

The Free Trader.

Ottawa, Ill., Saturday, September 4, 1875.

CREAM OF OUR EXCHANGES.

An exchange chronicles the marriage of a Miss Backup to Mr. Madder...

A Chicago Chinaman sings "Old Hundred" so sweetly that a hundred boys gather and sing bricks through his laundry widow.

The Indianapolis Herald mildly, but firmly, protests against the extravagance of putting "two dollars' worth of collar on twenty-five cents' worth of dog."

A Columbus tombstone says: "They've buried me long ago of she, and together in heaven is her and me."

There is a Jersey farmer who ought to get rich. Whenever he sees a neighbor's boy squirting down the road with his hands clasped across his stomach, he always goes out into his water-melon-patch and conals the melons.

An East Point (Ga.) colored doctor got a sound thrashing, the other day, for allowing two of his patients to die.

Once in a while the obituaries which are now produced in all well regulated newspapers are worthy of immortality. This is from Boston:

"Ananda Jan has gone to rest; She's lain her hands on Abraham's breast; To tell the truth and not to sham, It's awful rough on Abraham!"

The dreadful discovery has been made that the parti-colored stockings now so much in style—are poisonous—a fact which the attention of sensitive clergymen and others who have a propensity for handling hose ought to be specially called.

An exchange says that "kissing bees are the latest. There is considerable sweetness in them." All right; but be sure you're not at the wrong end of the bee; then go ahead with your kissing if you want to.

Who'd live in Vermont? Why, they fine a oyster three dollars in that State for trying an oyster can to a dog's tail, and a red dog and a small can at that.

Babies are described as coupons attached to the bonds of matrimony.

The Chicago Times has the following lines on the demise of a well-known Cincinnati:

Lay his waxen hoofs together, Fold his large and spreading ears; He has gone to blend his geese-haw With the music of the spheres.

What is Wednesday night without a mass meeting? What is corned beef without cabbage? What is an issue of the Streator Monitor without a weather prediction and two-column editorial on cows? We pause to wipe our reeking brow and await an answer.

Thompson, the photographer, says the invention of taking photographs without "pain," works well for the sinner, but it strains an instrument fearfully.

While a St. Louis man was at breakfast with his family the other morning, two former wives dropped in on him quite informally with a policeman. It was misty around that house for a while—in fact the policeman remarked he never saw as big mist in his entire experience.—N. Y. Com. Ad.

The Iowa editor who woke up in the morning to find a prepared article on "Hernia," headed "Herrin," sought the Intelligent Compositor forthwith and inaugurated the worst case of rupture on record.

Bank burglars have had such a poor time of late that they are downcast and discouraged, and some of them talk of studying law in order to get a living.

There is to be a burgoon out in Brown county in a few weeks. A burgoon consists of squirrel soup, a few games of old sledge under the trees, and enough old Bourbon to make the occasion interesting. A burgoon would be just the thing for the president.—Cincinnati Herald.

A son of Sir James Hogg has purchased the Victoria Theatre, London, with the purpose of devoting it to religious work. He should send for Dr. Bacon and let him do a porcine of the work.

The London Spectator says that no person should sit for more than half an hour. 'Sposen a fellow is sitting on the sofa with his girl, is he going to be particular to a minute?

The Chicago Times seems to think it was right for Sir Douglas Forsyth to remove his boots in honor to the King of Burma. Of course, if Sir Douglas had been a Chicago man he would not only have removed his own boots but he would have removed those of His Majesty—as soon as His Majesty was fairly asleep.

Louiseville love talk: "When Pallander told me he loved me, I was mighty tick with it, and cottoned to him directly, and he sat a grinning like a baked skunk."

With her eyes upturned and dying, Loving ones walked up and kissed her, Then she said to mother, sighing, "Give my titter to my sister."

"When I'm ready, send me off in Splendid style, and put my such on; 'Pis me back, write on the coffin, 'Lived and died in latest fashion.'"

Cambridge is proud of a young woman so innocent and pure minded that she remarked to her intended the day previous to their marriage: "Now mind I won't have a baby brought into the house."

Here is a genuine obituary poem, taken directly from the Ledger. It relates to a little girl, seven weeks old, who has become an angel:

As she nor care can reach her now, As angels' crowns is on her brow, We would not call her back again, Our loss is her eternal gain— Come to meet her brother Davey.

The Vermont (Mass.) Gazette tells of a young man who recently conceived the brilliant idea of juggling the question by postal card. Accordingly he dispatched one to the idol of his heart, bearing simply his name and the character of "His feelings can be imagined on receiving by return mail a card inscribed most energetically: "When last seen he had checked his collar box for Chicago, and was inquiring the price of thorough leggings to the West."

