should certainly be classed. An interest so important must suffer if the question be not who is the best man for the position as paramount to any party claim. Aside from natural ability practical experience in the every day duties of the office is essential. The first year of a new man is largely a matter of getting acquainted, and an experiment as to his fitness. He is therefore expensive financially and in school progress. Here it is eminently better to hold fast to that which is good. Prof. Stockdale has been a success, LaSalle county schools ranking very high as proven by the state premiums awarded. He is a thorough organizer, shirks no duty, will bring to future work practical plans, and place our schools on a still higher footing.

The report of the East Marseilles public school, for the month ending Sep. 30th, 1890, shows the total enrollment 192, of which 106 are girls and the balance boys. The average total attendance was 169.16, the primary having 60 and intermediate 49, enough for three rather than two rooms. Miss Carpenter, in particular, has her hands full, and that she succeeds so well with them, is much to her credit. Stopping the interchange system has increased attendance at this school quite a little, and there are still others on the Bond bluff that belong there but have not started as yet, since the new order. It is plain that the addition of another room or two to the present building is needed. The per cent. of punctuality was 99.39, a good record.

**ROLL OF HONOR—PRIMARY DEP'T.**  
James Cuddaback Herbert Van Orman  
Willie Nelson Maggie Marshall  
Lena Shelton Emmy Grubike  
Frank Bignall Freddy Looft  
Josie Eddy Vida Killeen  
Nora Kelly Myrtle Bignall  
Freddy Gronberg Lizzie Adler  
Scott Allen Blanche Eddy  
Helen Bignall

**ONLY ONE MORE EXCURSION** and last opportunity for Home Seekers and others via the CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY., to see the "Great West" in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Arkansas, Indian Territory Texas, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa, South and North Dakota, Montana and Colorado, at the low rate of "one fare for the round trip." Tickets, "first class" and good for thirty days for return, will be on sale the date of departure, Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1890. Don't forget that by joining this Special Excursion, your entire round trip journey will cost you the price of "one first-class fare one way" only. Be sure that your ticket reads via the C. R. I. & P. Ry., which has its own lines to principal points in many of the above-named States.

For full particulars apply to your nearest "Rock Island" ticket agent, or address JNO SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. Agt. Chicago, Ill.

# THE PLAINDEALER

MARSEILLES, : : ILLINOIS.

## A BRIDGE OF DEBTS.

Carlous Custom Obtaining in a Thrifty Tyrolean Village.

The "credit system," as it is ordinarily known nowadays, appears to belong to an advanced state of society, and to be impracticable under simple conditions of life, but it is in use, nevertheless, in some very primitive communities. In the valley of Possey, in the Austrian Tyrol, where the Alpine inhabitants lead a simple life, practically all business and work is conducted on credit, subject to an annual settlement. On a certain day in winter the inhabitants of the valley meet at the bridge of St. Leonard's, a place which is convenient to all, and the day is devoted to balancing accounts.

The first business in order at these meetings is the payment of debts. Every one pays what he owes; some depend upon what they collect to meet debts owed to others, but the inhabitants of Possey are thrifty and honest, and there is usually money enough to go around.

The bridge of St. Leonard's, in other words, is the clearing-house of the valley of Possey.

After the debts are paid, contracts are entered into for the next year. Labor engages itself, and the farmers, crops are often bargained for in advance.

If any debtor fails to appear at the bridge and meet his dues on this "squaring-up" day, he is practically cut off from further dealings with the other inhabitants of the valley. No more credit is allowed him, and he is generally fain to re-establish himself in the good-will of his fellows by paying his debts as soon as he possibly can. To be able to hold up one's head on the bridge is the test of solvency and honor.

There is a tradition in the Tyrol that once, a long time ago, after a year of scarcity and disaster, the inhabitants of the valley of Possey met at St. Leonard's bridge. Each one owed some one else, and each one was owed by some one else. Consequently each depended upon being paid by his neighbor who owed him in order to be able to pay his neighbor whom he owed.

But as no one appeared to have any money, no one's debt could be paid. The people stood about in despair, until presently a well-to-do miller, who was known to have money, arrived.

"Good!" said Hans Melchior, the tailor. "Here is Wilhelm Gutpenning. He will start the ball rolling. Whom do you owe, Wilhelm?"

"No one!"

"So? Well, will you lend me forty gold thalers until noon?"

The miller thought the matter over a moment.

"Yes," he said. "I believe you are honest, Hans Melchior. I will lend you the money."

He advanced forty thalers to Hans, who used it to pay his debt to Pieter the weaver, and Pieter the weaver passed it on to discharge his obligation to another citizen, and so it went from hand to hand, discharging the very moderate debts of the Possey inhabitants until it came to the last man, who happened to owe Hans Melchior just forty thalers. He paid it, of course, and with it Melchior at once settled his debt to Gutpenning, the miller.

Now since the miller had paid himself out of the grists he went along and was owed by nobody, his forty gold thalers had paid all the debts in Possey, and though every one else had come to the bridge in the morning money-less, every one went home in the afternoon solvent and happy.—Youth's Companion.

## CAUSES OF BALDNESS.

Physical Conditions Which Retard or Stimulate Growth of the Hair.

Dyspepsia is one of the most common causes of baldness. Nature is a great economizer, and when the nutrient elements furnished by the blood are insufficient to properly support the whole body, she cuts off the supply to parts the least vital, like the hair and nails, that the heart, lungs and other vital organs may be the better nourished. In cases of severe fevers this economy is particularly noticeable. A single hair is a sort of history of the physical condition of an individual during the time it has been growing, if one could read closely enough. Take a hair from the beard or from the head and scrutinize it, and you will see that it shows some attenuated places, indicating that at that period of its growth the blood supply was deficient from over-work, or anxiety, or under-feeding.

The hair falls out when the strength of its roots is insufficient to sustain its weight any longer and a new hair will take its place unless the root is diseased. For this reason, each person has a certain definite length of hair. When the hair begins to silt or fall out, massage to the scalp is excellent. Place the tip of the finger upon the scalp and then rub or move the scalp while holding the pressure steadily. This will stimulate the blood vessels underneath and bring about better nourishment of the hair. A brush of unevenly tufted bristles is also excellent to use upon the scalp, not the hair.—From a Lecture by J. H. Kellogg, M. D.

## PERMANENCE.

I wrote her name upon a rose  
That spread its petals to the dawn;  
But at the evening's troubled close  
I saw, and lo! the rose was gone.  
  
I carved her name upon a tree,  
The stately forest's pride and mine.  
"Live there, sweet name! Long lease to thee!"  
That night the tempest slew the pine.  
  
I cut her name deep in a rock  
That crowned the beetling mountain-side.  
Alas! there came an earthquake shock,  
And plunged the boulder in the tide.  
  
Then I perceived that outward frame  
Could no sure stead to love impart,  
And last of all I wrote her name  
Warm on the tablets of my heart.  
—James Buckham, in Leslie's Newspaper.

## WHAT POLLY DID.

How She Saved More Than One Hundred Lives.



POLLY GARDNER had been spending her vacation with Aunt Mary in the country. She would have been "perfectly happy," but that her father and mother were obliged to remain in the city. It was five weeks since she had seen them, and it seemed to Polly like five months.

One lovely afternoon Polly sat on the horse-block, idly kicking one foot backward and forward, watching Aunt Mary as she drove off to visit a sick neighbor.

Just as Aunt Mary was hidden from sight by a bend in the road she heard the crunching of wheels in the opposite direction, and, on looking up, found it was the grocer and postman of Willow Grove. He checked his horse at the gate, and, fumbling slowly in his coat, drew out a white envelope, and read in a loud voice:

"Miss Polly Gardner, in care of Mrs. Mary West, Willow Grove. In haste." Then he peeped over his glasses severely at Polly, and asked sharply: "Who's Miss Polly Gardner? Do you know, little girl?"

"O, that's me," cried Polly, jumping from the horse-block, "and Mrs. Mary West is aunt. Please give me my letter. It's from mamma. I am so glad!"

"Can you read?"

"Yes, of course," said Polly indignantly. "I'm nine next week."

This was the letter:  
DEAREST POLLY—Papa and he can leave his business for a short time, so we have concluded to spend the remainder of your vacation with you and Aunt Mary. We shall take the train that reaches Willow Grove at 4:30 p. m. on the 28th. Tell Aunt Mary to meet us if she has time.

Love to all, and a thousand kisses from MAMMA AND PAPA.

As Aunt Mary would not return before five o'clock, Polly determined to walk down to the railroad station and meet her father and mother alone. She had often been there with Aunt Mary to watch the trains come and go. It was a small station, and very few people stopped there.

Just before reaching the station the railroad crossed a draw-bridge. Polly liked to watch the man open and shut the draw as the boats in the river passed through. There was a foot-path over this bridge, and Polly had once crossed it with Aunt Mary. They had stopped to speak to the flagman, who was pleasant and good-natured. He told Polly where she could find some beautiful white lilies in a pond not far away. That was more than a week ago and the flowers were not then open, and now, as Polly ran down the road, she thought she would have time to gather some for her parents before the train arrived.

When Polly reached the station she found no one there, and on looking at the clock found that it was only ten minutes past four, so she had twenty minutes to wait. Then she ran on quickly.

The flagman stood by the draw, and Polly saw, some distance down the river, a small vessel coming toward the



THEN HE PEEPED OVER HIS GLASSES.

bridge. She ran along rapidly, and as she passed the flagman he called out:

"Going for the lilies? The pond was all white with them when I went by this morning."

"Yes, sir; I want to pick some for mamma and papa. They wrote me a letter and said they were coming in the next train."

"You don't say so! Well, I guess you're glad. Look out for the locomotive, and don't take too long picking your flowers, and you'll have plenty of

time to get back before the train comes in."

She thanked him and ran on. In about five minutes she reached the pond. How lovely the lilies looked, with their snowy cups resting upon the dark water! But their stems were long and tough, and most of them grew far beyond her reach. She contrived to secure four. Polly was sorry to leave so many behind, but was afraid if she lingered too long she would miss the train. So gathering up the blossoms, she pinned them into her belt and scampered back toward the bridge.

The boat had just sailed through the draw, and the man stood ready to close the bridge, when Polly came up. He looked over at her from the center of the bridge, and called out with a smile: "Couldn't you get any more flowers than those? If I had time to go to the pond you should have as many as you could carry."

Polly smiled back at him, and then began to watch him as he made ready to turn the great bridge back into place for the train to pass over. His hand was already on the crank, when a rope dangling over the railing of the bridge attracted his attention. As he tried to pull it in: seemed to be caught underneath. Polly watched him lean over to get a better hold, when, to her horror, the piece of railing to which he held gave way.

There was a sudden scream and a great splash in the water. But before the waves of the swiftly flowing river closed over him Polly heard the cry:

"The train—the flag!"

Poor little Polly! She was so alarmed for the poor man's safety that for some moments she could think of nothing else, and ran backward and forward wringing her hands in despair. As he arose to the surface she saw that he made frantic gestures to her, and pointed up



THEN CAME THE TRAIN AROUND THE CURVE.

the road from which the train was to come. He seemed to be able to keep himself above water with very little effort, and Polly saw with joy that the accident had been observed by the crew of the vessel. The man in the water struck out toward the boat, and Polly could hear shouts and cheers from the men on board.

All at once she was startled by the far-off whistle of the approaching locomotive. In a moment she understood the meaning of the flagman's gestures. She looked at the open space and then at the bridge. In five minutes or less the train would come dashing into that terrible chasm. Polly's hair almost rose on her head with horror. It was as much as she could do to keep her senses.

There must be some way to avert the awful calamity. She ran swiftly along toward the rapidly approaching train. Lying on the ground, just by the small wooden house where the flagman usually sat, Polly saw a red flag. She remembered having heard that this flag was used in case of danger, or when there was any reason for stopping the cars. She did not know whether there was yet time, but she seized the flag, and flew wildly up the track.

"O, my papa! O, my mamma!" she cried; "they will fall into the river and be drowned! What shall I do?" and Polly waved the flag backward and forward as she ran.

Then came the train around the curve. She could see the white steam puffing from the pipe, and could hear the panting of the engine.

"I know they'll run over me, but if mamma and papa are killed I don't care to live," she said to herself as she approached the great, black, noisy engine. When it was about three hundred feet away from her she saw a head thrust out of the little window by the locomotive, and then, with a great puffing, snorting and whistling, it began to move slower and slower, until at last, when it was almost upon Polly, it stopped entirely.

All the windows were alive with heads and hands. The passengers screamed and waved her off the track. She stepped off and ran close up to the side of the engine, and gasped out: "The bridge is open, and the man has fallen into the river. Please stop the train, or you'll be drowned."

The engineer stared in amazement, as well he might, to see a small girl with a flushed face, hair blown wildly about and four lilies pinned in her belt, waving the red flag as though she had been used to flagging trains all her life.

At that moment another remarkable figure presented itself to the astonished eyes of the passengers. A man, dripping wet, bruised and scratched, as though he had been drawn through briars, came tearing toward the cars, stumbling and almost falling at every step. As he reached little Polly, he snatched her up and covered her face

with kisses. "You little darling," he cried, "do you know what you've done? You've saved the lives of more than a hundred people."

Polly, nervous and excited, began to cry. One after another the passengers came hurrying out of the train, and crowded around her, praising and kissing her, until she was quite ashamed, and hid her head on the kind flagman's shoulder, whispering: "Please take me away to find mamma and papa."

Almost the last to alight were Polly's parents. "Why, it's our Polly!" they both exclaimed at once.

The draw was now closed again, and the conductor cried: "All aboard." The passengers scrambled back to their seats again. Polly's father took her into the car with him, and now she looked calmly at the people as they gathered around, and answered politely all questions put to her, but refused the rings, chains, bracelets and watches that the grateful passengers pressed her to accept as tokens of their gratitude for saving their lives.

At last Polly grew tired of so much praise, and spoke out: "Really, I don't deserve your thanks, for I never once thought of any one but papa and mamma. So keep your presents for your own little girls. Thank you all the same."

Those that heard her laughed, seeing they could do nothing better for her than to let her remain unnoticed for the short distance she had to go.

When Polly was lifted out of the car, and stood upon the steps of the station, while her father looked after the luggage, the passengers threw kisses and waved their handkerchiefs to her until they were out of sight.

A few days afterward Polly was astonished at receiving a beautiful ivory box containing an exquisitely-enamelled medal, with these words engraved on it: "Presented to Polly Gardner, whose courage and presence of mind saved one hundred lives."—Julia K. Hildreth, in Young Folks.

## RICH WITHOUT MONEY.

The Man Who Has a Good Disposition and Cheerful Spirit.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and lands. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as readily as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition, who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.—Clay Manufacturers' Engineer.

The Gaily Slave at Work.

Think of six men chained to a bench, naked as when they were born, one foot on the stretcher, the other on the bench in front, holding an immensely heavy oar (fifteen feet long), bending forward to the stern with arms at full reach to clear the backs of the rowers in front, who bend likewise; and then, having got forward, shoving up the oar's end to let the blade catch the water, then throwing their bodies back on to the groaning bench. A galley oar sometimes pulls thus for ten, twelve, or even twenty hours without a moment's rest. The boatswain, or other sailor, in such a stress, puts a piece of bread steeped in wine in the wretched rower's mouth to stop fainting, and then the captain shouts the order to redouble the lash. If a slave falls exhausted upon his oar (which often chances), he is flogged till he is taken for dead, and then pitched unceremoniously into the sea.—The Barbary Corsairs, Stanley Lane Pool.

It was discovered at Rzeszow, Galicia, some time ago, that several Jewish graves had been broken open, and that the bodies of two children were missing. The police made inquiries, and found out that in a neighboring village, where typhus fever had broken out, a so-called "miracle doctor" had prescribed, as a cure, the burning of the bones of a Jew in the patient's room. He brought the bones himself. The "doctor" has been sentenced to five months' imprisonment.

A youngster of seven years broke into a house in Syracuse a week or so ago and stole a lot of jewelry. He was reprimanded in the police court, but allowed to go. The other day, however, he cut a hole through a store door, filled a satchel with plunder and placed it where he could get it at night. The theft was discovered, and he was again arrested and confessed to the charge of burglary and larceny. This time he will be sent to some reformatory.

P. W. Carpenter, of Ypsilanti, Mich., rented his bald head to a bank for advertising space the other day, and earned a dollar by walking through the street with the bank's business card imprinted on his scalp with a rubber stamp.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There is a Friends' Mission at Ram-sallah, in Palestine, ten miles north of Jerusalem.

—There are more than fifty Congregational churches in Southern California. Many of them have over one hundred members.

—The natives of Africa along the Niger used to worship the animal called the iguana; now they eat it. The missionaries have brought about the change.

—According to the recent census of Switzerland, the Republic contained 1,700,000 Protestants, 1,200,000 Catholics, 8,300 Jews, and 10,700 adherents of no religion.

—Dr. William Lomax, of Indiana, has given his entire estate, amounting to over \$100,000, to the Indiana Medical College, of Indianapolis, the only condition being the payment of a small annuity to the donor and his wife during their lives, and the reservation of their homes to them.

—Africa has now within her borders 10 American, 12 British and 15 Continental missionary societies. There are more than 700 ordained missionaries and more than 7,000 native preachers. It is estimated that there are, both white and native, about 175,000 communicants and 800,000 adherents.

—Clark University will next year begin a course in the history and principles of education, consisting of lectures and conferences, courses of reading, etc. It is designed for those who wish to qualify themselves to fill chairs of pedagogics in colleges and normal schools, and for superintendents and principals.

—The teachers' guild in London has over four thousand members. It proposes to ask Parliament to pass a statute for the registration of teachers that shall require as a condition of registration, after three years, satisfactory evidence of a knowledge of the history, theory and practice of education, and like evidence of practical efficiency and experience as a teacher.

—One of the most significant signs of the educational times is the disappearance of the elderly college president. Young men are pressing forward—the older gentlemen are very content to step aside for some more easy-going place. The truth is, the presidency of a college is largely a place for the exercise of business shrewdness. The young men may be less venerable, but they make things rush.—Chicago News.

—The Missionary Review says: "No mission in the world, perhaps, can show a more notable record than that of the Canadian Presbyterian church in China. At the end of sixteen years' work, and with a small staff of laborers, it reports 2,650 baptized members, two native pastors, sixty-four elders, sixty deacons, and thirty-seven native preachers. It maintains two mission houses, fifty chapels, a girls' school, and a training college. The credit of these results is due, under God, to Dr. Mackay, one of those remarkable men who are born missionaries."

—A successful Baptist pastor found it necessary, because of failing health, to go into secular business. "In taking the position of a layman he would beg all correspondents to do him the favor of omitting the title of reverend in his address." The Christian Inquirer says of this request: "There is a straightforward manliness about this thing that we like. While we do not think all men who go out of the active duties of ministerial life should abandon the ministry entirely, we feel sure that some are so employed that a ministerial attachment to their names is simply ludicrous."

Women Dentists in New York.

There are now three female dentists in New York, all of whom are qualified to practice the profession. Only one of them is a specialist. She is a clever and handsome young Jewess, and she has studied the work of filling teeth with a great deal of care for several years. She is amply equipped with diplomas, is business-like and industrious, and it is said that her trade is almost exclusively among men. Formerly she was employed as a typewriter in an office downtown. Her hours were from 8 to 6 and her employment uncertain. It is said that she clears \$4,000 a year now, has three months' vacation, and is seldom at her chair more than five hours a day. The number of women physicians in New York is, of course, very much greater than the number of female dentists. None of them thus far has attracted particular attention as a specialist, though the names of at least half a dozen of them are known as being general practitioners of ability.—N. Y. Sun.

He Knew the Effects.

McFingle—How are you going to spend your vacation? You get a month I believe.

McFangle—Yes; I'm going to spend one week at the beach, one in the country, and the other two in the city.

McFingle—Why don't you spend all of it away? Why those two weeks in the city?

McFangle—To recover from the effects of the beach and country.—Light.

At the Summer Resort.

Mr. Firstspring (wishing to take a stroll)—Miss Threesummers, are you engaged for the present?

Miss Threesummers—Yes, just for the present; but not so conclusively as to interfere with the future. Any proposal you wish to make will be duly considered.—Chicago Post.

## HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Spiced Fruit: Six pounds of fruit, four pounds of sugar, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Picnic Cake: Two eggs, white of one, two cups of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of lemon or any other flavoring.—*Yankee Blade.*

—Apple Cream Custard: Bake five apples and then remove cores and skins; beat whites of three eggs to a froth, add apple and beat. Serve with boiled custard made of one quart of milk, yolks of three eggs, small cup of sugar, quarter of a cup of flour, little salt.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

—Pickled Nasturtiums: Pick the green seeds (after the flower has dropped off) with stems about one and one-half inches long, lay them in moderately salted cold water for forty-eight hours. Then lay them in fresh cold water twenty-four hours, drain, pack in bottles or jars, and cover with boiling vinegar. Tie up, and stand away at least four weeks before you use them. These may be used as a substitute for capers.—*Boston Budget.*

—Pineapple for Diphtheria: Pineapple juice is now reported to be a sure cure for diphtheria. Get a ripe pineapple, squeeze out the juice, and let the patient swallow it. This juice is so corrosive a nature that it will cut out the diphtheric mucus, and if you will give the juice of a pineapple, not yet ripe, to a person whose throat is well, it will make the mucous membranes of the throat sore. Pineapple juice is a simple remedy, cheap, easily procured and easily tried.

—Frozen Pudding: One large pint milk, one cup powdered sugar, one-fourth cup flour, two tablespoonfuls gelatine dissolved in a little water, three beaten eggs. Cook all ingredients a few moments until thick. Strain: when cool add one pint of cream, one pint cold milk, one cup sugar, one-half pound candied cherries, a few slices of citron, one-fourth cup dried currants, one-fourth cup seedless raisins. Freeze, then pack it until you wish to use it.—*Boston Globe.*

—Stewed Corn: Cut young corn from the cob, put it in a basin, and add enough milk to cover it. Stir it frequently. Let it cook for fifteen minutes, then season to taste with butter, pepper and salt, and add some rich cream, in which has been stirred a little flour. The addition of a little sugar is a great improvement to all corn except the very sweetest kind. Corn should never be cooked in iron; tin is preferable.—*Household.*

—French Soup: Take two dozen frogs' legs and pour over them lukewarm water, let them remain in it about five minutes, but not to cook, pour off the water and add equal quantities of milk and water sufficient to cover; cook moderately about half an hour; simmer a small onion chopped, in butter; add it to the soup with one quart of rich milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little salt and pepper and a desertspoonful of chopped parsley; skim the legs from the soup, and remove the meat from the bones, put the meat into the tureen with a tablespoonful of thick cream and a little celery chopped very fine; pour in the hot soup and serve at once.—*Boston Herald.*

## HINTS ON MENDING.

If Girls Are Taught the Art They Will Save Many a Penny a Year.

While I do not approve of putting girls down to a stint of sewing when they ought to be out-doors, at the same time if they are taught the art, for it is an art, of mending when young, it will save many a penny when they are women; and mending must be learned in childhood or never known. Thousands of neat sewers can not darn stockings, and the neatest plain sewer I know can not make a buttonhole. The other sewing she was taught in early days when fine needlework was an accomplishment, for which we need not now try our eyes, as the machine does this and more.

Mending Table Linen—Use the shiny flax embroidery cotton, first basting the ragged edges of the rent over a piece of stiff paper. Then make a net-work of stitches back and forth, running the needle fully an inch beyond the tare into the linen. If an expert in embroidery, the pattern of the cloth or napkin might be darned in. This makes a neater finish than to patch the hole with a piece of the same, though this may be neatly done by matching the pattern and darning over the raw edges of the larger part, which is laid over the scrap and basted smoothly. The moment a break is discovered in table linen, mend it, as this is a certain case of "a stitch in time saves nine." By the bye, all table linen must be hemmed by hand, turning the hems as narrow as possible. Towels are mended with flax or linen embroidery cotton as well, using a number to agree with the quality of the towel and running the stitches each way, as usual. In darning use long, fine needle and make the first row of threads as close as possible. The second row is simply over and under one thread, with the second line alternating, under one, over one.

"As though we did not know how to darn!" Of course, you know the theory, my dear sisters; but what means the many "cobblid" pieces of mending turned out every week by the family mendier?—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

It appears from some carefully recorded data on the subject that there is required about as much energy to convert water into ice as to evaporate it into steam, for the same amount of heat is found to be absorbed, when, for example, seventeen pounds of ice are melted as in the evaporation of ten pounds of water into steam, about as much as a pound of the best coal can furnish. A liquid that will boil under a pressure of sixty pounds in the heat of a tropical sun should make as much use of a cake of ice for power purposes as could be obtained in midwinter from two-thirds its weight in coal, at least so say the experts.

Mr. ROBERT J. BURDETTE is an inveterate joker, and by no means confines his humorous writing to the articles prepared for publication. Some time ago he received a letter enthusiastically praising him for his verses beginning, "Out on the borders of moonshine land." He sat down and wrote a letter of several pages, in which he gratefully acknowledged the praise of his correspondent, and flattered the latter's taste by saying that he always thought himself that those were pretty good verses, and after signing his name wrote the following postscript: "I didn't write those verses. They were written by my friend, James Whitcomb Riley."

**Investments in the South.**  
The "EVANVILLE ROUTE" will sell tickets from Chicago and all stations on its line, on Sept. 9 and 23 and Oct. 14, at rate of one fare for the round trip, to points in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Texas. Tickets will be good for return passage 90 days from date of sale. Solid trains are run from Chicago through to Nashville, where connections are made in the Union Depot for through trains running to every city of any importance in the South.

For pamphlet descriptive of the South or information as to rates or tickets, address WILLIAM HILL, Gen'l. Pass'r and Ticket Agent C. & E. I. R. R., Chicago.

WHEN a man is convinced that he owes any thing to himself he is always very anxious to pay it.—*Binghamton Republican.*

**Home Seekers' Excursions**  
Will leave Chicago and Milwaukee via the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY for points in Northern Iowa, Minnesota, South and North Dakota, (including the Sioux Indian Reservation in South Dakota), Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska, Sept. 9th and 23rd and Oct. 14th, 1900. Half-rate Excursion Tickets good for return passage within 90 days from date of sale.

For further information, circulars showing rates of fare, maps, etc., address A. V. H. CARPENTER, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

OF one thing nobody can truthfully say it "isn't in it." That is the letter i.—*Philadelphia Press.*

**Home-Seekers' Excursions via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City R'y.**  
On Tuesdays, September 9 and 23 and October 14, 1900, agents of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets to principal points in the West, Northwest, South and Southwest at rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars call on or address agents of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway.

NATURE has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.

ALL cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

"I CAME and saw a saw," said the facetious tramp, "but I didn't saw"—*Boston Herald.*

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hill's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

YOU can't teach an old dog new tricks, but you can buy a new dog.—*Terre Haute Express.*

EVERY trace of sinus rheum is obliterated by Gion's Sui-pour Soap.  
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

THE man who really rights a book is the proof-reader.

ENOUGH and a boy digging fish-bait both mean about the same thing.—*Ham's Horn.*

FAMILY trees are often the sham'st.

IT is an odd man who does not enjoy getting even.

FLY time—when a mad dog is after you.—*Texas Sittings.*

IDOL words—prayers addressed to them, Texas Sittings.

IT is easy for a deaf man to miss his calling.—*Texas Sittings.*

THE less head a man has the more frequently he loses it.

THE sun must be a suspicious character to be so often spotted.—*West Shore.*

CUTS a queer figure—the sculptor when he carves a queer image.

LOVE may be blind, but he skips the girl with the squint.—*Binghamton Leader.*

THE people who yacht to be happy ought to be happy, oughtn't they?

WRITE—"When the boat begins to roll I expect my dinner'll come up." Brown—"Why, I thought you bolted it down."

"You are looking pretty hard this morning," said the lettuce to the egg. "Yes," answered the egg: "I am just getting over a boil."

THE large number of proposals of marriage made at the seashore is accounted for. The beach provides the young men with the necessary sand.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

IT is only the man who doesn't know how to play ball, and who couldn't be hired to go and see a game, who predicts that in a few years the game will die out.—*Boston Herald.*

THE gambler lives on our hopes, the lawyer on our quarrels, the doctor on our ills and the clergyman on our fears. The millennium will throw those people all out of employment.

BECAUSE a man has climbed the ladder of fortune from its lowest rung is no reason why his praises should be rung in on us continually. With many unsuccessful men the rungs were all right, but the side supports were defective.—*Texas Sittings.*

## Home Seekers' Excursions

AT HALF RATES, via WABASH LINE, will be run September 9th and 23rd, and October 14th, to points in Southwest Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana, South and North Dakota, Iowa and Minnesota.

RATE—One Fare for Round Trip. For time tables, tickets and other particulars, apply to the nearest ticket agent of the Wash or connecting lines.

It requires courage to acknowledge to gray hairs, and that is why a brave man dyes but once.—*Texas Sittings.*

SUMNER, SOUTH CAROLINA, June 21, 1887. DR. A. T. SHALLENBARGER.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your Antidote for Malaria in my family for several years. For more than a year I had chills, and was so low down that I had not strength to walk. Mr. Whomsley begged me to try the Antidote, and it cured me at once. I am now a strong, healthy man. We use no other medicine in the family, as we find it the quickest, safest, and also the cheapest. Yours very truly,  
SAMUEL CLARE.

BEFORE you do any thing wicked, remember that the papers will probably want to mention it.—*Atchison Globe.*

FOR washing flannels, Dobbins' Electric Soap is marvelous. Blankets and woollens washed with it look like new, and there is absolutely no skimming. No other soap in the world will do such perfect work. Give it a trial now.

WRITING the angles it is more a matter of knowing just when than just where to draw the line.

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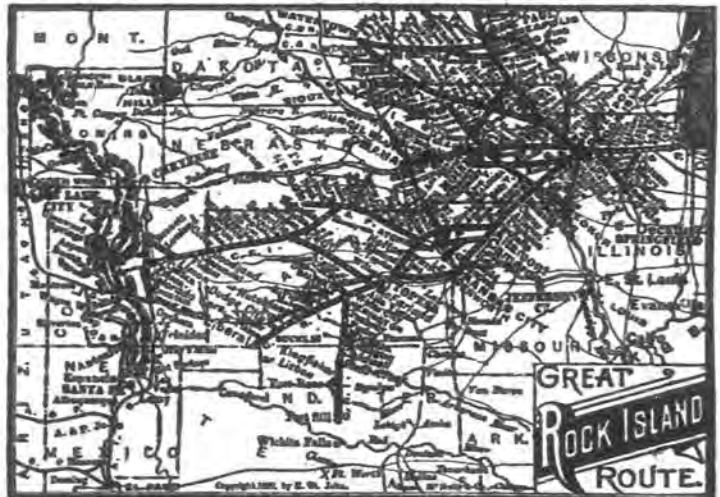
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GOING EAST.	
No. 10 leaves.....	7:45 A. M.
" 2 ".....	10:44 A. M.
" 8 ".....	4:15 P. M.
" 4 ".....	4:01 A. M.
GOING WEST.	
No. 7 leaves.....	11:10 A. M.
" 1 ".....	2:52 P. M.
" 9 ".....	7:55 P. M.
" 15 ".....	1:46 A. M.
" 11 ".....	8:19 P. M.
ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—EAST.	
No. 30 leaves.....	5:00 P. M.
" 28 ".....	3:55 P. M.
ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—WEST.	
No. 29 leaves.....	8:25 A. M.
" 23 ".....	11:35 A. M.

### THE ONLY CORN PALACE.

This is an age of Mechanical and Industrial Palaces. Texas has her Spring Palace, Louisiana her Cotton Palace, Ottumwa her Coal Palace, St. Paul her Ice Palace, and Colorado her Mineral Palace, but the credit of conceiving and carrying out the idea of a Corn Palace must forever be accredited to the generous, far-sighted, enterprising and plucky citizens of Sioux City, Iowa. With them, no elevated railroad is too high, no cable line too long, no packing house too large, no opera house too grand, no business block too fine and no Corn Palace too magnificent for them to build. Their vim and business-like ways, command the world's admiration, and on the 25th of September they will open the 4th annual Corn Palace, larger and more beautiful than any that have preceded it. The mammoth array of exhibits will come from every direction. The farms, the mines, manufacturing, with all their diversified products, will be largely represented. The most artistic designs in corn will decorate the exterior and interior of the of the great Palace. The parades will eclipse everything of the kind ever seen in this country outside of New Orleans. The music will be grand, and every feature of this wonderful exposition, combining pleasure with profit, only tends to inspire us with love for the great Northwest, of which, Sioux City is now and ever will be the Commercial Metropolis. To this gathering the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD will make a rate of ONE FARE for the round trip, from all of its Illinois and Wisconsin points. Tickets will be on sale Sept. 23, 24th and 29th and October 1st, 3d, 6th and 8th. Tickets limited to ten days except those sold Sept. 23d which will be limited to 30 days. For a copy of the pamphlet entitled "A Little Journey to the Corn Palace," and other information, address the undersigned at 194 Clark St., Chicago.

