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(Effective Oct. 1, 1916.)

EASTBOUND. Eastbound cars leave Ottawa station for Marselles, Seneca, Morris, Minto, Rockdale and Joliet. In a. m.—5:50, 6:50, 7:50, 9:50, 11:50.

In p. m.—1:50, 2:50, 3:50, 4:50, 5:50, 6:50, 9:00, 11:00. Cars arrive from the west at 8:45 a. m., 7:45 p. m., 9:45 p. m., 11:33 p. m., 1:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND. Westbound cars leave Ottawa station for Chautauqua Park, Starved Rock, Utica, La Salle, Peru, Spring Valley, Ladd, DePue, Bureau and Princeton. In a. m., 5:10, 6:50, 8:50, 10:30, 11:50.

In p. m.—1:50, 2:50, 3:50, 4:50, 5:50, 6:50, 9:50, 11:35. Cars arrive from the east at 10:50 a. m., 3:50 p. m., 12:42 a. m.

SOUTHBOUND. Southbound cars leave Ottawa station for McKinley Park, Grand Ridge and Streator.

In a. m.—5:50, 6:50, 7:50, 9:50, 11:50. In p. m.—1:50, 3:50, 5:50, 8:00, 11:00. dDally except Sunday.

\*Marselles, Seneca, Morris and intermediate points only. xLadd and intermediate points only. @Princeton and intermediate points only.

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banks for many years, called "burglar proof;" lots of room; good order, weight 1500 lbs. Cost probably four or five hundred dollars; will sell for \$50. T. B. Farrell, phone 648-W.

FOR SALE—Shutting, pallies, tables, desks, show case, etc. Inquire at this office.

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FOR SALE—One safe, best make. Cheap if taken at once.

FOR SALE—New latest typewriter. Desk, worth \$75.00; finest kind. Sell at bargain price. T. B. Farrell, phone 648-W.

FOR SALE—A safe which was used as money safe in one of our local

Intervening heads: "What happened to your red tie, Henry?"

De Spain put up his hand to his neck and looked down at a loose end hanging from his soft cravat. It had been torn by the bullet meant for his head. He turned the end inside his collar. "A Calabasas man tried to undo it a few minutes ago. He missed the knot."

Tension did not hear the answer. De Spain moved on and, after taking the round of the scattered tables, walked again through the doorway, only to meet, as she stood hesitating and apparently about to enter the room, Nan Morgan.

An Industrial Town. The Brighton Mills company, manufacturer of cotton goods, at Passaic, N. J., has purchased 230 acres of land comprising the entire village of Allwood, near Passaic, and has begun the construction of a model industrial town.

Almost 1,000 men are employed in the Passaic plant, which will be abandoned. Plans are to have a city of about 3,700 population. A hundred cottages will be built. There will be a hospital, library, school and meeting hall. Twenty houses for superintendents are to be put up at once. Homes will be purchased on monthly payments.

William L. Lyall, president and treasurer of the mills company, lives in a \$50,000 home overlooking the site for the new city. Thomas H. Gardner and the assistant treasurer, Henry V. School, will build \$25,000 houses near by.

Social welfare workers, architects and industrial leaders have given advice to Mr. Lyall. His plan is regarded as the most advanced step of the kind, in some respects, that has been taken in this country.

The present mill has rest rooms, nurses and a dining hall. Dances have been given there every Saturday evening. There have been practically no labor troubles.

Worth While Quotation. Dispatch is the soul of business.—Lord Chesterfield.

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ing him by nods and whispers to others.

Among several groups of men standing before the long bar, one party of four near the front end likewise engaged the interest of those keener loafers who were capable of foreseeing situations. These men, Satterlee Morgan, the cattleman; Bull Page, one of his cowboys; Sheriff Druel, and Judge Druel, his brother, had been drinking together. They did not see Lefever and his companion as the two came in through the rear lobby door. But Lefever, on catching sight of them, welcomed his opportunity. Walking directly forward, he laid his hand on Satt Morgan's shoulder. As the cattleman turned, Lefever, genially grasping his hand, introduced De Spain to each of the party in turn.

Morgan threw the brim of his swathe-er-beaten hat back from his tanned face. He wore a mustache and a chin whisker of that variety designated in the mountains by the appropriate name "Spinach." But his smile, which drew his cheeks into wrinkles all about his long, round nose, was not unfriendly. He looked with open interest; from his frank but not overtrustworthy eyes at De Spain. "I heard," he said in a good-natured, slightly nasal tone, "you made a sunrise call on us one day last week."