A beautiful young lady is in the service of Uncle Sam, on one of the postal cases of the Chicago and Alton railroad. She is a lovely female mail agent.

The Fashion Board takes first money on obituary poetry. The first verse "runs" thus: It is consumption I have got, My lungs are growing weak, I cannot stand, I cannot walk, And soon shall cease to speak. In this I will my life explain With truth in every letter, I never shall be well again, And no hopes of being better.

Wheeler, of the St. Charles Leader, says he had rather row a boat on Sunday than preach an orthodox sermon.—Kendall Record. And undoubtedly the St. Charles folks would rather have him.—Exchange.

"As between a cucumber and a watermelon," says a Western editor, "give us brandy and water."

The Courier-Journal says "There is something of the snake in every man." Why is it that some people will always persist in judging others by themselves?

Why editors should be selected as objects of special solicitude and song we know not, but certain it is that at the camp meeting grounds on Friday last, several of the brothers and sisters earnestly sang the following ditty:

There's Lingle and Vater, we know 'em well, They've got to work to keep from hell; They've got to pray, both night and day, If they want to get in the narrow way.

The last verse, equally touching, the Leader omits: "The blind lead the blind," for McGinley's a "Leader,"

The "sign" is plain to the "wayfaring" reader; And now let's sing to a high old pitch, For McGinley and Ellis are both in the ditch.

A Council Bluffs doctor hangs out a shingle announcing "Dr. H. G. Green, Medico Electrico." Oh, ho, ho, ho!—Hawkeye.

Bessie Turner is to be married soon, and the man who gets her will be a lucky man if, when an early train has to be caught and he wants a cup of coffee before starting, he can succeed in waking Bessie up in time to attend to it.

Little Gene Pyatt, when his little sister came, said to a visitor—"All you have to do to get a baby, is to have sick headache, and send for Dr. Fisher."—Illinois Sentinel.

A Peoria man on his death bed, said: "Begod! nothing short of a linen shroud and a mahogany coffin will do for me. I'm old perditions, I am."

They don't ask a woman in Wisconsin to teach school for any paltry \$2 per week. They offer her \$125, and if she refuses they nail the door up and put up a sign of noo skule bear.

On learning that Jeff. Davis had consented to address a county fair at Rockford, a gentleman of Dixon extended an invitation to the most distinguished "secesh," to speak at a horse fair at the latter place.

In the meantime the loyal stay-at-home radicals of the former place raised a fearful hubbalo about Jeff. coming there, and he getting notice thereof declined. Here is the reply to the Dixon party. It is sharp and hits right and left. If any one doubts that Jeff really wrote this letter, and suspects that it is bogus, let him be consoled with the reflection that the letter loses not a particle of its pungency on that account:

MEMPHIS, TENN., Aug. 13, 1875. Honored Sir:—Yours of the 9th inst. inviting me to deliver an address at the fair of the Dixon Park Association in September, is at hand.

Life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim, and my youthful days passed in the Rock River Valley, were the happiest of my life, and I confess, to you, a long desire to revisit it; to refresh my early dreams of life and to observe the wonderful development of a country which I remember only as a wilderness inhabited by savages. That of this pleasure I would be deprived, up to the present time I had believed.

My judgment, however, is that, for this reason, nothing succeeds so well as success. If Julius Cesar had not lived to cross the Rubicon, what would history have called Julius Cesar? If Grant had not succeeded where he would have been recognized not as the refined and polished gentleman that he is. His noble aspirations might be misunderstood. If Washington had not been successful in the first American rebellion, how would Washington be regarded at the present day?

"Treason doth never prosper; What is the reason? Why, if it prosper, None dare call it treason!"

I confess that this was the manner, from my point of view, in which I regarded the subject previous to the receipt of your flattering letter; now I am persuaded that treason is like diamonds—there is nothing to be made by the small trade, a truth which, if I had recognized a little earlier, it might have urged me to play a more tragic part than I did and for which I could now have showered upon me befitting tokens of regard.

It is easier for the generous to forgive than for offense to ask it. You seem to be carrying out the policy so classically portrayed by Plutarch. How successful Caesar carried out the policy of forgiveness with Catullus, and the Cardinal, Marianne gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Queller, and the most famous of Latin poems remains to commemorate his action. We forgive too little and forget too much.

We are now suffering from the heat and prepossessions that cleave to party. Party spirit breeds passion; passion warps our judgment and our judgment affects our morals. How many minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions out of their party zeal? What cruelties and outrages would some not commit against the people of the South, when they would the them as they are represented, they knew them as they are. There are people of the greatest propriety reduced into shameful errors and prejudices and made bad even by the noblest of principles—the love of their country. I cannot forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb "If there were neither fools or knaves in the world, all the people would be of one mind."