F. B. BOWES,  
 Gen'l Northern Pass. Agt.  
 MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, passing through Minnesota, Dakota, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, was the first line to bring the region occupied by these states into communication with the east. Its main line and branches penetrate all sections of these states, reaching nine-tenths of the chief cities. It is the short line to Helena and Butte, Mont., Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., and the only line running through train services from the east through the states of Montana and Washington. Pullman Sleepers and furnished Tourist Sleeping Cars are run via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific, and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific, from Chicago through to the Pacific Coast without change. This is the Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Route.

The large travel on the Northern Pacific line necessitated the inauguration, in June, 1890, of a second through train to the Pacific Coast, thus enabling this road to offer the public the advantage of two through trains daily to Montana and points in the Pacific Northwest, carrying complete services of sleeping cars, dining cars and regular day coaches. The train leaving St. Paul in the morning runs via the recently completed Air Line of the Northern Pacific through Butte, Mont., making this the shortest line to the latter point by two miles.

Colonists for Washington, Oregon and British Columbia points should take no other line than the Northern Pacific, as by this line only, can all portions of the state of Washington be seen. Stopovers are allowed on second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, enabling settlers to inspect the country without extra expense.

For Maps, Time Tables and Illustrated Pamphlets, or any special information desired, address CHAS. S. FEZ, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

### Band of Mercy Column.

The reporter saw one of the saucy English sparrows tackle, this morning, one of the big green larvae that infest maple trees and ultimately mature in the Sphinx moths. The worm was on the brick walk, was three inches long and over half an inch in diameter. The formidable horns were ugly looking, but although they might have scared a schoolboy, they did not frighten the sparrow. The bird seized his wormship by the back and tried to fly away with it, but the worm was so big and squirmed so that the bird couldn't carry it but a foot or two at a time. The reporter could not stop to see the combat out, but was pleased to note that an English sparrow is good for something after all.—Illinois Register.

**Our Dumb Animals:** A gentleman who crossed the Atlantic a few years since on a German steamship, the "Rhine," found himself a fellow passenger with a large female elephant. The voyage was long and tempestuous. To while away the time he often visited the elephant's quarters, and at dinner filled his pockets with tid-bits, crackers, or refuse from the table, to carry to the sagacious quadruped, who soon learned to expect him and fish his pockets for the same. At his coming she would throw out her trunk and show signs of gratitude and pleasure. But at length land was reached, and business cares left little time for thought of his "companion du voyage." Several years after, elephants were quartered in Central Park, New York, for the winter, and several children of the household desired to visit them. He accompanied them, and obtained permission of the keepers to go into the building where they were kept tied to heavy posts. As soon as he entered, one elephant at once became restless,—threw out her trunk, tossed her ears, tramped her feet rapidly, etc. The keeper looked for a dog, and ordered her to be quiet; then asked: "Have you ever had anything to do with elephants?" "No," was his reply. Then his voyage was recalled. "That is it," said the keeper, "you can go to her without danger." It was the elephant that came over on the same vessel. He went to Nellie, as the keeper called her; she became quiet and expressed her pleasure. From an apple woman near her procured fruit and filled his pockets. She had not forgotten her old trick, but dove down with her trunk, as in the old days, until every one was found. The keeper said: "You can visit her any time. She will never forget you."

M. A. H.  
 (New York Times.)

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred yesterday in one of the elevated railroad trains, that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the face of the passengers, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.  
 "Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my 'momma'?"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and some turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly. "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat and as the little fellow played on, running into the "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with Me," there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole car-load of friends, the blind boy quickly changed "The Swanson River" into "Auld Lang Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause while the "big brother carried the little one out of the car.

**BEFORE BEING BOOTED**  
 this Fall or Winter, remember that you can  
**Kick Yourself**  
 if you buy your boots or shoes anywhere else than at my place, for you will  
**Never Kick**  
 over what I offer you in low prices, first quality and the choicest styles. Come and see.  
**JOHN LORD.**

Home seekers will find the last of the public domain of agricultural and grazing value along the Great Northern Ry. in North Dakota and Montana.

**NEW TOWNS.** 100 or more, along the Great Northern Railway Line. Business chances. Write F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn., for books, maps, etc.

Settlers on free Government lands along the Great Northern Ry. Live in North Dakota and Montana. Best climate and fine markets for products.

**HUNTING, FISHING.** Finest resorts in America along Great Northern Ry. Line in Minnesota, Dakota and Montana. Best climate for health seekers.

Montana produces the finest horses and cattle. Free ranges yet in Mouse, Milk and Sun River Valleys and Sweet Grass Hills.

**HEALTH, WEALTH,** in Montana. Free Lands. New Towns, New Railways. Largest area of good vacant land.

Sweet Grass Hills, Milk and Sun River Valleys, Montana, reached only by the Great Northern Ry. Line. The Stock Raisers' paradise.

**GOLD, GOAL.** The regions tributary to Great Northern Railway Line in Montana produce all the precious and base metals. New towns and railways are being built.

Go to the Great Reservation of Montana and get a good free home-stand. Low rates and Free Sleepers on Great Northern Ry. Line. Go now.

**HERDS, MINES.** These have made Montana the richest state per capita in the Union. Plenty of room for more miners and stock raisers. Now is the time.

Along the Great Northern Railway Line in Montana are free ranches and pastures, mines of precious metals, iron and coal, and new cities and towns. Now is your chance.

**GREAT FALLS.** Surrounded by a fine agricultural and grazing country, close to mines of precious metals, iron and coal, possessing a water power unequalled in America, it is Montana's industrial centre.

The valleys of Red, Mouse, Missouri, Milk and Sun Rivers reached by Great Northern Ry. Line. Half rate excursions Sept. 9, 23, and Oct. 14, 1890. Write F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn.

**PARRY MFG. CO.**  
 INDIANAPOLIS, IND.  
 No. 71.  
 Price, \$10.00 at Factory, less with Order.  
 Specially First-Class. Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Blood Aches and Tires. Low Bent Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced. Long, Easy Riding. Oil Tapered Spring. Best Wheels and Best All Over.  
**IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.**

**Bakery and Confectionery.**  
 FINE STOCK OF  
**FRUITS, CANDIES, COOKIES AND TOBACCO**  
 All guaranteed the best for the money.  
**Canned Goods, Bread, Cookies, Pies, Etc**  
 24 door S. of bank. MENZO JENNINGS.



# The Marseilles Plaindealer.

VOL. XIV.

MARSEILLES, ILL., FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1890.

NO. 41

## CARPENTER & REPAIR SHOP!

MORGAN'S OLD STAND, MAIN ST., MARSEILLES, ILL.

All kinds of jobbing done to order promptly, in good manner and at living rates. E. A. ALLEN.

## JOHN J. BECKER,

DEALER IN...

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED

## MEATS.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR Cattle, Hogs and Hides

G. B. STOCKDALE,

Co. Supt. Public Schools.

Office—Room 15, Court House, Ottawa.

Examinations at Office 2d and 4th Saturday in each month.

Residence and P. O. Address, Peru.

W. A. MOREY, Pres. F. T. NEFF, Cash. N. FLEMING, Vice Pres.

## First National Bank

MARSEILLES, ILL.

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$8,050

### DIRECTORS.

A. N. DOUGLASS, D. W. OGDARD, F. T. NEFF, GEO. L. THOMPSON, N. FLEMING, E. T. REED, W. A. MOREY.

## C. M. BENSON,



West Side of Main Street, Marseilles, Illinois. CONCEDED BY ALL. Our best

## MERCHANT TAILOR

—And Dealer in—

Cloths, Doeskins, Diagonals and Cassimeres.

CUTTING, CLEANING and REPAIRING promptly and satisfactorily done.

## Marseilles, Ill.

A thriving incorporated village on the C. R. & P. R. Y., and Illinois and Michigan canal eight miles from Ottawa, the county seat, 71 from Chicago and 104 from Rock Island. The Illinois river affords splendid water power, and at the dam is one of the best fishing grounds in the state. There are five churches, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Universalist, and Catholic. Two excellent public schools and a high school projected. The most prominent manufactures are agricultural implement works, paper and flour mills, brick, tile, shoddy rivet and hoop works. Good coal is mined and used in abundance. Numerous stone quarries. Three newspapers, PLAINDEALER, Register and News. First National Bank. Electrically lighted and water works for fire protection. Population 1890, 2,300. Albert L. Stone, postmaster. Fred Schering, depot agent. Nearly every security represented. Fine scenery, excellent class of people, best of drainage, very healthy. Nearly 100 constantly flowing artesian wells furnish an abundance of pure drinking water.

**SPECIAL** LOCAL agent wanted in your county at once, part or full time. A reliable and energetic man can secure permanent and paying position with us. Stock warranted first-class, and any failing to live, replaced **FREE!** Write for terms at once. All lot **FREE!** Terms promptly answered. **E. D. LUTHERFORD & CO.** Nurserymen, Rockford, Ill.

**STRICTLY TRUE.** THE prudent housewife finds it wise to buy household linens and hardware as well as notions of all kinds at the Red, White & Blue store.

## COAL!

Place your orders for your coal supply now, before prices advance.

### HARD COAL.

Lahigh Valley, Wet and Range, New Better.

\$6.50 per ton, delivered.

### SENECA SOFT COAL.

Per ton, delivered, \$2.65

" " 5 to 10 ton lots, 2.50

" " on car, 2.25

## LUMBER.

Call at the new lumber yard, at the old stand of Scott & Harrington, and get prices for lumber.

## R. T. Harrington.

### R. R. TIME TABLE

C. R. L. & P. RY.

GOING EAST.		
No. 10 leaves	.....	7:45 A. M.
" 2 "	.....	10:44 A. M.
" 8 "	.....	4:15 P. M.
" 4 "	.....	4:01 A. M.

GOING WEST.		
No. 7 leaves	.....	11:10 A. M.
" 1 "	.....	3:52 P. M.
" 9 "	.....	7:55 P. M.
" 15 "	.....	1:46 A. M.
" 11 "	.....	8:19 P. M.

### ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—EAST.

No. 30 leaves	.....	5:00 P. M.
" 28 "	.....	3:55 P. M.

### ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—WEST.

No. 29 leaves	.....	8:25 A. M.
" 25 "	.....	11:25 A. M.

Bear in mind the regular meeting of the Cold Water Army at 3 P. M., Sunday.

We wish to tell our many patrons we now have the largest stock of reasonable goods we ever carried and will not advance prices on account of the McKinley tariff bill. THURBER & Co.

Next Friday evening, Oct. 17th, the ladies of the Universalist church will give a fifteen cent tea at Mrs. Dixon Sindle's, corner Bluff and Roath. As a special feature a short programme will be rendered.

We are doing a large amount of job work. One order of late called for printing in a foreign language, but we did it all the same. Our customers must be pleased and we are going to do it if at all possible.

Mrs. Florence Boyd, of Rowley, Iowa, arrived Wednesday morning on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bosworth, and the many friends and acquaintances with whom she is an ever welcome guest.

Every city freight is bringing the new Fall goods to the Red, White & Blue store that Simmons bought the first of the week. "There is always something new at the Red, White & Blue store" is the common remark.

Why is it the remains of the water works at the head of Main street are not carried off? They are not only unsightly but positively dangerous to teams at night, drivers not expecting to find such obstructions in the center of the roadway on Main street.

We have a line of overcoats that it does a person good to look at. They range in price from the cheapest to the best, and as we have all sizes, being new stock, it is the best time to make your selection. Come early before the rush.

### POOLE & GALLOWAY.

Pure and harmless as the clover blossoms in Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which promptly and pleasantly cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Piles, Pimples, Constiveness, Bad Blood, Low Spirits, Kidney Troubles and chronic diseases. A bottle holding nearly a pint for 50 cents, at Trowbridge's.

Mr. L. D. Carpenter, of Seneca, Ill. says that Griggs' Glycerine Salve is the most rapid healer he ever saw. Applied to raw sores on his horse's shoulders it healed them very rapidly and he was able to work the horse right along. He adds: You can truly call it a Wonder Healer.

Mr. J. F. Morgan has rented the building formerly occupied by Dowdle, the gunsmith, and expects to put in a stock of sash, doors, blinds and mouldings, and resume his former business, as far as his recovered health will permit, and will be pleased to see his old friends and patrons.

Mrs. H. Thompson, mother of Mrs. Terry Simmons, went to Chicago the first of the week, that city having been her home in early days. She had not been there for twenty-five years and our readers can imagine how great a change had taken place, and how strange the streets with which she had once been so familiar.

The amount of sugar cane raised in this county this year will probably not equal the amount raised last season. Yet there is occasionally a farmer who has increased his area of cultivation in this respect. Charles Knoll, of Fall River, raised six acres of very fine cane, from which he expects to produce 82 gallons per acre, or a total of 372 gallons of sorghum molasses, for which he finds a ready sale.—*Republican-Times*.

I was troubled with a bad cough for two years, and tried everything without avail until I tried Dr. Biglow's Positive Cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, which has entirely cured me, and I can rest all night now. I have sold medicine in Wayne County ten years, and can recommend Bigelow's Cough Cure as the best remedy I ever saw for coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc.

JACK GEISLEMAN. Sold at Trowbridge's.

### BASE BALL SERIES.

The last series of three games of base ball, between the Amateurs and Brown Stockings having proved unsatisfactory, a deciding series will be played at the Marseilles base ball park Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 15, 16, and 17. As the games are for a purse of \$100 a side, and the clubs are evenly matched, the best games ever played in our place are assured. A good umpire has been engaged. Games will be called at 2:30 P. M. sharp. It will be your last chance to enjoy lively games of ball this season. Admission, 25 cents; ladies, 10 cents.

### Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

It is reported that the young Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, the Czarowitch of Russia, will probably visit this country some time within the coming year. This event will be of special interest from the fact that no other heir to the Russian throne has ever traveled beyond the limits of the European continent. *Harper's Young People* for October 7th will contain a portrait of the Czarowitch, together with an interesting sketch of some "Russian Grand Dukes" written by Barnet Phillips.

Nellie Ely is in clover. For the next three years she will write under contract for Norman L. Munro, publisher of *The Family Story Paper* at a salary of about \$12,000 per annum. Miss Ely's extraordinary tour around the world, coupled with her original and popular career as an all-around writer for the press, presages for her a bright and profitable future. Mr. N. L. Munro has again shown his skill as an editor of high merit in selecting a writer so thoroughly equipped to please the readers of *The Family Story Paper*. There has been a substantial increase in the circulation of *The Family Story Paper* since Miss Ely's work began.—*The Newswoman*, Sept., 1890.

### CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

The Brown Stockings have accepted the challenge poole & galloway, the latter's, issued by the Amateurs and forfeit money has been put up for boys underwear at poole & galloway's, a series of games next week, inspect poole and galloway's stock of clothing and overcoats to be played upon the home grounds, a large crowd should drop in at poole & galloway's and take advantage of the inducements they are offering in gents underwear. Turn out as these games will undoubtedly be the best of the season. Don't forget either place. Admission free to inspect stock.

**ONLY ONE MORE EXCURSION** and last opportunity for Home Seekers and others via the CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY., to see the "Great West" in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Texas, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa, South and North Dakota, Montana and Colorado, at the low rate of "one fare for the round trip." Tickets, "first class" and good for thirty days for return, will be on sale the date of departure, Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1890. Don't forget that by joining this Special Excursion, your entire round trip journey will cost you the price of "one first-class fare one way" only. Be sure that your ticket reads via the C. R. L. & P. Ry., which has its own lines to principal points in many of the above-named States.

For full particulars apply to your nearest "Rock Island" ticket agent, or address JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

### RUTLAND.

Jim McMichael attended the fair at Peoria.

Mart Anderson and Fred McMichael took in the sights of Chicago last week. Jake Miller has a life insurance of \$2,000, and wants to get married. Girls, Jake is a lulu.

Miss Ella Lawrence was a guest of her brother Lime last week and Dick thinks Rutland is a fine country on a fine Sunday eve.

Dah Ballard attended the colored camp meeting of last week at Streator, leaving on Saturday and returning the following Monday. We are at a loss to state whether or no he has turned clergyman, but we see no more of him. Call around Dan and give us the particulars.

Merz Brumbach will soon leave us again and E. O. Butterfield has been appointed as engineer through the clover hulling season, in his place.

The old Chicago road from the old Dunavan place to the canal bridge, has a fresh coat of gravel. Will Miller has been overseeing the work in our section. Creek and bed gravel have both been used, the bed gravel being the best in all places.

Now is the time for the inventors of corn picking machines to show themselves and their machines. A corn picking machine has been manufactured by a man near Wedron. It is similar to the Butterfield corn husker and it is said it will husk 500 bushels of corn per day. As a test trial proved satisfactory no doubt every farmer will have one. Ed, rustle up your side of the town with your machine.

### HARD PAN.

#### Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00 at all druggists. Sample bottles free.

### APIARIES.

James Green has six apiaries, situated as follows: one in Marseilles, one in Ottawa, two in Wallace and one in Serena and Dayton, respectively. From these apiaries he produces about 6,000 lbs. of honey and had the season been favorable for honey-making the output would have been doubled. A dry season is a detriment to the work of the bees and the flowers that bloom in such a season largely lack the sweet fund

that the bees prefer. It is said that bees frequently gather from poisonous plants and flowers that are innocuous to them but deleterious to the health of the consumer. This county can be said to be one of the best in the state for the extent of its flora, and there is no reason why bee culture should not be augmented to a large scale. Mr. Green is gradually increasing the number of his apiaries. The honey he produces finds a ready sale, for the reason that he handles the best kinds of bees, which produces a fine marketable honey. We believe he has the largest "bee farm" in part of the state.—*Republican-Times*.

Drop in at Benson's and look over the daisy line of season goods just in. And remember that he will make you up a suit or single garment that will be sure to please you, on leaving your order.

### THE "GREAT DIVIDE" FOR OCTOBER.

Stanley Wood's Great Divide was a local paper when it first appeared in March, 1889; it has become national, as to circulation, in March, 1890, and at present it can justly claim international honors. It has general offices in Denver, New York and London, and arrangements are being made to publish this marvelously successful journal simultaneously in Denver and London. The success of the Great Divide is owing, doubtless, to the novel character of its matter and the lavishness of its illustrations. The October number will contain, in addition to two full page photogravures and many other illustrations, a magnificent art supplement, in nine colors, being a replica of a masterpiece painting in oil of Southern Ute. This picture is suitable for framing, and is worth fully the subscription price of the Great Divide. Address the publishers at Denver, Colorado, for a sample copy of the paper free.

### A WORD TO THE POINT.

Mr. Editor: A recent conversation with a merchant causes me to write this to you. It was on the thoughtlessness of people, or their negligence. In some cases it would seem as if they did not care. They go into a store and purchase something and ask to have it charged to them; they come away from home without the money (or some other reason) and will pay next time they come to town; in some cases intending to do so, but for some cause they forget or neglect to do it until it has escaped their memory. If the merchant should present a bill for it, many get angry and deny owing it. (I know that merchants sometimes make mistakes, and get things charged to the wrong person; but they make the other mistakes of not charging at all more often than any other). Persons who are not in the habit of getting credit are more liable to err in this way. Reader, it won't hurt you to ask where you deal if they have anything charged to you.

Another fault is not paying as soon as possible. Many owe bills and have the money to pay and don't do it. A bill paid in the morning by you may be the cause of your getting a debt paid to you that you have counted lost. Try it.

Another fault is to get credit at one store and then pay cash for what you buy at another. Be honest enough to spend your cash with the person that was kind enough to give you credit.

Buy for cash if possible; if not, pay as agreed, or get an extension of time before the time expires when it was to be paid. A FARMER.

## Said Joe to Mariar

LET'S BUILD UP A FIRE.

## AND U NO AND I NO

THAT THE PLACE TO BUY

Coal Hods, Fire Shovels, Stove Pokers, Stove Lifters

ETC., IS ALWAYS AND EVER

that bargain house, THE RED, WHITE & BLUE STORE.

# THE PLAINDEALER.

MARSEILLES, ILLINOIS.

## SOME CERTAIN SYMPTOMS.

Love is a shy, peculiar thing.  
It flies on such a subtle wing.  
'Tis apt to steal within your breast the while  
You do not know it;  
But when it once makes up its mind  
Within your heart a place to find  
There are some common symptoms which are  
Very apt to show it.

If some one pair of softest eyes  
Seem like the stars of paradise;  
If for one gentle creature all her sisters are neg-  
lected;  
If sleeping and awake your dreams  
Contain but one sweet face that seems  
Much fairer than the others, then beware, for  
You're affected.

If when with one fair form you stray  
You wish the world would stay away  
And every thing that robs you of her charming  
Self is hated,  
And when her "frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other women are,"  
Ah, then it is too late, too late—your heart is  
Sorely fated!

—Chicago Post.

## A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

Master Richard Knowlton and His Midnight Visitors.

### THE FIRST SURPRISE.

**D**OUGHTY young Richard Knowlton, being disappointed at the non-arrival of Jack, his school chum for whom he had written, fretted a little at the necessity of going to bed in a big house tenanted only by himself. His people were away on a sea-side jaunt. He always had been a bit nervous about burglars; now, he actually had a presentiment about them—they would visit him before dawn. Nevertheless, Dick examined all the doors and windows, and then ascended to his sleeping chamber. He proceeded to undress himself, standing before the mirror. In placing his tie in the drawer his finger touched the butt of his revolver. He took it out and looked it over. The chambers were empty and he filled them from a box in the drawer. This done, he carefully weighed the weapon in his hand, and was sighting it when he happened to catch the eye of his double in the glass, and his features which had before been solemnly thoughtful relaxed into a smile.

"Pshaw!" he said, laughing aloud. "I can't get it out of my head. Burglars! Here, go back to sleep. I might hurt myself."

He commenced to extract the shells, then stopped.

"If I don't go to bed armed I shall never go to sleep. If I do take it, I am afraid it will act like wedding cake and make me dream. Which is the worse?"

He drew a coin from his pocket, and naming a "yes" for the head, tossed it into the air.

"Heads up, I congratulate myself, and come to think of it, that's what I really wanted."

He placed the pistol under his pillow, and then undressing hastily and arranging the gas jet in a satisfactory manner, he reached for a volume of Dickens' from under his library in the corner and dove into bed.

He was deep in "Dombey and Son" when the clock in the dining-room



"COME, GIVE US A DANCE!"

struck ten. He passed his hands over his eyes with a yawn, and, tossing his book to the foot of the bed, reached up and with a twist extinguished the light.

Ten minutes later he was as sound asleep as the policeman on the next corner.

Eleven, twelve.

As the last stroke of the last hour died away the lower sash in one of Dick's windows, which he had raised for hygienic reasons, was further lifted. A dead silence. Then the fitting light of a dark lantern was flashed over the scene. The sleeper stirred, but did not awake. The holder of the lantern slid one leg inside, and, after pulling in the rest of his body, lowered himself to the floor.

Another pause and then three light taps on the pane. Another form noiselessly entered.

Then the two house-breakers performed two extraordinary actions. They laughed very heartily but silently, and shook hands. This ceremony over they moved toward the bed. One of the intruders grasped the sleeper roughly by the wrists while the latter calmly flashed the lantern's glare over his face.

Dick had been dreaming of robbers, and woke to find his dream realized. He prepared for a struggle, but the sight of the gleaming barrel of a revolver of forty-four caliber held to his nose quieted him at once.

"Bind his wrists, Beggs," growled one of the ruffians, and Dick's wrists were soon securely tied.

The speaker drew a match from his pocket and touched up the gas.

Dick then raised his head and beheld two men of good build standing beside the bed. Both wore short masks which descended to the mouth. Both also wore heavy mustaches. Each carried a revolver, and one bore a sack, presumably in which the plunder was to be deposited.

"Pile out, youngster," commanded he of the bag. "Yer don't think we called to see you particular, do yer?"

Dick silently obeyed, and was soon in his clothes.

"Now take us down to the kitchen and shake up something for us to eat." Dick thought it best to fall in with their commands, and watching closely for a means of escape, led the way to the kitchen. They ate ravenously, eyeing Dick the while.

"Come," said one, "give us a dance!" Did Dick refuse? Oh! no! He cut as good a shuffle as he could. After this by-play Dunker rose, stretched himself and looked at the clock, the hands of which indicated that it was a quarter of one o'clock.

"Ah! the time goes! And now to work. Now for the silver! Unless," he added, hopefully, and glancing at Beggs, "you've got something in the house to moisten our whistles? No rum or gin?"

At this Beggs gave a silent chirrup, and then started in on something between a cough and choke.

Dick had been regarding for some time with growing suspicion the eccentric actions of Beggs, and with this last caper a sudden light seemed to dawn upon him. He choked down the words that came to his lips, however, and repressed all signs of recognition.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, internally. "What an idiot I was not to have guessed it before. But just see if I don't have my revenge."

"No," he said aloud. "There's nothing of the kind in the house, but if you don't object to a lighter drink, there is some new cider in the cellar."

"Object," said Beggs, looking at Dunker with a grin. "Well, I guess not. We would have preferred something a little stronger, but cider will have to answer." The cellar door was open.

Beggs ran down three or four steps, but Dunker had forgotten to take his revolver, and now turned back for it. But he reckoned without his host, for with a leap Dick was on him, and he shot through the door and fell on his companion with a thud. Both alternately tumbled and rolled to the last step.

Dick listened anxiously for a minute. Had he hurt them? No, for there was a sound of ascending feet on the stairway. He hurriedly slammed the door, locked and bolted it. He then put his ear to the crack and heard a muttered consultation between the two.

Finally there was a tap on the door. "What is it?" he asked, striving to contain himself.

"The game's up, Dick. Open and let us out. It is I, Tom, and your Cousin Jack," said the voice of Dunker.

"So Jack is there," thought Dick, but he only said, dwelling exasperatingly on the false name of his chum: "What's that you say, Dunker? Speak louder."

**THE SECOND SURPRISE.**

Despite the energetic expostulations of his Cousin Jack and his chum, Tom, Dick could not be prevailed upon to utter another syllable. He stole around to the cellar door and secured it from the outside. The windows to the coal bins were similarly secured and then Dick tiptoed back into the house. He paused a minute to listen at the cellar door and then went upstairs for a book to read. He intended to keep the boys in suspense for half an hour or so and then liberate them. This, he thought, would about equalize the joke.

He left the pistol on the table and slowly ascended the stairs. As he reached the top he was treated to a second surprise. Hardly was his foot on the landing than he was grasped rudely by the throat and ordered to throw up his hands. The sudden attack threw him into such a mental condition that his new captor was obliged to tighten his hold upon his throat before Dick could gather sense enough to obey the command. He was then unceremoniously marched into his bedroom, where the light was still burning.

The new-comer pushed Dick on to the bed, and with a command for him to lie still, if he didn't wish to be interfered with, proceeded to open the bureau drawers.

Scarcely was the man's back turned when Dick ran his hand under the pillow in search of his revolver.

"Stop there! Up with your hands!"

The sharp-eyed house-breaker had seen in the mirror the reflection of Dick's motions, and whirled upon him before he could complete the movement.

He was obliged to yield, and it was

with the deepest chagrin that he saw his pearl-handled weapon transferred to the burglar's pocket.

He now lay quite still and surveyed the third of the night's intruders. This last one was quite genuine, although he did not come in the fashion of his predecessors. He was short, stout, dressed in a close-fitting suit of dark material, and carried a revolver and a bag. He wore no mask, but a black slouched hat pulled down to meet his high coat collar, partially concealed his features.

He failed to discover any thing of value in the bureau, and ordering Dick to get up, passed into another room. Here the burglar met with some sort of success, and knick-knacks of all sorts were hastily thrown into the bag. Dick watched the proceeding with unavailing rage.

Having finished with the second floor the house-breaker demanded to be led to the china closet. Dick complied, but all the time cudgelled his brains for an idea. There was a revolver on the kitchen table, but how to get at it? He carried the lamp in his hand, and the visitor followed him at arm's length with his bag and firearms.

As they reached the kitchen and prepared to pass into the dining-room Dick yawned, turned down the wick of the lamp a trifle and held it out at arm's length.



"What's that for?" asked the burglar, stopping and listening, as though he feared it might be a signal. He cocked his head on one side and cast a glance

behind him. As he did so Dick slid his arm along the table beside him, and a triumphant grin told of his success.

"Eh? What's that for?" ejaculated the burglar, frowning angrily and coming nearer as Dick drew away.

"The lamp smoked," said Dick, thrusting the weapon into his pocket and turning up the wick. He was waiting for the man to get his hands off that pistol.

"Well, if that happens again I shall knock you down! D'ye hear?"

O yes, Dick heard, but he said nothing. He pointed out the closet in the dining-room and was ordered to take a seat.

"And mind ye keep it!"

Dick heard that but he did not reply. He waited patiently for his chance, which must come soon.

The burglar threw open the door, laid his pistol down on a shelf and bent down to pry open a drawer, which, from the strong lock, must contain something of importance. He had succeeded in destroying the lock and had grabbed the drawer with both hands, when a slight noise behind him caught his ear.

Dick had drawn his revolver and, advancing quickly to within a few feet of the burglar, was now drawing a bead on his right eye.

"Keep just as you are," he admonished him, "or I'll speckle your eye."

Still holding his revolver pointing straight at the head of the surprised burglar, he reached over and secured the pistol on the shelf. Then he went through the burglar's pockets and regained his own revolver.

When he had done so Dick drew back and ordered his prisoner to stand up. The man hesitated, cast a glance at his iron "jiminy" on the floor, but obeyed.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"Don't let that bother you," answered Dick. "You will be well taken care of—very well, indeed."

Dick ordered the burglar to precede him into the kitchen. Here he halted for the moment.

"I have determined to give you a chance to escape. It will be a bare chance, but that is not my affair. You will have to make the most of it. I consider it safer to lock you up in the cellar and go for help than to try to escort you alone to the police station, half a mile away. Don't say a word or I shall think better of my promise. Now, then, walk chalk!"

The burglar, grasping eagerly at the hope of escape, did not utter another syllable, but went slowly down the stairs. But his foot had hardly touched the last step when he was furiously set upon by the two boys. Dick hurriedly descended with the lamp.

Just what he had expected had taken place. Jack and Tom had mistaken the intruder for Dick, and had floored him with the intention of keeping up the pleasantry of the early part of the evening.

But the burglar, although floored, was not disposed to take things at all quietly.

The young host hastened to poke his revolver under the ruffian's nose, and on the strength of this argument peace, or at least quiet, was restored.

The offender was then securely bound, and while Tom and Jack sat as guards over him, Dick went in search of an officer. Returning, he introduced to that official the now thoroughly subdued house-breaker.

"You'll have to come around in the morning and see the chief," said the officer, addressing the three young men. "It will be necessary to testify. Please examine the man that you may identify him."

The officer and his charge having departed, Dick for the third time that night made the house fast. This done, he led his cousin and friend to their rooms.

"Bed is the countersign now, boys," said Jack.

"You're right, Jack," said Dick, "but let me know first to whose bright intellect I am to attribute the transcendent idea of burglarious visitation, which you so admirably put in force—"

"And which you so splendidly received. It was Tom's. He met me at the station on the way here, and after stating that you had professed a fear of burglars, proposed the racket."

"But," said Tom, "we had no idea that it would be a—"

"—Double surprise," quoth Dick, as they all turned in.—Philadelphia Press.

## A CITY IN MINIATURE.

How a Retired Confectioner Has Invested Some of His Money.

Alois Peteler, of New Drop, Staten Island, a former resident of the city of Heidelberg, Germany, has built a perfect "pocket edition" of the old German burg in which he was born and raised. With numerous photographs, drawings and plans of Heidelberg, aided by a thorough knowledge of his subject, Mr. Peteler began the foundation of his little city; and now, sitting on his front porch, he can overlook the roofs of this town of Lilliput, and into the courtyard of the great castle, so rich in romance, tradition and folk-lore. Every detail of the original city is reproduced with the fidelity of the photographer. From the balcony it is easy to imagine that it is the real city, only dwarfed by a distance of a few miles. Looking over the battlements of the miniature houses one can see the turbulent waters of the Neckar hurrying past to join the Rhine. The little city is made to endure. There are no makeshifts—no glue, pasteboard or carpet-tacks—everything is stone, cement, gravel, brass and iron. The buildings are upon a plateau of stonework, elevated from the ground four or five feet. The houses vary from one to five and a half feet in height; the tall towers running up from seven to ten feet. Mr. Peteler has reproduced with the greatest fidelity over 100 busts of the Electoral Governors, which are used in decorating the fronts of the palaces. Even the coats-of-arms and quarterings over the entrances are plainly cut. The old man takes pleasure in showing visitors a fac simile of the famous Heidelberg tun. It is really 30 feet long and 25 high; the little model is 12 inches in length and about eight inches high. In another part of the grounds the sea water is let in by pipes and forms an artificial lake, in which the tide rises and falls. Upon a promontory which juts into the lake stands a model of the beautiful castle of Hohen-Schwangen. Its towers are nearly 10 feet high, and with its cluster of buildings is picturesque and beautiful.

Mr. Peteler is a retired confectioner, with millions of dollars, thousands of which he has put into his miniature Heidelberg.—St. Louis Republic.

## THE USE OF FRIENDS.

Importance of Heeding the Words of Wisdom They May Speak to Us.

