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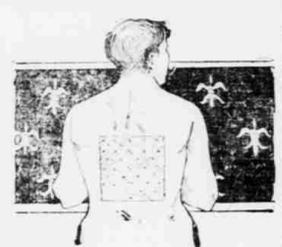
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SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD.

How a Billions Man Gave Up His Two Cups of Breakfast Coffee.

An east end man was advised some time ago not to drink coffee. His doctor told him it helped to make his liver torpid and his liver was doing its best to render life miserable for himself and all the rest of the family.

But, no, he couldn't give up his two cups at breakfast time. He couldn't make the sacrifice. Nothing could take the place of the delicious Java and Mocha mixed that he had learned to love.

One day his wife suggested in a mild way that he might be just as well satisfied with one of the brands of imitation coffee. He almost frothed at the mouth.

"That infernal stuff!" he cried. "Not much. The very first gulp would fuddle me. I'd like to see anybody try to feed me with a counterfeit of that sort."

He didn't notice that his wife quietly smiled. But, strange to say, from that time on he grew better. His bilious tendency was greatly lessened. He felt like a new man.

One day he met the doctor. "Hello, doc!" he cried. "I'm getting better in spite of you."

"Given up coffee, have you?" queried the smiling doctor.

"Given up coffee? Not much. Coffee's all right."

A few weeks later he met the man from whom he orders his groceries.

"Hello!" quoth the grocer. "How well you are looking!"

"Yes," said the convalescent, "I'm feeling a great deal better."

"By the way," said the grocer, "you seem to like that substitute I've been sending you."

"What substitute?"

"Why, that substitute for coffee."

"Why, that substitute for coffee, the numerous imitations of the fragrant berry."

"Never had a cup of it in the house," said the billions man emphatically.

"That's funny," said the grocer. "I haven't sold your folks a pound of genuine coffee in the last three months."

The billions man didn't say anything further, but his thoughts were busy.

The next morning he looked at his cup a little suspiciously, but he drank it without a tremor. Perhaps he fancied he detected the difference, perhaps not. Anyway, his wife still fondly imagines he doesn't know of the deception.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

EARLY ARITHMETICS.

Struggles of the Pilgrim Children With One of the "R's."

Next to penmanship the colonial school and schoolmaster took firm stand on "rithmetic." "The Bible and figures is what I want my boys to know," said the old farmer. I have examined with care Wingate's Arithmetic which was used for over a century in the Winslow family in Massachusetts. The first edition was printed in 1620. It is certainly bewildering to a modern reader.

"Pythagoras—His Table" is, of course, our multiplication table. Then comes "The Rule of Three," "The Double Golden Rule," "The Rule of Fellowship," "The Rule of False," etc., ending with "a collection of pleasant and polite questions to exercise all the parts of vulgar arithmetick."

Wingate's Arithmetic and Hedder's Arithmetic were succeeded by Pike's Arithmetic. This had 363 rules to be committed to memory, and not an explanation was given of one of them.

As the most barren schoolbook I have ever read. These printed arithmetics were not in common use. Nearly all teachers had manuscript "sum books," from which the scholars copied page after page of "sums," too often without any explanation of the process, though there were also many and long rules, which helped the penmanship if they did not the mathematics.—Chautauquan.

Daudet and Animals.

Daudet had a lurking kindness for sinners. He pitied them, for he could not see how in the long run they could succeed in anything. But the self-righteous were more offensive to him. I think he was right in saying that men and women who pass for having never sinned are unpleasant companions, and, from the day of judgment standard, perhaps the worst sinners of all. The sensibility shown in "Jack" and other works did not extend to animals. Daudet, though a cigarier, was deaf to the chirp of grasshopper and cricket. Birds had no place in his rural sketches. He could not understand the touching beauty of the "last friend" at the poor man's funeral. Animals were simply brutes to Daudet. At best they were warnings to human beings not to live merely to eat, sleep and leave posterity behind them. They sometimes were views incarnate. Such were the fox, the serpent, the scorpion. What a selfish, heartless thing the ant was! It had a head if you will, but it was the sort of head that organizes labor in sooty factory towns. The dog was the bestliest least of any. Daudet fled from every drawing room where he saw a lapdog.—Paris Letter in London Truth.

An Arbitrary Fee.