One class of Northern people I am well acquainted with which composed the soldiery. Major Williams of your city extended to me gentlemanly courtesies when I was a captive, ever to be remembered. There is a sympathy of kin between brave hearts. I respect the soldiers of the North, for while we fought like men reared in a land of freedom, instilled by the spirit left us by a Washington, and a Jackson, and a Southern spirit which in the past has brought lustre upon the American name, the men of the North fought like heroes and victory was the reward for their courage. As instigated, the men who did the fighting for the North I have met, but curiosity—one of the strongest and most lasting of our appetites—urges me to go to see the men who have been the principal gainer by the war and to whom peace is distasteful. A large class who did the fighting only with their mouths, are yet discharging their fierce oral batteries, forgetting that the war closed some ten years ago. A man with bravery only in his mouth and patriotism only in his pocket exerts an unwholesome influence—we have them in the South and I suppose the species exist North. Dixon, I am told, boasts of a number of civil military heroes—who were never at war, are never at peace, but who are the political manipulators of their countrymen. To see this class of men will compensate me richly for the hardships and fatigue, at any time of life, which a journey North would cost. It would be most gratifying for me to speak at a horse race. It is so appropriate to me, educated and holding the strict religious notions that I do. It is appropriate for many reasons. The Dixon Park Association has proven itself so em-

mentally worthy of public confidence and support, it would behoove me—if I could by a humble effort—to contribute to its exchequer, that its usefulness might be increased and its Christian influence extended. I would like to see with my own eyes, the class of voters who elected to office such refined gentlemen and distinguished statesmen as John A. Logan and Dick Oglesby. The most appropriate place to meet this class of voters is, of course, the most enthusiastic backers of Mr. Grant, would, I take it, be at a horse race. The attractions offered are of such a refined nature, that they attract the high official source from which the invitation must have emanated, and were it not for a foolish Southern pride which I cannot discard, might persuade me to attend. But I could not relish the idea of going north, to take by the hand the grey-haired parents, whose only support in their declining years was a noble son, now resting in a Southern grave by acts of mingling to stand up and tell the meek veteran how fine are the arts of peace; how beautiful the blessings of honest industry. This is more than I could do—and I respectfully decline your courteous invitation.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Summer Fruits.

A very mistaken idea has found a lodgment in the minds of many, otherwise sensible persons, to wit, that summer complaints, the generic term under which the disorders peculiar to the season are known, are caused mainly by the use of fruit, and that the wise and safe plan is to prohibit its use.

This method, which neglects to take advantage of one of the most beneficial provisions for man's use, comfort, and well being, is detrimental not only to enjoyment but to permanent health. The term "anti-scorbutic" expresses the value of fruits as food, and the estimation in which they are held by those who understand their relation to human wants.

When fruit does harm, it is because it is eaten at improper times, in improper quantities, or before it is ripened and fit for the human stomach. Fruit ought not to be eaten between meals any more than any other food. It may be taken as a lunch, however, with very great benefit, or as a preparation for a meal, that is, before breakfast or dinner. Perhaps the very best time in the day for eating fruit is before or with the breakfast. A distinguished physician has said that if his patients would make a practice of eating a couple of Messina oranges before breakfast, from February till June, his practice would be gone. From June, which brings us the ever welcome strawberries, until November, there is a constant succession of fresh fruits which are a pleasure to the eye and a boon to the system. The proof of their healthfulness lies in the fact that the more people make it a part of their regular daily food, taking the place in part of meat, and wholly of pastries during the summer months, the better and finer, more cheerful and more uniformly well they are, the less fever and thirst do they experience, the less ice water and other violent reactionary fluids are they obliged to drink, and the less are they subject to changes and fluctuations of the system and of temperature.

The principal difficulty with us is that we do not eat enough of fruit; that we kill its finer qualities by mixing it with sugar, and then in cream. We need the medicinal action of the pure fruit acids in our system. We need a cooling, corrective influence, and should accept it as one of the best gifts of Providence.

The waste of fruit is a crime, hardly to be pardoned when so much need it—dying for want of it. A fruit mission would be of far greater value than the flower mission, beneficial as that is, for fruit is life giving, and supplements the beautiful and thought inspiring. Give us fruit and it will make of the perpetual summer.—Health and Home.

Sleep, and How to Procure It.

I have no hesitation in saying that the proper thing to do is to go to sleep immediately (or at least very soon) after the meal of the day. All animals always go to sleep, if they are not disturbed, after eating. This is especially noticeable in dogs; and the great John Hunter showed by an experiment that digestion went on during sleep more than when the animal was awake and going about. This is his experiment: He took two dogs and gave them both the same quantity of food. One of them was allowed to go to sleep; the other was taken out hunting. At the end of three or four hours he killed both of these dogs. The food in the stomach of the dog which had been asleep was quite digested; in that of the one which had been hunting the food was not digested at all.