Friendship is a divine tie, and God is the giver of our friends. He is our best friend, and the highest honor that mortal can aspire to is to be called "the friend of God." The Lord who gives us friends gives them power over us to influence us, not merely for the pleasure of the hours spent in their society, the mirth, music and enjoyment of the sunny day, but for the good that we may do each other, the advice, the instruction, wisdom, counsel and reproof which we may receive at each other's hands.

Hence we are to watch in all our friendships for opportunities of doing good to our friends and getting good from them. If among a thousand friends we have one who dares to tell us of our faults, how should we prize such a friend? If there is one among a hundred who would have the skill to tell us of our failings without giving us offence, how ought we to value such a one who, without flattery or favor, will deal frankly with us and talk truly to us and for our good?

All friendships are but for a time. Some are very brief. We meet to-day, and perhaps part forever. Our opportunities may soon be gone, and we may not be able to do or say to-morrow what we might do or say to-day. Hence the importance of instantly improving by all counsel, admonition, instruction, so that we may derive the benefit which comes through advice of friends and from the words of wisdom which they may speak to us.

How many of our friends are gone! Some of the truest, the most faithful and steadfast. Others are swiftly passing away. We have them but for a day. Let us make the most of them, and pray that he who gives us friends may make us worthy of them, and teach us wisely to improve the opportunities which He bestows, and make the best possible use of all the friendships and good gifts that come to us, from the hand of God.—Common People.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The Misses Emily and Georgiana Hill have started a school of journalism in London.

—The kingdom of Italy has a unique library in the books of travel of its Princes, each Italian Prince being bound to write a complete account of his foreign travels, even with such minute details as hotel bills.

—Longfellow's favorite gem was the royal amethyst; that deep, flashing purple that changes to ruby by an artificial light. This love was shared by the artist Hunt, and the two were always looking for new specimens of this stone.

—A wonderful wedding dress was recently made up in Russia for the daughter of a great Russian artist. It is of regulation white satin, but on the satin are innumerable little pictures, chiefly allegorical, painted by her father's artist friends. What may be its value in years to come?

—The new crown of King Menelek, of Abyssinia, has just been completed in Milan. It is of solid gold, weighs 4½ pounds and resembles somewhat in appearance the tiara of the Pope. It is adorned with 150 precious stones, and is valued at \$5,000.

—Mr. Hannis Taylor, whose book on the English Constitution has been so well received, was engaged on the work fourteen years. He lives in Mobile, and is said to be a tall, handsome man, of an intellectual cast of countenance, about forty-six years of age.

—One woman has made the silk gowns of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court for the past forty years, and she gets \$100 for each one of them. They are all made alike, the only difference being in the material, the Chief Justice wearing black Chinese satin, while his associates are robed in black silk.

—Edward Bok, in the Boston Journal, is authority for the statement that the call for "flash" literature has decidedly fallen off, and that whereas the last summer's trade of a publisher of that sort amounted to 200,000 books, this summer he has printed only 75,000, and not sold all of them, which is good news.

—Her Majesty Queen Victoria is said to be the largest holder of copyrights in the United Kingdom. Besides the Holy Scriptures, and the Book of Common Prayer, which can only be printed *cum privilegio*, there are the official publications, such as the statutes, blue-books, consular reports, ordinance maps, etc., all of which are copyrighted.

—During the past two years from 8,500 to 9,000 manuscripts were annually submitted to the Century Magazine for publication. This is an increase over previous years, and does not include the hundreds, perhaps thousands of propositions submitted with regard to articles. As there has been an increase in the number of periodicals published in America in late years, and as the newspapers are publishing more contributions than ever by writers not on the regular staff, it is evident that there has been an increase in the literary activity at least in proportion to the increase in population. Now out of the 9,000 manuscripts a year, the Century can only possibly print 400 or less.—Century.

## HUMOROUS.

—Elderly Suitor—"I have spoken to your mother Helen and—" "Helen—" "Oh, I'm so glad. Did she accept you?" —N. Y. Sun.

—First Miss (undecided about going in bathing)—"How is the water to-day?" Second Miss (spluttering after her first plunge)—"It's aw-awful we-wet!" —Good News.

—Mr. Sour (looking at his watch)—"Why, your clock is slow, Miss Goode." Tommy—"Yes, Susie put it back. She expected Mr. Sweete to-night instead of you." —Jester.

—First Dude—"Why Chawpie! What's the mattah? You look unstrung." Second Dude—"So I am. My shoestwings have come untied." —Burlington Free Press.

—"Mamma," said Miss Gilton. "I have noticed a peculiar ring in Herbert's voice when he speaks to me." "Indeed! Observe carefully and see whether it bears any resemblance to an engagement ring." —Washington Post.

—He—"What's the matter with my darling? Why these tears?" She—"I've made some biscuits for you and instead of two quarts of flour and one tablespoonful of saleratus I used two quarts of saleratus and a tablespoonful of flour, and I'm afraid you'll think they're not as good as your mother's biscuit." —Chicago Post.

—A Sure Sign.—  
The summer we know on our shore  
By the slapping and clapping,  
And banging and clanging,  
And banging and banging,  
And cracking and whacking,  
And bumping and thumping,  
And clattering and shattering,  
And sounding and pounding,  
And crashing and smashing,  
Of fly-screens that hang at the doors.  
—Detroit Free Press.

—Two peddlers met in front of a tenement house in New York. "How is business, Aaron?" "Very good, indeed. And how is it with you?" "A woman just called me from the top story of this tenement. I managed to get up with my pack, and found her with a baby in her arms. When she saw me she said to the infant: 'There he is now; if you're not good he'll carry you away in his pack.' She didn't buy any thing. Business, Aaron, is very bad." —Philadelphia Times.

**THE CRANKS.**

There is one kind of man has accomplished much good.  
 Though often without a sole thank:  
 Because his intentions were misunderstood,  
 The man to you known as a crank.

When Noah his ark in the days of old reared,  
 The rabble around him were frank  
 To tell him a flood was something unheard,  
 And to laugh at the commodore crank.

But when the tide rose o'er the mountain tops  
 wide,  
 And they strove in the sea's bosom dank,  
 They thought of the truth they once did deride,  
 And remembered the words of a crank.

When Columbus first told to the Castilian court  
 Of a country rich, verdant and rank,  
 They laughed him to scorn, and made him their sport,  
 And doubtless some called him a crank.

But when a new world he discovered full soon,  
 Their puns and their riddles sank;  
 Each strung up his harp to fit a new tune,  
 And praised the wise thought of the crank.

When Fulton his steamboat was building, 'tis said,  
 Folks thought it a lunatic's prank,  
 And deemed his fit home in a house for the mad,  
 For folks, you know, laugh at a crank.

But when the invention, completed at last,  
 Moved off mid machinery's clank,  
 They opened their eyes as she swiftly steamed past;  
 Not one of them called him a crank.

When Pasteur his mission attempted to show,  
 Some called him a fool mousetank;  
 But now they are forced to acknowledge we owe  
 A pean of praise to the crank.

His thoughts are all twisted and tangled one way,  
 Like the strands in a thread knitter's bank:  
 But this will be righted and straightened some day,  
 And then all the praise to the crank.

Like a foreign hand-organ that grinds but one tune,  
 When turned by an Italian lank,  
 His mind ever dwells on one thing; only one,  
 The cerebral mind of the crank.

Perpetual motion oft claims his thought,  
 Though to others 'tis almost a blank;  
 If his wish-for invention should ever be brought  
 To work, it will be by a crank.

On this you can bet with assurance your gold,  
 And high on your winning can bank,  
 Though hatless, though homeless, though  
 houseless and old,  
 The smartest of men is the crank.  
 —Yankee Blade.

**SAVED BY A BANK-BOOK.**

Disastrous Experience of a Greenhorn on a Florida Homestead.



HAD been a clerk in a city store ever since I was old enough to work, and I was green. There is no doubt about that in my mind now, though I spurned the thought then. I had sold the stony little farm on the bleak Vermont hillside, which had come to me after my father had worried himself into his grave trying to get rich on it, and had landed in Florida full of guide-book opinions of the balmy climate, the fertile soil, the clamoring market for sub-tropical fruits, and the ease with which they could be raised in that "land of the cypress and myrtle."

"I took up a homestead on the long, narrow strip of land that divides the Atlantic ocean from the Indian river. I did not go to see it before 'entering' for it at the land office, because I knew that to be unnecessary. The guide-book said that strip was wonderfully fertile, salubrious and easy of access. I found a good many homesteads on it not yet occupied, and I wondered a little that a greater rush of settlers had not been made for it. However, I set this down to my own good luck in being so early in the field, and figured on selling off enough of the homestead in a year or two to pay for a fine house on what I retained for my own use.

"I reached the spot by sail-boat from Titusville, at the head of the river, and was delighted to find that I had neighbors, not far away to the north, and also



I REACHED THE SPOT BY SAILBOAT.  
 to the south. They were 'trackers.' That is the name which one native Floridian applies to other native Floridians whom he does not like. They had orange groves, to be sure, but they did not seem to be growing rich on their crops. This I attributed to their shiftless method of agriculture. Instead of clearing their land of the big pine trees that cumbered it, they merely girdled the trees, and left them standing, dead and bare, a constant menace to passers-by and to the young orange trees which

were planted among their roots, as well as an eyesore on the landscape.

"I determined to cut my trees down, in the good old New England fashion, clear the land thoroughly, and raise vegetables between the rows of orange trees till they were old enough to bear a golden harvest. First I set to work on the underbrush, and then came my first experience with palmetto roots. If there is one thing more exasperating than another to get out of the ground, it is a palmetto root. A palmetto as high as your waist, with a stem as thick as a baby's arm, will have a root as big around as a boy's leg and as long as the whole boy. This root runs along, just under the surface of the ground, sending down a fringe of tough feelers into the subsoil, that holds it like the suckers of an octopus.

"But the most exasperating thing about it is that when you have dug down and got a fair hold on the thing, with your hands, if it's a little one; with your hoe (a big, strong, heavy affair, made for the purpose), if it's a middle-sized one; and with a chain attached



ALL ARMED WITH SHOTGUNS.

to a mule, if it's a big one; the pesky thing breaks off in joints about a foot or two long, at the first good pull; and you have to hitch on all over again.

"Well, by the time I had two acres of palmetto roots pulled out and a wilderness of big trees down on top of them, my back was almost broken, my ready money all gone, and no prospect of a crop in sight. I had come down in the early fall and now it was about Christmas. The season had been a pretty dry one and the logs looked so full of sap that I thought they would burn, though too green to burn fast. So I set them on fire.

"That was the most disastrous fire I ever lit. I forgot that the sap of these trees was mostly resin. The way the flames crept along through that mass of underbrush and leaped up every resinous pine tree it met was terrific. I fought it as long as I could move a limb and then dropped, exhausted and despairing, and watched it roar off through the woods like an evil spirit that I had raised and was powerless to control. It was sundown when I gave up the fight, and I could do nothing more that night. Too wretched to eat, I drank freely from my little store of whisky and threw myself on my couch.

"The liquor and the exhaustion made me sleep far into the next day, and I was awakened a little after noon by loud knocks at my door. Opening it I was confronted by five or six big, rough men, all armed with shotguns and with an ominous look on their faces. They strode into my cabin and shut the door behind them.

"'Stranger,' said the spokesman, gruffly: 'You have started a fire here in your darned Yankee ignorance of farmin', and all the good you've done is to burn the rawsua and the bark off a lot of green trees, and now ye've got a lot of black logs on your hands that are a darned sight meaner to handle than ever. But yer darned fire has spread into the groves of yer neighbors, where the dead trees were still a standin', and they have been turned to the ground, as anybody but a natural-born fool might 'a' known they would, and our orange trees is ruined with them. Such varmint as you isn't fit to live in this country. Say yer prayers, mister, for we're going to plant you before we go back.'

"I was terribly frightened, for I could see they were in dead earnest. My teeth began to chatter, but a bright thought struck me. I had deposited some money in a bank at Jacksonville on my way down, and had a check-book with some blank checks left in it, though the money had all been drawn out long ago.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I am clearing this place for a Northern syndicate, who are going to make extensive plantations here, and I can pay you on the spot for your losses, caused by my ignorance of Florida forests, and I assure you that such a thing will not happen again.' With that I whipped out my check-book, took up a pencil and prepared to write with as much show of confidence as I could muster under the circumstances.

"I had been pretty free with the five or six hundred dollars I had brought down with me, and so the story of the Northern syndicate seemed to them to be likely enough. The word syndicate, any way, seems to have an awe-inspiring power down there. The idea that a syndicate might be penniless seems preposterous. But it was the bank checks that overwhelmed them; checks on a real National bank were something they had heard of, but never handled before.

"You may be sure they swindled me awfully in making up the estimates of their losses, but I was not disposed to

be penurious, merely making enough objections to allay possible suspicion. So I drew a check for each man, big enough to buy his whole farm five times over, and they went away laughing to themselves at my gallantry.

"As soon as they were out of sight, I packed into my boat all my outfit, set every stitch of sail and reached the nearest town by the next night, sold my outfit for enough to buy a ticket North and did not breathe freely till I felt myself well beyond the reach of these simple 'crackers,' whose groves I had ignorantly ruined, and in whose hands I knew my life would not be worth an hour's purchase when they discovered how I had escaped their just indignation."—N. Y. Tribune.

**ABOUT DISCRIMINATION.**

The Material Out of Which Rare Intellectual Capacities Are Made.

The retentive faculty is, of course, the common attribute of all intelligence, knowledge being dependent on the plastic property of mind. But where there is great retentiveness, we have undoubtedly the material out of which rare intellectual capacities are made. Generally, but by no means universally, retentiveness as a mental gift is due to some emotional interest. We remember what we are fond of, whether it be art, or poetry, or philosophy, just as we remember what we hate, such as a distasteful odor or a wicked face. This is due to some of the processes connected with attention. Retentiveness, however, as an intellectual characteristic is not necessarily connected with feeling or emotional interest; disinterested retentiveness is the best quality of mind, because, as a rule, the less the emotion the greater is the pure intellectual force. A good memory, as we say, is three-fourths of talent. Discriminative power is equally important for the intellectual character. Without discrimination there is no knowledge: knowing a thing is, in a sense, the being able to distinguish it from other things, like yet unlike. So, too, in a higher sense, discriminative power is the ability to analyze, to criticize, to classify. There can be no order without it, and therefore no clearness.

The power to discriminate in the presentation of sense is that on which all perception depends. This power does not equally belong to all parts of our frame. If we take the two points of a compass and apply them to various portions of our skin and see how nearly the two points may be brought together and yet recognized as two we shall get very different results. The finest discriminative sensibility seems to belong to the tip of the tongue, which can recognize the points as two even when one twenty-fourth of an inch apart, or the tip of the finger when one-twelfth of an inch apart; but if we apply the two points to the cheek, or still more to the back, we shall find that they may be nearly one inch and a half apart, and yet they only give the impression of a single point so long as we do not see them. Now, the power of intellectual discrimination differs in the same way in the case of different persons, and the intellectual character has the same ability in things of the intellect as the tip of the finger or tongue has in the things of sense.—National Review.

**THE GROTESQUE CACTUS.**

According to Grant Allen It Is the Camel of the Vegetable World.

The cactuses are very peculiar plants—as peculiar structurally as they are bizarre and grotesque in outer appearance. They have spared no pains and shrunk from no sacrifice in accommodating themselves thoroughly to their niche in nature. In the first place, they have no true leaves. What look like leaves in certain jointed cactuses are really flattened and expanded stems. If this seems at first hearing a hard saying, the analogy of the common stone-crops, where stem and leaf are hardly distinguishable, will help to make it a little less incredible. In other ways, too, the stone-crops (or sedums, as gardeners call them) throw much light upon the nature of the cactuses. All these rock-haunting or desert plants naturally get very little water, except at long intervals after occasional showers. Hence only those can survive which form themselves, as it were, into living reservoirs to retain all the moisture they once absorb. As soon as the rain falls in their arid haunts the roots and rootlets eagerly drink it up in a great hurry, and store it away at once in the soft and spongy cellular tissue of which the main part of the plant is wholly formed. For this purpose, both in stone-crops and cactuses, the stems have become fleshy and succulent, and being also green and leaf-like they closely resemble true leaves. But they are covered externally with a thick skin, which resists evaporation and keeps the moisture, once collected, at the plant's disposal for an unlimited period. In short, the cactus does as a plant just what the camel does as an animal.—Grant Allen, in North American Review.

**FOUND IN A TREE.**

The Strange Story of a Papoose Uncle Jock Told the Children.

Here is the very latest story which Uncle Jock told the children the other day, while Uncle Jake was carving a whistle out of an alder branch for little Ted.

"You want an Indian story, do you?" said Uncle Jock.

"Tell 'em about what we found in a tree once," said Uncle Jake, as he smoothed the mouthpiece of the whistle with his big knife.

"Well, well, so I will. Sit down, every one of you, on the grass and keep still."

And when they were all seated Uncle Jock began:

Our house stood on a hill, on the edge of the old apple orchard which reached from the back door-yard fence to the river shore. A great, spreading russet tree grew near the bank, and it was under this tree that the Indians used to camp, when traveling up and down the river in their canoes. We got so we were pretty well acquainted with them, and we would run down the hill the minute we saw the smoke from their fires, or caught a glimpse of their wigwams through the trees.

One morning mother came to the foot of the stairs and called us to breakfast.

**FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.**

**MY GRANDPA'S STORY.**

I wonder if grandpas can always tell stories that boys like, and girls as well? Mine tells always the nicest kind. But a grandpa like mine is hard to find. The last one he told was so very good—though he made the lesson well understood—

That I want to tell it just as he did, He kept the moral so nicely hid. Said Grandpa: "The first year I went down To the old academy out of town, There was one boy there among the rest—A smart one, but just the queerest!"

"His name was 'Jonathan—Jonathan Joy.' His name was no queerer than was the boy. His folks had lately moved, they said—His mother and sister—his father was dead. He was only thirteen, and small at that, But there's little we fellows could beat him at."

"He took all the care of the schoolhouse, too, And a colder winter I never knew. He must have suffered, his clothes were so thin, But matters like that boys don't take in. And how he was, this little boy? I never saw plainer than Jonathan Joy."

"But the very queerest thing of all Was his boots; he was so very small, And his boots were a man's boots, stout and strong, Thick, and heavy, and wide, and long; How such a boy could tug 'em about I don't know, but the toes were all stuffed out."

"Now to our shame it must be told That we scorned this boy whose clothes were old. Often and often, each hour of the day, We sneered at his boots, and would call and say: 'Boots, where are you going with that little boy?' It must have been awful to Jonathan Joy."

"At last the leader of all our band—He's been dead for years, poor Charley Rand—Proposed to do something so bad and bold—Almost too ugly to ever be told. He knew that every night, he said, This Jonathan kept his boots in a shed."

"He knew the house—such a poor little home—And he said: 'Now, boys, if you'll all keep mum I'll tell you something first-rate to be done. Let's go to-night and have some fun; Let's all of us go as still as a mouse, And steal those boots from that old wood-house.'"

"We all agreed, to our shame, he said, And at night, when we should have been in bed, We stole to the home of Jonathan Joy—I feel so ashamed of every boy! We went to the window to listen first, And that for our plan was just the worst."

"He and his mother were there alone; It was cold that night, but fire they had none. We saw his mother as well as he; His head in her lap, we all could see. Her hand was caressing the brow of the boy, And the rough red tresses of Jonathan Joy."

"Then we heard her voice and the words, she said, Till we wished we had been at home in bed. 'Johnnie,' she said, so soft and low, 'Tis a terrible trial, that I know, But it's wear the boots or stay away—Not go to school another day.'"

"We can't buy boots as well as bread, And keep this poor roof over our heads, And you hope to be able, you always say, Through your learning to build a home some day. Those boots were your father's; 'Tis hard, I know—The boys must be ugly to treat you so.'"

"The soft voice faltered, and then there came The sound of sobbing. 'O, 'twas a shame! But Charley turned to the rest of his crew And whispered: 'I've thought of a thing to do; Come out of this—here, follow my lead; I feel as small as a mustard seed.'"

"'Boys,' he said softly, 'let's buy him a pair—Just such as the rest of us fellows wear.' Then he took us away and told his plan. And each of us felt rather more like a man. We put our mites together, and then Next night we went to the woodshed again."

"And still and sly as we went before We left the boots and shut the door. Each beauty they were, and brand-new ones, Red-topped, with letters which shone like suns, And the rest of the winter, I'm glad to tell, We treated that fellow extremely well."

"Years have passed; his place is higher by far, And he's richer than all the rest of us are. His mother died long, long years ago, But she lived to be proud of him, I know; And I know he was pure gold without alloy, For I married the sister of Jonathan Joy." —Emily Baker Smalle, in Pansy.

But we were like little Ted here—we hated to get up. So we just opened our eyes a little, threw the bed clothes off and then turned over and went to sleep again. But when she called us a second time, and told us the Indians were in the orchard, we jumped into our clothes in a hurry and started on a run for the river, forgetting all about breakfast and everything else. We rushed along the path through the tall rye that grew on the flats, slipping and sliding on the windfalls that were scattered under the apple trees, never stopping until we reached the wigwam.

There was no one to be seen, and we thought at first that they were all asleep, but pretty soon we heard strange sounds inside, as though some one was groaning or trying to sing without knowing how. We were at a loss what to make of it. Always before the Indians had come out to meet us when we visited the wigwam, and we began to feel a little bit scared.

"Let's go home," whispered Jake. "They ain't our Indians."

"Wait till I take a peep," I said as I lifted one corner of the blanket door. But I did not have a chance to see very much, for just then a tall Indian, with stripes of red and black paint across his cheeks, and a long knife in his hand, shoved the blanket aside and jumped out, giving a loud whoop.

Did we run? Well, now, you ought to have seen us. We didn't wait to follow the path, but took a bee-line for the house, straight through the tall rye and melon patch. Mother saw us coming and ran out to meet us.

"Keep away from them," she said, when we told her. "They're been drinking, and it's not safe to go near them."

You better believe we kept on the right side of the door-yard fence all that day. The next morning the camp was gone. We waited until we were sure there were no strange Indians loitering in the orchard, then we went down to the river. The fire was still smouldering on the sand, and there were scraps of dried meat under the tree. All of a sudden Jake cried out:

"What's that, Jock?" and my heart began to thump, for I expected nothing else but to see a big painted Indian ready to grab me. Jake pointed to the tree over our heads. A piece of bark with a string at each end was hanging from one of the lower branches, swinging back and forth like the hammock there, only a great deal smaller than the hammock. A bundle wrapped in a blanket was fastened to it with strips of buckskin. We looked at it awhile before we spoke. We hadn't quite got over our scare. Then I whispered:

"Let's climb the tree, Jake, and see what it is."

It didn't take us long to get where we could look down on the bundle. And now what do you think it was? You can't guess, eh? Well, it was a real live papoose—an Indian baby—pretty as a picture, fast asleep in its bark cradle. We didn't dare touch it, for fear the Indians might be watching us, but we climbed down as quickly as we could, and ran home to tell mother what we had found.

"They've gone off and forgot it—the poor little creature," she said, as she tied on her sun-bonnet and went with us.

When we got back the papoose was wide awake, laughing and crowing in fine style. We climbed the tree and untied the strings, while mother held out her arms and caught it as it fell, cradle and all. It cried a little at first, when it saw the strange faces, bending over it, but mother crooned, and talked baby talk, and it soon was laughing again. She carried it to the house and fed it. Then we spread the blanket on the floor, and Jake and I got down on all fours and played with it. It was such a good-natured little fellow that we had lots of fun.

Did we keep it? Yes, for a couple of hours. At the end of that time, just as we were in the midst of a grand frolic, the papoose stretched out its hands toward the open door and began to cry. We looked around and saw an Indian woman standing there. She walked in, picked up the papoose, wrapped the blanket around it, and walked out again, without saying a word, and that's the last we ever saw of that baby.—H. H. Hollands, in Detroit Free Press.

George Washington had big hands and feet. He wore a No. 11 boot, and his gloves had to be specially made for him.

# A GREAT CLUB OFFER!

\$12.25 FOR NOTHING.

## "The Great Divide" Gemstone Cabinet GIVEN AWAY FREE!

This is done to call your attention to the Best Dollar Monthly in the world.

# THE GREAT DIVIDE,

(STANLEY WOOD, EDITOR.)

PUBLISHED AT DENVER, COLORADO.

is a superbly illustrated journal containing articles every month on Rocky mountain scenery, illustrating and describing its canons, lakes, valleys, natural parks, mountain peaks, waterfalls, cascades, trails, minerals, mines, crystals, relics, cliff dwellings, Indians and customs sights above the clouds, summer and winter resorts, haunts of fish and game, natural wonders, caves, grotesque and marvelous works of nature, burning rock, mineral springs, climate, resources birds and animals, wild flowers, and hosts of other interesting things. Brim full of fresh, original and spicy reading every month. Different from any other publication in the world. Subscription only \$1.00 per year, including the Gemstone Cabinet. This journal recommends itself. Send for a sample copy, which is free, if you say where you saw this announcement.

### LIST OF GEMSTONES AND THEIR VALUE.

Cameo, finely cut, can be used for ring, scarf pin or brooch set.....	\$1.25
Goldstone, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.75
Tiger Eye, can be used for ring scarf pin or brooch.....	.90
Tiger Eye, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
Pink Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
Green Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.75
Carnelian, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
Tree Agate, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
Petrified Wood, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
Jasper, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
Mosaic, inlaid with Agate and Jasper, a watch-charm complete, to be mounted with compass.....	1.00
Bloodstone, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.75
Agate, two cut stones complete, for ladies sleeve buttons.....	.75
Agate, two cut stones complete, for gents' sleeve buttons.....	1.00
Mosaic, square pattern, sleeve button sets.....	1.25
Sardonyx, setting for ring or scarf pin.....	.50

This whole lot of Gemstones will be sent with each sub. Total value, \$12.25. All of the above are finely finished cut gemstones, all polished ready for any jeweler to mount as you may desire. They are all guaranteed to be of value stated, and it is given to increase our subscription list quickly. We recognize its costliness, but nowadays it requires an unusual offer to establish a journal with a large circulation in a short space of time.

### OUR CLUB OFFER TO YOU.

THE GREAT DIVIDE and PLAINEALER will be sent for one full year upon receipt of only \$1.50. The Gemstone Cabinet will also be sent you as a premium free of any cost. Bear this in mind.

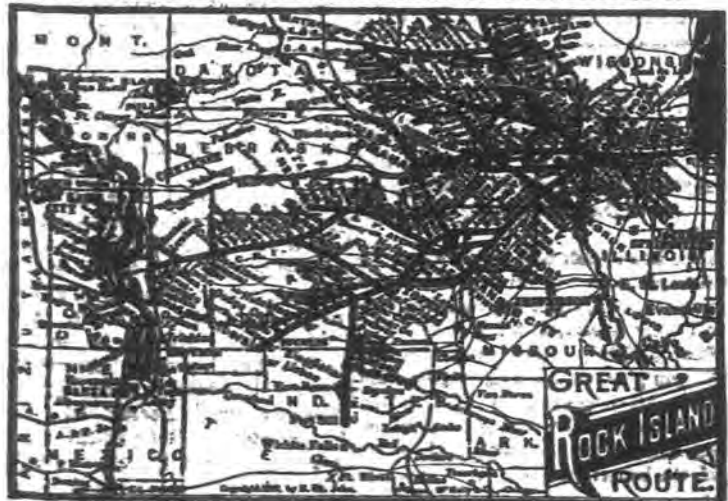
As it may seem impossible that we can and do give you so much value for so little money, we have a sample copy of "The Great Divide" and a Gemstone Cabinet at our office, and will be pleased to have you call and see it. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

THIS OFFER IS GOOD ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME.

Send \$1.50 to this office and secure "The Great Divide," PLAINEALER and the Gemstone Cabinet free, as a premium. Do not delay.

# A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



### THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Incorporating main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, Le Sueur, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS; Des Moines, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskawville, Des Moines, Waverly, Adair, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA; Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA; Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA; Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI; Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA; Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS; Ford Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY; and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic seaports.

### MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading off promptly in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (near of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb. and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels furnished meals at reasonable houses west of Missouri River. California Excursion daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, and Los Angeles, and San Francisco. THE DIRECT LINE to and from a Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sentinels, and Scar.

### VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul with FREE Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and through Chair Cars and Sleepers between Rapid, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE GREAT LINE VIA DENVER AND KANSAS offers facilities to visit Chicago, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Louis, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, and other points. For detailed information, apply to any Ticket Office in Chicago or Omaha, or address:

JOHN SEBASTIAN, CHICAGO, ILL.

# Tinware at T. Simmons.

**BEFORE BEING BOOTED**  
 this Fall or Winter, remember that you can  
**KICK YOURSELF**  
 if you buy your boots or shoes anywhere else than at my place, for you will  
**Never Kick**  
 over what I offer you in low prices, first quality and the choicest styles. Come and see.  
**JOHN LORD.**

## Bakery and Confectionery.

FINE STOCK OF  
**FRUITS, CANDIES, CIGARS AND TOBACCO**  
 All guaranteed the best for the money.

**Canned Goods, Bread, Cookies, Pies, Etc.**  
 31 door S. of bank. HENRY JENNINGS.

Home seekers will find the last of the public domain of agricultural and grazing value along the Great Northern Ry. in North Dakota and Montana.

**NEW TOWNS.** 100 or more, along the Great Northern Railway Line. Business chances. Write F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn., for books, maps, etc.

Settlers on free Government lands along the Great Northern Ry. Line in North Dakota and Montana get low rates and fine markets for products.

**HUNTING, FISHING.** Finest resorts in America along Great Northern Ry. Line in Minnesota, Dakota and Montana. Best climate for health seekers.

Montana produces the finest Horses and Cattle. Free Ranges yet in Moose, Milk and Sun River Valleys and Sweet Grass Hills.

**HEALTH, WEALTH.** In Montana. Free Lands, New Towns, New Railways, New Mines, Low Rates. Largest area of good vacant land.

Sweet Grass Hills, Milk and Sun River Valleys, Montana, reached only by the Great Northern Ry. Line. The Stock Raisers' paradise.

The regions tributary to Great Northern Railway Line in Montana produce all the precious and base metals. New towns and railways are being built.

Go to the Great Reservation of Montana and get a good free home-stead. Low rates and Free Sleepers on Great Northern Ry. Line. Go now.

These have made Montana the richest state per capita in the Union. Plenty of room for more miners and stock raisers. Now is the time.

Along the Great Northern Railway Line in Montana are free ranches and pasturage, mines of precious metals, iron and coal, possessing a water power unequalled in America. It is Montana's industrial centre.

The valleys of Red, Moose, Missouri, Milk and Sun Rivers reached by Great Northern Ry. Line. Half rate excursions Sep. 9, 22, and Oct. 14, 1890. Write F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn.

**PARRY MFG. CO.**  
 INDIANAPOLIS, IND.  
 No. 71.  
 Price, \$1.50 at Retail.  
 Strictly First Class. Warranted. All-Season Growth. Victory. Longest Growing. Perfectly Balanced. Lowest Seed. Highest Oil Temperature. Longest Yielding. Best All Over. If YOU WANT THE BEST FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

## The Plainealer.

Published every Friday.  
 TERMS, 50 CENTS A YEAR.  
 Office in Simmons' Block, No. 7 Main Street.

TERRY SIMMONS, EDITOR

Where did you get that shirt?  
 More new goods at Brodbeck's this week.

Strictly pure maple sugar at Simmons.

Ladies black caps just in at Poole & Galloway's.

Take a look at the dish drainer at Simmons.

Mrs. E. T. Gardner has returned from her Chicago visit.

A few sets of 75 cent croquet left at Johnson's drug store.

Price the underwear at Bennett's before buying elsewhere.

Have you seen the 25 cent fountain pens at C. F. Johnson's?

**NEW WEEK.**  
 New Winter clothing at Bennett's.

Outing flannel, in dark fall shades, only 10 cents per yard, at Brodbeck's.

Crockery? 35 cents a set for tea cups and saucers in Simmons' present price.

Mrs. F. M. Eichelberger and Mrs. P. A. Butterfield were in town a while today.

Work, Dress and Kid Gloves at Bennett's.

Miss Florence Olcott, of Morris, was the guest of Mrs. S. K. Danley yesterday.

The Chautauquan Circle will meet next Tuesday evening with Mr. Frank Derby.

Cutest out—donkey and cart tooth pick holders. Get one for a dime at Simmons.

Tin pails? An entire new line for your inspection at the Red, White & Blue store.

Mrs. John Marsh, of Brookfield, left for Colorado, Thursday. Hope the trip will do her much good.

Rev. Taber will preach in the Loring school house next Sunday, Oct. 12th, at 3:45 P. M. Sunday School at 3 P. M.

Large invoice of latest patterns of goblets, ten styles, just in at Red, White & Blue store. Price? Down to 30 cents a set.

**SLIPPERS FOR ALL.**  
 the ladies and gentlemen in Marseilles and the surrounding country just received at John Lord's.

Simmons has not sold out yet but he is daily selling large amounts of goods to parties who are after the best returns for their money.

Messrs. C. F. Johnson, Geo. Kellogg, Wm. Daily, Geo. and Lloyd Smith also Miss Gertie, W. H. and Bert Sindle, Terry and Floyd Simmons spent the Sabbath in Chicago.

