Clearing the Way for Christmas

THE "FAIR"

——is in need of every inch of space to display their——
IMMENSE STOCK of

Holiday Goods

and in order to clear the space

CLEARING BARGAINS

will be offered in every department.

Car Loads of TOYS coming in!
Way-clearing Bargains streaming out!

Sundries.

1 Quart bottle Blueing	6c
1 Lb. package Bird Seed	6c
Toilet Paper, per package	7c
Carter's best Ink, per bottle	5c
Lamp Burners, No. 1	5c
Lamp " No. 2	10c
Lamp Chimneys, large	5c
Lamp Wick, 2 yards	5c
Table Knives, per set	50c
Kitchen Knives, each	5c
Best Steel Butcher Knife	10c
Meat Saws	35c

Wash Boilers.

1X No. 8, copper bottom	$1 25
1X No. 9, " "	1 50
1X No. 8, copper rimmed	1 65
1X No. 9, " "	1 75
No. 8, all copper	3 00
No. 9, all "	3 25

If you want cheaper ones we have them at a song.

Preserve Kettles.

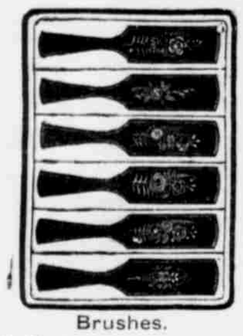
8 Quarts, retinned	25c
4 Quarts, "	15c

Flaring Pails

Small size	8c
12 quart size	15c
14 IX "	25c
17 IC "	25c

COAL BUCKETS.

Medium size	18c

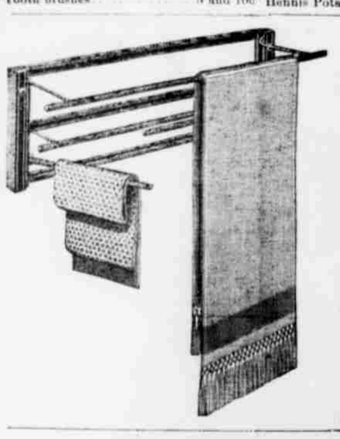


Brushes.

Wire Hair Brushes from 10c up to 50c.	
Hair brush	9c
Clothes brush	10c
Blacking brushes	10c and up
Scrub brushes	8c
Tooth brushes	5 and 10c

MISCELLANEOUS

Wash Boards	12c
Double Side, pat	22c
With protector	25c
Spice Cabinets	80c
Former price $1.00.	
Hennis Potato Masher	28c



Ladies Friend Towel Rack

An ornament to any room—finished in cherry and antique oak.

Only 25 Cents.

Dish Pans.

Dish Pans ..... 18c | Pudding Pans ..... 4c and up

☞We defy competitors to SELL the same class of Goods at our price and give the guarantee that we do with EVERY BILL of Goods sold.

The "FAIR,"

POSTOFFICE BLOCK, ROCK ISLAND.

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

As in the garden oft you've seen
Above the flowers that gem the glade,
One bloom that rears a stately crown,
Put other blossoms in the shade,
And seem within its lifted head
A lake of tinted gems to hold;
So art thou, maid, beyond the rest,
With beauty, ripe, majestic, bold.

At every ball, at every fete,
Where social harmony is rife,
Thine eyes are sought, thy beauty marked,
And in thy presence, bright is life.
No care hast thou, or thought of those,
The vanquished now, by most forgot;
The season's queen, why shouldst thou know
How brief may be thy fated lot?

And so we worship at thy shrine,
Bring tribute incense as we look,
A few short months, slack a day!
The bloom is gathered in the book.
Thou'rt married, maid, the season's done.
Nay, little one, pray be not vexed,
For all the world will ask but this:
Who'll be the next, who'll be the next?
—Vanity Fair.

OWEN'S WIFE.

"Dark men are always jealous men. Beware if one crosses your path."

