October.

October comes across the hill
Like some light ghost, she is so still,
Though her sweet cheeks are rosy;
And through the floating thistle down
Her trailing, brier tangled gown
Gleams like a crimson posy.

The crickets in the stubble chime,
Lanterns flash at milking time;
The daisy's lost her ruffles;
The wasps the honeyed pippins try,
A film is over the blue sky,
A spell the river muffles.

But filled with fair content is she,
As if no frost could ever be,
To dim her brown eyes' luster;
And much she knows of fairy folk
That dance beneath the spreading oak
With tinkling mirth and bluster.

She listens when the dusty eves
Step softly on the fallen leaves,
As if for message cheering;
And it must be that she can hear
Beyond November, grim and drear,
The feet of Christmas nearing.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE STORY OF A MINE.

BY BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER IX.

WHAT THE FAIR HAD TO DO ABOUT IT.

THE house that Royal Thatcher so informally quitted in his exodus to the promised land of Biggs was one of those oversized, undercalculated dwellings conceived and erected in the extravagance of the San Francisco builder's hopes, and occupied finally in his despair. Intended originally as the palace of some inchoate California Aladdin, it usually ended as a lodging house in which some helpless widow or hopeless spinster managed to combine respectability with the hard task of bread getting. Thatcher's landlady was one of the former class. She had unfortunately survived not only her husband but his property, and, living in some deserted chamber, had, after the fashion of the Italian nobility, let out the rest of the ruin. A tendency to dwell upon these facts gave her conversation a peculiar significance upon the first of each month. Thatcher had noticed this with the sensitiveness of an impoverished gentleman. But when, a few days after her lodger's sudden disappearance, a note came from him containing a draft in noble excess of all arrears and charges, the widow's heart was lifted, and the rock smitten with the golden wand gushed beneficence that shone in a new gown for the widow and a new suit for "Johnny," her son, a new oilcloth in the hall, better service to the lodgers, and, let us be thankful, a kindlier consideration for the poor little black-eyed painter from Monterey, then dreadfully behind in her room rent. For, to tell the truth, the calls upon Miss De Haro's scant purse by her uncle had lately been frequent, perjury having declined in the Monterey market through excessive and injudicious supply, until the line of demarcation between it and absolute verity was so finely drawn that Victor Garcia had remarked that "he might as well tell the truth at once and save his soul, since the devil was in the market."

Mistress Plodgitt, the landlady, could not resist the desire to acquaint Carmen De Haro with her good fortune. "He was always a friend of yours, my dear, and I know him to be a gentleman that would never let a poor widow suffer; and see what he says about you!" Here she produced Thatcher's note and read: "Tell my little neighbor that I shall come back soon to carry her and her sketching tools off by force, and I shall not let her return until she has caught the black mountains and the red rocks she used to talk about, and put the 'Blue Mass' mill in the foreground of the picture I shall order."

What is this, little one? Surely, Carmen, thou needst not blush at this, thy first grand offer. Holy Virgin! is it of a necessity that thou shouldst stick the wrong end of thy brush in thy mouth, and then drop it in thy lap? Or was it taught thee by the good Sisters at the convent to strike in that boyish fashion to the side of thy elders and snatch from their hands the missive thou wouldst read? More of this we would know, O Carmen—smallest of brunettes—speak, little one, even in thine own melodious speech, that I may commend thee and thy rare discretion to my own fair country women.

Alas, neither the present chronicler nor Mistress Plodgitt got any further information from the prudent Carmen, and must fain speculate upon certain facts that were already known.

Mistress Carmen's little room was opposite to Thatcher's, and once or twice, the doors being open, Thatcher had a glimpse across the passage of a black-haired and a sturdy, boyish little figure in a great blue apron, perched on a stool before an easel, and on the other hand, Carmen had often been conscious of the fumes of a tobacco pipe penetrating her cloistered seclusion, and had seen across the passage, vaguely enveloped in the same nicotine cloud, an American Olympian, in a rocking chair, with his feet on the mantel shelf. They had once or twice met on the staircase, on which occasion Thatcher had greeted her with a word or two of respectful yet half humorous courtesy—a courtesy which never really offends a true woman, although it often piques her self-aplomb by the slight assumption of superiority in the humorist. A woman is quick to recognize the fact that the great and more dangerous passions are always serious, and may be excused if in self-respect she is often induced to try if there be not somewhere under the skin of this laughing Mercutio the flesh and blood of a Romeo. Thatcher was by nature a defender and protector; weakness, and weakness alone, stirred the depths of his tenderness—often, I fear, only through its half-humorous aspects—and on this plane he was pleased to place women and children. I mention this fact for the benefit of the more youthful members of my species, and am satisfied that an unconditional surrender and the complete laying down at the foot of beauty of all strong masculinity is a cheap Gallicism that is indeclinatable to most women worthy the winning. For a woman must always look up to the man she truly loves—even if she has to go down on her knees to do it.