I. J. Cook was around securing the money to properly uniform our fire laddies. When we saw the list much interest had been shown, as quite an amount had been subscribed.

"Perforated pie plates? Land sakes, what next? What are they good for anyhow? Use them and you will never have soggy pies, because they steam up dry. Simmons has them to sell.

Some sneak thief took in this weeks washing at D. N. Shipman's, it having been left out. In value it was no small loss to the household. The latest is now: "Where did you get that shirt?"

**MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.**

The Northern Pacific Railroad, passing through Minnesota, Dakota, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, was the first line to bring the region occupied by these states into communication with the east. Its main line and branches penetrate all sections of these states, reaching nine-tenths of the chief cities. It is the short line to Helena and Butte, Mont., Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., and the only line running through train services from the east through the states of Montana and Washington. Pullman Sleepers and furnished Tourist Sleeping Cars are run via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific, and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific, from Chicago through to the Pacific Coast without change. This is the Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Route.

The large travel on the Northern Pacific line necessitated the inaugura-

tion, in June, 1890, of a second through train to the Pacific Coast, thus enabling this road to offer the public the advantage of two through trains daily to Montana and points in the Pacific Northwest, carrying complete services of sleeping cars, dining cars and regular day coaches. The train leaving St. Paul in the morning runs via the recently completed Air Line of the Northern Pacific through Butte, Mont., making this the shortest line to the latter point by two miles.

Colonists for Washington, Oregon and British Columbia points, should take no other line than the Northern Pacific, as by this line only, can all portions of the state of Washington be seen. Stopovers are allowed on second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, enabling settlers to inspect the country without extra expense.

For Maps, Time Tables and Illustrated Pamphlets, or any special information desired, address CHAS. S. ESK, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

## U. C. T. U. Column.

EDITED BY  
 PRESS SUP'RS OF W'S AND Y'S.

Thirty-seven new unions have been organized in Maine during the past year.

Seventy-nine municipalities of Manitoba now prohibit the retail liquor traffic.

Miss Frances E. Willard and her secretary, Miss Gordon, left home September 15 for two week's work in the amendment campaign in Nebraska.

Dr. Bull, of New York, discovers that in the hospitals of that city sixty-five per cent. of the pneumonia patients die who receive alcoholic treatment, while in the London temperance hospitals, where no alcohol is used, only five per cent die.

'Oh ermine judge, whose duty to society is, now, to doom the ragged criminals to punishment and death, hadst thou never, man, a duty to discharge in barring up the hundred open gates that wooed him to the felons deck, and throwing but ajar the portals to a decent life?'—Dickens.

At the annual meeting of the English Woman's Liberal Federation this summer very strong resolutions were passed for temperance, woman suffrage, arbitration, regulation of taxation, protection of women and girls, housing of the poor, etc. To members of the W. C. T. U. it may be interesting to know that Mrs. Mary Whitall Costello is a leading spirit in this organization.

The W. C. T. U. of Toocooa, Ga. gives an entertainment once a month, called the nickle reading, which goes from home to home and draws a large parlor audience, the proceeds being used to bring lecturers to town, and to buy temperance literature. Mrs. P. S. Whitmar, the president of the society, an old time friend and teacher of Miss Willard, organized the society on a visit to Toocooa in 1888.

Helen Campbell, author of 'Prisoners of Poverty', in a recent lecture at Chautauquan on 'The Present Social and Economic Condition of Women,' says: 'The woman of to-day contends not only visible, but invisible obstructions. Untrained intelligence finds tasks more and more difficult. Women must reach out for better training and larger opportunity, and seek with the eagerness born of hard conditions some permanent way of escape.'

Miss Adelaide M. Kinnear, president of the North Dakota W. C. T. U., will reply to the address of welcome in Atlanta, on behalf of the states received into the union in 1890. Miss Kinnear is developing a first class reputation as a speaker. One of the newspapers in her state says: 'She deals with the temperance question with a courage, intellectual force, and ability, that are admirable, and yields wit, argument, and satire with a grace and facility that must win admiration even from those who think differently.'

The Rotafunk local union of the West African coast, founded by Mrs. Mary Leavitt in the spring of 1890, has forwarded to Best cottage 454 names for the great petition which calls for the outlawing of alcohol and opium trade in all nations, and for a higher standard of social purity. This time it is not Africa stretching out her hands after the approved type, but leading us onward to a more earnest endeavor for the petition so largely neglected in this country but appreciated in foreign parts.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

# The Marseilles Plaindealer.

VOL. XIV.

MARSEILLES, ILL., FRIDAY, OCT. 17, 1890.

NO. 42

## BEFORE BEING BOOTED

this Fall or Winter, remember that you can

## Kick Yourself

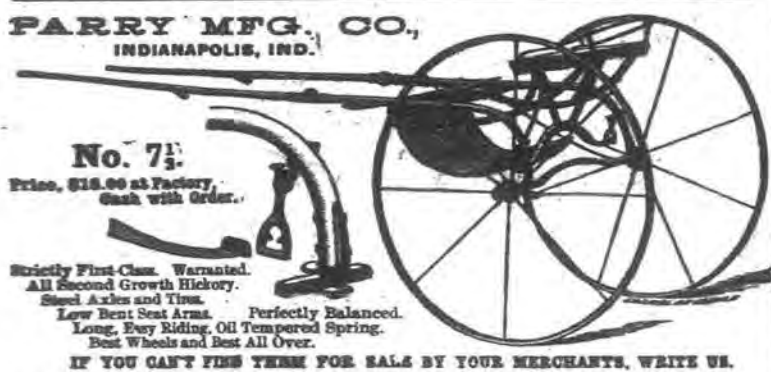
if you buy your boots or shoes anywhere else than at my place, for you will

## Never Kick

over what I offer you in low prices, first quality and the choicest styles. Come and see.

## JOHN LORD.

FARRY MFG. CO.,  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



No. 7.

Price, \$15.00 at Factory,  
Cash with Order.

Strictly First-Class. Warranted.  
All Second Growth Hickory.  
Steel Axles and Tires.

Low Bent Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced.  
Long, Easy Riding Oil Tempered Spring.  
Best Wheels and Best All Over.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

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## LIST OF GEMSTONES AND THEIR VALUE.

Cameo, finely cut, can be used for ring, scarf pin or brooch set.....	\$1.75
Goldstone, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.75
Tiger Eye, can be used for ring scarf pin or brooch.....	.60
Pink Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarf pin.....	.50
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## A STRAIGHT TIP!

Look at this picture and you will find it a good representation of the favorite "Daisy" kerosene oil can.



If you have bought one lately it has cost you at least 50 cents.

We will sell you the same identical can for only 25 cents, as long as the present supply holds out.

## RED, WHITE & BLUE.

## Bakery and Confectionery.

FINE STOCK OF FRUITS, CANDIES, CHOCOLATES AND TOBACCO

All guaranteed the best for the money.

Canned Goods, Bread, Cookies, Pies, Etc

MENZO JENNINGS.

21 door S. of bank.

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FREE LANDS.

100 or more, along the Great Northern Railway Line. Business chances. Write F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn., for books, maps, etc.

NEW TOWNS.

Settlers on free Government lands along the Great Northern Ry. Line in North Dakota and Montana get low rates and fine markets for products.

LOW RATES.

Finest resorts in America along Great Northern Ry. Line in Minnesota, Dakota and Montana. Best climate for health seekers.

HUNTING, FISHERY.

Montana produces the finest horses and cattle. Free Ranges yet in Mouse, Milk and Sun River Valleys and Sweet Grass Hills.

HORSES, CATTLE.

in Montana. Free Lands, New Towns, New Railways, New Mines, Low Rates. Largest area of good vacant land.

HEALTH, WEALTH.

Sweet Grass Hills, Milk and Sun River Valleys, Montana, reached only by the Great Northern Ry. Line. The Stock Raisers' paradise.

SHEEP, HOGS.

The regions tributary to Great Northern Railway Line in Montana produce all the precious and base metals. New towns and railways are being built.

GOLD, COAL.

Go to the Great Reservation of Montana and get a good free homestead. Low rates and Free Sleepers on Great Northern Ry. Line. Go now.

MILK RIVER.

These have made Montana the richest state per capita in the Union. Plenty of room for more miners and stock raisers. Now is the time.

HERDS, MINES.

Along the Great Northern Railway Line in Montana are free ranches and pasturage, mines of precious metals, iron and coal, and new cities and towns. Now is your chance.

YOUNG MAN!

Surrounded by a fine agricultural and grazing country, close to mines of precious metals, iron and coal, possessing a water power unequalled in America, it is Montana's industrial centre.

GREAT FALLS.

The valleys of Red, Mouse, Missouri, Milk and Sun Rivers reached by Great Northern Ry. Line. Half rate excursions Sep. 2, 23, and Oct. 14, 1890. Write F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn.

G. N. R. L!

## CARPENTER & REPAIR SHOP!

MORGAN'S OLD STAND, MAIN ST., MARSEILLES, ILL.

All kinds of jobbing done to order promptly, in good manner and at living rates.

E. A. ALLEN.

## JOHN J. BECKER,

DEALER IN...

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED

## MEATS.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR Cattle, Hogs and Hides

## Marseilles, Ill.

A thriving incorporated village on the C. R. I. & P. Ry., and Illinois and Michigan canal, eight miles from Ottawa, the county seat, 77 from Chicago and 104 from Rock Island. The Illinois river affords splendid water power, and at the dam is one of the best fishing grounds in the state. There are five churches, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Universalist, and Catholic. Two excellent public schools and a high school projected. The most prominent manufactures are agricultural implement works, paper and flour mills, brick, tile, shanty rivet and hoop works. Good coal is mined and wood is abundant. Numerous stone quarries. Three newspapers, PLAINDEALER, Register and News. First National Bank. Electrically lighted and water works for fire protection. Population 200. L. A. Albert, L. Stone, postmaster. Fred Schering, depot agent. Nearly every society represented. Fine scenery, excellent class of people, best of drainage, very healthy. Nearly 200 constantly flowing artesian wells furnish an abundance of pure drinking water.

STRICTLY TRUE.

THE prudent housewife finds it wise to buy household tinware and hardware as well as notions of all kinds at the Red, White & Blue store.

## R. R. TIME TABLE.

C. R. I. & P. RY.

GOING EAST.

No. 16 leaves.....	2:55 A. M.
" 4 ".....	4:20 A. M.
" 10 ".....	7:45 A. M.
" 2 ".....	10:30 A. M.
" 8 ".....	4:15 P. M.

GOING WEST.

No. 15 leaves.....	1:46 A. M.
" 7 ".....	11:11 A. M.
" 1 ".....	4:14 P. M.
" 9 ".....	7:55 P. M.

ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—EAST.

No. 42 leaves.....	5:00 P. M.
" 40 ".....	3:55 P. M.

ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—WEST.

No. 41 leaves.....	8:50 A. M.
" 37 ".....	10:05 A. M.

In effect Sunday, Oct. 19, 1890.

F. SEHRING, Agent.

Standard Theater Company all next week.

NEXT WEEK.

New Winter clothing at Bennett's.

Sheet music at the New Drug Store.

CHAS. F. JOHNSON.

Best imported Saxony yarn, 12 1/2 cts a skein, at Brodbeck's.

Mr. J. F. Morgan has been spending the week in Chicago.

Price the underwear at Bennett's before buying elsewhere.

Ladies heavy jersey ribbed vests, only 25 cents, at Brodbeck's.

Pleasing plays for one week commencing Monday, Oct. 20th.

The Chautauqua Circle will meet next Tuesday with Miss Clara Parr.

Miss Sadie Clark is acting as assistant teacher in Prof. Outman's room.

Note the change in the C. R. I. & P. time table, to take effect Sunday, Oct. 19th.

Work, Dress and Kid Gloves at Bennett's.

If you wish to see a good thing in underwear for 50 cents go to Brodbeck's.

Call on Hart & Kelso, the Square Tailors, when in want of a good, honest business suit.

NEW MUSIC STORE.

Pianos and organs just received at Chas. F. Johnson's.

Something good in the theater line is promised our people by the Standard Theater Co. next week.

Popular prices, 15, 25 and 35 cents, at Washington hall next week. Reserved seats at Trowbridge's.

HOSIERY! HOSIERY!!

The largest stock and prices the lowest, at Brodbeck's.

Oh, why did we not advertise a base ball series during the protracted dry spell of the past summer?

Dr. J. Smith and family have removed to Chicago for their winter home, to return again next year we presume.

We advise early buying, as our prices create a lively demand in boots and shoes.

J. LORD.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's next story has been bought by The Ladies' Home Journal, and it will shortly begin in that magazine.

Mr. E. Hart caught cold while at Ottawa Wednesday and has been quite ill since. We hope there is nothing serious however.

Last night Blanche Stover was surprised by a crowd of boy and girl schoolmates, and the party resolved into a merry candy pull.

Hart & Kelso have a complete stock of carefully selected Fall and Winter goods on hand, which they are making up at very close figures.

A SENSIBLE MAN

would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lung trouble. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung troubles than any other medicine.

The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a sample bottle free to convince you of the merits of this great remedy. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00.

Are you willing to pay more for your boots than you did last year? You will have to if you don't buy them soon from John Lord.

There is no doubt about it. Benson's is the place to get your clothes made up from stylish, good, honest goods. Always good work done.

The Square Tailors, Hart & Kelso, have the enviable reputation of making the best and most comfortable fitting Prince Albert coat in town.

If you have not made up your mind where to buy your winter suits, it will pay you to look at Poole & Galloway's stock, as it is contains some very choice patterns.

Campanini, the famous tenor, has written a striking article on "How To Train the Voice" for The Ladies' Home Journal, and it will appear in the November number of that periodical.

We wish to tell our many patrons we now have the largest stock of seasonable goods we ever carried and will not advance prices on account of the McKinley tariff bill. THURBER & Co.

An event looked forward to with most pleasant anticipations is the social and presentation of Joseph Woodruff Post G. A. R., to be held at their hall next Friday evening, Oct. 24th. All are invited.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

At last the town is to be lighted by 20 arc lights, but before they are put in you have time to examine the line of furnishing goods, hats & caps, at Poole & Galloway's.

HOLD IT TO THE LIGHT.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Large bottles at all druggists, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sample bottle free.

MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, passing through Minnesota, Dakota, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, was the first line to bring the region occupied by these states into communication with the east. Its main line and branches penetrate all sections of these states, reaching nine-tenths of the chief cities.

It is the short line to Helena and Butte, Mont., Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., and the only line running through train services from the east through the states of Montana and Washington.

Pullman Sleepers and furnished Tourist Sleeping Cars are run via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific, and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific, from Chicago through to the Pacific Coast without change. This is the Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Route.

The large travel on the Northern Pacific line necessitated the inauguration, in June, 1890, of a second through train to the Pacific Coast, thus enabling this road to offer the public the advantage of two through trains daily to Montana and points in the Pacific Northwest, carrying complete services of sleeping cars, dining cars and regular day coaches. The train leaving St. Paul in the morning runs via the recently completed Air Line of the Northern Pacific through Butte, Mont., making this the shortest line to the latter point by two miles.

Colonists for Washington, Oregon and British Columbia points should take no other line than the Northern Pacific, as by this line only, can all portions of the state of Washington be seen. Stopovers are allowed on second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, enabling settlers to inspect the country without extra expense.

For Maps, Time Tables and Illustrated Pamphlets, or any special information desired, address CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

# THE PLAINDEALER.

MARSEILLES, : : : ILLINOIS.

## L'AMOUR EN AVANT.

Her old Pater's pedant and she is precocious,  
O he put her at Plato, though scarce in her teens!  
She can quote from the classics already, I'll warrant.  
Quite enough to discredit most erudite deans;  
And yet she's too pretty by half to turn into  
A spectacled bac-bien—a feminine freak—  
I own she fills me with frightful forebodings,  
As she sits in her corner and studies her Greek!

She's a picture of patience, poor child, as she ponders  
The artist's wily and intricate ways,  
But O what a pity to waste so much sweetness  
Hunting clues in that cruel linguistic old maze!

Faith! I fancy e'en now the red roses are palling  
That ran riot but now on the little maid's cheek,  
Yet I hear the soft wings of dear Cupid a-stirring,  
As she sits in her corner and studies her Greek!

Even now while her pretty brow's all of a pucker  
Fending over that monstrous and musty old tome,  
I could swear her girl's heart is beginning to flutter,  
And O not for the heroes of Greece or of Rome!  
Covert glances I've caught when she seemed to be buried  
In a book, O her bright eyes they play hide and seek,  
Oftentimes with my own eyes! O Cupid's not idle  
As she sits in her corner and studies her Greek!

Poor old Pater, you're blind as a bat to her beauty!  
You can see in that pretty pate nothing but brains;  
Though you dote on your daughter you'd keep her till doomsday,  
In a barren, bleak world where cold intellect reigns;  
But Dame Nature is stronger than Man or Minerva—  
You can't feed girls forever on Learning's hard look—  
Her starved heart has cried out, and O Love's sure to find her  
As she sits in her corner and studies her Greek!

—Boston Globe.

## THE SCARLET CROSS.

How Mlle. Croizette Met a Horrible Death.



LL PARIS was ringing with the news of a horrible murder. In theatrical circles, especially, the excitement was intense, when it was known that Mlle. Croizette, the most popular danseuse on the boards of the varieties, had fallen beneath the knife of a cowardly assassin.

Two hideous and gaping wounds had been inflicted upon the unfortunate woman, either of which would have caused her death. But beyond this, all the circumstances connected with the atrocious crime remained shrouded in mystery—the motive, as well as the chief factor in the terrible tragedy. There were positively no clues of any kind. The weapon even, with which the murder had been committed, had been carefully removed by the murderer. The most that was positively known was that the wounds had been inflicted with some sharp instrument.

After minute investigation, the first theory that Mlle. Croizette had met her death at the hands of some jealous lover was reluctantly abandoned. Whilst only a dancer, the strict morality of her conduct during her engagement at the Theater de Varieties precluded any suspicion being thrown upon her numerous admirers, whom she had always kept at a distance. The search for the murderer would undoubtedly have been given up if a curious circumstance had not happened.

M. Pierre Morel, an artist, called at police headquarters and stated that he resided at 62 Rue de Petits Champs, and occupied apartments directly opposite those of the murdered woman. Shortly after midnight on the day of the murder he had arisen, being unable to sleep, and gone to his sitting-room window. Whilst sitting there he had noticed the shadows of two persons, those of a man and a woman, thrown against the window shade in the upper story of a house opposite him. As he gazed the two shadows lurched forward and fell, disappearing from view. Then, to his intense astonishment, distinctly outlined against the window curtain, appeared the shadow of a small cross. It remained in view for about thirty seconds, when a shadowy hand plucked it away in haste and the light was extinguished. He had failed to report this occurrence to the police, until urged to do so by the news of Mlle. Croizette's death, which reached him at Versailles, whither he had gone on the morning immediately succeeding the murder.

Alfred Cassagne had been sitting quietly in the chief's room, having but lately reported to him the result of his expedition to St. Petersburg, whither he had gone to discover the assassin of Paul Peloufaki. He listened with considerable interest to the artist's narrative. Chief-of-Police Pommard, however, who had heard fifty stories about the murder during the past week, heard M.

Morel's narrative with impatience. He was about to dismiss him, when Cassagne said: "Permit me to ask him a few questions."

"Certainly," replied the chief of police, with just a tinge of sarcasm in his voice. "Ask a hundred if you like. What the entire department has not succeeded in accomplishing in two weeks, no doubt M. Alfred Cassagne, after his Russian experience, will be able to solve immediately."

Chief Pommard was an excellent officer, but just a trifle out of temper just then. No doubt it was galling to an old and experienced official to be so completely baffled in the detection of a crime that had stirred Paris to its center.

Cassagne smiled slightly, but did not retort. On the contrary, having first subjected M. Morel to a searching cross-examination, he turned politely to Chief Pommard and urgently requested to be detailed on the Croizette case.

He felt convinced that he had struck upon an important and likely clew. The chief, however, was unwilling



"Was it as large as that?"

That Cassagne should "waste any time on the matter."

"But I will conduct the investigation at my own expense," replied the detective. "Recollect, Monsieur, that your own reputation is at stake as well as that of the whole body of secret police."

This view of the matter seemed to strike M. Pommard more forcibly.

"Well, do your best," he said at last.

Cassagne invariably commenced his investigations upon the inductive theory; that is, he reasoned from effect to cause, not from cause to effect. The question he now asked himself was: "What produced the shadow of the cross upon the curtain?"

That very morning he went alone and made a thorough examination of the scene of the murder. Nothing in the apartment had been removed. In the evening, accompanied by M. Morel, he again visited it.

Lighting a lamp he placed it upon a small wooden table.

"Why do you put it in the exact center with so much care?" asked his companion.

"Because," answered the detective, "lamps are almost invariably placed in the center of tables. You will see its importance later on." M. Morel had become as interested in the discovery of the murderer as the detective. He was an educated and intelligent man.

Cassagne then took from his pocket two pieces of wood and fastened them together in the form of a small cross about eight inches high. This he now placed upright on the table at a little distance from the lamp. The shadow of the cross fell upon the curtain. It was at least four feet high.

"Was it as large as that?" he inquired of Morel.

"No, not half as large; but what are you driving at?"

"Never you mind," was the reply of the detective. "Wait and see."

Cassagne then moved the cross further from the lamp until it reached the very edge of the table, but the shadow of the cross was only lessened thereby by about a foot.

"It is still far too large," said the artist.

Cassagne thought deeply for a few moments. "I have it," he said at last. "The table has been moved." He stooped down and raised one of the legs of the table. "It has dust under it," he exclaimed. "I thought so." Then he searched around and found the spots where the legs had usually been placed. After a little search he located them, and moved the table back into its original position.

"It is poor detective work to move any thing in a room where a murder has been committed. In doing so valuable clues are oftentimes destroyed."

Then he again repeated his maneuvers with the wooden cross and the lamp. Commencing close to the light, he moved the cross gradually nearer to the window until the artist cried:

"Stop, that is the exact size of the cross I saw."

"How is it for position on the curtain?" asked the detective.

"It should be moved more to the right."

Cassagne then moved the cross slowly lengthwise on the table. Once more M. Morel, with his eyes fixed on the moving shadow on the curtain, called:

"Halt."

"Come here, M. Morel," said Cassagne, "and see whether you can find any mark on this table at the foot of the cross."

M. Morel bent his gaze curiously upon the smooth surface.

"I see nothing," he replied.

"Because your eyes, unlike mine, have not been sufficiently trained. I see a small slit in the table."

"What of that?"

Once more M. Cassagne replied to the interrogatory of the artist by illustration instead of words. He drew from his pocket a large clasp-knife and tied a piece of wood across the handle. Then he plunged the blade into the slit. The knife stood upright in the exact position lately occupied by the wooden cross. Its shadow, an exact counterpart, fell precisely at the same angle upon the window curtain.

A sudden gleam of intelligence shot across the face of the artist.

"You would imply that Mlle. Croizette was stabbed with just such a knife as that shadow represents?"

"Yes, by a knife with a cross-piece to it—some old-fashioned dagger. When the two shadows you saw struggling on the curtain passed from your sight the murderer was killing his victim. He withdrew the blade, all reeking as it was, and stuck it into the table. Its shadow fell upon the curtain for a few moments ere he plucked it away and extinguished the light. Look here! see where the blood has dripped from the blade!"

"What is the next step?" asked M. Morel.

"To reason as usual from effect to cause. I have not abandoned the jealous lover theory, which M. Pommard thinks so untenable. Mlle. Croizette was not by any means the angel she was depicted. Look here!"

The detective went to the upright piano and moved it back from the wall. Touching a spring a door flew open. It communicated with a passageway leading into the adjoining house.

M. Morel was thunderstruck. "How did you discover that?" he exclaimed.

"I was here this morning early," said Cassagne, "on my own account and made a complete investigation. Poor man have been detailed on this case hitherto. They should have sounded every inch of these walls. Who lives in that house next door?"

"Certainly not the murderer of Mlle. Croizette. It is the Abbe Froissart. He is famed for his piety and learning. He is an immaculate person in every respect and greatly venerated."

"Um! ah!—perhaps. Tell me, though, how long has he lived in the neighborhood?"

"About three years," replied M. Morel.

"Precisely. That is exactly the same length of time Mlle. Croizette resided here."

"How do you know that?"

"Because it is my business to know these things, Monsieur. Mlle. Croizette, I find, took up with the Abbe Froissart after her quarrel with M. Chatterin, the rich banker in the Rue de la Roche."

"What do you propose to do?" asked M. Morel. "Denounce the Abbe Froissart as the murderer of Mlle. Croizette?"

"Such a course," replied Cassagne, "would be the height of foolishness. He would meet all such accusations with a calm denial and his reputation would clear him. We could prove nothing and should only cover ourselves with ridicule. I know a better way than that. If he is not guilty, what I propose will be simply regarded as a practical joke should it ever become known. If guilty it will so effectually undermine his nerves, that when confronted with his accuser he will voluntarily confess his crime. I am hungry. Let us go now. I will be at your rooms at eleven o'clock to-night."

At the appointed hour, Cassagne knocked at M. Morel's door and was admitted. He carried with him a small but exceedingly powerful stereopticon. Morel asked no questions.

About midnight, the Rue de Petits Champs became comparatively deserted. Cassagne then placed the stereopticon in such a position as to cause a small but powerful circle of light to fall directly on the window shade of the room occupied by the Abbe Froissart. Running in a small slide, a dagger appar-

ently dripping with blood, at once stood boldly outlined on the curtain, and the color of it, as seen in the mingled glare of the lime-light and the street lamps, was blood-red, awful and awe-inspiring.

M. Morel shuddered. The effect was ghastly.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "If I were to wake and see that at my window in the dead of night, it would drive me mad."

"Not if you were innocent, for the innocent sleep; but the eye of the murderer is seldom closed in the dark. The room is peopled with the image of his

victim. It is in every corner. Look, look! Shut off the light, quickly."

Instantly M. Morel threw a heavy cloth over the stereopticon, just as there came rushing to the window opposite a figure, with a face as ghastly white as the night-robes in which it was enveloped. One look at that awful, fear-haunted, blanched and guilty face convinced both men that they had found in the Abbe Froissart the murderer of Mlle. Croizette. Twice again, at intervals of an hour or so, was the same maneuver repeated, with the same result, until just before dawn, a man, his nerves utterly broken down, pale, ghastly, looking over his shoulder at every moment, crept from that awful chamber, where he dared no longer face the symbol of his dreadful crime.

He did not go far. Hardly had he turned into the Rue de Rivoli when the hand of the law was on his shoulder.

"M. Abbe Froissart, I arrest you for the murder of Mlle. Croizette!"

The wretch at once broke down, and confessed every thing. In a fit of ungovernable jealousy he had stabbed the danseuse for resuming her former relations with M. Chatterin, the banker. The Abbe suffered death by the guillotine. Cassagne found the dagger where the murderer had hidden it under an old stairway. It exactly corresponded with the reflection on the curtain which the artist had seen, and which brought the Abbe Froissart to his doom in the shadow of the scarlet cross.—Austyn W. Granville, in Chicago Journal.

## AN ENGLISH MONASTERY.

A Condensed History of the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard.

Mount St. Bernard is the only mitred abbey in Great Britain. I will give as briefly as possible the history of the building. In the year 1833, Mr. Phillips, a Roman Catholic gentleman, living at Grace Dieu, purchased 237 acres of forest land for the purpose of founding on it a Cistercian House in England. In 1835 this land was taken possession of by Brother Augustine—from Mellerain, in France—whose residence was a small cottage of four rooms. Here he lived a solitary life for a short time, when he was joined by five others—Brothers Luke, Xavier, Cyrian, Placid and Simeon—the four rooms of the cottage being appropriated as follows: One as a chapel, another as a kitchen, a third as a refectory and a fourth as a dormitory. Over this little brotherhood Father Odillo Woolfrey was appointed prior.

By incessant labor some portion of the rough forest ground was cleared, and in a brief space of time a larger and more commodious building was erected, the chapel of which was opened for Divine service on the 11th of October, 1837.

Postulants were now admitted to the novitiate, and the little band of brothers began to assume the appearance of a regular community. This community speedily enlarged until even the new building was too small. John Earl, of Sirewsbury, generously gave £2,000 toward the erection of a new monastery, the foundation stone of which was laid on the 27th of June, 1843.

So much for the early history of the monastery. To-day its inmates number about fifty. The grounds, chapel and outer buildings are thrown open to visitors, and in the summer time these grounds are the favorite resort of the pleasure-seekers of the neighborhood. The monks are very genial and pleasant to all comers, and readily give any information respecting their mode of life.—All the Year Round.

## A BOTANICAL ODDITY.

It Makes its Early Growth While Buried Deep in the Snow.

One remarkable flower of the Sierra Nevada range is that fragile and paradoxical wonder, the snow plant, known to the botanist as the *Sarcodes sanguinea*, meaning "blooded flesh." Nothing was ever more exquisitely beautiful than this rosy, snow-tinted botanical oddity, which has the appearance of being a crowned hyacinth. It grows from eight to twenty inches high, each separate bract, sepal and miniature bell frosted as delicately as though done by the hand of the ice king himself. Although the whole translucent spike is flushed with rose and carmine, the petals are the deepest and most brilliant parts of the flower, which is five-parted, each open one plainly showing the little frosted stamens and pistils.

The Long expedition (one of its members being the original discoverer of *Sarcodes*) found one or two specimens of the plant bearing eight perfect flowers, one of them having a false bulb twenty or more inches in circumference, shaped like a pine-apple, and as brittle as spun glass. Hard to the touch, this pseudo bulb dried up in a few days until it was no larger than the odd-looking, icicle-like stem upon which it grew. Floriculturists of the Pacific slope have made many unsuccessful attempts to cultivate the snow plant, the bulbs being too brittle to stand transplanting and the seeds refusing to grow. It was once supposed that it would not survive below the line of perpetual snow, but this idea has lately been proved to be erroneous. One thing is sure, however, it makes its early growth while covered with many feet of snow, blooming as soon as the bud is exposed.—St. Louis Republic.

"You must get some one to recommend you before I can decide to give you employment." "Are you particular whom I get?" "No." "Then I will get Mr. Green. (Sotto voce) He doesn't know me."—Yankee Blade.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Archbishop Corrigan is the son of a Newark hotel proprietor.

—Lord Sudley has come recently before the English public as a manufacturer of jam, and grocers pronounce his goods of superior quality.

—At one time General Custer tamed a tiny field mouse, and kept it in a large, empty inkstand on his desk. It grew very fond of him, and ran over his head and shoulders, and even through his hair.

—Gladstone and Balfour detest tobacco, and will not deign to lend countenance to the habit by even a glance into the famous "smoke-room" of the House of Commons.

—Captain D. A. Andrews, of Toronto, has rescued during his lifetime sixty-nine people from drowning. He will be recommended by the Duke of Connaught as a fit recipient of the Albert medal, the highest honor given in England for saving life.

—How Miss Georgina Craik came to be a novelist thus related in a recently-published letter written by Mrs. Jane Welsh Carlyle: "The small-pox made a very pretty girl into a very plain one, and the consciousness of her spoiled looks drove the girl's exuberant young life all inward, where it has raged and eroded under a shy, embarrassed, self-conscious exterior, till finally, after thirteen years, it has burst out in a passionate, all for love, three volume novel.

—Handsome, courtly, genial and versatile, Wallace Putnam Reed is the very ideal of a Southern literary gentleman. Although still on the sunny side of the forty's, Mr. Reed began his literary career when a lad of fifteen. At that age he sent his first story to a now-forgotten Southern literary magazine. It was thankfully accepted; and its prompt appearance in print gave him a wild, delicious joy that he failed to taste when in later years the publication of his wonderful short story, "A Blot on the Brain," called out the unmeasured praise of keen and exacting critics North and South.

—The Asiatic Society of Bengal has succeeded in procuring from Thibet, through the agency of a native emissary, a copy of the *Tangyur*, a monster encyclopedia of Thibetan Buddhism, comprising 225 volumes, each volume two feet long by six inches thick. No less a sum than 3,000 rupees has been given for the work to a Buddhist monastery in Thibet, and the amount has been in great part provided by the government of India out of the usual grant to the Oriental translation fund. Some years ago the Russian Government obtained a copy from Peking, but only 700 rubles was given for it. In England they have the 225 volumes of the *Tangyur* in the Secretary of State's library at the India Office.—Galignani's Messenger.

## HUMOROUS.

—Amy—"What would you do, Mabel, if somebody should ask you to marry him? Would you change color?" Mabel—"No; I'd change my name."—Van Dorn's Magazine.

—"Well, old boy, I bear one of your poems has been accepted. Did you have an inspiration?" "I don't know, really; but I am certain the editor had one."—Demorest's Monthly.

—An Adjective. —At Ausable Chasm.—He—"Grand old gorge, isn't it?" She (coming out, as usual, with her favorite adjective)—"Gorgeous."—Burlington Free Press.

—Judge—"Six months in the house of correction." Prisoner—"That'sagin' the constitution." Judge (surprised)—"What constitution?" Prisoner—"Mine."—Boston Herald.

—Old Gentleman—"Laura, if that young man persists in staying so late, I'm going to unchain the dog." Laura—"He wouldn't mind that; he's a professional dog-catcher."—Boston Herald.