So said the gypsy fortune teller to Maggie Cameron, when she sought the hollow where the tents were pitched, with half a dozen other frightened girls and laughing boys one summer morning, and Maggie was superstitious for a girl of the Nineteenth century, yet she accepted Owen Mayne on her way home. The darkest of the dark, eyes like jet, hair no raven's wing could outvie, the skin of a Spaniard, strong features, and a temper that leaped up at a touch, and did not cool again in haste.

He was older than most of the party, and had more experience. He had been in the far west; he had fought the Indians once or twice; he had met with desperadoes who would have robbed him had he not left them dead on the spot. A tall, slight man, graceful and agile; as good a dancer as he was a fighter—he had taken Maggie's heart by storm.

He knew how to make love, too; he was not one of your timid lovers.

"Your gypsy told you to beware of dark men, did she not?" he asked Maggie as they walked home together.

"Yes," she said, "because they are jealous; but, for my part, I should not like a husband who was not jealous of me; I should think he did not care enough."

"You are right," said Owen. "Without jealousy there is no love. Marry me, Maggie, and I think I shall make you happier than any chilly hearted fellow who only wanted you to cook his dinner for him could. Marry me, Maggie, and have no fear of a jealous man as long as you are true to him, for he will not suspect you without cause."

And Maggie put her hand into his, and, though no doubt all the others saw him do it, Owen kissed her.

And so they were married not long after, and for a year were as happy as mortals could be.

At the end of the year there was a little baby in the little home, and the young couple were as proud of it as young couples usually are.

Owen was an engineer, and off and away much of the time. But when his train passed the little cottage where his wife dwelt, he always gave her a signal in the shape of a whistle she had learned to know.

"I wonder what that whistle means?" people on the cars often asked each other, never guessing that it was the young engineer's signal to his wife and baby.

The child grew and throve, a pretty creature, with its father's dark eyes and its mother's golden hair; and except for the fact that, like any other engineer, Owen took his life in his hands each morning when he went forth to win his bread, there was nothing to trouble Maggie.

"The dark man has never been jealous of me once," she used to say to herself. "But, to be sure, I never look at any one else, and he has no cause."

The home where the three dwelt was in a quiet little village on the borders of a small but beautiful lake.

On these afternoons which brought Owen home Maggie used to go to meet him by what they called the Lake road.

At first she carried the child, then she pushed him in the little wagon; but at last he was able to walk beside her.

He was a sturdy little fellow, with no fear of anything, and Maggie had much ado to keep him in good order, but she was very proud of him.

It was a bright autumn afternoon, and Maggie was on her way to meet Owen, when her attention was attracted by an unwonted sight. Beside the lake an easel was set up, and an artist was seated before it making a sketch of the surrounding scenery. The place was so out of the way of tourists or summer boarders that this thing had never been seen before, and Maggie, who was very fond of pictures—though she had seen but few—paused, and watched the painter from afar.

He was an elderly man, and wore a velvet coat and a large slouched hat. When he saw Maggie standing at a little distance he turned and smiled kindly upon her.

"Come," he said, with a strong French accent; "come and see, if you like—come."

Maggie approached the easel.

"Oh, how pretty!" said she. "I don't see how you ever do it, I'm sure—all with that little brush and some paint."

"And some brains," said the Frenchman.

"Oh, of course you must think it all out," said Maggie—"the sky and the clouds and the water. What lovely little waves!"

Maggie stood watching him as he worked, and for the first time in her life she forgot her child.

The little creature wandered away, going nearer to the water than his mother ever permitted him to go, and shortly waded in further and further down the gradual slope of smooth sand, until a sudden dip took him off his feet, and at his scream his mother turned to see him struggling—sinking—drowning before her eyes.

The next instant the Frenchman had thrown off his coat, kicked off his shoes, and was in the water. He seemed to be a good swimmer, soon grasped the child's garments and reached the shore with him.

Maggie clasped her boy to her heart, and finding the little fellow unharmed, and now laughing, flung herself upon her knees before his preserver.

"How shall I thank you?" she said. "You have saved my boy's life."

"Oh, it was nothing, it was nothing," the Frenchman repeated, resuming his coat and shoes. "A plunge hurts nobody this weather. I go home to dry myself, that is all."