Victor Smith tells this story in the New York Press: "My father was an old time lawyer. He tried a little case for his bootmaker and entered on the books a charge of \$15, the price of a new pair of boots. When the latter was delivered, the accompanying bill was \$30. A man of any other profession would have taken offense at the apparent effort to 'def' him, but the lawyer smilingly raised his fee to \$45, and Mr. Smart Aleck bootmaker had to pay. That was an arbitrary fee. Doctors sometimes enjoy the privileges of it."

Not Guilty.

Mistress of the House—My good man, did you ever take a bath?

Tramp—No, mum, I never took anything bigger'n a silver teapot.—London Tit-Bits.

A Perfect Diagnosis.

Dr. George Fordyce, who came in 1762 from Edinburgh to London, very speedily made himself a name by a series of public lectures on medical science, which he afterward published in a volume entitled, "Elements of the Practice of Physics," which passed through many editions. Unfortunately he was given to drink, and, though he never was known to be dead drunk, yet he was often in a state which rendered him unfit for professional duties.

One night when he was in such a condition he was suddenly sent for to attend a lady of title who was very ill. He went, sat down, listened to her story and felt her pulse. He found he was not up to his work. He lost his wits and in a moment of forgetfulness exclaimed, "Drunk, by Jove!" Still he managed to write out a mild prescription.

Early next morning he received a message from his noble patient to call on her at once. Dr. Fordyce felt very uncomfortable. The lady evidently intended to upbraid him either with an improper prescription or with his disgraceful condition. But to his surprise and relief she thanked him for his prompt compliance with her pressing summons and then confessed that he had rightly diagnosed her case, that unfortunately she occasionally indulged too freely in drink, but that she hoped he would preserve inviolable secrecy as to the condition he had found her in. Fordyce listened to her grave as a judge and said: "You may depend upon me, madam. I shall be as silent as the grave."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Dangerous Trading.

Upon returning to camp we found that John, the driver, had purchased a load of pumpkins, which the native men and women from the Mazoe valley had brought to the wagon to barter.

At first I was pleased, but when I found that John had traded away about 20 pounds of preserves, consisting of alum and arsenic, which he had mistaken for salt, I was filled with dismay! We knew not the villages whence the natives had come, nor could we explain the mistake, as we were ignorant of their language; and before my scared mental vision rose piles of dead Mashonas, pestilence and war on the whites—provided there remained enough live Mashonas to make it.

Hence it was that before daylight the next morning we left for the fort. We made no mention of the matter to any one, but a year later, when visiting the Mazoe valley, I inquired of the natives if there had been any disease among them about the time when the white men arrived in the country. They said there had been an epidemic of stomach aches, but, fortunately, no one had died from it; so my conscience was profoundly relieved.—"On the South African Frontier."

Curd and Cheese.

The rough outlines of cheesemaking are probably familiar to every one. Fresh milk is taken and curdled with rennet. The curd is then broken up and the liquid whey drawn off; the breaking up of the curd, its straining and the subjecting of it to pressure are processes repeated several times until eventually the curd has become of the necessary consistency and solidity. It is then set aside, usually for some considerable time, to ripen, and during this time great changes are subtly taking place in its substance, so that the curd, which at first was an unpalatable solid, becomes gradually transformed into a palatable cheese.

Suitable external conditions, chief among which is a proper temperature, are, of course, necessary to bring this ripening of the curd to a successful issue, but the real reason of the transformation is the presence of myriads of bacteria, which find in the curd a luxurious dwelling place, where they can live and multiply. That in so living they must abstract foodstuffs from the curd around and give out in turn new substances is merely the natural course of their life, but it makes all the difference between curd and cheese.—Good Words.

The Business Instinct.

Too many people are accustomed to think of politeness in address as appropriate in company, but quite out of place in business. An engaging manner is useful everywhere, where they are in contact with the public. This axiom is amusingly illustrated by a story which Justin McCarthy tells. Soon after the civil war, he says, I happened to be standing on a bridge in New York amusing myself by studying the crowd, when a shrill, youthful voice accosted me with, "Cap'n, shine yer boots?"

The chance distribution of military titles was ready and liberal at the time when so many soldiers were returning to civilian life, and I paid no attention to the invitation.

Just then a rival bootblack passed, and, imagining where the cause of my indifference lay, he advanced, and, pushing past the unsuccessful claimant, he gave me a military salute and appealed to me with the captivating words:

"Brigadier general, shine yer boots? I had my boots shined on the spot."

Truly Appreciative.

"Do you appreciate poetry?" asked the serious young woman.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Cumrox. "There's one piece of poetry that has done me a world of good. Old as I am, there are times when I couldn't tell how to figure without saying 'Thirty days hath September, April, June and November.'—Washington Star.