—Hope has the name of being always on the spring, but it grows weak in the legs when it tries to hold up the young man who has tumbled into that Gulf of gloom known as first love.—Ram's Horn.

—"Yes," said Mrs. Partington, as the ladies at the sewing meeting were counting their resources, "and then the young people will give one of their immature performances. That will help a great deal."—Harper's Bazar.

—Mrs. Grogan—"Arrah! Mrs. Clancy, yer ougher go oop to Mrs. Whelan's. Sure, she's goin' fer ter have a planner forte!" Mrs. Glancey—"A planner for tay, is it? Begorra, th' appetite av her!"—Munsey's Weekly.

—The woodpecker presents his bill, Which makes the dogwood bark; The stately oak twigs, boughs and leaves, Exclaiming: "What a lark!"—The Bostonian.

—"There is one very dramatic situation in my new play. It is where the mortgage on the old farm is foreclosed and the hero can't pay it off." "Does it affect the audience much?" "Oh, my! Why, last night a millionaire in one of the boxes wrote a check for \$10,000 and sent it up to pay off the mortgage and get the hero out of difficulties."—N. Y. Sun.

—The Modern Match.—Husband (getting ready to light the gas)—"My dear, I wish you would remove all newspapers and other combustible material to the next room. Then send for several pails of water and have them handy." Wife—"Why, what for?" Husband—"I am going to strike a match. Of course it will break, and there is never any telling where the burning end will land."—Good News.

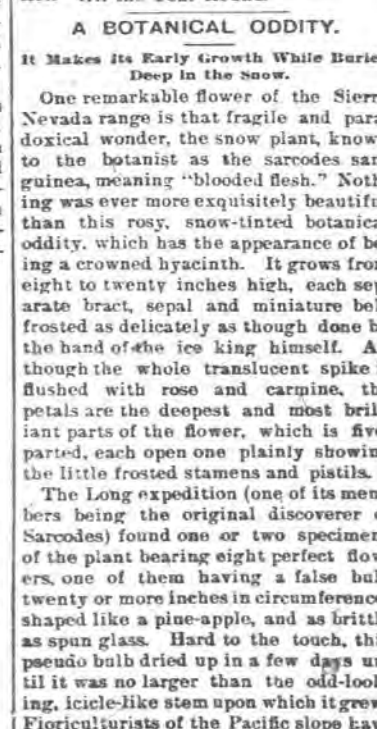
## MONS. MOREL THREW A CLOTH OVER THE STEREOPTICON.

ently dripping with blood, at once stood boldly outlined on the curtain, and the color of it, as seen in the mingled glare of the lime-light and the street lamps, was blood-red, awful and awe-inspiring.

M. Morel shuddered. The effect was ghastly.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "If I were to wake and see that at my window in the dead of night, it would drive me mad."

"Not if you were innocent, for the innocent sleep; but the eye of the murderer is seldom closed in the dark. The room is peopled with the image of his



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"CUTE."

Respectfully Dedicated to the Young Lady of the Period. Where'er I go, by night or day, My heart is in despair, Because this word of usage gets By far too large a share.

IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

A Scientist Tread by Swarms of Deadly Tarantulas.

Some of Them Big as Turtles and Venomous as Rattlesnakes—The Guide Killed—Saved by a Riata and the Blue-Black Wasps.

R. J. S. DAVIS, who had been exploring Central American mines, writes to the San Francisco Examiner as follows regarding a remarkable adventure.

On the afternoon of the fourth day we camped in a little clearing except for grass. This we soon burned off. We had just finished supper, and I was sitting at the base of a tree smoking my pipe, when an enormous tarantula came out of the grass into the cleared circle.

He was positively the largest specimen I had ever seen, and as the slanting rays of the sun caught him I noticed a curious, dull, indefinite, reddish line down his back. I regretted that I had not the means to preserve it, but Manuel settled my regrets by crushing it with a billet of wood. It had hardly ceased moving when another and equally as large one appeared at the other end of the burned patch. I did not fear them much, as I wore heavy leather leggings reaching to my hips.

"We have made a bad camp, Manuel," I said; "there seems to be many tarantulas here."

"One place is about as another," he answered in Spanish; "they usually go by twos."

He appeared more troubled, however, than his careless answer seemed to indicate, and while I killed the second unwelcome visitor he began to poke around in the grass with a long branch. He uncovered several more of the great spiders and killed them; when he turned around there were fully half a dozen of them in the clear space. They fastened on to the dead ones and seemed to suck their blood.

"We must get out of this!" screamed the Indian.

At this moment our remaining mule began to struggle and kick. He soon broke his picket rope and disappeared. Then I became aware of a steady rustling in the grass. More tarantulas came out.

"I have heard it from the Indians," cried my guide. "It is a devil's army. They say that the people who live in the dead cities were killed by them, and that no one can live there now. They



HE SEIZED A FLAMING BRAND FROM THE CAMP-FIRE.

come by thousands, like the red ants, and leave nothing alive where they pass. I thought it was a squaw story. We must fight them with fire."

He seized a flaming brand from the camp-fire and yelled to me to do likewise. He tried to fire the grass on all sides of us, but where the trees grew it was too rank and wet and the fires we started would not go.

Meanwhile the spiteful spiders became more and more numerous. I crushed one at least of them at every step I took. Many of them bit at my leggings and hung there by their fangs. We turned our firebrands to crushing the tarantulas, but they seemed to

come thicker than we could

"I am bitten!" I heard the Indian scream. I passed him my flask. I could do nothing more for him, and dropping my stick I started to run. Every step the grass seemed to bring me in worse quarters. I tried every direction, but they seemed everywhere. I noticed that they were in the bushes and on the grass, so high that my leggings would not protect me, and presently I found myself back at the camp. There at least they could not reach me without climbing up. The ground was perfectly black with them. Poor Manuel was down on one knee and the great insects were all over him. He seemed crazy, and I have no doubt his mind was nearly gone with terror and the pain of the bites.

I could barely keep the tarantulas from getting above my leggings. Suddenly it occurred to me that I might find safety in one of the trees. I knew that I would soon be exhausted if I remained among the black beasts, and that would end it. In a moment I had my arms about a small tree. I crushed the insects that clung to my legs against the bark as I dragged and scrambled up. A dozen feet from the ground there was a branch from which we had hung some small game I had shot. I pulled myself up on this branch and got the first moment's rest I had had since the tarantulas first appeared. I had had no time to think before this, but now I began to realize what had happened. It seemed more like a nightmare than any thing real. I looked down and almost fell off my branch at the horrid sight below me. My Indian was now fairly on the ground. I could not see him for the poisonous things that covered him, but the irregular black mass, wriggled and squirmed like a wounded snake, and I knew he was not yet out of his agony. On every side were more tarantulas hungrily searching for more victims. Their crushed fellows were almost torn to pieces, so fierce were they in their hunger. They were all enormous, some of them as big as turtles, and when the sun struck them I could see the red line that distinguished them from the non-gregarious species that are familiar in other places. They crawled over one another in their de-



I LOOKED DOWN AND ALMOST FELL OFF MY BRANCH.

sire to find something into which to sink their fangs. Poor Manuel's writhing body was the objective point of most of them. They fought fiercely for a spot of flesh where they could strike, and every movement of the still living man seemed to make them the more fierce.

It did not take me as long to notice all this as it does to describe it, and I soon saw that I was not yet safe from the horrible fate that had overtaken my guide.

The insects began to crawl up the tree, though not in any considerable numbers at first. I brushed them down with a small branch, and those that were hurt at all were immediately set upon by their fellows where they fell.

My recital of these things may seem tame, but I have no pen to describe the awful horror of it all. There were about two hours of daylight left me. I knew this, and wondered what I could do in the dark. Then I remembered reading that snakes or centipedes would not cross a hair rope, and I thought that perhaps the same rule might apply to tarantulas.

The game was swinging from the branch by a horsehair riata, and it took me a very few minutes to cut the rabbits loose and wind the rope about the trunk just below me. Pretty soon more of the big spiders came up. Manuel was quiet now at last and they wanted another victim.

My hair rope did some good. They could not swarm over it in such numbers that I could not sweep them back with my branch.

How long I stayed there fighting the insects back I do not know, but the light was fading when I noticed a commotion among the tarantulas. At the same time I observed a number of blue-black wasps darting about. I recognized them as belonging to the Hymenoptera family and realized that they were the tarantula hawks of which I had read. In ten minutes the four or five wasps had become hundreds, and five minutes later there was not a tarantula to be seen, except the numerous dead ones at the foot of the tree.

Manuel's body, swollen and discolored by the venom of the spiders, stared at me. I waited an hour and then came down.

It took me eight days to reach Nevada, and on the way I did not see a single tarantula.

PITH AND POINT.

The Modern Maiden.—He—Would that those busy little hands were mine! She—You can hire them for \$15 a week.—Van Dorn's Magazine.

"So your intended is really a beauty, eh?" "A beauty? Yes, indeed. Why, she even looks handsome in an amateur photograph."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Returned Traveler.—"Switzerland, madam, Switzerland is horribly overrated! You are all the while shut in so by mountains that you can't see any thing."—Courier des Etats Unis.

Mrs. Bullion—"I would like to look at some razors." Dealer—"At about what price?" Mrs. Bullion—"Something at about \$5." Dealer—"We have no razors for less than \$10, but I can show you some very decent razors for \$5."—America.

Husband (sitting down to supper)—"Where are all the children, Maria?" Wife—"I sent them to bed." Husband—"To bed? Why so early?" Wife—"Because you are going to put up that new stovepipe, and I want them to grow up to be polite men and women."—Boston Herald.

Von Lohnote (a ponderous basso-singing)—"A Warrior Bold Am I." Two hours later: Madam Von Lohnote—"Jacob, is the wood ready for the cook?" Von Lohnote—"Yes, my dear." Madam Von Lohnote—"Then lock the doors, and don't dare to wake the baby." Von Lohnote (meekly)—"Yes, my dear."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Little Nell—"Auntie took me to the matinee to-day, and all the idiot asylum inmates were there. The manager sent them free tickets, and put them all in one part of the theater in a whole lot of seats by themselves." Mamma—"Indeed! And how did they act?" Little Nell—"O, just as if they had a box."—Springfield Republican.

Maria, he pleaded, "if your father will not give his consent, will you elope with me?" "But, Tom, just think of the wedding presents we will miss. I will promise to be yours when papa says yes." "Oh, pshaw! Why wait all that time? If we elope we can celebrate our golden wedding by the time your father comes around."—Harper's Bazar.

Ethel—"What are you so angry about to-night?" Maud—"I've received a note from Jack saying that he's engaged to Clara Beachly." Ethel—"Well, I should think that would relieve your mind rather than make you angry. You are engaged to Tom Shore, and intended to throw Jack over anyway." Maud—"Yes, popsy, but do you think I wanted to lose the fun of throwing him over?"—Epoch.

Nobody cares whether the inhabitants of Jupiter are transparent or not, as some of the star-gazers affirm; but it would be something of a godsend in the way of wisdom to understand by what process of vision a woman can see clear through a man weighing two hundred and forty pounds with as much comprehension as she can look into a plate-glass window full of new bonnets.—Ran's Horn.

NOT HARD TO LEARN.

Gawky Was Not as Green as He Seemed to a Fanny City Man.

"I s'pose if I should try to ride that machine I'd break my blamed neck," said a gawky-looking fellow sitting on the dry-goods box in front of a country store, as he looked at the bicycle which a city wheelman, on a tour, had leaned against the hitching-rack, preparatory to inquiring for a bottle of soda pop.

"No, you wouldn't," replied the bicyclist, winking at the bystanders. "It's the easiest thing in the world to do. Anybody can ride one of these machines if he only thinks so."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the gawky-looking youth. "D'ye think I could stay on it if I got on?"

"I know you could."

"An' make'er go?"

"Of course."

"Sho' you're tryin' to fool me."

"Don't you want to try it?"

And the tourist in knickerbockers winked slyly once more at the interested spectators.

"How do you keep from fallin' off the darned thing?"

"All you've to do is to climb on, start it going and keep going. Take it out and get on."

The gawky chap climbed down from the dry-goods box, shut up his jack-knife and put it in his pocket, took hold of the bicycle awkwardly and trundled it out to the middle of the road.

"It isn't quite as good a one as I've got at home," he said, as he mounted it and started down the road at a rattling pace, "but I can follow directions on it. I can start it and keep it going. It's only four miles to the next town. I'll be waiting you at the pump. Good-bye."

And the smart young tourist in knickerbockers trudged after him on foot.—Chicago Herald.

Too Much Civilization.

Tenderfoot (out West)—Is it necessary to go armed in this section?

Native—Well, that depends. What's your business?

Tenderfoot—I am a music teacher.

Native—Huh! Now you're here. I s'pose every gal in town 'll be raisin' Cain till she gets a pianer an' begins practicin' five hours a day. I reckon you'd better go armed.—N. Y. Weekly.

The daily consumption of eggs in the United States is estimated at 65,000,000.

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

DO FAIRIES STILL EXIST?

Yes, my darling; fairies still hover round the open door—Fairies both of good and ill—Just the same as days of yore.

There's a fairy, sometimes known By the name of Thoughtfulness; Light her step and soft her tone, And her mission usefulness.

Mindful of the smallest part, This good fairy takes her way; To the one of heavy heart, She has cheering words to say.

Hand in hand, with Love she goes, Through the realm of Fairyland, And the blessings she bestows Crown her Queen of all the band.

There's another, that we call Patience, when we see her face; For no task, or great or small, Mars its sweet and steadfast grace.

Hope and Faith with Patience dwell Where the towering mountains lie; Nought disturbs the charmed spell Of their peace and harmony.

Lives a blessed one we know, By the name of Charity—Name that sets our hearts aglow, And stirs to human sympathy.

In her tender eyes the gold Far outweighs the worthless dross; Somewhere in the spirit's fold, There's a gain outweighs the loss.

Need we name those sad of mien—Hate and Envy and Distrust—In their eyes the brightest scene Shows some darkened stain or rust.

In the twilight fairies come; List the message that they bring! Sound the door of every home, Fairies still are hovering.

—Elizabeth A. Davis, in Golden Days.

ABOUT PEBBLES.

How the Bits of Rock From which They are Made are Shaped.

Is there a more common, every-day object in the world than a pebble? How can one find any thing to say about that? Well, one can try, anyhow.

In the first place, it is well to know just what we are talking about. What is a pebble? A rounded bit of rock. How did it get its shape? Why—hnt, hello! we are on the track of a story already.

Have you ever been in a quarry, or noticed where a street had been rut through a mass of rock, as often happens in the upper part of New York City? You have? Very well, did you not notice that the rock in the walls of the quarry or in the exposed face of the street cutting was full of cracks and seams? Yes. Now let me tell you some other things you saw, or might have seen, if you were observant.

These cracks and seams ran in two directions, so as to cross each other. In some kinds of soft rocks, like sandstones and slates, they are principally level, dividing the rock into layers, or strata, with only a few upright cracks. But the harder kinds, such as granite, and the tough mica-schist which underlies New York, and whitish, shining rocks made up largely of coarse quartz crystals, have cracks all through them in all sorts of directions.

Some of these seams are quite large and open, and you will often notice water oozing out and trickling down to the bottom of the quarry. Other cracks are so fine you can not slide your knife-blade into them, yet here, too, dampness will appear. You can easily believe, therefore, my statement that water penetrates far into the center of masses of rocks, and it is the escape of this water into larger channels, which lead it to the surface, that forms springs and gradually fills with water mines, quarries and deep wells.

But what has this to do with pebbles you ask? Wait a moment and you will see.

What is true of quarries and the rock exposed in street or railway cuttings is true of the cliffs which face the sea or project from a mountain, since these, like the face of a quarry, are only the exposed edges of the great mass of rock elsewhere covered with earth; a mass or hill of rock, similarly, is only the part above ground of the mass underneath. And not only these cliffs and rock-hills, but the masses underneath, are all of fine, intersecting cracks, more or less filled with moisture.

Now, when winter comes, the water that has filtered into the cracks near the surface will freeze solid. You know what happens when water freezes in a confined space—it bursts the prison. Fill a bottle chock full of water and leave it out over a cold winter night, or put it into an ice-cream freezer, and see how quickly the bottle will break. Just the same thing happens when the water freezes in a crevice in the rocks. It swells and pries off every piece which can possibly be moved. One of these pieces, thus pried off, may be the beginning of a pebble.

There are various other ways, however, in which rocks split to pieces. Sometimes the dampness, working its way into the crevices, will rust the rock and eat tiny cracks into large crevices, and so turn what was once a solid cliff into a heap of loose and toppling stones ready to tumble headlong the first time a lightning stroke, or a little landslide, or something else jars the earth enough to give them a start. The action of noontide heat and midnight cold, by causing rocks to swell and shrink alternately, helps to separate them, until piece by piece the face and top of the crags fall off. One or the other or all of these forces are at work all the time, so that wherever you see a cliff there you will find a slope of fallen fragments at its base.

If the fragments are large, they tend to break into smaller ones, and still

smaller, in the same way. If this cliff is inland, the stones will keep their angular edges, and should you dig down hundreds of years afterward you would find their shape the same; but if the cliff is beside a stream, or fronts the waves, a very different thing happens.

As fast as the pieces roll into the river they are caught by the current and moved about with more or less violence. If the river is very rapid, they may be rolled over and over and pushed and crowded along till they find a resting-place in some nook from which the current can not easily dislodge them. This knocks their corners off—first the most prominent, then the less, and so on until there are no more corners left. I have heard this going on in the bottom of a swift river in the Rocky mountains so plainly that the grinding made a muffled roar above the dashing of the waves.

This river came from under a glacier—which is an enormous mass, a whole valley full of slowly-moving ice. Down from the slopes of the bordering mountains, fragments of rocks were incessantly falling and sliding on to the back of the glacier. This ice was full of cracks, allowing many of the stones to fall through it, while the rest worked their way under the edges. As the ponderous ice moved on, it rolled these stones under its awful weight, turning them over and over, crushing the softer ones to powder, and rounding the hard ones into "cobblestones" and pebbles of various sizes and shapes. Ages ago the whole northern third of the globe was covered by glaciers, and it is believed that all the vast banks of gravel and rounded stones which are scattered over the Northern States and Canada were made in this way under the ice. In many cases it can be told, by the peculiarities of the rock from which these pebbles were made, that they must have come from a particular range of hills, and so we can discover just where a glacier lay, how long it was, etc., by examining a few cobblestones.

Nowadays the sea is the greatest pebble factory. The waves are always hammering at the rocks that hem its margin, and are breaking them to pieces. As soon as a bit of stone tumbles into the water the surf begins to roll it up and down the beach, and knock it right and left among its fellows, making each bit help knock the corners off the rest, until they are all rounded and beautifully smooth. This process steadily goes on. The sea is never tired of its work, and every moment it keeps the pebbles grinding against one another until it has worn them away to pieces no larger than the head of a pin; and that is sand. Not all sand is made in this way, but on most beaches the grains are as round as mustard seed, and are in fact little pebbles.

If I had time it would be easy to show how different sorts of rock make pebbles of different shapes; why some are so beautifully handed; why some have flat sides or ends; how it is by an exact imitation of nature's method that a boy's marbles are made, and various other things; but enough has been said to show you that a pebble is well worth looking at, and thinking, if not talking, about.—Ernest Ingersoll, in Christian Union.

THE UGLY CHICKEN.

Mother Hen's One Little Chick That Survived a Bad Accident.

"Cluck, cluck," said the hen as she called her brood to her.

"Cluck, cluck, my chicks. Come and pick up worms."

"Oh, you ugly thing!" said she, giving a spiteful peck at one poor, thin little chick that did not look fat and round and pretty as the others did, and whose feet were webbed.

"Peep, peep," said the poor little chick. "Please give me a worm. I'm hungry. Peep, peep."

"Pick up a worm for yourself," said the heartless hen. "I can not find worms for you, you poor, homely chicken."

"Peck, peck," went one of the others, pushing the poor little chick to one side.

So all day long the homely chicken was left to pick up worms and crumbs for herself, for the old hen his mother was too busy with her pretty chicks to notice him.

Very hungry he was sometimes, and very cold. When the other chicks crept under the old hen's wing to sleep he was often left out in the dark and cold.

One day the old hen took her family out to walk upon a thin branch that lay over a brook. Just as they reached the middle of the branch it broke, letting the hen and her family splash into the water.

"Peep, peep!" went the unhappy chicks. "Peep! peep! We are drowning."

The mother hen spread her wings and flew to shore, but the poor chicks sank into the water and were drowned.

All except the ugly chicken.

As soon as he touched the water he spread out his little web feet and swam nicely toward shore.

For the ugly chicken was a duckling.

How thankful the mother hen was to have one of her family saved! And how she grieved as she thought of the way she had neglected him.—N. Y. World.

Jagway—"I was talking the other evening with an old lady of 59—Miss Spinster—"Why, you don't call that old, do you?" Jagway—"I presume you wouldn't."—The Epoch.

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5 to 10 ton lots, 2.50  
on car, 2.25

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get prices for lumber.

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Grocery Store,**  
but have

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wise and profitable to step in and  
buy.

**HERE THEY ARE!**

**CANDY.** A superior and uncommonly  
large Fall stock, even for us,  
just received.

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1 lb cakes.

**DATES.** Truly delicious Persian dates  
for eating out of hand, choice  
for fruit cakes and not costly.

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better. Try 'em.

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Buy some and you  
will always want a  
supply on hand.

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good pears and plum,  
superior California  
cherries, boss sardine

**RAISINS.** The extra large, loose kind,  
that almost melt in your  
mouth.

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or other alterative medicines. It  
is Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic; it cures  
cancer, rheumatism, and all blood,  
stomach, and liver troubles. Sold by  
L. H. Trowbridge.

Rev. E. L. Shaffer and Mr. Newport,  
the latter of Wauponsee were made one  
by Rev. B. F. Rogers, of Earlville,  
Wednesday, at Mrs. Jas. Howard's (the  
brides sister) new home on Washington  
street. Their home will be at Wauponsee.

The blood, stomach and nerves pre-  
side over the health of the entire hu-  
man system. Red Clover Tonic is a  
perfect cure for the above when out of  
normal condition. It is a good and  
great remedy. Sold by L. H. Trowbridge.

Mr. A. S. Gum is enlarging and im-  
proving his green house, thereby pro-  
posing to increase his facilities for sup-  
plying flowers and plants. If our read-  
ers will kindly encourage a home enter-  
prise of this nature Mr. Gum will  
certainly do his part toward making a  
success of it.

**BASE BALL.**

Wednesday's game between the  
Brown Stockings and Amateurs re-  
sulted in favor of the former, the score  
being 13 to 15. Yesterday the Amate-  
urs came out ahead by 14 to 17. To-  
day is therefore a great big one in the  
series and a very lively game is one of  
the sure things.

There are two young people with a  
singleness of purpose and a doubleness  
of affection who sit up with each other,  
and when the clock strikes twelve he  
says: "Is it possible?" and she says:  
"Why I didn't know it was so late." You  
may draw your conclusions that if  
business boom continues in Marseilles  
a unified couple will be hunting a  
house between now and spring.

Clark Bro's, representing an Eastern  
syndicate, have purchased the property  
of the Marseilles Water Power Co. A  
gentleman is about to buy the oatmeal  
plant and erect a large warehouse on  
the site of the shoddy mill ruins, as a  
feeder to the mill. The New Jerusalem  
is to be repaired, machinery put in,  
and the manufacture of fine grade of  
paper began. Our readers can believe  
all of the above when it is proven true.  
It is current street rumor to-day.

All the North prairie folks know  
Dan Ballard, and many are aware in  
what affection he holds "the old folks  
at home." Dan has secured a special  
token of his love for his aged mother,  
to be presented to her the coming  
Christmas, namely, a full size, fine por-  
trait of himself, one that fairly speaks  
and smiles. How proud the old mother  
will be of her loving son, and how  
great Dan's pleasure to be able to make  
so highly prized and appropriate a gift.

The death of Mrs. Isaac Gage, of  
Brookfield, at the home of her daughter,  
Mrs. Hattie Baughman, on Clark  
street, Saturday, Oct. 11th, took from  
our midst another of the rapidly  
narrowing list of early day settlers.  
Funeral services were held from her  
daughter's home, a large number show-  
ing their regard for the memory of an  
aged and dear friend and acquaintance.  
Her good deeds blessed the living  
during her allotted years not only, but  
through her children will go on the  
benefits of her precious teachings.

"On All Hallow's Eve," says William  
Black, "there is one form of incantation  
which is known to be extremely, nay,  
terribly potent, when all others have  
failed. You go out by yourself, taking  
a handful of hemp-seed with you. You  
get to a secluded place, and begin to  
scatter the seed as you walk along the  
road. You say, 'Hemp-seed, I sow  
thee; hemp-seed I sow thee; he who is  
to be my true love, appear now and  
show thee.' And if you look furtively  
over your shoulder you will behold the  
desired apparition following you." Mr.  
Black will contribute to "Harper's  
Magazine" for November a story en-  
titled "A Halloween wraith," which is  
based upon the supposed occult influ-  
ences that are abroad at this time.  
Several illustrations from drawings by  
W. Small will add to the interest of the  
story.

Patients suffering from sick-head-  
ache will find Red Clover Tonic a  
prompt and pleasant relief. As a laxa-  
tive in the treatment of recent or chronic  
constipation the remedy is absolutely  
perfect, as it tones the system instead  
of debilitating, as do other similar reme-  
dies. In its efficacy for indigestion  
and all such stomach troubles, as a tonic  
and appetizer, also for dispelling lassitude,  
it has no equal. A little taken  
now and then after meals assists diges-  
tion and keeps the bowels regular. We  
know of no case where Red Clover Tonic  
has had anything but the most satisfac-  
tory results. It grows in favor each  
day. It cures all blood, stomach, liver  
and kidney troubles. Sold by L. H.  
Trowbridge.

In the success of the schools of the  
county and those of the country in  
particular, during Prof. Stockdale's  
superintendency, the teachers of the  
country have borne a very creditable  
part. With a good head and teachers  
to respect it and willing to do all in  
their power to carry out wise plans,  
our school record is necessarily high.  
That school matters are on a higher  
level in La Salle than most other coun-  
ties of the state all admit, and doing  
so are honestly placing the credit where  
it belongs, to Prof. Stockdale and his  
efficient aids. La Salle county now owns  
twenty-one diplomas, nineteen of which  
have been earned since 1883, and there  
has been about \$200.00 distributed for  
second best work. Only the first of  
this month at the Peoria state fair, La-  
Salle county schools were awarded six  
diplomas for best work and \$34.00 cash,  
also one premium and \$3.00 for second  
best. In results La Salle county schools  
are fully abreast if not almost ahead of  
the times.

**RUTLAND.**

Mr. Geo. Gibson is visiting his son  
near Hastings, Neb.

Mrs. Daniel Smouse, from Bloomington,  
Ill., is visiting her brother, Milton  
Peddicoord.

Mr. E. S. Peddicord Sundayed with  
his son Milton.

Lyman Lawrence and family Sundayed  
with Amos Lawrence, of Miller.

A. L. Fisher, Esq., took in the sights  
of Stanger last Sunday. We have  
not heard the report, but no doubt as  
usual he had a high time.

Lee, we are sorry your cart will not  
hold 350 pounds, but we are safe to say  
Bill Stadden's Gilpin sulky will hold  
through all of the ruts and ditches.

Jessie Groves has been treating his  
house to a new coat of paint.

Mr. Bagley, a fruit tree agent from  
Ottawa, has been taking orders in this  
locality.

Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Stadden have  
been visiting relatives near Earlville,  
returning last Monday.

Some farmers are talking of begin-  
ning corn picking this week. Wait  
till the corn ripens and the corn husker  
is manufactured.

Some of the North prairie boys, on  
leaving Ottawa last Saturday evening,  
purchased an eight gallon keg of (san-  
icula) water. As they were no doubt  
very thirsty the contents lasted but a  
short time and then the keg was left by  
the roadside, where all the church  
members gave it a sidelong glance.  
Now, boys, that was a dead give away.  
If your pap does not allow you to bring  
home an empty keg, hide it more safely.

**HARD PAN.**

A Thanksgiving Feast is offered in  
"Peterson" for November. It is especially  
rich in illustrations, beginning with  
two beautiful pictures, "A Reverie"  
and "Thanksgiving Morning." The  
opening article, "A Medieval City," is  
as interesting as a romance, and cap-  
itally illustrated. Mrs. Rebecca Har-  
ding Davis contributes one of her best  
stories, and Minna Irving a charming  
poem accompanied by a pretty lan-  
scape. "House Plants" will be wel-  
come to all flower-cultivators. "His  
Thanksgiving," by Robert B. Graham,  
is worthy of its effective illustrations.  
"Knick-knacks and Necessaries" tells  
what a woman's ingenuity devised, and  
appropriate designs show the success  
of her efforts. We cannot particularize  
further, though every tale, sketch, and  
poem deserves mention. The Fashion  
and Household departments teem with  
novelties and information. Next year,  
"Peterson" will reach its fiftieth anni-  
versary of successful publication. It  
has stood at the head of ladies' peri-  
odicals during all those years, and for  
the coming year the publishers an-  
nounce a large increase of pages, more  
abundant illustrations, finer paper, and  
other improvements that will add to  
its attractiveness and strengthen its  
claim as a model magazine for the fam-  
ily.

Now is a good time to get up a club  
for 1891. Terms: Two Dollars a year.  
Club rates: Two copies for \$3.50; three  
copies for \$4.50, with a handsome premi-

um to the getter-up of the club; four  
copies, \$6.40; six copies, \$9.00, with an  
extra copy of the magazine for one  
year to the getter-up of the club. For  
larger clubs, still greater inducements  
are offered. Address "Peterson's Mag-  
azine," 326 Chestnut Street, Philadel-  
phia, Pa. A sample-copy will be sent  
for five cents.

**THE AMERICAN FAT STOCK  
SHOW, CHICAGO, NOV.**  
13-22, 1890.

Judging from the character of the en-  
tries now being made for the coming  
American Fat Stock Show to be held  
in the Exposition building in Chicago,  
Nov. 13-22 next, the prospect for a much  
finer exhibit than usual in all the de-  
partments is indeed flattering.

All of the old and a hundred or more  
new exhibitors have declared their in-  
tention to bring larger and better ex-  
hibits of fat cattle, sheep and hogs than  
ever before seen in this or any other  
country.

Butchers and dealers in fancy beef  
cattle from all parts of the United  
States will visit the Fat Stock Show  
with a view of purchasing their supply  
of Christmas beef and invariably pay  
from 2 to 8 cents per pound more than  
the ruling prices in the market for the  
week of the show.

Last season an English buyer pur-  
chased several of the choicest animals  
of the show for shipment to Old Eng-  
land and no doubt there will be more  
of such buyers this season than last.

The poultry exhibit will be nearly  
double that of last year and will com-  
prise birds from fully half of the States  
in the Union.

A program of unusual attractiveness  
being prepared for each afternoon and  
evening of the show, for the entertain-  
ment of those not specially interested  
in the classification offered in the premi-  
um list.

All the railroads of the State will  
sell low excursion rates to those attend-  
ing the Show.

For information and premium list  
address the Secretary of the Board of  
Agriculture at Springfield.

The modern magazine may be taken  
as embodying the best literature of the  
world, as the magazine editor pays the  
highest price to novelists, scientists,  
statesmen, soldiers, and even kings and  
princes, for the best they can furnish in  
the literary line. The well-edited mag-  
azine becomes an educating influence  
in the family circle, whose importance  
cannot be over-estimated. The child-  
ren, as they grow up, are attracted by  
its illustrations, and so come in time to  
have a taste for reading. There is al-  
ways something that is new, something  
that is strange, something that is in-  
teresting; and we consider that we are  
doing our readers a positive benefit if  
we are instrumental in placing such a  
publication within their reach. The  
special arrangement which we have  
made with the *Cosmopolitan* presents  
very unusual inducements. That mag-  
azine, although only in the tenth month  
under its new management, is already  
recognized as one of the most interest-  
ing publications of the day. It is seek-  
subscribers everywhere and obtaining  
them. The proprietors believe that the  
*Cosmopolitan* has only to be examined  
to secure a permanent subscriber.  
That is why we are enabled to make, if  
the offer is accepted before January  
next, such a very low rate, by which  
our readers can obtain the *Cosmopolitan*  
for little more than the cost of this  
journal alone. Just think of what the  
combination means! You obtain your  
own home journal at about the regular  
price, and have thrown in a magazine  
which gives you, in a year, 1536 pages  
of reading matter by the ablest writers  
of the world, including over 1300 pages  
of illustrations that are unsurpassed  
in point of interest and execution. Will  
it not pay you to send a subscription  
to this office for the *PLAINDEALER* and  
the *Cosmopolitan*, immediately? Re-  
member, only \$2.40 for the two.