Maggie, however, could not look upon the matter calmly. She had expected to see her child drown before her eyes. She was trembling from head to foot; and, after striving in vain to restrain herself, she burst into a flood of tears, which ended in a fit of hysterical laughing and sobbing.

"Oh, these women," said the Frenchman to himself, but he was too gallant to express his feelings.

Placing Maggie upon his sketching stool, he knelt beside her, applied a little smelling bottle to her nostrils and shortly restored her to calmness.

"Now, little mother, do not cry any more," he said. "You should laugh because the little one is safe. Ah—good heavens! how foolish."

And then, in a perfectly paternal manner, he kissed her. And Maggie, crying out:

"You good, good man! I shall pray for you every night of my life," kissed him again.

It was all for the preserver of her boy, of Owen's boy, and because she was really out of her mind at the moment. But at this instant Owen himself, coming rapidly along the shore road, caught sight of his wife. The child, perched on a rock hard by, was playing unconcernedly with his wet shoe, but Owen did not see him. What he saw was a stranger kissing his wife, his wife kissing the stranger again; and all that was fond and tender and loving flew from his soul.

"The dark man," of whom the gypsy had warned Maggie, was her husband now. He came rushing down toward them, and the Frenchman, seeing what he fancied—not without reason—to be a madman approaching, turned and fled. His fighting days, if he ever had any, were over. He was willing to risk his life to save a beautiful little child, but this was another matter. As for Owen, he reached Maggie's side at three bounds, and seizing her arm held it in a grip of iron.

"I saw you kiss him!" he hissed in her ear. "You play me false, do you—you?"

"Owen, you are crazy," said Maggie.

"Speak; did you kiss him? I can't believe it yet," said Owen. "Why, Maggie, it cannot be. Say you did not; that the sun was in my eyes; that I did not see rightly. You did not kiss him?"

"I did," said Maggie; "yes, I kissed him. He"——

Owen pushed her from him, so that she staggered and fell. And when she looked up he was gone—he had followed the Frenchman, or intended to do so. But the light footed foreigner had been careful to step aside as soon as he was out of sight, and return to his hotel by a devious route.

"No doubt that was madame's husband," he said. "When madame shall have explained, all will be right. Just no be on the safe side."

Meanwhile poor Maggie had gathered herself up, taken her boy by the hand, and gone homeward. A deadly fear of her husband possessed her—she remembered the gypsy's prophecy.

"He will kill me," she said to herself. "He will kill me before ever I can tell him my story."

Then Maggie, terror stricken, took her boy and fled from the house. The dread of being murdered by the "jealous dark man" was strong upon her.

She knew of an empty hut—once a flagman's house—which stood beside the road. Here she could hide until dawn, when Owen would be miles away. Then she would fly where she could meet him no more, for she had no hope of proving the truth to him.

She had cause for her fear—Owen meant to kill her. He fancied her one of those vile women who have the seeming of an angel, and who mar the lives of men who love them—he would kill her, and then die.

He had not had time to go home. The hour for his return to the engine had come upon him almost unaware. He reached his post only by the greatest efforts, almost tempted to desert it in order to find and slay the man who had kissed his wife.

It was 10 o'clock. In the lonely hut by the railway track Maggie had put her boy to sleep, when the sound of voices caused her to creep to the little window and look out. There she saw a sight that curdled the blood in her veins—train wreckers at work—three vile tramps, who had already placed across the track a hill of obstacles which would insure the destruction of any train which came upon them in the darkness.

They worked by the light of lanterns, and she heard them chuckling in fiendish glee.

"Best get out of the way now," said one, "and be seen at the tavern. When we hear the whistles we'll come and help."

"Yes, we'll help, good charitable souls that we are," said another. "The 11 o'clock express, going north, will be delayed tonight."

They laughed as they spoke, and Maggie clasped her hands—the 11 o'clock train was Owen's.

The engineer is always the first victim in a disaster. The man who was going to kill her would never live to do it if this train met the fate prepared for it. But Maggie never thought of that. It was only her dear Owen she remembered now—her loving husband, not the jealous, dark man from whom she had fled.