Only the masculine reader will infer from this that Carmen was in love with Thatcher; the more critical and analytical feminine eye will see nothing herein that might not have happened consistently with friendship. For Thatcher was no sentimentalist; he had hardly paid a compliment to the girl—even in the unspoken but most delicate form of attention. There were days when his room door was closed; there were days days succeeding these blanks when he met her as frankly and naturally as if he had seen her yesterday. Indeed, on those days following his flight the simple-minded Carmen, being aware—heaven knows how—that he had not opened his door during that period, and fearing sickness, sudden death, or perhaps suicide, by her appeals to the landlady, assisted unwittingly in discovering his flight and defection. As she was for a few moments as indignant as Mrs. Plodgitt, it is evident that she had but little sympathy with the delinquent. And besides, hitherto she had known only Concho, her earliest friend, and was true to his memory, as against all Americanos, whom she firmly believed to be his murderers

So she dismissed the offer and the man from her mind, and went back to her painting—a fancy portrait of the good Padre Junipero Serra, a great missionary, who, happily for the integrity of his bones and character, died some hundred years before the Americans took possession of California. The picture was fair but unsalable, and she began to think seriously of sign painting, which was then much more popular and marketable. An unfinished head of San Juan de Bautista, artificially framed in clouds, she disposed of to a prominent druggist for $50, where it did good service as an exhibiting the effect of four bottles of "Jones's Freckle Eradicator," and in a pleasant and unobtrusive way revived the memory of the saint. Still, she felt weary and was growing despondent, and had a longing for the good sisters and the blameless lethargy of conventual life, and then——

He came!

But not as the prince should come on a white charger, to carry away this cruelly-abused and enchanted damsel. He was sunburned, he was bearded like "the pard," he was a little careless as to his dress and preoccupied in his ways. But his mouth and eyes were the same, and when he repeated in his old frank, half-mischievous way the invitation of his letter, poor little Carmen could only hesitate and blush.

A thought struck him and sent the color to his face. Your gentleman born is always as modest as a woman. He ran down stairs and seizing the widowed Plodgitt, said hastily:

"You're just killing yourself here. Take a change. Come down to Monterey for a day or two with me and bring Miss De Haro with you for company."

The old lady recognized the situation. Thatcher was now a man of vast possibilities. In all maternal daughters of Eve there is the slightest bit of the chaperone and match maker. It is the last way of reviving the past.

She consented and Carmen De Haro could not well refuse.

The ladies found the "Blue Mass" mills very much as Thatcher had previously delivered it to them, "a trifle rough and mannish." But he made over to them the one tenement reserved for himself and slept with his men, or more likely under the trees. At first Mrs. Plodgitt missed gas and running water, and these several conveniences of civilization, among which I fear may be mentioned sheets and pillow cases; but the balsam of the mountain air soothed her neuralgia and her temper. As for Carmen, she rioted in the unlimited license of her absolute freedom from conventional restraint and the indulgence of her child-like impulses. She scoured the ledges far and wide alone; she dipped into dark copses and scrambled over the sterile patches of chemisal, and came back laden with the spoil of buckeye blossoms, manzanita berries and laurel. But she would not make a sketch of the "Blue Mass company's" mills on a Mercator's projection—something that could be afterwards lithographed or chromoed, with the mills turning out tons of quicksilver through the energies of a happy and picturesque assemblage of miners—even to please her padrone, Don Royal Thatcher. On the contrary, she made a study of the ruins of the crumbled and decayed red rock furnace, with the black mountain above it, and the light of a dying camp fire shining upon it, and the dull red excavations in the ledge. But even this did not satisfy her until she had made some alterations, and when she finally brought her finished study to Don Royal, she looked at him a little defiantly. Thatcher admired honestly, and then criticised a little humorously and dishonestly. "But couldn't you, for a consideration, put up a sign board on that rock with the inscription, "Road to the Blue Mass company's new mills to the right," and combine business with art? That's the fault of you geniuses. But what's this blanketed figure doing here, lying before the furnace? You never saw one of my miners there—and a Mexican, too, by his serape." "That," quoth Mistress Carmen, coolly," was put in to fill up the foreground—I wanted something there to balance the picture." "But," continued Thatcher, dropping into unconscious admiration again, "it's drawn to the life. Tell me, Miss De Haro, before I ask the aid and counsel of Mrs. Plodgitt, who is my hated rival, and your lay figure and model?" "Oh," said Carmen, with a little sigh, "It's only poor Concho." "And where is Concho?" (a little impatiently.) "He's dead, Don Royal." "Dead?" "Of a verity—very dead—murdered by your countrymen." "I see—and you know him!" "He was my friend."