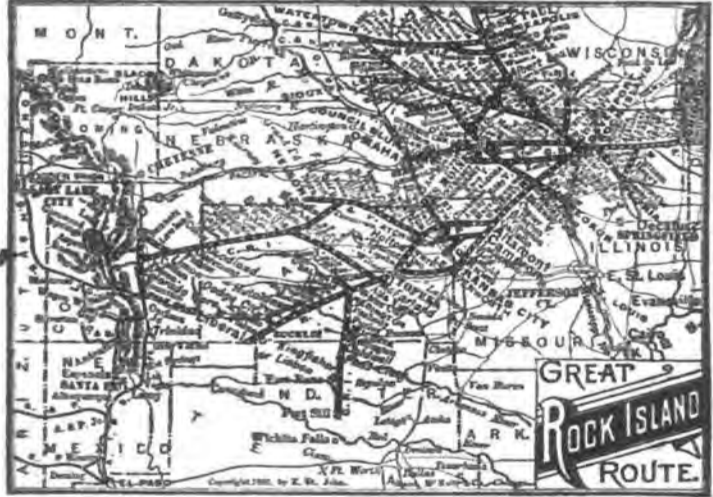
**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE,** with its  
varied and excellent contents, is a library  
in itself.  
It was indeed a happy thought to print an  
entire novel in each number.  
Not a short novelette, but a long story such  
as you are used to get in book form and pay  
from one dollar to one dollar and a half for.  
Not only that, but with each number you get  
an abundance of other contributions, which gives  
you a road magazine besides the novel.  
The ringing news which have been struck on  
the gateway of popular favor, have resounded  
throughout the entire land, and to-day Lippin-  
cott's Magazine stands on the front rank of  
monthly publications, and is the most widely-  
read and talked-of publication of its kind in the  
world. For full descriptive circulars, address  
**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia**  
\$3.00 per year. 25 ct. single number.  
The publisher of this paper will receive your  
subscription.

**BASE** balls, bats, caps, etc. A nice  
line for sale at Terry Simmons'

**JOB PRINTING** done at this office  
on short notice and in the best style.

**A MAN**

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN  
MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



**THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,**

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the  
Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa,  
Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Dayton, Muscatine,  
Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council  
Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown  
and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in  
MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka,  
Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Fort  
Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado  
Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to  
and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleep-  
ing Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and  
vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities  
of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest  
and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

**MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,**

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and  
free from dust. Tough Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining  
Chair Cars, and easy of Missouri River Dining Cars, Daily between Chicago,  
Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to  
North Platte, Neosho, and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver,  
and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining  
and Pullman meals at reasonable hours west of Missouri River.  
California Excursion trains daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt  
Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT  
LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitarium,  
and Grandeur of Colorado.

**VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,**

Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul,  
with Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and  
through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake,  
Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing  
Grounds, and Northwest.

THE LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to  
travelers to Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St.  
Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.  
Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket  
Office of the United States or Canada, or address

**JOHN SEBASTIAN,**  
Chicago, Ill. Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agent.



# The Marseilles Plaindealer.

VOL. XIV.

MARSEILLES, ILL., FRIDAY, OCT. 24, 1890.

NO. 43

## COAL!

Place your orders for your coal supply now, before prices advance.

**HARD COAL.**  
Lough Valley, Wet and Range, New Better,  
\$6.50 per ton, delivered.

**SENECA SOFT COAL.**  
1 1/2 ton, delivered, \$2.65  
5 to 10 ton lots, 2.50  
" " on car, 2.25

## LUMBER.

Call at the new lumber yard, at the old stand of Scott & Harrington, and get prices for lumber.

**R. T. Harrington.**

W. A. MOREY, Pres. F. T. NEFF, Cash.  
N. FLEMING, Vice Pres.

**First National Bank**

MARSEILLES, ILL.  
Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$8,050

**DIRECTORS.**  
A. N. DOUGLASS, D. W. CONARD,  
F. T. NEFF, GEO. L. THOMPSON,  
N. FLEMING, E. T. REED,  
W. A. MOREY.

**NO, SIR!** WE ARE NOT RUNNING A Grocery Store, but have

**A Few Specialties**

just now that you may find it convenient, wise and profitable to step in and buy.

**HERE THEY ARE!**

**CANDY.** A superior and uncommonly large Fall stock, even for us, just received.

**MAPLE SUGAR.** Only genuine Vermont 1 lb cakes.

**DATES.** Truly delicious Persian dates for eating out of hand, choice for fruit cakes and not costly

**FROSTED CREAMS.** Triple X, none better. Try 'em.

**TOASTED BUNS.** New to this town. Buy some and you will always want a supply on hand.

**PICNIC OYSTER CRACKERS.**

**CANNED GOODS.** Elgin sweet corn good pears and plum superior California cherries, boss sardine

**RAISINS.** The extra large, loose kind, that almost melt in your mouth.

**ENGLISH CURRANTS.** A prime article. See 'em.

**Terry Simmons.**

G. B. STOCKDALE,

Co. Supt. Public Schools.

Office—Room 15, Court House, Ottawa

Examinations at Office 2d and 4th Saturday in each month.

Residence and P. O. Address, Peru.

**SPECIAL LOCAL agent wanted in your county at once, part or full time. A reliable and energetic man can secure a permanent well paying position with us. Stock warranted first class, and any failure to live, replaced FREE! Write for terms at once. All letters promptly answered.**  
**E. D. LUTHERFORD & CO.,**  
Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

**STRICTLY TRUE.**

THE prudent housewife finds it wise to buy household tinware and hardware as well as notions of all kinds at the Red, White & Blue store.

**C. M. BENSON,**  
West Side of Main Street,  
Marseilles, Illinois,  
CONCEDED BY ALL  
**Our best**

**MERCHANT TAILOR**

—And Dealer in—  
**Cloths, Doeskins, Diagonals and Cassimeres.**

CUTTING, CLEANING and REPAIRING promptly and satisfactorily done.

**JOHN J. BECKER,**

DEALER IN

**FRESH, SALT & SMOKED**

**MEATS.**

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR Cattle, Hogs and Hides

**CARPENTER & REPAIR SHOP!**

MORGAN'S OLD STAND, MAIN ST., MARSEILLES, ILL.

All kinds of jobbing done to order promptly, in good manner and at living rates.  
**E. A. ALLEN.**

Home seekers will find the last of the public domain of agricultural and grazing value along the Great Northern Ry. in North Dakota and Montana.

**NEW TOWNS.** 100 or more, along the Great Northern Railway Line. Business chances. Write F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn., for books, maps, etc.

Settlers on free Government lands along the Great Northern Ry. Line in North Dakota and Montana get low rates and fine markets for products.

**HUNTING, FISHING.** Finest resorts in America along Great Northern Ry. Line in Minnesota, Dakota and Montana. Best climate for health seekers.

Montana produces the finest Horses and Cattle. Free Ranges yet in Mouse, Milk and Sun River Valleys and Sweet Grass Hills.

**HEALTH, WEALTH.** in Montana. Free Lands New Towns, New Railways, New Mines, Low Rates. Largest area of good vacant land.

Sweet Grass Hills, Milk and Sun River Valleys, Montana, reached only by the Great Northern Ry. Line. The Stock Raisers' Paradise.

The regions tributary to Great Northern Railway Line in Montana produce all the precious and base metals. New towns and railways are being built.

Go to the Great Reservation of Montana and get a good free homestead. Low rates and Free Ranges on Great Northern Ry. Line. Go now.

These have made Montana the richest state per capita in the Union. Plenty of room for more miners and stock raisers. Now is the time.

Along the Great Northern Railway Line in Montana are fine ranches and pastures, mines of precious metals, iron and coal, and new cities and towns. Now is your chance.

Surrounded by a fine agricultural and grazing country, close to mines of precious metals, iron and coal, possessing a water power unequalled in America, it is Montana's industrial center.

The valleys of Red, Mouse, Missouri, Milk and Sun Rivers reached by Great Northern Ry. Line. Half rate excursions Sep. 9, 23, and Oct. 14, 1890. Write F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn.

**BLAKE** balls, bats, caps, etc. A nice line for sale at Terry Simmons'

**JOB PRINTING** done at this office on short notice and in the best style.

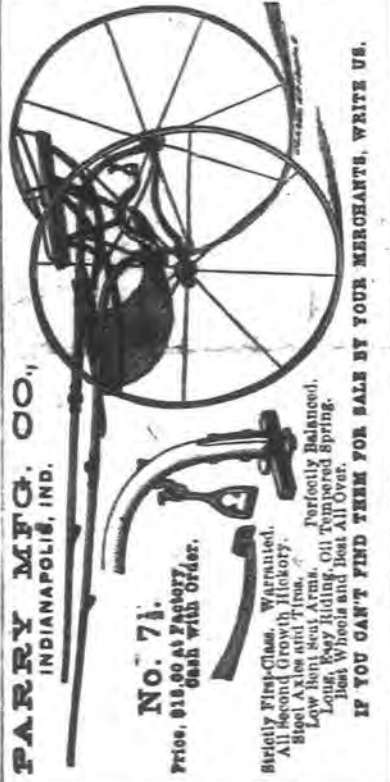
**Bakery and Confectionery.**

FINE STOCK OF FRUITS, CANDIES, CIGARS AND TOBACCO  
All guaranteed the best for the money.

Canned Goods, Bread, Cookies, Pies, Etc  
1st door S. of bank.  
MENZO JENNINGS.

**Marseilles, Ill.**

A thriving incorporated village on the C. R. & P. Ry., and Illinois and Michigan canal—eight miles from Ottawa, the county seat, 77 from Chicago and 104 from Rock Island. The Illinois river affords splendid water power, and at the dam is one of the best fishing grounds in the state. There are five churches, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Universalist, and Catholic. Two excellent public schools and a high school projected. The most prominent manufactures are agricultural implement works, paper and flour mills, brick, tile, stoddy rivet and hoop works. Good coal is mined and wood is abundant. Numerous stone quarries. Three newspapers, PLAINDEALER, Register and News. First National Bank. Electrically lighted and water works for fire protection. Population 1890, 2,250. Albert L. Stone, postmaster. Fred Schring, depot agent. Nearly every society represented. Fine scenery, excellent class of people, best of drainage, very healthy. Nearly 100 constantly flowing artesian wells furnish an abundance of pure drinking water.



**R-R TIME TABLE.**  
C. R. & P. RY.

GOING EAST.	
No. 16 leaves.....	2:55 A. M.
" 4 ".....	4:30 A. M.
" 10 ".....	7:45 A. M.
" 2 ".....	10:30 A. M.
" 8 ".....	4:15 P. M.
GOING WEST.	
No. 15 leaves.....	1:46 A. M.
" 7 ".....	11:11 A. M.
" 9 ".....	4:34 P. M.
" 1 ".....	7:55 P. M.
ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—EAST.	
No. 42 leaves.....	5:00 P. M.
" 40 ".....	3:55 P. M.
ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—WEST.	
No. 41 leaves.....	8:50 A. M.
" 37 ".....	10:05 A. M.

The rest of the boys wear the "Glenbar." Why don't you?  
**POOLE & GALLOWAY.**

We reported J. F. Morgan as in Chicago last week. It was a misunderstanding, as he went to Malden, Ill.

We wish to tell our many patrons we now have the largest stock of seasonable goods we ever carried and will not advance prices on account of the McKinley tariff bill. **THURBER & Co.**

I was troubled with a bad cough for two years, and tried everything without avail until I tried Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, which has entirely cured me, and I can rest all night now. I have sold medicine in Wayne County ten years, and can recommend Bigelow's Cough Cure as the best remedy I ever saw for coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc.  
**JOHN GESSLEMAN.**  
Sold at Trowbridge's.

**TO POST OR NOT TO POST.** That's the question. Whether it is better to struggle hard to build up a trade with the farmers, without which business would be unprofitable, by placing conveniences to make them welcome, or, sit down and see our trustees order out our fondly imagined improvements and thus end it all.

The business men of all Main street, North of the railroad crossing, having had all the experience they cared for with teams tied to the sidewalks, at considerable expense procured good, stout hitching posts, had them shaped, painted and neatly set out in rows. They thought it progress, then, and conditions have not as yet changed that opinion. Had they not have wanted them there, it is very evident they would not have gone to so much trouble.

One day last week, without any notification whatever, they were astounded to see street workmen come along and unceremoniously yank out every post. When questioned as to what they were doing that for, the reply came that the trustees had so ordered. Going to headquarters it was found that some time in the future paving was contemplated, and that they wanted the posts out of the way. In our case, however, this excuse did not hold, as no paving here was thought of, and there existed a strong doubt on the part of all Northsiders we interviewed as to whether one particle of paving would be done in front of their premises this Fall, and possibly not for years to come. Some took the pains to state in terms far from childlike and bland, their opinion of the trustees actions, and insisted that they did not have a life hold on the offices whose powers they were now making such a lavish use of. They were pleased with the action of the three trustees who stood by them and voted against the yank.

Without our inquiry the information was tendered that for farmers wanting to hitch, posts had been set on railroad ground on Lincoln street, and consequently, of course, hitching in front of the stores of the North side was unnecessary and not to be thought of. Main street, on Saturdays, would look so business like with no farmer's team to be seen on it, all animal life crowded into a back alley. It was so disgraceful to have Main street occupied by farmer's turnouts, indeed if we were so gracious as to permit them to enter our silk stocking village at all, their owners should certainly respect the feelings of our honored four trustees and sneak in up some back alley.

The yank was a happy affair for the Southsiders, and they are to be congratulated over the victory achieved for them. But as our paper is not published in the interests of any one section, we really cannot see any fairness whatever in this sudden yank, done as it was by representatives of public, not private interests. Temporarily, of course, with hitching posts on the North side and none on the South, and the latter torn up for paving, trade down there might be lessened somewhat, but what about the situation later on on the North side? Would it not be a square deal? Or, had the Southsiders been given "the tip" that paving on the North side was so far in the future that the evening up was not likely to come, therefore the yank.

Due credit should be given Mr. R. T. Harrington for the posts he has put in in his lumber yard, as they are a convenience of which appreciation will be shown by the farmers. It is a commendable stroke of private enterprise. Even if paving is actually done on the North side this Fall, time will prove that the yanking was a decidedly "previous" matter.

The Northsiders are a law abiding class and no resistance was offered to the removal of the posts, but although "set down on" hard, rallied and shortly had new hitching conveniences at hand, much as they deplored the unnecessary removal of their posts as yet. Signs appeared like "no ten cents here," and farmers are assured that they can hitch in front of Northside business places and be welcome. In fact the more the merrier.  
A contemporary thinks it is progress

to remove the posts and quotes other towns in the matter, Streator in the number. Other towns have other circumstances and are not an infallible criterion for Marseilles. Streator has its strikes for instance, but Marseilles would not find it desirable to do likewise. In two instances the posts in front of our place interfered with the "progress" of two runaway teams that but for the posts would have smashed in our store front. Oh, yes, posts do interfere with the "progress" of runaway teams, that otherwise would take to the sidewalk, a thing they have a fancy for, wreck store fronts, and injure life or limb. Oh, no, don't interfere with progress.

We cannot see how teams look any better or do any less damage hitched to rings in the sidewalks than to posts. For the comfort of citizens passing on the walks the posts are in every way the more desirable, giving the right of way to people rather than to pawing horses. Saddle horses, tied to a ring, of course are free to take full possession of the walk. If removal of the posts was calculated to prevent hitching of teams on Main street, it will be of little avail. Owners have some rights even village trustees must respect.

**NEXT WEEK.**  
New Winter clothing at Bennett's.

One much appreciated feature of the Bluff school is the Saturday evening "History Circle," which meets around at the houses. The last session was held with Miss Grace Neilson.

William Elliott Griggs will contribute to *Harper's Young People*, for Oct. 21st, a biographical sketch of that popular writer of young people's books, Charles Carleton Coffin. The article will be accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Coffin.

Mr. L. D. Carpenter, of Seneca, Ill. says that Griggs' Glycerine Salve is the most rapid healer he ever saw. Applied to raw sores on his horse's shoulders it healed them very rapidly and he was able to work the horse right along. He adds: You can truly call it a Wonder Healer.

**MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.**

The Northern Pacific Railroad, passing through Minnesota, Dakota, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, was the first line to bring the region occupied by these states into communication with the east. Its main line and branches penetrate all sections of these states, reaching nine-tenths of the chief cities. It is the short line to Helena and Butte, Mont., Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., and the only line running through train services from the east through the states of Montana and Washington. Pullman Sleepers and furnished Tourist Sleeping Cars are run via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific, and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific, from Chicago through to the Pacific Coast without change. This is the Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Route.

The large travel on the Northern Pacific line necessitated the inauguration, in June, 1890, of a second through train to the Pacific Coast, thus enabling this road to offer the public the advantage of two through trains daily to Montana and points in the Pacific Northwest, carrying complete services of sleeping cars, dining cars and regular day coaches. The train leaving St. Paul in the morning runs via the recently completed Air Line of the Northern Pacific through Butte, Mont., making this the shortest line to the latter point by two miles.

Colonists for Washington, Oregon and British Columbia points should take no other line than the Northern Pacific, as by this line only, can all portions of the state of Washington be seen. Stopovers are allowed on second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, enabling settlers to inspect the country without extra expense.

For Maps, Time Tables and Illustrated Pamphlets, or any special information desired, address CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

# THE PLAINDEALER.

MARSEILLES, : : : ILLINOIS.

## LITTLE MITCH'S SNAKE.

A South Dakota Child's Strong Affection For a Pet Reptile.

A remarkable instance of a deep affection for each other between a child and a snake is to be seen at Minter's Crossing, a small hamlet lying nine or ten miles south of this place.

Some time ago James Robinson, a small farmer, living at that time near Milltown, some fifty miles from Minter's Crossing, found his little son, aged six, playing with a large ground rattlesnake. Horrified, he rushed to the child and tried to kill the reptile, which, however, succeeded in escaping, while the child, with much indignation, declared that he would not have the snake killed, for it loved him and was good to him. He was found caressing his strange pet again and again, and resisted any attempt to kill it with shrieks and tears, which caused his father to relent.

But so alarmed was he at the friendship, which he regarded almost in the light of a bewitchment of the evil one, that he sold his farm at Milltown and bought the one where he now resides, near Minter's Crossing, in hopes that the child, no longer having his playmate with him, would forget his extraordinary love for it.

They had been established in their new home a couple of months, and were beginning to believe that the plan had proved efficacious, as the boy, absorbed in the novelty of the change, only occasionally seemed to pine for his pet, when one afternoon Robinson, walking in company with two of his neighbors and his little son, saw a snake lying on the side of the road in apparently a dying condition. He seized a stick and was about to hasten its departure, when little "Mitch," as he is called, perceived it also, and with a cry of delight ran to it. The creature raised its head at the boy's voice, and as he knelt by it, wriggled up his body, disappearing in the bosom of his shirt. "Mitch" then joyously informed his father that "his snake had come," and hurried off to revive it with milk.

He asserts positively that it is the same snake he loved at Milltown, and his father is equally sure that it is, so the poor creature must have traveled forty miles in search of its little friend. After this extraordinary proof of its love and fidelity, the Robinsons say they have not the heart to forbid the companionship, so little "Mitch" and his snake are constantly together, the reptile for the most part being twined about the boy's neck or asleep in his bosom. Peter, as the snake is called, while evincing no particular fondness for the rest of the family, and will never approach one of them, lives in peace with them, but resents the advances of a stranger by coiling itself in position to strike if molested.

The story of the singular friendship, which apparently partakes of the miraculous, is vouched for by reliable citizens at Minter's Crossing, to whom the boy and his pet are familiar sights. Peter shares "Mitch's" bed, eats from the same dish, often playfully capturing morsels as the boy is about to put them in his own mouth, and when "Mitch" goes to school goes also, but on condition that he does not leave the book satchel, from whence his flat head with its bright eyes can be seen occasionally stealing out for a sly look at his friend.—Maxwell (S. D.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## TELEGRAPHS IN CHINA.

Soon There Will Be Direct Communication Between Peking and Europe.

The first telegraph in China was built in 1866 during a war in Formosa. The Viceroy of the province of Fuh-Keen ordered the construction of a line of telegraph from Puzoda Island to Foo-chow-foo. The Government disapproved of this plan and made several attempts to frustrate the undertaking, but as the Ministers from foreign countries in Peking insisted upon the fulfillment of the contract with the telegraph company the line was finished. There was considerable opposition on the part of the people in the innovation, but this was gradually dispelled. Now, the telegraph has been gradually extended, until its use is common in a very large part of the kingdom. There is a line between Peking and Tientsin, and also one connecting the capital with the principal places in Mantchuria and extending up the Russian frontier on the Amoor and the Ussuri rivers. All the seven treaty ports on the Yangtze river, also all the principal cities of the empire, are now connected with each other and with the capital. The line from Canton westerly has been pushed to Yunnan, the capital of the province of Yunnan, near the borders of Burmah. Lines have also been constructed between Foo-chow and Canton, and between Port Arthur and the capital of Korea, and the line along the Yangtze valley has been extended far into the interior. By an arrangement recently made with the Russian authorities, the Chinese and Siberian lines in the Amoor valley are to be joined, so that there will be direct telegraphic communication between Peking and Europe.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Among the new settlers in Oklahoma are a man and his wife, who are respectively seven feet seven inches and six feet in height.

## WHERE SHE COMES.

With heavy eiders overhang,  
Half hid in clover masses,  
An old fence ramble on, among  
The tangled meadow grasses,  
It makes a shade for lady-fern  
Which nestles close beside it;  
While cicadas, at every turn,  
And roses almost hide it.

In shade of overhanging sprays  
And down a sunny hollow,  
By hazel-cops, and woodland ways,  
The winding fence I follow;  
By rose and thorn, and fragrant dew,  
In search of something sweeter—  
The orchard gap where she comes through,  
And I go down to meet her.

The sunlight slants across the fence,  
Where lichens gray it o'er,  
And stirs a hundred dreamy scents  
From fern, and mint, and clover;  
But though the air is sweet to-day,  
I knew of something sweeter:  
That she can only come this way,  
And I am sure to meet her!

And so, while chipmunks run a match  
To tell the wrens who's coming,  
And all across the briar patch  
There sounds a drowsy humming—  
The hum of honey-seeking bees—  
I seek for something sweeter:  
A gap, amongst the apple-trees,  
Where I am going to meet her!

—Charles B. Going, in Scribner.

## THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Strange Tale of a Midnight Specter in Paris.

It was in Paris, during the summer of 1889, that I heard the little anecdote which I am about to relate.

Of course I had been attracted there, like every American who could tear himself away from business, by the expositions in the French capital. What moment would be more propitious for the long expected trip abroad than the time when Paris, the great cosmopolitan city, was celebrating the anniversary of the bloody event that shook every throne in Europe?

Marvelous, indeed, was the scene that surrounded me that evening. I had wandered at random from the Trocadero, with its flashing colonades and towers, to the central dome, with its wreaths of light and transparent roof; from the gigantic tower which a multitude of lights had turned into a monument of red-hot iron towering a thousand feet overhead, to the more dark and picturesque colonial exhibit, where, lost among the trees, one could find African villages, Indian temples, and Siamese theaters, in which the actors strutted around shrieking under their masks like so many wildcats.

At last the closing time had come; it was eleven o'clock. A long, dense line of policemen, starting at one end of the grounds, pushed their way in the direction of the opposite exit, sweeping in front of them the few remaining visitors.

Not feeling sleepy, yet not caring to follow the crowd, I sauntered leisurely along by the river. Presently a soldier overtook me, and tipping his small red cap asked for a light. I held out my cigar, and undertook to air what little French I knew. In the conversation that followed I heard from the young officer's lips the story of the woman in black.

It was about a month ago, but I remember it as if it were yesterday, that the sergeant called out to me to relieve the sentry outside. Being a new recruit, and tired with the day's work, I did not hear, and it was not until he had cursed and sworn by every saint in the calendar that I recovered my senses sufficiently to pick up my gun and button my coat to face the stormy night. It was nearly twelve o'clock, the sky was black as ink, and the rain poured down steadily in a very unpromising manner. A high wind, which was blowing it in clouds through the streets, made the position still more uncomfortable.

After getting my instructions from the man whose place I was to take, I made for the sentry-box, fully decided not to venture forth from its shelter. Once there I began to examine the position, and glanced through the small window up and down the street. There was not a soul to be seen; the lamp overhead swung to and fro in the wind, creaking dimly, and trying its best to spread its light along the wet and deserted thoroughfare. On each side the old houses, with their greenish walls, arose grim and somber in the darkness. Away off in the distance could be heard the confused rumble of the streets that are still awake at that time of night, but the distant sounds only seemed to increase the silent loneliness of the quarter that I was to watch until daylight.

Having nothing else to do, and knowing how unlikely it was that anybody would disturb me, I filled a pipe and began to smoke, in order to keep awake more easily. Of course, a man will think on such occasions, and my thoughts carried me far away to my home in a little Southern village; I made endless comparisons between my old life and what I had to expect during the next three years. The result, I need hardly say, was far from flattering for the company's mess and night duty in stormy weather.

How long I had been meditating I could hardly tell; it seemed like hours, but was probably not over thirty minutes. At all events, when I happened to look up I saw some one down the street about two blocks away. Naturally I watched to see which way the person was walking, for in such solitude the slightest object becomes interesting. I was soon able to see that it was a woman, and that she was coming

toward me. I noticed that there was something strange about her, and remember wishing most fervently that she had been going the other way. Perhaps my pipe gave me a guilty conscience; perhaps it was some other feeling; at all events, I watched her as she came toward me.

She was dressed entirely in black; a long black wrap, with a hood over her head, afforded her a little protection against the rain. She seemed to glide along noiselessly, stopping every now and then to look around her. I am not a coward, but the intense solitude, combined with the howling of the wind, the creaking of the lamp and the mysterious movements of the dark creature, made me feel very uncomfortable. Still I decided to face the danger, if danger there was, and moved to the door of the box to wait until the danger had passed.

Slowly she moved forward until she was within three or four steps of me, then stopped again; her face was in the shadow and I could not distinguish her features. While I was trying to discern them she moved suddenly forward and gave me a searching look; in another second, before I had recovered from my surprise, she had passed on and moved rapidly along the street without stopping any more.

The watch passed without further incidents, but I remember that I had no trouble in keeping awake and was very thankful to be relieved. I told you that I was a new recruit at the time, and dreaded to make myself ridiculous in the eyes of the company; besides that, I had a lurking idea that the whole scene might have been plotted for my benefit. I resolved, therefore, to say nothing about it and see whether any of my comrades had an encounter with the mysterious woman. I devoutly hoped that they would, and was not disappointed.

Night after night the midnight sentry saw the figure, always coming from the same spot, always silent, always passing on after the same incomprehensible movements. Not one of us had had the presence of mind to stop the woman and question her.

We had in our company a man such as one finds everywhere, full of life, always laughing, joking, sure to be at the bottom of all mischief, always punished when there were any punishments to be administered, skeptical, as all such men are, believing in nothing save his own wit and bravery. The stories that were told about the midnight visitor had always drawn a sarcastic smile to his lips, and he was eternally laughing at the victims of the woman in black. Catch him shaking in his boots with fear of some facetious grisette who was having great sport frightening the soldiers out of their wits!

Finally we grew exasperated, and one of us broke out:

"Talk is cheap, Richard; you have not been there yet; you may not stand it any better than the others."

"Bet I would!"

"Bet you five francs you would not."

"Taken?"

"When will you try?"

"To-night. Who is on duty?"

"Leroy."

Leroy was found, and was more than willing to exchange guard with Richard. Both repaired to the sergeant, who, after listening to their story, told them to do as they pleased about it.

So the matter was settled, and just before twelve Richard drew himself together, shouldered his gun, and marched out to his post. What occurred we learned later, and his tone was very different from his usual one. I will tell you the story just as he told us:

"I started on my beat," he said, "thinking of what was going to happen. I admit now that I did not feel as easy about the matter as I had felt before. The loneliness of the spot was telling on my mind, and made me rather anxious. Still I resolved to stop the woman, if she appeared, and question her; I could not do otherwise. But the corner she always came from looked very dark and ominous, and altogether, my feelings were far from pleasant.

"Twelve o'clock struck in the steeple of a neighboring church, and I watched attentively for the apparition. After watching ten or fifteen minutes I saw something move in the dark, and a dread presentiment seemed to clutch my heart. The woman appeared, gliding along as you all saw her; but I knew that my boasting had been vain, that the sight affected me more, perhaps, than any of you. I was absolutely panic-stricken, fascinated by the approaching figure, as some poor bird by the snake that bewilders it with its glance before devouring it. I felt that I ought to run, but I could not move. On she came, nearer and nearer, stopping at intervals, till she looked me in the face; then, uttering a wild cry, she sprung forward, and I fell, with a dagger planted up to the hilt in my side."

Such was the story Richard told us a few weeks later as he was recovering from his wound. As to the woman, she was discovered by the police and pronounced mad. I have heard rumors to the effect that she had been abandoned; that her crime was but a desperate vengeance. Whether the story was true or not Richard would never say.—Waverly.

—Old Lady—"See here, I sent my little boy down here ten minutes ago to get a porous-plaster, and you sent this thing home by him." Drug Clerk—"Yes, ma'am; that's a porous-plaster." Old Lady—"Well, you can't palm off an old plaster that's full of holes on me. If ye ain't got a good one, I'll go somewhere else."

## HEIGHT OF WAVES.

The Highest Measurements Are From Forty-four to Forty-eight Feet.

All sorts of nonsense has been written about waves "mountain high." The truth is that when a ship is plunging down the back of one wave and is at the same time heeled over till her rail is close to the water, the next wave looks as if it would sweep completely over the vessel and therefore appears as big as a mountain. Lieutenant Quiltrough says: "We find reports of heights of 100 feet from hollow to crest, but no verified measurement exists of a height half as great at this. The highest reliable measurements are from 44 to 48 feet—in itself a very remarkable height. Waves having a greater height than thirty feet are not often encountered." The height of wind waves is governed by what is called the "fetch." That means their distance from the place where their formation begins. Thomas Stevenson, author of "Lighthouse Illumination," and father of the well-known writer of our day, Robert Louis Stevenson, gives the following formula as applicable when the fetch is not less than six sea miles: "The height of the wave in feet is equal to 1.5 multiplied by the square root of the fetch in nautical miles." Let us suppose that in a gale of wind the waves began to form 400 miles from the ship you are on. The square root of 400 is 20, which multiplied by 1.5 gives 30 feet as the height of the waves around the ship.

Now, it is well known that in every storm there are occasionally groups of three or four waves considerably larger than the others. Captain Lecky is of the opinion that these are caused by the increased force of the wind in the squalls which are a feature of every big blow. Now, waves travel at a rate which is the result of their size. Waves 200 feet long from hollow to hollow travel about 19 knots per hour; those of 400 feet in length make 27 knots, and those of 600 feet rush forward irresistibly at 32 knots. Let us suppose, now, a wave 400 feet in length and 38 or 40 feet high rushing along at 27 knots. It overtakes a slower wave making about 20 knots, with a height of 25 feet and a length of 200. The two seas become one, forming at the moment of their union an enormous wave. Just at that moment they meet one of these steamers called "ocean grayhounds," which, as every one knows, never slacken speed unless it is absolutely necessary for safety. She is butting into the storm at the rate of say eight knots an hour. She runs plump against a great wall of water which seems to rise suddenly out of the general tumult, rushing at her with a height of 45 feet or more and a speed of over 30 miles per hour. There is a fearful crash forward, accompanied by a deluge, and as the tons of water roll off the forecastle deck, it is found that damage has been done, and the officers on watch enter in the log the interesting fact that the steamer has been struck by a "tidal wave."—W. J. Henderson, in St. Nicholas.

## THE DISPUTATIOUS BORE.

How He Worries the Traveler on Trains and Boats.

There is a species of the genus fiend, who gets some of his best work in at this season of the year. He is the being who insists upon talking about politics and other kindred topics of controversy on railroad trains, steamboats, and in the various places where the public are obliged to consort. Lately several individuals belonging to this species congregated on one of the harbor boats and sustained for about a half an hour a heated conversation on the tariff, much to the annoyance of their neighbors, who were thus prevented, some from enjoying the beauties of nature, and others from the intellectual feast which their newspapers afforded them.

Indeed so fierce became the discussion between the aforementioned individuals, so high were their voices pitched, and so ridiculous and futile were the arguments by which they endeavored to support their theories, that the more sensitive and intelligent around them were forced to flee madly into the cabin and to forego the pleasures and the benefits which come from breathing the pure air that blows from the sea in the summer morning. Others not less appreciative of the horrors of their situation, but more pugnacious than those who fled before the angry disputants, stuck to their ground, and from them came every now and then deep-throated murmurs which sounded very much like threats. We feel sure that if they only had had a leader to lead them on to a vindication of their wrongs they would have thrown every member of that tariff-wrangling group to the bottom of the sea. The disputants, however, were so deeply absorbed in their discussion that they were serenely unconscious of the danger which threatened them. They were last seen after the boat had arrived at its wharf and most of the passengers had disembarked, sitting in their seats, still vociferating and gesticulating, in a white heat of argumentation. It is quite possible that they are still there, spoiling the enjoyment of the promenades of pleasure-seekers who may take trips on that boat to-day.

There is no doubt about it, something must be done to suppress the fiend who disputes in public. Society is not safe while he is permitted to exist. It would be impossible to enumerate all the injury which he does to suffering humanity. Nervous prostration, hysteria, even rabid mania, are known to result from his machinations. Look out for him. At this season of the year he is as dangerous as a mad dog.—Boston Traveller.