If the tramps returned, her doom was sealed; but that did not matter. She covered her boy with a cloak she had brought, and lighting a match, peered at the little silver watch she wore about her neck. The train was due in half an hour. What should she do?

"Thank God for the candles," she said as she barred the door and went out upon the road.

She would not waste her means. She listened intently—moments seemed hours—but at last she heard the far away whistle. She knew how fast the express train flew. She must be prompt or her efforts would be in vain.

How small the candle looked! The train did not stop—they did not notice—a greater flame must be made. She tore off her gown—the calico would make a greater blaze—she tied the sleeves to a branch she had caught up and set it on fire. The danger signal sounded; the train was slowing.

"Thank God!" she cried, "Owen has seen it; he has stopped!"

She flourished the flaming fragments of her dress still more wildly, and now people were running down the track, and she was surrounded by men who thanked her for their lives and amongst them Owen.

"Maggie!" he cried. "Oh, good heavens! how did you come here?"

"God led me, I think, Owen, to save your life."

And Owen, looking into her noble face, knew that he had been mad to doubt her, and clasped her to his heart.

Later, when she told him the story of her kiss, jealousy died within his soul forever, and he knelt repentant, asking her forgiveness.—Mary Kyle Dallas in The Family Story Paper.

The Naphtha Habit.

A prominent medical journal calls attention to the growth of the "naphtha habit" among the female employes of rubber factories. The inhalation of naphtha fumes produces a peculiarly agreeable inebriation. Naphtha is used to clean rubber, and is kept in large boilers, to the valve of which the employes obtain access and breathe the fumes. The habit was introduced from Germany, and is chiefly found in the New England states.—Exchange.

A Pleasant Prospect.

She—Ma says she knows that when we are married we won't live so like cats and dogs as she and pa do.

He—No, indeed. Your ma is right.

She—Yes, she says she is sure you'll be easier to manage than pa is.—New York Weekly.

A Sad Situation.

"He owes everything he has to me."

"That's bad. He owes a great deal more than he has to me."—Harper's Bazar.

An Editor's Over Caution.

Many people make mistakes and lose a lot by being too suspicious, too cautious. We remember the last time we visited New York city—with which place nobody else in Dolgeville is probably so familiar. A man came up to us, as we stood on our hotel steps after taking a noontime snack at Delmonico's, and says he to us: "The editor of The Backwoods Banner, I presume?" We had the old bunco game down fine, and, looking the man squarely in the eye, we replied: "You presume too much, sir. We are not the editor." (This was untrue, but justifiable under the circumstances.) "I beg your pardon," he said, touching his hat politely; "I merely wished to tender you a ticket to the dinner of the Press club this evening." He felt hurt and so did we. He had been received with unnecessary suspicion and we had missed a good dinner. We merely mention this incident as a reminder to those who are always saying "Go slow!" that it is not always wise to go too slowly. We must risk something if we would be truly great.—Dolgeville (N. Y.) Banner.

All About the Blackbird Pie.

You all know the old "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Have you ever read what it meant? The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before the king."

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting his money, is the sun; while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers are golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, the day dawn and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day—in a pie.—New York World.

Jewelry of Low Class Chinese.

The only ornament worn by the Chinese of the lower or laundrymen class is a wristlet, a polished translucent ring of white or greenish stone, just large enough to slip over the hand. They are quite expensive, ranging from $3 for an inferior dull white specimen to $50 for the green rings that are most highly prized. They must be entirely free from imperfections and emit a clear, sonorous ring when struck a light blow.

Some Chinese never remove them from their wrists, thinking that they give increased strength to the arm, and specimens dug from graves are most valued, as they are believed to be especially efficacious in warding off evil spirits.—Traveler in Jeweler's Weekly.

A Gifted Jewess.