"Oh!"

"Truly."

"But" (wickedly), "isn't this a rather ghastly advertisement—outside of an illustrated newspaper—of my property?"

"Ghastly, Don Royal. Look you, he sleeps."

"Ay" (in Spanish), "as the dead."

Carmen (crossing herself hastily), "After the fashion of the dead."

They were both feeling uncomfortable. Carmen was shivering. But, being a woman, and tactful, she recovered her head first. "It is a study for myself, Don Royal; I shall make you another."

And she slipped away, as she thought, out of the subject and his presence.

But she was mistaken; in the evening he renewed the conversation. Carmen began to fence, not from cowardice or deceit, as the masculine reader would readily infer, but from some wonderful feminine instinct that told her to be cautious. But he got from her the fact, to him before unknown, that she was the niece of his mean antagonist, and, being a gentleman, so redoubled his attentions and his courtesy that Mrs. Plodgitt made up her mind that it was a foregone conclusion, and seriously reflected as to what she should wear on the momentous occasion. But that night poor Carmen cried herself to sleep, resolving that she would hereafter cast aside her wicked uncle for this good-hearted Americano, yet never once connected her innocent penmanship with the deadly feud between them. Women—the best of them—are strong as to collateral facts, swift of deduction, but vague as children are to the exact statement or recognition of premises. It is hardly necessary to say that Carmen had never thought of connecting any act of hers with the claims of her uncle, and the circumstance of the signature she had totally forgotten.

The masculine reader will now understand Carmen's confusion and blushes, and believe himself an ass to have thought them a confession of original affection. The feminine reader will, by this time, become satisfied that the deceitful minx's sole idea was to gain the affections of Thatcher. And really I don't know who is right.

Nevertheless, she painted a sketch for Thatcher—which now adorns the company's office in San Francisco, in which the property is laid out in pleasing geometrical lines, and the rosy promise of the future instinct in every touch of the brush. Then, having earned her "wage," as she believed, she became somewhat cold and shy to Thatcher. Whereat that gentleman redoubled his attentions, seeing only in her presence a certain meprise, which concerned her more than himself. The niece of his enemy meant nothing more to him than an interesting girl—to be protected always—to be feared, never. But even suspicion may be insidiously placed in noble minds.

Mistress Plodgitt, thus early estopped of matchmaking, of course put the blame on her own sex, and went over to the stronger side—the man's.

"It's a great pity gals should be so curious," she said, sotto voce, to Thatcher, when Carmen was in one of her sullen moods. "Yet I s'pose it's in her blood. Them Spaniards is always revengeful—like the Eyetalians."

Thatcher honestly looked his surprise.

"Why, don't you see, she's thinking how all these lands might have been her uncle's but for you. And instead of trying to be sweet and—" here she stopped to cough.

"Good God!" said Thatcher, in great concern, "I never thought of that." He stopped for a moment, and then added with decision: "I can't believe it; it isn't like her."

Mrs. P. was piqued. She walked away, delivering, however, this Parthian arrow:

"Well, I hope *tain't nothing worse.*"

Thatcher chuckled, then felt uneasy. When he next met Carmen she found his gray eyes fixed on hers with a curious, half-inquisitorial look she had never noticed before. This only added fuel to the fire. Forgetting their relations of host and guest, she was absolutely rude. Thatcher was quiet but watchful; got the Plodgitt to bed early, and, under cover of showing a moonlight view of the "Lost Chance Mill," decoyed Carmen out of earshot, as far as the dismantled furnace.