"And I want to say," returned De Spain, equally amiable, "that if I had had any idea you folks would take it so hard—I mean, as an affront intended to any of you—I never would have gone into the gap after Sassoon. I just assumed—making a mistake as I now realize—that my scrap would be with Sassoon, not with the Morgans."

Satt's face wrinkled into a humorous grin. "You sure kicked up some alkali."

De Spain nodded candidly. "More than I intended to. And I say—with-out any intention of impertinence to anybody else—Sassoon is a cur. I supposed when I brought him in here after so much riding, that we had sheriff enough to keep him." He looked at Druel with such composure that the latter for a moment was non-plussed. Then he discharged a volley of oaths, and demanded what De Spain meant. De Spain did not move. He refused to see the angry sheriff. "That is where I made my second mistake," he continued, speaking to Morgan and forcing his tone just enough to be heard. Druel, with more hard words, began to abuse the railroad for not paying taxes enough to build a decent jail. De Spain took another tack. He eyed the sheriff calmly as the latter continued to draw away and left De Spain standing somewhat apart from the rest of the group. "Then it may be I am making another mistake, Druel, in blaming you. It may not be your fault."

"The fault is, you're fresh," cried Druel, warning up as De Spain appeared to cool. The line of syllables backed away from the bar. De Spain stepping toward the sheriff, raised his hand in a friendly way. "Druel, you're hurting yourself by your talk. Make me your deputy again some time," he concluded, "and I'll see that Sassoon stays where he is put."

"I'll just do that," cried Druel, with a very strong word, and he raised his hand in turn. "Next time you want him locked up, you can take care of him yourself."

The sharp crack of a rifle cut off the words; a bullet tore like a lightning-bolt across De Spain's neck, crashed through a malgony plaster board of the bar, and embedded itself in the wall. The shot had been aimed from the street for his head. The noisy room instantly hushed. Spectators sat glued to their chairs. White-faced players leaned motionless against the tables. De Spain alone had acted; all that the bartenders could ever remember after the single rifle shot was seeing his hand go back as he whirled and shot instantly toward the heavy report. He had whipped out his gun and fired sidewise through the window at the sound.

That was all. The bartenders breathed and looked again. Men were crowding like mad through the back doors. De Spain, at the clear case, looking intently into the rainy street, lighted from the corner by a dingy lamp. The four men near him had not stirred, but, startled and alert, the right hand of each covered the butt of a revolver. De Spain moved first. While the pool players jammed the back doors to escape, he spoke to, without looking at, the bartender. "What's the matter with your curtains?" he demanded, shunting his revolver and pointing with an expellive to the big sheet of plate glass. "Is this the way you build up business for the house?"

Those close enough to the window saw that the bare pane had been cut, just above the middle, by two bullet

holes. Curious men examined both fractures when De Spain and Lefever had left the saloon. The first hole was the larger. It had been made by a high-powered rifle; the second was from a bullet of a Colt's revolver; it was remarked as a miracle of gun-play that the two were hardly an inch apart.

In the street a few minutes later, De Spain and Lefever encountered Scott, who, with his back hunched up, his deep black hat pulled well down over his ears, his hands in his trousers pockets and his thin coat collar modestly turned against the drizzling rain, was walking across the parkway from the station.

"Sassoon is in town," exclaimed Lefever with certainty after he had told the story. He waited for the Indian's opinion. Scott, looking through the water dripping from the brim of his seasoned derby, gave it in one word. "Was," he amended with a quiet smile.

"Let's make sure," insisted Lefever, "supposing he might be in town yet. Bob, where is he?"

Scott gazed up the street through the rain lighted by yellow lamps on the obscure corners, and looked down the street toward the black reaches of the river. "If he's here, you'll find him in one of two places. Tension's—"

"But we've just come from Tension's," objected Lefever. "I mean, across the street, upstairs; or at Jim Kitchen's barn. If he was hurried to get away," added Scott reflectively, "he would slip upstairs over there as the nearest place to hide; if he had time he would make for the



He Whirled and Shot Instantly Toward the Heavy Report.

barn, where it would be easy to catch his rifle."

Lefever took the lapel of the scout's coat in his hand. "Then you, Bob, go out and see if you can get the whole story. I'll take the barn. Let Henry go over to Tension's and wait at the head of the stairs till we can get back there."

De Spain found no difficulty in locating the light of marble stairs that led to the gambling rooms. It was the only lighted entrance in the side street. No light shone at the head of the stairs, but a doorway on the left opened into a large room brilliantly lighted by chandeliers. Around three sides of this room were placed the big roulette, roulette wheels, faro tables and minor gambling devices. Of the casino itself small endrooms opened.