Modulated Tones.

"A woman, I notice, always lowers her voice to ask a favor."

"Yes, and raises her voice if she doesn't get it."—Chicago Record.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

A Critic Who Says That It Has Lowered the Standard of Art.

Has photography accomplished anything? Yes; it has cheapened art greatly. It has lowered the standard of a public that instinctively prefers the sham and the machine made and the microscopic. It has reduced the artist to a demoralizing struggle with the amateur simply to get his bread and butter. In the beginning of the century England was celebrated for its beautifully illustrated books, in which the greatest artists, engravers and printers collaborated to produce a perfect whole. Today the place of these books has been taken by The Strand Magazine and The Sketch, thanks to the services of photography. In the making of books, however, the tendency has always been toward the survival of the cheapest, and the cheapest—usually the newest—has always interested artists for awhile, though for other reasons than its cheapness.

Steel engravings succumbed before wood engraving and lithography, and they, in turn, have succumbed to the cheapness of the process man. In many ways until lately process was a great advance upon any other form of reproduction. Now process block makers are mostly photographers, who are killing each other in the race for cheapness. I do not want any one to think I would imply that photography is not useful to the artist. On the contrary, it is, and especially in illustration, since it preserves the illustrator's original design for him. It enables the architect to get, at small expense and without the trouble of going to see and draw them, bits of detail in foreign lands, though this is a questionable advantage. The world's greatest architects managed very well without it. One critic has said that if photographers would turn their attention to the recording of historic events, like the jubilee, or of vanishing buildings they could do an immense service to art. In one way this is true, in another it is not.

Surely this critic would be the last to suggest that the cinematographic "pictures"—the whole 22,000 of them, shown at the Empire, I think—are equal to one picture of a procession by Carpaccio, painted centuries before we had any photography. No doubt, 22,000 artists would be required to secure as many views of the jubilee procession as were obtained by the cinematograph, and their employment might have been too much of a good thing. But, if, say, half a dozen accomplished artists had been commissioned and allowed to do what they wanted, might we not have had a record of some artistic importance? As to the photographing of old buildings, which would the artist rather do, or an etching by Piranesi or a photograph by one of the most revolutionary of the Salon photographers?—Joseph Pennell in Contemporary Review.

Why They Cheered.

Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, was a great but unpopular man. When he entered the senate-house, it was the ill-mannered practice of the undergraduates to begin a loud and continuous whistle.

"How this originated I do not know," writes Dean Farrar in his book "Men I Have Known." "There were two legends about it. One was that it intimated that the master would have to whistle for a bishopric; the other—equally absurd—was that when some one had asked him how to pronounce his name he had said, 'You must shape your mouth as if you were going to whistle.'"

But under the rough manners of the students there was genuine goodness of heart. Dr. Whewell's wife died. He had been tenderly devoted to her, and when he attended chapel after her death the undergraduates were touched by an "old man's anguish and a strong man's tears."

"When next he entered the senate house," writes Dean Farrar, "there was dead silence. For the first time for many years he was not a whistle, but a low and then a moment afterward as by spontaneous impulse the whole crowded mass of undergraduates in the gallery burst into a loud and long continued cheer. It was not astonishing that such a proof of sympathy should move the heart of the great master or that the tears should run down his cheeks. I do not think that he was ever whistled at again."

A Great Awakening.

"Richard, why do you wish to stay at home this evening? You promised that when we were married you would go to church with me every Sunday evening."

"Well, my dear, I have been keeping my word."

"But this is only the third Sunday. I think you ought to tell me frankly why you do not wish to go. Is it that you have ceased to love me so soon?"

"No, Susan, it isn't that at all. The fact is, I can't stand your favorite preacher; he is too dull for me."

"Too dull, Richard? Why, the reverend gentleman is regarded as a great revivalist!"

"H'm, yes, I have noticed that there is always a great awakening after his sermon!"

Then she began to cry, and he had to go to pacify her.—Pearson's Weekly.

Why the Blind Do Not Smoke.

A peculiarity about blind people is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. Soldiers and sailors accustomed to smoking and who have lost their sight in action continue to smoke for a short time, but soon give up the habit. They say it gives them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke, and some have said that they cannot taste the smoke unless they see it.—New York Leader.

Coptic Superstition.

The Coptic Christians believe that on Christmas eve the nature of every savage beast is tamed; that children may play with a lion, and that all venomous reptiles lose their power to harm.

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