"What is the matter, Miss De Haro; have I offended you?"

Miss Carmen was not aware that anything was the matter. If Don Royal preferred old friends, whose loyalty of course he knew, *and who were above speaking ill against a gentleman in his adversity*—(oh, Carmen! fie!) if he preferred *their* company to *later friends*—why—(the masculine reader will observe this tremendous climax and tremble)—why she didn't know why *he* should blame *her.*

They turned and faced each other. The conditions for a perfect misunderstanding could not have been better arranged between two people. Thatcher was a masculine reasoner, Carmen a feminine feeler—if I may be pardoned the expression. Thatcher wanted to get at certain facts and argue therefrom. Carmen wanted to get at certain feelings and then fit the facts to *them.*

"But I am *not* blaming you, Miss Carmen," he said gravely. "It *was* stupid in me to confront you here with the property claimed by your uncle and occupied by me, but it was a mistake—no!" he added hastily, "it was not a mistake. You knew it and I didn't. You overlooked it before you came, and I was too glad to overlook it after you were here."

"Of course," said Carmen pettishly, "I am the only one to be blamed. It's like you *men!* (Mem. She was just fifteen, and uttered this awful resume of experience just as if it hadn't been taught to her in her cradle.)

Feminine generalities always stagger a man. Thatcher said nothing. Carmen became more enraged.

"Why did you want to take Uncle Victor's property, then?" she asked triumphantly.

"I don't know that it is your uncle's property."

"You—don't—know? Have you seen the application with Governor Micheltorena's indorsement? Have you heard the witnesses?" she said passionately.

"Signatures may be forged and witnesses lie," said Thatcher quietly.

"What is it you call 'forged?'"

Thatcher instantly recalled the fact that the Spanish language held no synonym for "forgery." The act was apparently an invention of el Diablo Americano. So he said, with a slight smile in his kindly eye:

"Anybody wicked enough and dexterous enough can imitate another's handwriting. When this is used to benefit fraud we call it 'forgery.' I beg your pardon—Miss De Haro, Miss Carmen—what is the matter?"

She had suddenly lapsed against a tree, quite helpless, nerveless, and with staring eyes fixed on his. As yet an embryo woman, inexperienced and ignorant, the sex's instinct was potential; she had in one plunge fathomed all that his reason had been years groping for.

Thatcher saw only that she was pained, that she was helpless; that was enough. "It is possible that your uncle may have been deceived," he began; "many honest men have been fooled by clever but deceitful tricksters, men and women.

"Stop! Madre de Dios! Will you stop?"

Thatcher for an instant recoiled from the flashing eyes and white face of the little figure that had, with menacing and clenched baby fingers, strode to his side. He stopped. "Where is this application—this forgery?" she asked. "Show it to me!"

Thatcher felt relieved, and smiled the superior smile of our sex over feminine ignorance. "You could hardly expect me to be trusted with your uncle's vouchers. His papers of course are in the hands of his counsel."

"And when can I leave this place?" she asked passionately.

"We call it forgery."

"If you consult my wishes you will stay, if only long enough to forgive me. But if I have offended you unknowingly, and you are implacable——

"I can go to-morrow at sunrise if I like?"

"As you will," returned Thatcher gravely.

"Gracias, Senor."

They walked slowly back to the house, Thatcher with a masculine sense of being unreasonably afflicted, Carmen with a woman's instinct of being hopelessly crushed. No word was spoken until they reached the door. Then Carmen suddenly, in her old, impulsive way, and in a child-like treble, sang out merrily: "Good night, O Don Royal, and pleasant dreams. Hasta manana."

Thatcher stood dumb and astounded at this capricious girl. She saw his mystification instantly. "It is for the old cat!" she whispered, jerking her thumb over her shoulder in the direction of the sleeping Mrs. P. "Good night—go!"

He went to give orders for a peon to attend the ladies and their equipage the next day. He awoke to find Miss De Haro gone, with her escort, towards Monterey. And without the Plodgitt.

He could not conceal his surprise from the latter lady. She, left alone—a not altogether unavailable victim to the wiles of our sex—was embarrassed. But not so much that she could not say to Thatcher: "I told you so—gone to her uncle * * To tell him all!"