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Electroplating with platinum promises to be among the accomplished things of the near future.

—An Italian paper in Boston has offered a silver-mounted skull as a prize to the most popular undertaker in the metropolis.

—It has been estimated, from a microscopic examination of the impress of the word "hello" on a phonograph cylinder, that it contains sixteen thousand indentations.

—It is told of a young man in Hancock, Me., that, though he goes to meetings, parties, and other gatherings, he has never been known to speak to anybody but his parents. No reason is assigned for his silence.

—A monstrous brass casting was successfully run at a foundry in Pittston, Pa., the other day. It is a pump chamber weighing 6,000 pounds. It took three men nearly a month to build the mold, and the material cost \$1,500.

—Forty years ago, Mrs. Cole, of Fredericksburg, Va., swallowed a needle. It caused her no inconvenience or pain, and she soon after forgot it. A few days since she was reminded of it by finding the needle projecting from her side.

—After spending an hour and a half in serenading a newly-wedded couple in Saco, Me., and wondering that the groom did not appear to welcome the musicians, the groom's father astonished them by imparting the information that the happy pair were in a neighboring village.

—Urban Getchell, of Limestone, Me., witnessed a novel sight while driving through what is called the mile block, two miles from the village. He came on seven bears unawares, three of them full grown and four cubs quite large. The old ones made for the woods, but the cubs had their gambols out before they followed. Urban says it was a nice sight, but his hair seemed to grow very fast and raise his hat from its usual place. The bears were seen by two other persons.

—It is asserted by French vintagers that the grapes gathered at sunrise always produce the lightest and most limpid wine. Moreover, by plucking the grapes when the early morning sun is upon them they are believed to yield a fourth more juice. Later on in the day, too, spite of all precautions, it is impossible to prevent some of the detached grapes from partially fermenting, which frequently suffices to give a slight excess of color to the must—a thing especially to be avoided in a high-class champagne.

—No matter how much advertising pays it certainly costs. A single page in an issue of the Century, taken for advertising purposes, costs \$500; in Harper's, \$400 down to \$100. A yearly advertisement of one column in the New York Herald costs \$20,504 for the lowest and \$130,000 for the highest priced columns. These figures will doubtless be of interest to men who invest \$2 or \$3 per month, and flatter themselves with the idea that they are extensive and liberal advertisers, and that because of their investment they ought to control the columns and dictate the course of publication.

—Western sportsmen are considering a plan for introducing the kangaroo in this country. These animals have already been successfully acclimated in France and England, and there seems to be no reason why they should not be in this country. As a further argument in favor of their plan the sportsmen lay stress on the commercial value of the kangaroo skin which make durable and valuable leather. Provided the scheme is acceptable, several of the animals will be placed in the Yellowstone Park, where they will be protected by the Government until they have become sufficiently numerous to be hunted.

—Miss Mary A. Corcoran, of Ansonia, Conn., carried in a bundle of sticks of wood for her fire early one morning and put them in a box behind the stove. When she went to replenish the fire she picked up half a dozen sticks and after putting three on the fire heard a loud sizzling sound in the stove. Just then the head of a large striped adder lifted itself from the hole in the stove and tried to strike her. The other two sticks held the snake in such a position that it did not succeed. Her screams brought her father, who killed the adder with the poker. It measured over two feet. It is supposed Miss Corcoran picked it up while it was glutted with food and in a lethargic state and the heat of the fire forced it into activity.

—The town of Sweden, Me., got excited recently, according to the Oxford Democrat, over reports of various persons who declared that they had seen a wild woman in the east part of town. One said he saw her trying to milk a cow, a second that she was in another pasture picking berries, a third that she was walking through some bushes near the road, and when she saw that she was observed beat a hasty retreat. Some said she was dressed in light clothes, others that her clothes were dark and she had on a white apron. A searching party was made up and armed with handcuffs, etc., but the excitement quietly subsided when, after following the trail some distance, it suddenly ended at a red and white cow, peacefully chewing her cud and wondering what all the commotion was about.

## Business and Society.

Mr. Dunley—I always move about in the best society.

Mr. Mayflower—Indeed?

Mr. Dunley—Yes; I am the agent of a debt collecting agency.—Epoch.

LEAVING THE TOWN.

An Undertaker Explains How Unpleasant Some People Can Be. "I remember," said the Colonel when the party reached the end of a good dinner...

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

To fumigate a room, heat an iron shovel and drop vinegar on it. Have the doors and windows open. -Date Pie -One-half pound dates. Let them simmer in one pint of milk...

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

Ingenious Contrivances For Which the World is Indebted to the Fair Sex. It was a California woman who invented a baby carriage, which netted her \$50,000...

How's That?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHERRY & CO., Props, Toledo, O.

It is difficult for a lady who paints to keep her countenance when out in the rain. -Texas Sittings. Investments in the South. The "EVANSVILLE ROUTE" will sell tickets from Chicago and all stations on its lines...

Home-Seekers' Excursions via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry. On Tuesdays, September 9 and 23 and October 14, 1890, agents of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets...

The day of promise is always at hand. It is the time of fulfillment that seems a long way off. -N. O. Picayune. Who is Dr. A. T. Shallenberger? He is a prominent physician of Rochester, Penna., who graduated at Jefferson Medical College in 1847...

The good die young, but the average boy is making strenuous efforts to live a little longer. -Terre Haute Express.

J. H. McVICKER, the veteran manager of McVicker's Theater, Chicago, which was destroyed by fire August 26, has his architects at work on plans for an entirely fire-proof structure to take the place of the one destroyed...

No, HELIOGRAPHY, the crowbar is not the place where the crow pleads his case. -Binghamton Leader.

A Pleasing Sense Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when constive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

The race isn't always to the swift. Sometimes it is to the pool-sellers. -Rochester Post-Express.

No soap in the world has ever been imitated as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap. The market is full of imitations. Be careful that you are not deceived. "J. B. Dobbins, Philadelphia and New York," is stamped on every bar.

A TELEPHONE clerk dismissed for inefficiency found that he had missed his calling. -Texas Sittings.

HARSH purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

MONEY has some human characteristics. It talks and it gets tight. -Pittsburgh Chronicle.

PEOPLE Are Killed by Coughs that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar would cure. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

It is easier to live within your income than it is to live without one. -Boston Courier.

FOR any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, relief is sure in Carter's Little Liver Pills. "Come dwell with me," as the shark said, when he swallowed the sailor.

NO MATTER how hard silence falls, it does not break. -Terre Haute Express.

IMPORTANT NEW DISCOVERY. "VASELINE" THE BEST SOAP for the Skin Toilet Soap Ever Made. A perfectly pure and neutral soap combining the EMOLLIENT and HEALING properties of VASELINE. If your druggist does not keep it, FORWARD 10 CENTS IN STAMPS, and we WILL SEND CASE BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID. CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., 24 State Street, NEW YORK.

Intelligent Readers will notice that Tuttur's Pills are not "unwarranted to cure" all diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz: Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious, Colic, Flatulence, etc. For these they are warranted infallible, but are so nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun.

Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come.

But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you. How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a guaranteed remedy in the nearest drug store.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild and effective.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK. TRADE MARK. ELLULOID MARK. NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

Ely's Cream Balm Cures THE COLIC FOR COLD IN HEAD. COLD HEAD RELIEVES INSTANTLY. ELY BROTHERS, 25 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

TEAMSTERS. You work in all weather. You want an "all-weather" coat. In fact, the best waterproof coat in the world. No frail rubber affair that will rip before the work is out. Rubber costs more, and lasts but a short time. Four teamsters out of five wear the "Fish Brand" waterproof clothing. They are the only teamsters' waterproof coats that are light, strong, durable, and cheap. They cost very little, and last a long time. They never get sticky or peed off. The buttons are wire-fastened, and never come off. They are absolutely waterproof and wind-proof. Until you can see you will never know the comfort of a rainy day. Because of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Sticker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

MONEY SAVED. 20% BUY A GOOD FARM very cheap and on easy terms, come direct Howard County, Northwestern Iowa, the heart of so many an Agricultural Country as there is in the entire West. Choice unimproved land \$10 to \$15 per acre. Improved farms \$10 to \$20 per acre. Why spend all your life on a rented farm? Book and map sent FREE to any address. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. C. H. BING, CHESTER, IOWA.

\$500 REWARD will be paid to the agent of any scale company who will buy over his own name a scale, that the Jones 5 TON WAGON SCALE, \$60 is not equal to any made, and a standard reliable scale. For particulars, address only Jones of Binghamton, Binghamton, N.Y.

"The Greatest SHOW on Earth" To Relieve Heartburn, Acidity, Colic, Frequent, Dizziness, After Eating, Water Brisk, Flatulence, and all Stomach Troubles—AID GIVE INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA, with DR. EDWARDS' Comp. Pepsin Troches. Your druggist will order them, if not we will send by mail. He a box, 5 cents. We supply druggists with wholesale. Inquire of W. J. MORSE, Publisher, 8 E. 1st St. N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa. No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times as much Cocoa as any other Cocoa made with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EARLY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

DRESS MAKER. FIND THE Latest Styles. L'Art De La Mode. 7 COLORED PLATES. ALL THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK FASHIONS. Order it of your Sewing Machine and \$2 cents for latest number to W. J. MORSE, Publisher, 5 East 19th St., New York.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS. Beware of imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF STEWART HARTSHORN'S LABEL OF THE GENUINE HARTSHORN.

RIDGES FOOD. IT IS USED BY CHILDREN'S CHILDREN. Thousands of young ones will eagerly eat the R. F. as soon as they have not their health and their bodies are in danger. It is the best food for children and children have been fed by Druggists, and it is the leading food in all countries. W. J. MORSE, Publisher, 5 East 19th St., New York.

YOUR FEET Can be easily and permanently reduced in size by one package of Dr. Arnold's Feet. By mail, securely sealed, 50c. Pamphlet Free. Sample package one dollar. THE PEIENE CO., 259 Broadway, N. Y. PENSION JOHN W. HERRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully PROSECUTES CLAIMS. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, is adjudicating claims, atty at law. PENSIONS Thousands ENTITLED under the NEW LAW. Write immediately for BLANK APPLICATIONS and INFORMATION. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D.C. PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS SETTLED Under NEW LAW. Soldiers, Widows, Parents need BLANK APPLICATIONS and INFORMATION. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D.C. PENSIONS Circular showing who are entitled under NEW LAW. For full particulars, TALLMAGE & TALLMAGE, Chicago, Ill., & Washington, D.C. PENSIONS New LAW CLAIMS. Apply MILB R. STEVENS & Co., Attorneys, 1419 F Street, Washington, D. C. CHICAGO ATHENAEUM 20TH YEAR. BUSINESS COURSES. School of Short-hand, Drawing, Etching, Languages, Etc. Enters its splendid new building in January. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. ASTHMA—Swedish Asthma CURE never fails and is your address. Will send FREE. COLLIER BROTHERS BROS. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO. PATENTS DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY buying and selling REAL ESTATE or other property, or in straight business of any kind? Address for Exploratory Circular, sent free. THE VERTICAL AGENT, C. H. BING, 507 Market St., Chicago.

WASHINGTON Write for information. New Jay Anderson, Box 502, Seattle, Wash. BOYS who want to make money at home address D. T. & N. CO., Rayham, Mass. FARMS 2500 Acres selected, Exp. 40, 1890. J. W. MORSE, Publisher, 5 East 19th St., New York. UNION COLLEGE OF LAW, Chicago. Fall Term begins Sept. 21. For circular add H. Booth, Chicago. A. N. K.—A 13000 WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

## BEFORE BEING BOOTED

this Fall or Winter, remember that you can

## Kick Yourself

if you buy your boots or shoes anywhere else than at my place, for you will

## Never Kick

over what I offer you in low prices, first quality and the choicest styles. Come and see.

## JOHN LORD.

## A STRAIGHT TIP!

Look at this picture and you will find

it a good representation of the favorite "Daisy" kerosene oil can.

If you have bought one lately it has cost you at least 50 cents.

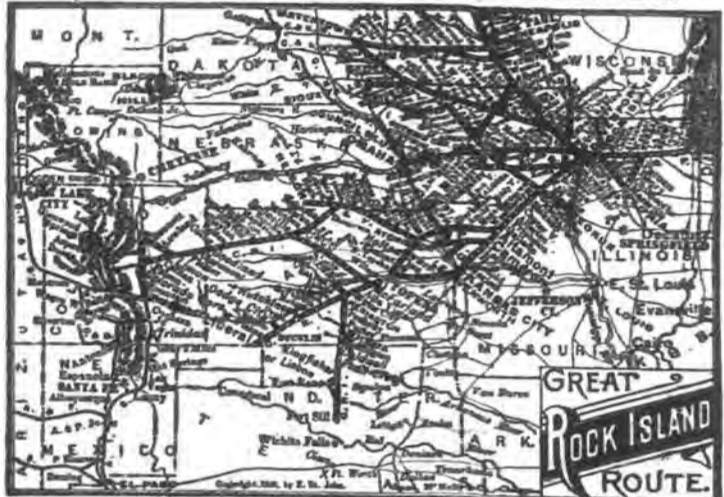
We will sell you the same identical

can for only 25 cents, as long as the present supply holds out.

## RED, WHITE & BLUE.

## A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY. WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



### THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Okauchee, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Fort Crook, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

### MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb. and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels furnished meals at reasonable hours west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. THE DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitowish, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Spas of Grandeur of Colorado.

### VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Waterbury, and the Northwest.

THE GREAT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel on Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office of the United States or Canada, or address

JOHN SEBASTIAN, General Ticket & Pass Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.

## PETERSON'S 1891

## MAGAZINE

50TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE QUEEN OF THE LADIES' MONTHLIES ENLARGED AND GREATLY IMPROVED, MAKING IT MORE DESIRABLE THAN EVER, AND KEEPING IT IN THE LEAD OF THE LADIES' MAGAZINES.

Its fiction is strong and clean. Some of the best-known American writers contribute to its pages, among them Edgar Fawcett, Frank Leo Benedict, Howard Crosby, Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, Rebecca Harding Davis, Miss M. G. McClelland, Alice Brown, and Miss Irving.

Historical and Biographical Sketches, with numerous and appropriate illustrations, printed on fine paper, will be given monthly.

In the Fashion department, we aim to combine beauty and utility. The newest and prettiest styles of costume are given with full descriptions, also a monthly dress-pattern sheet. As a fashion magazine, "Peterson's" is universally pronounced as far in the lead of all others.

Numerous designs for needle-work, embroidery, knitting, patching, etc., with designs printed in colors. Articles on the management of the sick, by a trained nurse, household and garden hints, recipes for cooking, and interesting articles on various topics, are given monthly.

The aim of the publishers is to give such variety of contents as will both interest and instruct its readers, and make it a helpful companion to every woman.

TERMS: \$2.00 PER YEAR

with large reductions to clubs, and handsome premiums for getting them up. A sample copy, with full particulars, will be sent for 5 cents.

Address, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Plaindealer.

Published every Friday.

TERMS, 50 CENTS A YEAR.

Office at Simmons' Block, No. 7 Main Street.

TERRY SIMMONS, EDITOR

Peck's Bad Boy Saturday.

Washington boulevard it is now.

Best imported Saxony yarn, 12 1/2 c'ts a skein, at Brodbeck's.

Price the underwear at Bennett's before buying elsewhere.

Sheet music at the New Drug Store, CHAS. F. JOHNSON.

Miss Mattie Allen entertains the Chautauqua Circle next Tuesday evening.

Call on Hart & Kelso, the Square Tailors, when in want of a good, honest business suit.

Have you seen that new puff scarf at Poole & Galloway's? It is the latest out in neck wear.

We advise early buying, as our prices create a lively demand in boots and shoes. J. LORD.

South Main street will be a credit to our place on completion of the paving. It had been a mud hole altogether too long.

Mrs. N. S. Robinson went to Chicago yesterday, on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. John E. Crate, expecting to be absent a week or so.

Hart & Kelso have a complete stock of carefully selected Fall and Winter goods on hand, which they are making up at very close figures.

We have the best line of boys' clothing we have yet shown to the public, and ask your inspection of the same. POOLE & GALLOWAY.

Mr. W. S. Ramsley, of Milton, N. Y., who visited his sister, Mrs. William Waghorne, for a week, left for his Eastern home Monday morning.

W. A. Bosworth has bought him a farm at Rowley, Iowa, and will make that his future home. Anxious to hear from the friends here and of the ups and downs of our town, he takes the PLAINDEALER.

Last night's dollar social and ten cent supper brought in \$60 for the former and \$17 for the latter. This will be a large lift in improvement funds at the Congregational church.

Miss Mate Makeever, in her own cordial manner, made welcome a surprise party of about eighteen at her home Wednesday night. In due time nice refreshments were served to the guests and the hours passed in pleasure for one and all.

Mr. L. R. Sample is canvassing our place with four beautiful books for children entitled: Little Bright Eyes, Jolly Playmates, Mayflowers and Mistletoes, The Young American Annual. Each is finely illustrated with what is most pleasing to children of the ages they are intended for, while the reading is the brightest and best found anywhere. The prices are low for such choice works. He has already secured the names of several citizens whose approval stamps the books as worthy a place in every cultured household. When he calls at your place give them the attention they merit.

### HICKORY POINT HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. Adeline Case, from Iowa, is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. W. Campbell.

Joel, Frank and Win Ellis returned to Chicago the first of this week.

The "Tea" given by the Sisters' Social Circle, at C. T. Farrell's, on Wednesday evening of last week, was a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hanna and S. S. Thompson are sojourning at a Western health resort for the benefit of Mr. H's health.

One of Fall River's fair maids is preparing her wedding trossseau. We don't expect to be bidden to the marriage so we wish her joy right now.

Mr. C. T. Farrell, Fall River's Congressional candidate, has been making campaign speeches in the interest of Prohibition party during the past two weeks. Grundy and Kendall counties have been his field of labor.

We are sorry to chronicle the fact that we have a law suit in our midst, and our advice to the contesting parties is to kiss and make up.

Mrs. S. S. Thompson and daughter returned from their visit to Chicago on Monday last.

The Prospect Hill school was closed last week for the Fall vacation, by Miss Sue Galloway, who has taught there successfully for a number of terms.

Miss Luella Galloway will attend the Dixon Normal this Winter where she will take up a business course.

MARCUS.

Robert Kelso is doing business at Ottawa to-day.

Ladies heavy jersey ribbed vests, only 25 cents, at Brodbeck's.

Work, Dress and Kid Gloves at Bennett's.

If you wish to see a good thing in underwear for 50 cents go to Brodbeck's.

There is no doubt about it. Benson's is the place to get your clothes made up from stylish, good, honest goods. Always good work done.

Remember the Standard Dramatic Co's matinee at Washington hall, 2 P. M. to-morrow. Every boy or girl attending will be given free a package of candy.

Pure and harmless as the clover blossoms is Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which promptly and pleasantly cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Piles, Pimples, Costiveness, Bad Blood, Low Spirits, Kidney Troubles and chronic diseases. A bottle holding nearly a pint for 50 cents, at Trowbridge's.

Our fire company has ordered some rubber suits. One hundred dollars was secured by subscription toward uniforms, which will be a start toward something but should be largely increased. Some are of the opinion that the rubber goods should be paid for with village money, allowing all subscription money to be expended on parade uniforms.

Carrie Galloway opened the door at her home Monday night and in walked as jolly a crowd as you will find anywhere. Perhaps Cad was not surprised at all, but she was, though. With joke and laugh, all royal fun, with music and dancing, that kept all hearts prancing, this took the bun. And to all, Cad's welcome call placed them at ease, ready others to please.

### RUTLAND DASHES.

Walter Long passed over our highways last Sunday.

Wm. Stadden purchased a fine driving nag while in Earl last week.

Frank Teal bagged nine squirrels in coon hollow one day last week.

Lee Albry hung a blanket on the fence to dry, which he had used as a cushion on the sulky plow, when along came old Eastracker and thinking it cash goods decorated his spring seat with the wet blanket. Lee says he will put a head on the man who took it but dot was no phatka.

County Surveyor Irwin has been surveying the boundary line between Geo. Gibson and Frank Debolt, which resulted in the former gaining some land. Mesdames Milton Peddicord and Will Miller have been visiting their brother, Mr. Gibson, in Iowa.

A horse belonging to a farmer near Wedron fell dead near Gillen's store, in Ottawa, last Friday. It is thought that he had the blind staggers, as he reared up and fell, never making another struggle.

Debolt Bro's and Geo. Gibson have just received a car load of lumber which they will use for building purposes.

Wild Bill and his pard are about to erect a shanty in Jesse Groves' timber, and will chop cord wood for that venerable gentleman this Winter.

Al Fisher has been sporting a sprained ankle the past few days, caused by falling from the hay mow. Nothing serious, but painful.

Austin Hayer sold his farm of eighty acres, situated in Rutland, to Jesse Graves.

Owing to the bad weather the dance at Wm. Stadden's was a failure. Only two girls were there.

C. Long has raised his corn crib and laid a new foundation under it; also invented a scheme for pulling burdocks out of his orchard.

Messrs. Spencer Bro's, Rivers, Michael and Dick Miller scoured coon hollow last Sunday in quest of game.

They were loaded all the way from sixes to B. B., and on reaching the river, after passing through the timber, had bagged one red squirrel, one grey hoot owl and a blue jay. They all went home, rejoicing over their luck.

### HAIRD PAN.

### Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

### HOSIERY! HOSIERY!!

The largest stock and prices the lowest, at Brodbeck's.

### NEW MUSIC STORE.

Pianos and organs just received at Chas. F. Johnson's.

The Square Tailors, Hart & Kelso, have the enviable reputation of making the best and most comfortable fitting Prince Albert coat in town.

One of the old time faces we were glad to see was one of our old friend and townsman, Albert F. Brown, who called on us to-day. He is not looking as well as we could have hoped for, but as he will winter on his fine fruit farm in Florida, he may be much better by Spring. While North he has been visiting his sister, Mrs. A. F. Jaques, in Ottawa. He expects to sell his Florida property and again make it his home North, possibly at Marselles, thinking this place, after all, as good a place as you find anywhere.

### Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00 at all druggists. Sample bottles free.

Some of the good effects of the work done by Miss Evelyn Smith, as a teacher in the Methodist Sunday school, are to go on after her departure, although her influence some of her old class met at Mrs. J. D. Wightman's Tuesday night and organized a Marselles Chapter of the Knights of the Round Table. Officers were elected as follows: President, Chas. Woodward; vice president, Lee Vincent; secretary, Hubert Wightman; treasurer, Alfred Arnold; librarian, Thomas Moore. Meetings are to be held every Thursday evening, at homes of members. Those fourteen years of age or over can join if a member of a Sunday school or church. It takes seventy members to make a complete chapter, which they hope to get. Last evening the members met at Chas. Woodward's to pay initiation fees and complete arrangements not attended to at the first meeting.

### BLUFF SCHOOL.

Report for the month ending Oct. 21st, 1890:

The following pupils were neither absent nor tardy during the entire month:

### VALLEY PRIMARY.

Jay Coffeen	Willie Shuty
Jesse Coffeen	Howard Shaffer
Jesse Shaffer	Felix Bicer
Blanche VanSlyke	Dolly Daggett
Fred Morgandash	Lora Morgan
Julius Neiman	Bird Wells
Grace Brent	Willie Becker
Flora Gardner	Jessie Van Slyke
Grace Varney	Winnie Piester
Clarence Dyer	Eddie Bedford

### BLUFF PRIMARY.

Hattie Wehrhane	Ella Spaulding
Johanna Wehrhane	Emily Wehrhane
Minnie Shelton	Roy Swinder
Lela Schrader	Lertie Peddicord
Hilda Benson	Henry Schultz
Grace Peace	Lucius Tucker
Jessie McArthur	Fred Neimann
Anna Heald	Ertie Spaulding
Alice Swingler	Willie Tummel

### FIRST INTERMEDIATE.

Lula VanSlyke	Dannie Hines
Rosa Brent	Elmo Higgins
Mabel Weirick	Emil Schultz
Jennie Graham	Harry Heald
Carrie Swartout	James Gage
Dora Gray	Harry Campbell
Helen Varney	Arthur Simmons
Mabel Daily	Hiram Jackson
Lily Burlingame	Josie McNally
Mabel Johnson	Alfred Neiderkora
Ethel Varney	Harry Bruce
Sammie Harley	Willie Clair
Charlie Swingler	

### SECOND INTERMEDIATE.

Gertie Gardner	Burr Coffeen
Rena Trowbridge	Forrest Smith
Alice Haynes	Cassius Thurber
Laura Neiderkorn	Ernest Ryall
Nellie Clair	Jessie Gillett
Minnie Potter	Earl Odell
Norma Hayes	Eddie Spaulding
Ella Dittman	Fred Bruce
Ida Cowles	Charlie Churchill
Hattie Yoder	Bertie Ethridge
Millie Borough	

### GRAMMAR ROOM.

Nellie Annin	Blanche Stover
Pansy Hayes	Lucien Tousley
Jessie Haynes	Frank Tryon
Annie Hines	Ethel Walbridge
Addie Jackson	Albert Weirick
Benj. Pomeroy	Arthur Yoder
Mabel Porter	Emma Schultz

### HIGH SCHOOL.

Maggie Dewey	Grace Neilson
Edward Miller	Gertie Smith
Anna Dewey	Truman Thurber
Katie Clair	Leslie Trowbridge
Robert Daly	Jessie Yoder
Etna Drake	Ada Campbell
Alice Holmes	Willie Hollo
Allan Jackson	Anna Tucker
Milton Johnson	Lee Vincent
Nellie McCutcheon	Clara Allen

### STRICTLY TRUE.

The prudent housewife finds it wise to buy household tinware and hardware as well as notions of all kinds at the Red, White & Blue store.

Geo. Sparks

# The Marseilles Plaindealer.

VOL. XIV.

MARSEILLES, ILL, FRIDAY, OCT. 31, 1890.

NO. 44

## BEFORE BEING BOOTED

this Fall or Winter, remember that you can

### Kick Yourself

if you buy your boots or shoes anywhere else than at my place, for you will

### Never Kick

over what I offer you in low prices, first quality and the choicest styles. Come and see.

## JOHN LORD.

## A STRAIGHT TIP!

Look at this picture and you will find it a good representation of the favorite "Daisy" kerosene oil can.



If you have bought one lately, it has cost you at least 50 cents.

We will sell you the same identical

can for only 25 cents, as long as the present supply holds out.

## RED, WHITE & BLUE.

## AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

PUBLISHED FIFTY YEARS CONSECUTIVELY.

Recognized as the Best Rural and Family Periodical in the World, giving invaluable help, the best information, thousands of plans, practical and useful hints and suggestions, and Thousands of Original Engravings annually.

Try it this year; it will pay you well. No one can read a number without getting thoroughly reliable and practical information, Profitable to Everybody. Each number contains Sketches of Labor-saving Contrivances to aid Indoor and Outdoor Work; Fine Engravings of Animals, Plants, Flowers, Out-buildings, with many Pleasing, Instructive pictures for Young and Old. Subscription price, \$1.50 a year.

We are desirous to make this the Banner Year in Circulation, which now is over 100,000 Copies monthly.

## OUR PREMIUM OFFER.

### THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD CYCLOPEDIA.

Price \$1.00. Bound in Cloth and Gilt.

A Complete Ready Reference Library for Farmers, Gardeners, Fruit Growers, Stockmen and Housekeepers, containing a Large Fund of Useful Information, Facts, Hints and Suggestions, in Various Departments of

Agriculture, Horticulture, Live Stock Raising, Poultry Keeping, Bee Keeping, Dairy Farming, Fertilizers, Rural Architecture, Farm Implements, Household Management, Domestic Affairs, Cookery, Ladies' Fancy Work, Floriculture, Medical Matters, Etc.

CONTAINING 644 PAGES, WITH 249 ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Valuable Book furnished with the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST One Year for \$1.60, or for only 10 cents additional to the subscription price, paying postage on book.

## PARRY MFG. CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



No. 7 1/2

Price, \$18.00 at Factory, Cash with Order.

Strictly First-Class. Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Steel Axles and Tires. Low Rent Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced. Long, Easy Riding, Oil Tempered Spring. Best Wheels and Best All Over.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

## Bakery and Confectionery.

FINE STOCK OF

FRUITS, CANDIES, CIGARS AND TOBACCO

All guaranteed the best for the money.

Canned Goods, Bread, Cookies, Pies, Etc

MENZO JENNINGS.

## Marseilles, Ill.

A thriving incorporated village on the C. & I. & P. R'y., and Illinois and Michigan canal, eight miles from Ottawa, the county seat, 77 from Chicago and 104 from Rock Island. The Illinois river affords splendid water power, and at the dam is one of the best fishing grounds in the state. There are five churches, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Universalist, and Catholic. Two excellent public schools and a high school projected. The most prominent manufactures are agricultural implement works, paper and flour mills, brick, tile, stoneware and hoop works. Good coal is mined and wood is abundant. Numerous stone quarries. Three newspapers, PLAINDEALER, Register and News. First National Bank. Electrically lighted and water works for fire protection. Population 2300. Albert L. Stone, postmaster. Fred Sehring, depot agent. Nearly every society represented. Fine scenery, excellent class of people, best of drainage, very healthy. Nearly 100 constantly flowing artesian wells furnish an abundance of pure drinking water.

## R-R TIME TABLE C. & I. & P. RY.

GOING EAST.	
No. 16 leaves.....	2:35 A. M.
" 4 ".....	4:20 A. M.
" 10 ".....	7:45 A. M.
" 2 ".....	10:30 A. M.
" 8 ".....	4:15 P. M.
GOING WEST.	
No. 15 leaves.....	1:46 A. M.
" 7 ".....	11:11 A. M.
" 1 ".....	4:14 P. M.
" 9 ".....	7:55 P. M.
ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—EAST.	
No. 42 leaves.....	5:00 P. M.
" 40 ".....	3:55 P. M.
ACCOMMODATION FREIGHTS—WEST.	
No. 41 leaves.....	8:50 A. M.
" 37 ".....	10:05 A. M.

F. SEHRING, Agent.

Come again. POOLE & GALLOWAY.

Gent's lined kid gloves for 50 cents at Bennett's.

Best imported Saxony yarn, 12 1/2 cts a skein, at Brodbeck's.

Sheet music and music books at Chas. F. Johnson's Drug Store.

Mrs. H. Thompson returned Saturday from her Chicago visit of three weeks.

Now is the time to buy an overcoat, and Bennett's is the place to get a bargain.

If you wish to see a good thing in underwear for 50 cents go to Brodbeck's.

A town pump is the latest at the head of Main street. "Thanks" for small favors.

Pianos and Organs at the New Drug Store.

CHAS. F. JOHNSON.

It will pay you to look over my stock of children's clothing.

W. J. BENNETT.

There will be regular church services at the Universalist church, commencing Sunday, Nov. 9th.

Grand street parade by Craig and Howard's Minstrels, Monday at noon. Don't fail to see it.

CONCERT.

Buy a new tie of Poole & Galloway to wear to the concert Monday eve.

HOSIERY! HOSIERY!!

The largest stock and prices the lowest, at Brodbeck's.

There is no doubt about it. Benson's is the place to get your clothes made up from stylish, good, honest goods. Always good work done.

Don't forget the Minstrels at Washington Hall next Monday night. Admission, reserved seats, 50 cts; general admission, 35 cts; children, 25 cts.

Right now send five cents to D. Lothrop Co., Boston, Mass., for the November "Babyland," or take the magazine for a year. Only 50 cents.

There is always chance of improvement. We do not claim for them perfection, but they are certainly fine fitting. We refer to Poole & Galloway's suits and overcoats.

Vant Gardner has the foundation laid for his house, and D. Hurd is having his lots graded in fine shape, all of which will add to the looks of that portion of Bluff street.

All busy as bees at Hart & Kelso's this week, making up silk lined overcoats and Prince Alberts. They have a line of fine trade unusual to places even much larger than this.

We wish to tell our many patrons we now have the largest stock of seasonable goods we ever carried and will not advance prices on account of the McKinley tariff bill. THURBER & CO.

Tuesday Rev. and Mrs. A. Ethridge, Mrs. O. R. Adams and Mrs. J. Q. Adams went to Chicago to attend a meeting of the Woman's Board of Interior to be held in the Union Park Congregational church.

"Little Annie Rooney," everybody sings. But, "Little bit of money buys a sight of Things," is sung only by those who make their purchases at Simmons.

Ladies heavy-jersey ribbed vests, only 25 cents, at Brodbeck's.

There will be no let up to the building boom here this year, except as bad weather compels. Few fully realize how great the improvement in residence property has been during the Summer and Fall.

"The New York Cotton Exchange" is the subject of an elaborate article, embracing a concise history of the cotton industry in America, which Dr. Richard Wheatley will contribute to Harper's Weekly published Oct. 29th.

The blood, stomach and nerves preside over the health of the entire human system. Red Clover Tonic is a perfect cure for the above when out of normal condition. It is a good and great remedy. Sold by L. H. Trowbridge.

Craig and Howard's Minstrels come well endorsed by both press and public, and should receive a large house here. Reserved seats, 50 cents; general admission, 35 cents; children, 25 cents. Tickets for sale at Trowbridge's drug store.