Cremation has invaded literary London. Amy Levy, the author of "Reuben Sachas," has been incinerated. Miss Levy died at the age of 27, and at the beginning of what promised to be a brilliant professional career. She was one of several gifted Jewesses who have, in recent years, done some strong writing in the field of fiction. An even more able writer of her circle still lives in the sister of James Davis, the editor and publisher, who goes in for the study of medicine as a fad, and uses the knowledge she acquires at tiffies and lectures in her novels. This lady, who writes over a male pseudonym, with a sharp pen, is married and well to do. She divides the care of her family with her care for her mental offspring, and is said to be a success in both directions. Her anonymety in letters is carefully preserved, for the best of reasons. One of her novels is historical for having, by its pungent personalities and sharp character drawing, created a positive riot in Maida Vale, the suburban paradise of the opulent London Hebrew.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Dancing school at Turner hall Wednesday evening.

House for rent, No. 1409 Sixth avenue. E. Fickinger.

A desirable suite of rooms for rent at 1319 Second avenue, cheap.

Lost—A spotted pointer, with C. F. Gaetjer, owner's name on collar.

A. D. Huesing, real estate and insurance agent. Office No. 1608 Second avenue, Rock Island.

The Crown dining hall, No. 1708 Second avenue, is now ready to furnish you the best meal in the city for 25 cents.

Buy Mercer county coal of E. B. McKown at his new coal yard corner of Fifteenth street and First avenue.

The Royal Insurance company, of England, has the largest surplus of any fire insurance company in the world. A. D. Huesing, agent, office No. 1608 Second avenue, Rock Island.

$50,000 to loan on real estate security, in sums of $200 and upward, at lowest current rates of interest, without commission. E. W. Hurst, Attorney at law, Rock Island.

Modern Houses For Sale

On monthly installments by Guyer & Sweeney.

Barth & Babcock, Dentists.

No. 1724 Second avenue. Special attention paid to saving the natural teeth and inserting teeth without plates.

For Sale.

Fourteen dry lots on four years time, with six per cent per annum, to any one wishing to build this summer.

B. DAVENPORT.

Surety on Bonds.

Those who are required to give bonds in positions of trust, and who desire to avoid asking friends to become their sureties, or who may wish to relieve friends from further obligations as bondsman, should apply to the agent of the American Surety Co., of New York.

ED. LIEBERKNECHT,
General Insurance Agent,
Rock Island, Ill.

The sleeping apartment of a musical college ought to be called the do-re-mestory.

A Brush Unspeakable

Is endured by the victims of inflammatory rheumatism, and any form of the disease may reach that agonizing phase or attack the heart and cause death. Unhappily they who feel its preliminary twinges seldom realize this. Like other possibly dangerous maladies, rheumatism is often disregarded at the outset. Well will it be for him if this brief notice shall serve as a warning of future peril or pain to a reader troubled with incipient rheumatism. The proper sequel will be an instantaneous resort to the great preventive depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose brevet of professional commendation popular experience has confirmed. There is no finer or more genial antidote to the virus of rheumatism in the system. Botanic in its origin, it is free from the objections attaching to depurent poisons liable to be taken in more than the infinitesimal dose. The Bitters conquers malaria, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles.

It has been announced that the solid wooden shutters and heavy paneled door peculiar to Philadelphia are no longer fashionable in that city. Now light has come to the inhabitants.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits, and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free? It never fails to cure acute or chronic coughs. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large bottle 50 cents and $1.

George Offerle, of Warren, Pa., while whipping a carpet a day or two ago, dislocated his right arm at the shoulder.

Facts Worth Knowing

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

The jetty at Fort Stevens, Oregon, is three miles long and wide enough for four railroad tracks.

Pond's Extract, for pains, sores, etc. The marvelous cures effected compelled scientific medical investigation, and forced its acknowledgment.

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Interest allowed on Desposits at the rate of 4 per Cent. per Annum.
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☞The only chartered savings Bank in Rock Island County.

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Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

FOR MEN ONLY!
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Intelligence Column.