"All. D—n it, what can she tell him?" roared Thatcher, stung out of his self-control.

"Nothing, I hope, hat she should not," said Mrs. P., and chastely retired.

She was right. Miss Carmen posted to Monterey, running her horse nearly off its legs to do it, and then sent back her beast and escort, saying she would rejoin Mrs. Plodgitt by steamer at San Francisco. Then she went boldly to the law office of Saponaceous Wood, district attorney and whilom solicitor of her uncle.

With the majority of masculine Monterey Miss Carmen was known and respectfully admired, despite the infelix reputation of her kinsman. Mr. Wood was glad to see her, and awkwardly gallant. Miss Carmen was cool and business-like; she had come from her uncle to "regard" the papers in the "Red Rock Rancho" case. They were instantly produced. Carmen turned to the application for the grant. Her cheek paled slightly. With her clear memory and wonderful fidelity of perception she could not be mistaken. The signature of Micheltorena was in her own handwriting!

Yet she looked up to the lawyer with a smile: "May I take these papers for an hour to my uncle?"

Even an older and better man than the district attorney could not have resisted those drooping lids and that gentle voice.

"Certainly."

"I will return them in an hour."

She was as good as her word, and within the hour dropped the papers and a little courtesy to her uncle's legal advocate, and that night took the steamer to San Francisco.

The next morning Victor Garcia, a little the worse for the previous night's dissipation, reeled into Wood's office. "I have fears for my niece Carmen. She is with the enemy," he said thickly. "Look you at this."

It was an anonymous letter (in Mrs. Plodgitt's own awkward fist), advising him of the fact that his niece was bought by the enemy, and cautioning him against her.

"Impossible," said the lawyer; "it was only last week she sent thee $50."

Victor blushed, even through his ensanguined cheeks, and made an impatient gesture with his hand.

"Besides," added the lawyer coolly, "she has been here to examine the papers at thy request, and returned them of yesterday."

Victor gasped—"And you—you—you—gave them to her!"

"Of course!"

"All! Even the application and the signature?"

"Certainly—you sent her."

"Sent her? The devil's own daughter!" shrieked Garcia. "No! a hundred million times, no! Quick, before it is too late. Give me the papers."

Mr Wood reproduced the file. Garcia ran over it with trembling fingers until at last he clutched the fateful document. Not content with opening it and glancing at its text and signature, he took it to the window.

"It is the same," he muttered with a sigh of relief.

"Of course it is," said Mr. Wood sharply. "The papers are all there. You're a fool, Victor Garcia!"

And so he was. And, for the matter of that, so was Mr. Saponaceous Wood, of counsel.

Meanwhile Miss De Haro returned to San Francisco and resumed her work. A day or two later she was joined by her landlady. Mrs. P. has too large a nature to permit an anonymous letter, written by her own hand, to stand between her and her demeanor to her little lodger. So she coddled her and flattered her and depicted in slightly exaggerated colors the grief of Don Royal at her sudden departure. All of which Miss Carmen received in a demure, kitten-like way, but still kept quietly at her work. In due time Don Royal's order was completed; still she had leisure and inclination enough to add certain touches to her ghastly sketch of the crumbling furnace.

Nevertheless, as Don Royal did not return, through excess of business, Mrs. Plodgitt turned an honest penny by letting his room, temporarily, to two quiet Mexicans, who, but for a beastly habit of cigarrito smoking which tainted the whole house, were fair enough lodgers If they failed in making the acquaintance of their fair countrywoman, Miss De Haro, it was through that lady's pre-occupation in her own work, and not through their ostentatious endeavors.

"Miss De Haro is peculiar," explained the politic Mrs. Plodgitt to her guests; "she makes no acquaintances, which I consider bad for her business. If it had not been for me, she would not have known Royal Thatcher, the great quicksilver miner—and had his order for a picture of his mine!"

The two foreign gentlemen exchanged glances. One said, "Ah, God! this is bad," and the other, "It is not possible;" and then, when the landlady's back was turned, introduced themselves with a skeleton key into the then vacant bed room and studio of their fair countrywoman, who was absent sketching. "Thou observest," said Mr. Pedro, refugee, to Miguel, ex-ecclesiastic, "that this Americano is all powerful, and that this Victor, drunkard as he is, is right in his suspicions."