The big room was well filled for a wet night. De Spain took a place in shadow near one side of the doorway facing the street door and at times looked within for the loosely jointed frame, crooked neck, tumbled forehead, and indolent face of the cattle thief. He could find in the many figures scattered about the room none resembling the one he sought.

A man entering the place spoke to another coming out. De Spain overheard the exchange. "Duke got rid of his steers yet?" asked the first. "Not yet."

"Slow game." "The old man sold quite a bunch this time. The way he's playing now he'll last twenty-four hours."

De Spain, following the newcomer, strolled into the room and, beginning at one side, proceeded in leisurely fashion from wheel to wheel and table to table inspecting the players. Few looked at him and none paid any attention to his presence. At Tension's table the players crowded about one player whom De Spain, without getting closer in among the onlookers than he wanted to, could not see.

Tension, as De Spain approached, happened to look up wearily. He spoke in an impassive tone across the

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN By Frank H. Spearman Author of Whispering Smith

Chapter I. On a blustery day at Sleepy Ca., Henry de Spain, gunman and trainmaster at Medicine Bend, is beaten at target shooting by Nan Morgan of Music Mountain. Jeffries, division superintendent, asks De Spain to take charge of the Thief River stag line, but he refuses.

Chapter II—De Spain sees Nan dancing with Gale Morgan, is later deviously pointed out to Nan on the street by Gale, and is moved to change his mind and accept the stage line job.

Chapter III—De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabasas inn and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sassoon, gunmen and retainers of the Morgan clan. Morgan demands the discharge of a stage driver and De Spain refuses. De Spain meets Nan but fails to overcome her aversion to him.

Chapter IV—Sassoon knives Elphao, the stage driver, and escapes to Morgan's gap, the stronghold of the Morgans. De Spain, Lefever and Scott go in after him, and De Spain brings out Sassoon alone.

Chapter V—He meets Nan, who delays him until nearly overtaken by the Morgans, but lands his captive in jail. Chapter VI—Sassoon breaks jail. DeSpain hears the Morgans in a saloon and is shot at thru the window. He meets Nan again.

CHAPTER VI. Maintaining a Reputation.

The abduction of Sassoon, which stigmatized De Spain's entry into the stage-line management, created a sensation akin to the exploding of a bomb under the range. The whole mountain country, which concentrates, so to speak, on but one topic at a time, talked for a week of nothing else.

Experienced men in the high country—men of that class who, wherever found, are old in the ways of the world, and not promptly moved by new or youthful adventure—dismissed the incident after hearing the details, with the comment or the conclusion that there would hardly be for De Spain more than one additional chapter to the story, and that this would be a short one. The most active Morgans—Gale, Duke and the easy-going Satterlee—were indeed wrought to the keenest pitch of vengeful anger. It was an over-riding insolent invasion—and worst of all, a successful invasion, by one who had nothing but cool impudence, not even a budding reputation to justify his assault on the lifelong prestige of the gap clan.

De Spain himself, somewhat surprised at the storm he had kicked up, heeded the counsel of Scott, and while the acute stage of the resentment raged along the trail he ran down for a few days to Medicine Bend to buy horses. Both Gale and Duke Morgan proclaimed, in certain public places in Sleepy Ca., their intention of shooting De Spain on sight; and as a climax to all the excitement of the week following his capture, the slippery Sassoon broke jail and, after a brief interval, appeared at large in Calabasas.

His feat of the Morgan satellite—a loud laugh at De Spain's expense—it mitigated somewhat the hurt of Sassoon's friends, but it also diminished their expressed desire to punish De Spain's invasion. He, who as the mixer among the men, kept close to the drift of the sentiment, decided after De Spain's return to Sleepy Ca. that the stage-line authorities had gained nothing by Sassoon's capture.

"We ought to have thought of it before, Henry," he said frankly one night in Jeffries' office, "but we didn't think." "Meaning just what, John?" demanded De Spain without real interest.

"Meaning, that in this country you can't begin on a play like pulling Sassoon out from under his friends' noses without keeping up the pace—without a second and third act. You dragged Sassoon by his hair out of the gap; good. You surprised everybody; good. But you can't very well stop at that. Such a feat by itself doesn't

insure a permanent reputation, Henry. It is, so to say, merely a 'demand' reputation—one that men reserve the right to recall at any moment. And the worst of it is, if they ever do recall it, you are worse off than when before they extended the brittle bauble to you."

"Jingo, John! For a stage blacksmith you are some splinter." De Spain added an impatient, not to say contemptuous, exclamation concerning the substance of Lefever's talk. "I didn't ask them for a reputation. This man interfered with my guard—in fact, tried to cut his throat, didn't he?" "Would have done it if Frank had been an honest man."