SALESMEN—BOTH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN wanted to sell a good selling article; can make $3 to $5 a day; call at 1320 First ave. 19-2t

SALESMEN WANTED TO SOLICIT FOR our well-known Nursery; good wages paid every week; permanent employment guaranteed. Write at once, before territory taken, stating age. 15 CHASE BROS' CO., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—AN OIL SALESMAN, ON COMmission, for the Lubricating oil trade; address to The Dieterich Oil Co., 86 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—RELIABLE LOCAL AND TRAVeling salesmen; positions permanent; special inducements now; fast selling specialties. Don't delay; salary from the start. BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN—WE WISH A FEW MEN TO sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade; on salary; largest manufacturers in our line; inclose 2c. stamp. Wages $3 per day; permanent position; money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. CENTENNIAL M'F'G CO., Cincinnati, O. June 17

$75 TO $250 A MONTH CAN BE MADE working for us; agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business; spare moments may be profitably employed also; a few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

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E. D. SWEENEY. O. S. WALKER.
SWEENEY & WALKER,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW Office in Bengston's block, Rock Island, Ill.

WM. McENIRY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Loans money on good security, makes collections. References, Mitchell & Lynde, bankers. Office in Postoffice block.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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PUBLICATION NOTICE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ROCK ISLAND COUNTY, } ss.

County Court of Rock Island county, to the November Term, A. D., 1889.

Eliza Warnock, Administratrix of the estate of John Warnock, deceased, vs. Margaret Bailey, Alexander Warnock, David Warnock, James C. Warnock, Hugh Warnock, Janet Campbell, John C. Warnock, David W. Warnock, Janet Warnock, Charles Wahlstrom, Daniel H. Hartwell and Robert Lee—Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Affidavit of the non-residence of Janet Campbell, James C. Warnock, Alexander Warnock and Daniel H. Hartwell defendants above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the County Court or Rock Island County, notice is hereby given to the said Janet Campbell, James C. Warnock, Alexander Warnock and Daniel H. Hartwell, that the said plaintiff Eliza Warnock, administratrix of the estate of John Warnock, deceased has filed her petition in the said County Court of Rock Island 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:

The northwest quarter (¼) of the no thwest quarter (¼) and the northeast quarter (¼) of the southwest quarter (¼) and the northwest quarter (¼) of the southeast quarter (¼) of section eleven, (11); also the south one-half (½) of the southeast quarter (¼) of section three, (3) all in township sixteen, (16), north of range one (1) west of the Fourth principal meridian, in the county of Rock Island and state of Illinois.

And that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable at the November term, A. D. 1889, of said court, to be holden on the First Monday of November, A. D., 1889 at the court house in Rock Island, in Rock Island county, Illinois.

Now, unless you, the said Janet Campbell, James C. Warnock, Alexander Warnock and Daniel H. Hartwell shall per onally be and appear before said county court of Rock Island county, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Rock Island in said county, on the first Monday of November, 1889, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, 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.

Rock Island, Illinois, October 19, 1889.
R. A. DONALDSON, Clerk.
E. W. HURST, Complainant's Solicitor.

ATTACHMENT NOTICE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ROCK ISLAND COUNTY, } ss.

County Court of Rock Island county, November Term, A. D. 1889.

James M. Wanzer, George D. Broomell and William A. Chadwick, partners, &c., of Wanzer & Co., plaintiffs, vs. W. J. Smith, D. W. Clarke and Emanuel Shaffenburg, partners, &c., of Smith, Clarke & Co., defendants—In attachment.

Public notice is hereby given to the said W. J. Smith, D. W. Clarke and Emanuel Shaffenburg, that a writ of attachment issued out of the office of the clerk of the County court of Rock Island county, dated the 23d day of October, A. D. 1889 at the suit of the said Wanzer & Co., and against the estate of the said W. J. Smith, D. W. Clarke and Emanuel Shaffenburg for the sum of Seven Hundred dollars and directed to the sheriff of Rock Island county, which said writ has been returned executed.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said W. J. Smith, D. W. Clarke and Emanuel Shaffenburg shall personally be and appear before the said County court of Rock Island county on the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the court house in the city of Rock Island, in said county, on the eleventh day of November A. D. 1889, give special bail and plead to the said plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you, and in favor of the said Wanzer & Co., and so much of the prop rty attached as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