"Of a verity, yes," replied Miguel, "thou dost remember it was Jovita Castro who, for her Americano lover, betrayed the Sobriente claim. It is only with us, my Pedro, that the Mexican spirit, the real God and liberty, yet lives!"

They shook hands nobly and with sentimental fervor, and then went to work, i. e., the rummaging over the trunks, drawers and porto-manteaus of the poor little painter, Carmen De Haro, and even ripped up the mattress of her virginal cot. But they found not what they sought.

"What is that yonder on the easel, covered with a cloth?" said Miguel; "it is a trick of these artists to put their valuables together."

Pedro strode to the easel and tore away the muslin curtain that veiled it; then uttered a shriek that appalled his comrade and brought him to his side.

"In the name of God!" said Miguel, hastily, "are you trying to alarm the house?"

The ex-vaquero was trembling like a child. "Look!" he said hoarsely, "look; do you see? It is the hand of God!" and fainted on the floor.

Miguel looked. It was Carmen's partly finished sketch of the deserted furnace. The figure of Concho, thrown out strongly by the camp fire, occupied the left foreground. But to balance her picture she had evidently been obliged to introduce another—the face and figure of Pedro, on all fours, creeping toward the sleeping man.

[*To be Continued.*]

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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box For sale by D. Lorriaux.

Legal

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF MARY E. ROWE, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Rowe, late of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county, on the third Monday (being the 15th day) of November 1886, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, in said county, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 25th day of September, A. D. 1886.

THOMAS ROWE, Executor.

oct2-3w

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF ANNA HADLEY, DEC'D.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Anna Hadley, late of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county on the third Monday (being the 15th day) of November, 1886, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, in said county, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 1st day of October, A. D. 1886.

BENJAMIN W. HADLEY, Administrator.

oct2-3w

DUNCAN & O'CONOR,
Attorneys at Law.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, LA SALLE COUNTY—ss. *In the Circuit Court of La Salle County, Ill., January Term* 1887.

Elisha Wells Sackett *vs.* John Adnah Sackett.—*In attachment. Demand,* $497.74

Notice is hereby given to you, the said John Adnah Sackett, that a writ of attachment has been sued out of the office of the clerk of the Circuit Court of said county of La Salle, at the suit of the said Elisha Wells Sackett, and against the estate of you, the said John Adnah Sackett, for four hundred and ninety-seven and 12-100 dollars, besides interest, directed to the sheriff of said county to execute.

Now, unless you, the said John Adnah Sackett, shall personally be and appear before the Circuit Court of said county on the second Monday in the month of January, A. D. 1887, give special bail and plead to said action, judgment will be entered against you in favor of the said plaintiff, and the property attached sold to satisfy the same, with costs.

WILLIAM W. TAYLOR, Clerk.

Ottawa, Illinois, Oct 15 h, 1886.
DUNCAN & O'CONOR, Plaintiff's Attys. oct15-3w

DUNCAN & O'CONOR.
Attorneys at Law.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, LA SALLE COUNTY—ss. *In the Circuit Court, to January Term,* A. D. 1887.

Elisha Wells Sackett and Harriet M. W. Sackett *vs.* John Adnah Sackett, Julia A. Sackett and John Kennedy.—*In Chancery.*

Affidavit of non-residence of John Adnah Sackett and Julia A. Sackett, impleaded with the above defendants, having been filed in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said county, notice is therefore hereby given to the said non-resident defendants that the complainants filed their bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, on the thirteenth day of October, 1886, and that thereupon a summons issued out of said court, wherein said suit is now pending, returnable on the second Monday in the month of January, A. D. 1887, as is by law required.

Now, unless you, the said non-resident defendants above named, shall personally be and appear before said Circuit Court on the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at Ottawa, in and for said county, on the second Monday in January, A. D. 1887, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainants' bill of complaint, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

WILLIAM W. TAYLOR, Clerk.

Ottawa, Illinois, October 15th, 1886.
DUNCAN & O'CONOR, Compts' Solrs. oct16-4w

MOLONEY & STEAD,
Attorneys at Law.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, LA SALLE COUNTY—ss. *In Probate Court of La Salle County, to the October Term,* A. D. 1886.