Try a blood medicine that cannot injure you—one far superior to Sarsaparilla, or other alterative medicines. It is Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic; it cures cancer, rheumatism, and all blood, stomach, and liver troubles. Sold by L. H. Trowbridge.

As a souvenir from the Georgia Southern and Florida R. R., with general offices at Macon, Ga., we are in receipt of the old and always favorite song, "Old Folks at Home," which we thank them for. The above road is the Suwanee river route to Florida and connections.

The Wilson Schultz liquor case has materially helped to depopulate our village this week. Mrs. Wilson's endeavoring to obtain damages for injuries claimed to have been received by her from Elisha Hyatt, while under the influence of liquor, supposed to have sold him by Schultz.

Within ninety days from Oct. 14th, according to contract, the streets of our village are to be lit by twenty arc lights of 2,000 candle power. Thirty days trial of said lights will be asked previous to acceptance by the board. \$40 per year per light will be the price paid. If the thing were in operation Dec. 1st, all the better.

D. Lothrop Co., Boston, Mass., publish "Our Little Men and Women," for little men and women just like those of the households of many readers of this paper. Do you take it for them? The November number is a treasure of bright illustrations and choice reading and would delight your little folks. Send ten cents for a sample copy.

Among the numerous attractions that are to appear in the forthcoming number of Harper's Bazar, published October 24th, is a timely article on "The Wedding Season," by Mary Gay Humphreys. Mary E. Wilkins will contribute one of her characteristic stories, entitled "A Solitary" and Lizzie P. Lewis will tell "How I met the Crown Princess."

From J. M. Himelman, 5 and 6 Washington St., Chicago, Ill., representing White Smith Music Publishing Co., we are this week in receipt of a beautiful piano solo "Ribbon Polka," the new Parisian society dance by Carl A. Blanc; also the latest exquisite soprano solo by C. A. White, the people favorite, entitled "Thou Art an Angel." Both are musical gems.

Patients suffering from sick-headache will find Red Clover Tonic a prompt and pleasant relief. As a laxative in the treatment of recent or chronic constipation the remedy is absolutely perfect, as it tones the system instead of debilitating, as do other similar remedies. In its efficacy for indigestion and all such stomach troubles, as a tonic and appetizer, also for dispelling lassitude, it has no equal. A little taken now and then after meals, assists digestion and keeps the bowels regular. We know of no case where Red Clover Tonic has had anything but the most satisfactory results. It grows in favor each day. It cures all blood, stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Sold by L. H. Trowbridge.

Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth" cannot be seen in your town every day, but a show that is more in the interest of your pocket-book, can be seen any day at the great bargain house of Terry Simmons whose prices, compared with qualities, are "curiosities" worth your while to look after. Call and see if you don't get your money's worth, as fully as if you had gone to "Barnum's."

## W.C.T.U. Column.

EDITED BY PRESS SUP'TS OF W'S AND Y'S.

Mrs. John B. Gough is in a critical condition from spinal trouble and is almost helpless.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, president of Maine W. C. T. U., is one of the two lady managers of the World's Fair chosen from her state.

The ideal citizen is the man who believes that all men are brothers and the nation is merely an extension of his family, to be loved, respected, and cared for accordingly.

One of our lecturers, who has been working in the Nebraska campaign, says that never before has she seen so many white ribbons in men's vests and lapels as were visible there. She considers it a symptom that the men are making common cause with the women in this fight.

A new feature is introduced into the Ohio State W. C. T. U. to be held in Chillicothe this week. It is a mass meeting of the colored citizens and delegates. The address will be made by Mother Stewart, who has done effective work among the colored people during the year.

The latest movement of the Salvation Army in Toronto, Can., is the establishment of a receiving home for discharged prisoners, with a wagon to call at the jail and convey prisoners direct to the home. The wagon is named the "Red Maria" and was recently unveiled with enthusiastic ceremonies.

Our local Y's are arranging medal contests for the near future, and the experience gained from those previously held, will be a guarantee of improvement in those wherever improvement is possible. As a high grade entertainment—instructive, interesting and elevating—these contests take first rank.

The Illinois W. C. T. U. now has a membership of over fourteen thousand, having added over twelve hundred new members during the past year. \$67,000 have been expended in local work and fifteen hundred thousand pages of literature distributed. There are 25,000 children in the Loyal Temperance legions.

Y. NOTES.

A new department of work is under consideration.

A course of lectures will be held in Marseilles this winter under the direction of the Y's.

Two classes have been formed for Demorest contests in the near future, one of boys and the other girls.

During the eleven months of its existence over \$100 has passed through the Y. treasury, and a good balance is now on hand.

Our society contributed to the Mrs. Mabee Memorial Fund, which will be sent to assist the amendment workers in the Nebraska campaign.

Officers chosen at the recent election of the W. C. T. U. for the ensuing year: Pres., Mrs. L. C. Osgood; Vice-presidents, Mrs. J. P. Yoder, Mrs. C. L. Preston and Mrs. U. Bowers; Cor. sec., Mrs. M. Piester; rec. sec., Miss Emma C. Morgan; treas., Mrs. H. R. Adams; W. T. P. A. representative, Miss Emma C. Morgan; Union Signal, Mrs. C. L. Preston.

The Y. W. C. T. U. re-elected nearly all its old officers, the following being the new list: Y. Sup't. and pres., Mrs. A. Ethridge; vice-presidents, Agnes Cram, Mary Montgomery, Carrie Poole and Mattie Allen; rec. sec., Josephine Keller; cor. sec., Emily Galloway; treas., Sappho Preston; Sup't. flower-mission, Rebekah Pomeroy; Sup't. music and L. T. L., Agnes Cram; Sup't. press-work, Nellie Persons.

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# THE PLAINDEALER.

MARSEILLES, ILLINOIS.

## DRAMATIC SILENCE.

The Cobbler Had Not a Word to Say, and Then the Worm Turned.

He had a sample fly-screen under his arm as he came along to a small shoe shop on Ludlow street. The cobbler looked up from his work, sized up his caller, and then resumed his pegging without a word.

"Nice weather, this," suggested the agent as he sat down on the only chair in the shop.

No response.  
"That is, it's nice weather for flies. Beats all how many flies there are around this year. Did you ever make an estimate of the number of flies in New York?"

The cobbler didn't seem to hear.  
"Any thing like the full number would run into billions. There are in your shop at the present time no less than 5,753 flies, large and small. Taking this as a basis to figure on, and the total in the city would be an almost incredible number."

The cobbler dampened a piece of sole leather and hammered it out, but said nothing.

"But for the ingenuity of man the house-fly would make life almost a purgatory during the summer," continued the agent, as he nibbed at a piece of the shoemaker's wax. "Left to his own free will the pest would damage this city \$10,000,000 worth every year. The inventor of the fly screen was a greater man than Columbus. Have you ever figured on the cost of screens for the door and two windows?"

The cobbler was silent.  
"Probably not, and you will be astonished at the low price. Just let me measure. Now, I'll figure a little. Ah! here it is—a result to astonish you. I can screen those openings with our patent woven wire cloth for—how much do you think?"

The cobbler was burning off a heel and never raised his eyes.

"It figures \$4.80, but as I want to introduce these goods in this neighborhood I'll make it even dollars. Come, now, but it's the biggest bargain of the century."

The cobbler reached for his hook and prepared to pull out the last.

"I shouldn't want you to give my figure away to the baker above or the tailor below you, both of whom have given me orders at regular prices. As I said, the object is to introduce the goods and secure a foothold."

The cobbler pulled and pulled, and the last finally came out with a "chuck."

"Remember that I warrant these screens for five years, which is something no other agent dares do. They balk the fly, baffle the moth, perplex the mosquito, and make life miserable for all the bugs. They have an aristocratic look, are generally accepted as evidence of thrift, and I'll defy you to find a business house in New York provided with our screens which can't discount its paper. Let's see. What is the name, please?"

"You like some patches put on?" asked the cobbler, as he suddenly looked up.

"Patches! Why, no. I called to take your order for—"

"You want a lift on your heel?"

"Lift? Why, man, my heels are all right. I want to supply these openings with our—"

"No work for you?"

"No, I don't want any thing done. As I have several times informed you, I called to—"

The cobbler sat down, picked up an old shoe, cut a "rise" for the left side of the heel, and began driving in pegs, and after standing for two or three minutes, the agent walked to the door and turned and said:

"Very well. I come to you not only as an agent, but a public benefactor, and you treat me with contempt and scorn. In brief, you make me weary. Suppose we say \$3.50 for the three openings."

No response.  
"An even \$3."

Deep silence.

"There is a limit to what even the fly-screen man can bear," said the agent. "That limit has been reached. The worm turns. I go."

And the only response was a peggety-peg, as the hammer sent the sharpened bits of maple deep down into the heel.—N. Y. Sun.

## The After-Dinner Speech.

"An after-dinner speech," says Daniel Dougherty, "should always be brief. It ought never to exceed ten minutes in length. It should begin with some pleasantries and end with sentiment. The instant that you have uttered all the thoughts you had in mind, sit down. Don't hesitate and fish around for more ideas or reproduce the old ones. If you do you will spoil your ease of manner, and manner means a great deal in an after-dinner speech. If you say nothing pleasantly, every body at table will consider that you have said it well. People at table do not look for profound thought or solemn propositions. And above and beyond all things they object to being wearied."—N. Y. Tribune.

—Elderly Suitor—"I have spoken to your mother Helen and—"  
"Helen—"  
"Oh, I'm so glad. Did she accept you?"  
—N. Y. Sun.

## "WHY?"

Canst ask why do I love thee? True sweet heart,  
Thou ask'st what ne'er was told on mortal part.

"Heav'n were not Heav'n if we knew what it were."

So love, all reasoned out, would seem less fair,  
Might languish low, or die.

But this, sweet love, I feel and know—  
I love thee, oh, I love thee so!

Doth know why in its tuneful airy flight  
The lark soars ever heav'nward to the light?

What is that song that in each poet's dream  
Dwells deep in his great heart and ne'er is seen?

Save by the soul's clear eye!  
The song, sweet love, I feel and know  
Is, oh, my love, I love thee so!

Canst penetrate the soul and understand  
The tender thrill when hand, soft laid, meets hand?

What stirred our inmost souls when, lips yet sealed,  
Mine eyes met thine, beloved, and part revealed?

The love that soared so high!  
Didst analyze, or didst but know  
That 'twas, my sweet, I loved thee so!

Canst speak the soul-drawn bliss a kiss doth more?

No, no! It is enough that this sweet love  
Is ours—that thou, love of my life, art mine  
E'en as my life, my soul, my all is thine.

For thee to live or die!  
And this is all I care to know—  
Thou lovest me and I love thee so!

—Erica Ellison, in Once a Week.

## WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Some Strong Opinions and What Came of Them.

"Ugh!" said Will, with a most exaggerated shudder of disgust. "If there is any thing I do abominate above all other horrors, it is a strong-minded woman."

"Oh," said Millicent, grandly. "I should imagine you would feel more comfortable in the society of a weak-minded one."

"Now, I hope you are wilted," cried Teddy, with a grin of delight over Millicent's sarcasm. "For my part, I adore strong-minded women. My aversion is for one of your bread-and-butter misses, who blush if you look at them, and can't say any thing but 'No, sir,' or 'Yes, sir.' I mean to marry a female lawyer or a doctor."

Now, Teddy had commenced this speech with a smile so manifest that it has already been described as a grin, but, as he proceeded, his face became clouded, and his emphasis was downright vicious.

Nobody in the room took much notice of the change, though Millicent smiled a little. As if Teddy Crawford's compliments could move her!

But there was another room adjoining the one in which these young people were chatting, and in that room a golden head drooped low, and blue eyes grew misty as Teddy spoke. Then Daisy Whyte lifted her head with a defiant toss, and said:

"I don't care!" under her breath. But as she said it she softly opened the low French window and stepped outside.

Mrs. Furber, Millicent's aunt, had been giving a garden-party, and some of the most intimate friends, after most of the guests had departed, had sauntered into the wide drawing-room for a chat. There were Will Kraft, the only lawyer in Everdale, heir to his father's profession and a very comfortable fortune, and Edward Crawford, who had just returned from a three-years' tour in Europe, and who had studied medicine and "walked hospitals," just because "a fellow must do something," you know, but who owned about half Everdale, and lived with an ancient house-keeper in the handsomest house in the place.

He had been Millicent's champion ever since they were at the pinafore age, when Crawford House was presided over by his parents, and Mrs. Furber's orphan niece, and supposed heiress was the petted guest of Mrs. Crawford. In the changes of life, Teddy's absence at college, his parents' death, his European tour, the two had always corresponded and kept up a most loyal friendship.

Teddy knew all Millicent's aspirations to rise above the routine of so-called woman's work. Teddy had gravely considered the conflicting attractions of art-studies, a medical course or law-reading. Teddy wiped away the tears when Aunt Bertha positively forbade Millicent to have "nasty skulls" in her room, or to examine all the sores of the children in the village. It was Teddy who consoled Millicent when her first oil-painting was pronounced a "dreadful fiasco" by the few critics who viewed it, and Teddy presided over the funeral pyre of the work, and comforted the chief mourner.

After that, Teddy went abroad and Millicent studied fiercely, taking Latin in enormous doses, reading Greek like a professor, playing upon the grand piano only the most difficult of classic music, and trying to think she understood and enjoyed it.

When Teddy came home, Will Kraft had been six months in Everdale, having won his first cases in New York, and being a full-fledged lawyer. Everdale gossips were prone to speak of the two young men as rivals, although Will had lately taken rather a savage tone in speaking of women who were not content to be simply domestic angels and consider the broiling of beefsteak and larding of stockings as the chief end of woman.

But all this time, while conversation was lively in the drawing-room, and many merry voices favored one or the other of the opinions quoted above, Daisy Whyte was walking rapidly across the wide lawn past the tables

where busy servants were clearing away the debris of the late festal, through the rose-garden down to the old summer-house, where already she could see the glory of the western sky in the sunset.

It was a shabby, old summer-house, built right over the river; underneath was the boat-house, but of late years the only boat was a small one, in which Millicent often rowed about, when weary of brain-work.

Mrs. Furber talked often of having the whole structure pulled down and a new one built in its place, for the timbers were rotten and the ugliness of decay was only hidden by the climbing vines that covered the wall and roof.

Here Daisy was alone, hidden from the river by the ivy-clad walls, hidden from the house by a grove of trees. With nobody to see her, the pretty face lengthened, the blue eyes grew misty and the golden head drooped.

"Nobody will miss me," she thought, with a forlorn satisfaction. "There is Millicent and Carrie Tilbourne and Josie Payne and all the other girls, all rich enough to have a new dress for the party, too. No wonder nobody cares for me, in this old thing!" and she gave her foot a swing against the crisp folds of the blue muslin dress. It might not have been quite new, but it was most exquisitely laundered by Daisy's own deft fingers, fitted to perfection and had ruffles white as snow at throat and wrists.

"A cheap affair," Carrie Tilbourne rustling in a new silk, had called it; but Daisy was at an age and had a face that made cheap affairs in dress a secondary consideration. With her peach-bloom cheeks, her soft, blue eyes, large and golden lashed, her dainty figure, her baby mouth, and cluster of feathery, yellow curls, she made the blue muslin appear the robe above all others suited to her beauty.

"All rich, or with rich relatives," she thought presently; "and they all let me feel that I am only here because Millicent is so good-natured. She is kind to me, and I—I wish I loved her more. I do! I am a wicked girl, I know; but she has every thing, and I want so much! It is nearly the end of August, and in September I must go back to the seminary and teach scales and exercises to beginners. I can't even have the pleasure of finishing my work. Just as soon as my scholars begin to be a little credit to me, they are whisked off to Signor Folderoll's, and he gets all the praise I have earned. Oh dear! life is so hard!"

Then the tears dropped slowly down upon the dimpled white hands, as pretty as a baby's, and Daisy's thoughts took another course.

"Of course Millicent will marry Teddy, though I do not think she ought to flirt so much with Will Kraft, and Teddy adores her. He is always talking about her great intellect, and her wonderful power, and quoting her to me as a woman fit to wear a crown. I know I can't talk Greek, and I'm little and shy, but I don't think I am quite an idiot. I wish I was tall like Millicent, and had brown hair and eyes like Millicent, and could read Greek and Latin, and—"

The gay party in the drawing-room were thinking of breaking up, and some were already standing saying farewell to the hostess, when two men came in, white and panic-stricken.

"The old summer-house has given way, ma'am," one said to Mrs. Furber, "and there was some one there! We saw one of the young ladies go down—"

"Who?" was the cry from all.

"Oh!" said Millicent, wringing her hands, "it must be Daisy! Teddy dear—"

But Teddy was gone, swift as a flash. Teddy had missed the baby face long before. Teddy had been listening through all the merry chat for the low, timid voice he could never win from its faint, shy tremor. Teddy had thrown one lightning glance around the room when the men came in, and was already flying across the lawn, through the rose-garden, down to that awful empty space where the summer-house had gone down with a crash into the water, while Daisy was longing to be like Millicent—for Teddy's sake.

One awful moment of agony stilled the young man's heart as he looked before him, then a shout reached him:

"Come this way, Mr. Crawford; we've found her!"

Three stalwart men were working at the ruin, and amid the timbers, the ivy and the flowering vines, all prostrated about her, lay Daisy, white and insensible.

"Is she dead?"  
Teddy wondered even in his horror at the difficulty his dry lips had in forming the words.

"No, sir! It's only a faint. I'll carry her up to the house," answered one of the men.

"And I'll go for a doctor," said another.

Dazed and feeling as if all brightness had been suddenly stricken out of his life, Teddy followed the strong-armed Irishman, who carried Daisy as easily as a child to the house. They met the whole merry party of a few minutes before, pale and sad enough now, and all turned back.

Teddy watched Millicent as she sped on ahead, prompt and self-possessed, leading the way to the first-floor bedroom, kept for a guest-chamber, and motioned the man who carried Daisy to put her on the bed. Then the door closed, and a dread silence fell upon the group of watchers.

Mrs. Furber went in, and, after a short delay, the doctor came.

By and by, Mrs. Furber came out, with a grave face.

"She is badly hurt," she said, "but we can not tell yet if there is danger."

Slowly, with words of sympathy, the guests withdrew, all except Teddy and Will Kraft.

It was long before Millicent came out, but she was very pale as she went straight to Teddy.

"Teddy, dear," she said, tenderly, "you love Daisy?"

"Better than my life!" he answered, hoarsely.

"You shall see her. Stay one moment. She is terribly hurt, and"—her voice grew husky—"there must be an operation. It may not succeed! You understand?"

He bowed his head silently.

"You will not excite her?" Millicent said, pleadingly. "She asked to see you."

"I will not trouble her," Teddy answered, and Millicent led him into the room, where Daisy lay upon the bed, white and trembling.

"Daisy," he whispered, tenderly, "my love, my darling!"

The great blue eyes flashed open in a glorious radiance that conquered fear and pain.

"You love me?"

The faint voice thrilled like music.

"I love you, Daisy. You will be brave now, for my sake."

"Yes, yes! I only wanted to say goodbye, but now—"

"Now you will live to be my wife, my darling!"

"If God wills!" she said, softly.

He kissed her with tender gentleness and left her to Millicent and the doctor.

An hour later, while he paced up and down the garden in an agony of hope and fear, the doctor came out.

"She is doing nicely," was the report; "with Millicent's nursing, she will recover. Millicent is a woman in a thousand."

"Isn't she?" said Teddy, heartily. "I never saw her equal."

"H'm!" said the doctor. "I always thought, Mr. Teddy, that you and Millicent—Eh?"

"Oh, bless you, no!" said Teddy, frankly; "she wouldn't have me on any terms."

"H'm! But that poor, little crushed rosebud—"

"Yes," interrupted Teddy. "You'll come to the wedding?"

"Indeed, I will. Well! well!" and the doctor drove off, wondering a little at his friend's choice.

But Millicent, coming out in the dusk, after watching Daisy fall into a deep opiate sleep, found Will Kraft still in the drawing-room.

"Millicent," he said, coming to meet her, "can you forgive my conceited speeches to-day? I was half mad with jealousy, because you seemed to care more for Teddy—"

"Why, of course I do!" interrupted Millicent. "Teddy is the brother of my soul, and I am so glad he loves Daisy that I could sing for joy if I was not afraid of waking her."

"But, Millicent, if you lose your soul's brother, won't there be a vacancy in your heart, and Millicent"—here an audacious arm crept round her waist—"won't you take my life's devotion"—and so on, and so on.

Daisy recovered, and if Will Kraft pouted some over Millicent's constant attendance in the sick-room, Teddy was always ready to share in the wait, and, as "misery likes company," these two consoled each other, until one brilliant November day, when the sunshine seemed stolen from summer to shine upon the double wedding which Mrs. Furber gave to her niece Millicent, and the little orphan friend, Daisy Whyte.

And Everdale gossips still say:

"Did you ever! Why, only a few months before, Teddy was railing at broad-and-butter girls, and Will at strong-minded ones!"—N. Y. Ledger.

## SUNK BY A WHALE.

It Knocked a Hole in a Steamer's Side After Being Wounded.

A curious occurrence, resulting in the loss of a steamer, happened last Thursday off the Varanger Fjord in the north of Norway, says Beyer's Weekly News. A whale that had been harpooned by one of the steamers employed in those waters turned upon its pursuers and rammed the vessel, holding it so badly that it sank almost immediately. The crew having just time to escape from the sinking ship in boats. The whales of the species frequenting the sea of the coast, from North Cape eastward to Varanger Fjord, are notoriously vicious when attacked, and if not killed at once by the explosion of the shell attached to the harpoon are apt to be dangerous.

We recollect a somewhat similar incident that happened eighteen years ago. A whale was struck but not killed immediately, and it rushed off, towing the vessel after it by the harpoon line at a great speed. The engine of the steamer, about thirty-horse power, was started at full speed astern to counteract the whale's strength, in the expectation that the animal would soon succumb, but without avail; then the sails were hoisted and backed to still further increase the drag, but still the vessel continued to be towed at a high speed, on a direct north course, away from the coast. The vessel was towed in this way for nearly fifty miles without any sign of the animal giving in. At length the position became so critical, the vessel not being provided with an outfit for reaching the north pole, that the tow rope was cut and the whale allowed to escape.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The aggregate membership of the Baptist churches in the United States is 3,070,047.

—It is reported that there are 3,000 Japanese in this country, of whom 2,000 have been baptized by missionaries in their own land, or since they came to the United States.

—According to the English Congregational Year Book for 1890 there are 4,585 churches and mission stations in England and Wales, an increase for the year of thirty-three.

—There were 22,760 white and 13,004 colored children enrolled in the public schools in the city of Washington for the year 1880. There was 235 colored and 458 white teachers, and the total cost of instruction was \$457,455.

—Prussia's new compulsory law requires each and every child to attend the public schools from the end of his sixth year to the end of his fourteenth year, and during the entire school season. Unexcused absence is punishable by fine or imprisonment.

—The Detroit Journal lately started a movement to remove the rubbish around the site of Jacob's Well, one of the few spots in Palestine which without much doubt corresponds to the one mentioned in Scripture, and make it more convenient of access to visitors. The mouth of the well was found to be at the bottom of a cave or crypt which is in a ruinous condition. All efforts to repair it, however, have been in vain, as the Greek Church of Russia has bought the site and refuses to allow it to be touched for any purpose.

—Rev. Hiram Gee, of Ithaca, N. Y., has given \$10,000 to Syracuse University for the purpose of endowing an art fellowship. The proceeds are to be used in sending to Europe such graduates of fine arts as the faculty may elect to the fellowship for two years of special and professional study. The conditions on which the fellowship is to be accepted require that its recipient shall, during his term of foreign study, make copies of at least two representative paintings, statues, or other works of art in the leading galleries of Europe, the same to be the property of Syracuse University.

—Rev. W. Muirhead, of Shanghai, who recently paid a visit to Japan, reports: "The missionaries are pursuing their work with vigor and assiduity. They have their preaching places, lecture halls, schools, colleges, Bible and tract depots, etc., and are endeavoring to spread the Gospel with might and main throughout the country. There are now some 30,000 converts, and the number professedly connected with Christianity is said to be about 100,000. Of course these present all varieties, but the missionaries speak very highly of their native pastors and others, who seem only too eager to go ahead and get every thing into their own hands."—Sabbath Readings.

—The clergy of the Russian church are divided into two classes, according to their means of sustenance. One portion receives their regular salaries; the other have to work in the fields which the church apportions to them, and to depend on the gifts and collections from their parishioners. The latter are known as the "white" clergy. Now the Synod is working out a plan for putting the entire clergy on regular salaries and abolishing the system of church collections. The sum of \$2,841,600 roubles will be required annually for the salaries of the "white" clergy, which will be graded according to their respective offices. A special tax will be imposed upon the "orthodox" to raise that sum.

## Woeful Failure in Courtesy.

He had been driving a horse-car for four years, and got a little bit more weary-looking every day. "I can't stand it no longer," he said at last. "I ain't a-going to have any more women finding fault and claiming that they don't have courteous treatment." There was a woman standing on the next corner. He stopped his horses, dismounted from his perch, and going toward the curbstone, lifted his hat and inquired: "Do you propose making use of this vehicle to-day?" "Sir!" she said in tones of astonishment. "Do you wish to ride in this horse-car? If so, I will gladly escort you to it, procure you a seat, and hand your fare to the conductor. I am to please." "Why, I never heard of such impertinence!" she stammered. "I did intend riding on your car, but I shall certainly wait for the next one. And you may expect a complaint from me at the superintendent's office concerning your conduct, sir." He remounted the stool and pulled his hat down over his eyes. "Tain't no use! Grddup!" was all he said.—Washington Post.

## The After-Dinner Speech.

"An after-dinner speech," says Daniel Dougherty, "should always be brief. It ought never to exceed ten minutes in length. It should begin with some pleasantries and end with sentiment. The instant that you have uttered all the thoughts you had in mind, sit down. Don't hesitate and fish around for more ideas or reproduce the old ones. If you do you will spoil your ease of manner, and manner means a great deal in an after-dinner speech. If you say nothing pleasantly, every body at table will consider that you have said it well. People at table do not look for profound thought or solemn propositions. And above and beyond all things they object to being wearied."—N. Y. Tribune.

CONCERNING ONYX.

Something About Its Workings and Its Use in House Decoration.

Onyx is coming into general use for decorative purposes. With the formation of a syndicate to work the Mexican mines and with the discovery of onyx in other places, its uses have extended until it is becoming one of the most fashionable decorations in New York.

Onyx is the same improvement over fine marble that marble is over ordinary stone. It also costs as much more. These are two reasons why people who are putting up fine houses are beginning to use it.

Onyx is got out in as large blocks as it can be quarried. The quarrying has to be done with wedges and saws, as it can not be blasted or dug out with safety.

Onyx is worth in the rough from \$3 to \$15 per cubic foot. The price is not steady, as it depends on the demand and the length and shape of the block got as well as the appearance of the onyx.

The onyx in its rough state looks like other stalactites and stalagmites, though it might be taken for marble by any one not in the business. It is worked much as marble is, by sawing and polishing, except that more care has to be exercised and that the polishing is more difficult.

Some dealers make onyx up in mantels, but even though an onyx mantel is costly, the dealers do not like to make it up in that shape, as they say that it vulgarizes the onyx and will end in cheapening it.

In a salt mine near Hermanstadt, in Hungary, which for many years had been full of water, and was visited by tourists on account of its great depth and its repeating echo, a recent heavy rainfall raised the water to an extraordinary height.

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Irate Father—I tell you this extravagance has got to stop! Young Hopeful—Now, father, do be reasonable. You know it's all the style to have a dissipated son, and you can't have one without paying for the privilege.—Munsey's Weekly.

Little Boy—Pa, what is a trunk railroad? Father—Well, my son, I expect the railroad that goes to Saratoga is a trunk line.—Texas Sittings.

Brown—"You don't look well lately, Robinson." Robinson—"No, I can't sleep well on account of lung trouble." Brown—"Nonsense! Your lungs are all right!" Robinson—"Yes, miss ere; the trouble is with the baby's."

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

Rice, boiled very dry, is acceptably served with fish instead of potatoes.

Fried Parsnips: Take parsnips that have been boiled, slice lengthwise one-quarter of an inch thick and fry brown in butter or clear beef drippings.—Housekeeper.

The best way to wipe the walls of a room is cover a broom with a piece of cheese cloth, and beginning at the ceiling draw the broom down in lines, changing the cloth as it becomes soiled.

Macedonie of Fruit: One can pineapple thinly sliced; one can desiccated cocoa; eight good, juicy oranges peeled and thinly sliced; one teaspoon of powdered sugar. Keep very cool until ready to serve. One-half the quantity for a small family.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Canned Corn: Cut the corn from the cob, being careful not to cut too deep; then scrape out the part of the kernels left on the cob. Make a sirup of salt and sugar—just enough to flavor to taste—pour over the corn and heat to boiling point. Can as hot as possible, seal, and boil in the can one hour and ten minutes.

Orange Pudding: Two or more oranges peeled and cut fine, taking out the seeds; sprinkle with plenty of sugar; beat one pint rich milk scalding hot, beat up two eggs light, a pinch of salt, sweeten to taste, then add one and a half tablespoons corn starch; pour in the boiling milk, stir till thick, let cool, pour over the oranges.—Detroit Free Press.

Scalloped Cod: Two cupfuls picked codfish, one cupful drawn butter, with an egg beaten in it, one teaspoonful minced sour pickle, one tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce, fine bread crumbs. Have the drawn butter hot, stir the fish into it, add the pickle and sauce, pour into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with crumbs, dot with bits of butter, and bake.—Boston Budget.

Pickled Grapes: Pick the fresh grapes from the stems and place seven pounds of them in a jar. Scald a quart of vinegar with three and one-half pounds sugar, one tablespoonful each of whole cloves and cinnamon bark. Then remove from the fire, and when partially cool pour in on the grapes. Cover closely, set in a cool place and keep for two weeks, after which re-scald the vinegar, and boil it down until it is quite rich; then pour it over the grapes as before.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Pickled Apple: Pare and core sweet apples; take one quart of cider vinegar and dissolve in four and one-half pounds of sugar; boil five minutes; add cloves and cinnamon to suit taste; put into the vinegar as much of the apple as will cook conveniently; stew slowly until a fork will pierce it readily; skim the fruit out and add more, putting the cooked apple into a jar; after it is all cooked, pour over the boiling vinegar that is left; the fruit should be covered with it; cover the jar closely and keep in a cool place.—Boston Herald.

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A WATCHMAKER in Newcastle, Eng., recently completed a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The three studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt bosom, and the watch contained in the middle one is wound up by turning the stud above. The hands are set by turning the one below.

Investments in the South.

The "EVANVILLE ROUTE" will sell tickets from Chicago and all stations on its lines, on Sept. 9 and 23 and Oct. 14, at rate of one fare for the round trip, to points in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Texas. Tickets will be good for return passage 30 days from date of sale.

For pamphlet descriptive of the South or information as to rates or tickets, address WILLIAM HILL, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent C. & E. I. R. R. Chicago.

"FORGOTTEN HIM? Why, that doctor is a regular pelican!" "Pelican! What do you mean?" "Look at the size of his bill!"—Exchange.

Home Seekers Excursions

Will leave Chicago and Milwaukee via the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY for points in Northern Iowa, Minnesota, South and North Dakota, (including the Sioux Indian Reservation in South Dakota), Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska, Sept. 9th and 23rd and Oct. 14th, 1890. Half-rate Excursion Tickets good for return passage within 30 days from date of sale.

For further information, circulars showing rates of fare, maps, etc., address A. V. H. CARPENTER, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

DRUGGISTS, however prosperous, always do business on a small scale.—Lawrence American.

Home-Seekers' Excursions via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City R'y.

On Tuesdays, September 9 and 23 and October 14, 1890, agents of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets to principal points in the West, Northwest, South and Southwest at rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars call on or address agents of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway.

If men wore their hair as long as the women do it would not last a week after the wedding.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

Home-Seekers' Excursions

AT HALF RATE, via WABASH LINE, will be run September 9th and 23rd and October 14th, to points in Southwest Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas, Indiana Territory, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana, South and North Dakota, Iowa and Minnesota.

Rate—One Fare for Round Trip. For time tables, tickets and other particulars, apply to the nearest ticket agent of the Wabash Connecting Lines.

You may find hens in a henery, but don't look for bats in a battery.—Terre Haute Express.

Commendable.

All claims not consistent with the high character of Syrup of Figs are purposely avoided by the Cal. Fig Syrup Company. It acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, but it is not a cure-all and makes no pretensions that every bottle will not substantiate.

When the pedagogue whales theurchins it is but natural that they should blubber.—Richmond Recorder.

JOHN FITZGERALD, of Lehigh, Missouri, writes May 2d, 1890:

"I have been trying Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria and think it the best medicine I ever saw. It cured my wife and little girl when nothing else would, and they are both stout and hearty after taking one bottle."

There is thunder all around the sky, when the little terrier runs mad.—Texas Sittings.

More diseases are produced by using brown and perfumed soaps than by any thing else. Why run such terrible risks when you know Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure and perfect. Dobbins' prevents hands from chapping.

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W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Mich., writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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