RICHARD A. DONALDSON Clerk.
H. C. CONNELLY, Pl'ffs Attorney.
October 28th A. D. 1889. d3w

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of the County court of Rock Island county, state of Illinois, made at the November term thereof, A. D. 1889, upon the petition of the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Patrick H. Egan, deceased, against Eliza Egan, Ella Egan, Mr. L. C. Freeman and the Black Hawk Homestead Building, Loan and Saving Association, I will, on the 11th day of December next, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 4 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sell at public vendue, subject to a Fourteen Hundred ($1,400) dollar mortgage executed to secure one certain promisory note of the same amount, held by the Black Hawk Homestead Building, Loan and Saving Association, at the north door of the Court house in the city of Rock Island, Rock Island county, state of Illinois, all the interest of the said Patrick H. Egan and the dower interest of Eliza Egan, his widow, in the following described real estate situated in the county of Rock Island, state of Illinois, to-wit: East one-half (½) lot No. one (1) in Martha A. Rodman's addit on to the city of Rock Island.

Terms of Sale—All of the purchase money to be paid upon the confirmation of the petitioner's report of said sale by the court.

Dated the 11th day of Nov. 1889.
MICHAEL J. HUGGINS,
Administrator of the estate of Patrick H. Egan, deceased.
McENIRY & McENIRY, Solicitors. 9-d4w

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order and decree of the County court of Rock Island county, Illinois, made on the petition of the undersigned, Anna Doonan, administratrix of the estate of Frank Doonan, deceased, for leave to sell the real estate of said deceased, at the November term, A. D. 1889, of said court, to-wit: On the 14th day of November, 1889, I shall on the 14th day of December next, at three o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sell at public sale, for cash in hand, at the north door of the court house in the city of Rock Island in said county, all the right, title and interest of Frank Doonan, deceased, and the home-stead and dower interest of said Anna Doonan in the following described real estate, situated in the county of Rock Island and state of Illinois, to-wit:

Lot four, (4), in block five, (5), Brackett's addition to the city of Rock Island. Said real estate being more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the southeast corner of said block five, (5), running thence west along the south line of said block five (5) sixty (60) feet; thence north and parallel with the east line of said block five, (5), one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet; thence east and parallel with the south line of said block, sixty (60) feet; thence south along the east line of said block five, (5), one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet to the place of beginning.

Dated this 15th day of November, A. D. 1889.
ANNA DOONAN.
Administratrix of the Estate of Frank Doonan, deceased.
E. W. HURST, Att'y for Administratrix.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order and decree of the county court of Rock Island county, Illinois, made on the petition of the undersigned Margaret B. Kellerstrass, administratrix of the estate of Frederick W. Kellerstrass, deceased, for leave to sell the real estate of said deceased at the November term, A. D. 1889, of said court, to-wit: on the 14th day of November, 1889,

I shall on the Fourteenth day of December next, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sell at public sale, for cash in hand, at the north door of the court house in the city of Rock Island in said county, all the right, title and interest of said Frederick W. Kellerstrass, deceased, and the dower interest of said Margaret B. Kellerstrass, in the following described real estate situated in the county of Rock Island and State of Illinois, towit:

The undivided two thirds (⅔) of sub-lot five (5), in block two (2) in Spencer & Case's addition to the city of Rock Island—said sub-lot five (5) being sometimes described as the east forty (40) feet of lot two (2) in said block two (2).

Also the undivided one-half (½) of the west half (⅛) of lot three (3) in said block two (2), in Spencer & Case's addition to said city.

Dated this 15th day of November, A. D., 1889.
MARGARET B. KELLERSTRASS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Frederick W. Kellerstrass, Deceased.
E. W. HURST, Attorney for Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Hannah M. Lawhead, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of Hannah M. Lawhead, late of the county of Rock Island, state of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the county court of Rock Island county, at the office of the clerk of said court, in the city of Rock Island, at the January term, on the first Monday in January next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated this 28th day of October, A. D. 1889.
LEROY LAWHEAD,
Oct 28-d3w Administrator.

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