Theodore C. Gibson, Administrator of the Estate of Mary Patterson, deceased, *vs.* Mathew J. Mullen and The Unknown Heirs of Mary Patterson, deceased.—*Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.*

Affidavit of the non-residence of Mathew J. Mullen and The Unknown Heirs of Mary Patterson, deceased, defendants above named, having been filed in the office of the clerk of the Probate Court of La Salle county, notice is hereby given to the said Mathew J. Mullen and The Unknown Heirs of Mary Patterson, deceased, that the said plaintiff, Theodore C. Gibson, Administrator of the Estate of Mary Patterson, deceased, has filed his petition in the said Probate Court of La Salle county for an order to sell the premises belonging to the estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to wit: That tract or parcel of land situate in the county of La Salle, in the state of Illinois, to wit, commencing two (2) chains and seventy-seven (77) links south of the southeast corner of the south margin of the town of Munson, on the east line of the west half of the northwest quarter of section eleven (11), in township thirty-five (35) north, of range three (3) east, of the third principal meridian; running thence westerly and parallel with the south margin of said town of Munson six (6) chains and sixty-six links to a stake, thence southerly along the plank road one chain (ch) and sixty-seven (67) links to a stake, thence easterly and parallel with said north line six (6) chains and five (5) links to a stake, thence northerly along the east line of said eighty-acre lot one chain and fifty eight (58) links to the place of beginning; containing one acre of land, more or less; and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable at the November term, A. D. 1886, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of November, A. D. 1886, at the Court House in Ottawa, in La Salle county, Illinois.

Now, unless you, the said Mathew J. Mullen and The Unknown Heirs of Mary Patterson, deceased, shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of La Salle county on the first day of a term thereof to be holden at the Court House in said county on the third Monday of December, 1886, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same and matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

Ottawa, Illinois, October 12th, 1886.
A. T. BARTELS, Clerk Probate Court.
MOLONEY & STEAD, Compt's Solrs. oct16-4w

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. Caution. The Genuine *Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup* is sold only in *white wrappers*, and bears our registered Trade-marks to wit: *A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red-Strip Caution-Label*, and the fac-simile signatures of *John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co.*, Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Chew Lange's Plugs—The great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

New Advertisements

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These Washboards are made with a Bent-Wood rim. The Strongest boards and best washers in the world. For sale by all dealers. Take no other.

SINGLE and DOUBLE.

SAGINAW M'F'G CO., Saginaw, Michigan.

OTTAWA POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

C., R. I. & P. R. R.

	CLOSES.	ARRIVES.
Eastern mail	11:00 A. M.	3:35 P. M.
Western mail	2:45 P. M.	11:25 A. M.
Night mail	8:00 P. M.	

C., B. & Q. R. R.

Southern mail	11:40 A. M.	3:36 P. M.
Northern mail	3:10 P. M.	12:32 A. M.
Streator special	7:30 P. M.	7:15 A. M.

DEER PARK.

Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, 1:00 P. M. 12:00 M.

Office open at 7:00 A. M. Closes at 7:00 P. M.
Office open Sundays from 12 to 1 o'clock.

WM. OSMAN, P. M.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R.

TIME TABLE.

June 20th, 1886.

Going South. Pass. No. 71 B.	Going South. Pass. No. 69 B.	Dist. from Aurora.	STATIONS.	Dist. betw. Stations.	Going North. Pass. No. 70 B.	Going North. Pass. No. 72 B.
P.M. LV	A.M. LV				A.M. AR	P.M. AR
4.45	8.45		...Chicago...		10.30	6.30
6.14	10.23		....Aurora....		9.15	5.30
6.18	10.28	1	.West Aurora.	1	9.07	5.17
		3¾	Fox Riv Junc	2¾		
6.30	10.39	6¾	...Oswego....	3	8.54	5.05
6.40	10.53	12½	..Yorkville...	5¾	8.42	4.52
6.46	11.00	15¾	....Fox....	3	8.34	4.45
6.54	11.06	19	. Millbrook..	3¼	8.26	4.38
7.03	11.13	22½	.Millington..	3½	8.18	4.30
7.12	11.23	27¾	...Sheridan...	5	8.08	4.19
7.22	11.33	32	....Serena....	4¼	7.58	4.08
		34	....Blakes....	2		
7.30	11.42	38¾	....Wedron...	1¾	7.50	4.00
7.37	11.50	39¾	....Dayton....	4	7.42	3.50
		43½	C.R.I.&P.Cr'g	3¾		
7.50	12.02	44	OTTAWA	½	7.28	3.35
		44½	South Ottawa.	½		
		46¾	.Side Track..	1¾		
8.10	12.24	52¾	.Grand Ridge.	6¾	7.08	3.15
		56	...Richards...	3¼		
8.30	12.45	60¾	...Streator...	4¾	6.50	3.00
P.M. AR	P.M. AR				A.M. LV	P.M. LV

Freight trains carrying passengers leave Ottawa as follows: For Earl, 4.20 P.M.; for Aurora, 10.05 A.M.; for Streator, 5.05 A.M., 5.05 P.M., and 10.05 A.M.

Morning train makes close connection at Earl for all points east and west.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, C. B. & Q. Drawing Room Cars, Horton's Reclining Chair Cars, and the C. B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars, by this route. All information about rates of fare, sleeping car accommodations and time tables will be cheerfully given by applying to

PERCIVAL LOWELL, General Passenger Agent, Chicago

H. B. STONE, General Manager Chicago. GEO. E. ROE, Agent at Ottawa.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

NEW TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.

No. 2, Pacific Express and Mail	10.58 A M
" 4, Night Express	3.05 A M
" 6, Kansas City Express	2.33 A M
" 8, Chicago and Davenport Accom	2.13 P M
" 10, Bureau Fast Accommodation	7.02 A M
" 12, St. Paul Express	11.20 A M
Freight Carrying Passengers.	
" 26,	1.15 P M
" 30,	5.25 P M
" 28,	7.02 A M

GOING WEST.

No. 1, Atlantic Express	3.18 P M
" 3, Night Express	1.37 A M
" 5, Chicago and Kansas City Express	2.05 A M
" 7, Davenport Accommodation	12.40 P M
" 9, Bureau Fast Accommodation	8.00 P M
" 11, St. Paul Express, via Albert Lea	3.55 P M
Freight Carrying Passengers.	
" 29,	10.25 A M
" 25,	2.20 P M

Nos. 9 and 10 arrive in Chicago at 10 A. M. and leave Chicago at 4.15 P. M. daily (Sunday excepted).

Nos. 11 and 12 run daily, including Sundays.

No. 26 carries passengers from Geneseo to Ottawa.

No. 29 carries passengers between Joliet and La Salle, and No. 30 between La Salle and Joliet.

Nos. 23 and 28 carry passengers between Blue Island and La Salle.

E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass Agt. R. R. CABLE, Gen'l Manager. R. F. PRETTYMAN, Agent at Ottawa.

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad

On and after May 9, 1886, trains on the C. & A. R. R. pass Joliet as follows:

GOING NORTH.

St. L. and St. L. Express	5.15 A M
Lightning Express	5.50 A M
Joliet Accommodation	7.45 A M
Denver Express	12.21 P M
Express Mail	5.30 P M

GOING SOUTH.

Express Mail	10.15 A M
Denver Express	2.00 P M
Joliet Accommodation	6.35 P M
Lightning Express	10.35 P M
K. C. and St. L. Express	12.47 A M

Lightning Express, Denver Express, and Kansas City and St. Louis Express trains run daily; Express Mail and Joliet Accommodation run daily, except Sunday. Kansas City and St. Louis Express going south runs through without change of cars. Morning train to St. Louis has free chair cars, and evening train through sleepers to St. Louis and Springfield.

JAY W. ADAMS, Ticket Agent C. & A. Railroad.

Illinois Central Railroad.

GOING NORTH, FROM LA SALLE.

Passenger	4:27 A. M.
Passenger	11:42 A. M.
Accommodation	9:58 P. M.
Freight	12:25 A. M.
Freight	3:17 A. M.
Freight	4:00 P. M.

GOING SOUTH, FROM LA SALLE.

Passenger	5:44 A. M
Passenger	1:05 P. M
Freight	12:30 A. M.
Freight	9:40 A. M
Freight (goes no further)	10:45 P. M.

S. P. MOORE, Ticket Agent. W. L. LIGHTHART, Freight Agent.

FARM FOR SALE.

I have for sale the Dr. Curti farm—320 acres of fine land in the town of Grand Rapids. Good house, barn, cribs and other buildings. Plenty of good water. The farm is well tiled and well fenced, and in a good state of cultivation, and will be sold cheap, as the owner desires to remove to the state of California.

B. F. LINCOLN, Ottawa, Ill.

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