This fact, I think, shows the advisability of going to sleep immediately after eating. This ignored fact always occurs to my memory when I see old gentlemen nodding over their wine. Nature says to them: "Go to bed." They will not go to bed; but still nature will not allow her law to be broken, so she sends them to sleep in their chairs. People, therefore, who feel sleepy after dinner, ought to do so, and go straight to bed when they feel good, and sleep, and get the worst possible thing imaginable; they retire together into the drawing room, and then, to make matters worse, they drink tea and coffee. Now I regard tea and coffee, when taken at night, to be poison to certain constitutions. It is very well in the morning, but it is very bad at night. The reason why tea and coffee should not be taken at night is that one contains an alkaloid called theine, and the other contains an alkaloid called caffeine. These two alkaloids, taken into the system, stimulate the brain and do not allow it to go to sleep. The speak of this from experience. If I take, throughout the evening, going to bed, five o'clock in the evening, going to bed, about eleven, I cannot go to sleep, the alkaloid will wake me up in about an hour or two. Sleeplessness, therefore, is caused by tea or coffee, though strange to say that tea and coffee actually sends some people into sound slumber.—Land and Water.

Our Apples in England.

Nothing astonishes the English more than our system of barrelled apples. In that country the crop is placed thinly on shelves, in fruit-houses constructed especially for the purpose, and no one thinks of sending them long distances to market. Our Rhode Island Greenings and Baldwins, therefore, which now go there in barrels in immense quantities, surprise them considerably. A good deal of this, perhaps, due to the varieties we send there. A few years ago the Newtown Pippin was the great American apple in the London market; but since the failure of that variety, those two named have in a measure taken its place. It is not, however, that those apples should reach the English market in such excellent condition after being merely barrelled up, so that they are being sent so far, they can still be sold at a price the English can hardly touch with their own fruit. This fact speaks well for the progress of American fruit culture.—Philadelphia Press.

The feeble wailed commissioners did themselves credit (9) by their choice of a location for the "fool school." The institution is to be located at Lincoln. The institution is located near—near, well it is not down in Lincoln's atlas map, but we have every assurance that it is located in Illinois. It is to be a resolve never to attempt small-broiling again.

In 1774 an Irish collector stated before the Royal Society that certain white snails that had been confined in the cabinet for at least 15 years, poked their heads out of their shells

and resumed their usual habits on being immersed in warm water. The members of the society were loth to believe the testimony of the Irishman; but, in 1850, an Egyptian desert snail that had been in a state of lethargy for four years at the British museum suddenly roused up, and became as lively in appearance as ever it had been on its native sands. It fed heartily upon lettuce leaves and continued active for a couple of years. The circumstance proved that the story of the Irish collector might well be true.

HONOR TO OUR WORKMEN.

Whom shall we call our heroes? To whom our praises sing? The pampered child of fortune, The titled lord or king? They live by other's labor— Take all and nothing give; The noblest type of manhood Are those who work to live. Then honor to our workmen, Our hardy sons of toil— The heroes of the workshop And monarchs of the soil.

Who spans the earth with iron And rears the palace dome? Who creates for the rich man The comforts of a home? It is the patient toiler, The laborer to his throne; The true wealth of the nation Is in her working men.

For many barren ages Earth hid her treasures deep, And all her giant forces Seemed bound as in a sleep; Then Labor's "arvil chorus" Broke on the startled air, And by the earth's captives Laid all her riches bare.

'Tis toil that over nature Gives man his proud control, And prides and hallows The temple of his soul. It scatters foul diseases, With all the ghastly train; Puts iron in the muscle, And crystal in the brain.

The Grand, Almighty Builder, Who fashioned out the earth, Hath stamped his seal of honor On Labor for her birth. In every flower, In every blade of grass, Behold the master touches— The handiwork of God! Then honor to our workmen, The heroes of the workshop And monarchs of the soil.

The Man-Fish.

The greatest physical feat of the century was performed Wednesday night when Captain—when the swimmers of the age all Captains—Matthew Webb swam the English Channel from Dover to Calais, 21 1/2 miles. He started from the chalky cliffs of Dover Wednesday afternoon with a strong stroke of twenty to the minute. He seems to have maintained this stroke for nearly the whole distance. Stimulants were administered to him lavishly. He began at 5:30 p. m. with beef-tea and ale. At 8 1/2 the dose was beef-tea and beer. This kept him all right until 1 o'clock in the morning, when the moon rose, and he celebrated the event with a drink of brandy and tea. Coffee was tried for a change at 2 o'clock. This failed to be of service. He seemed exhausted, and the trainer, who accompanied him in a small steamer, was about to spring to his help when he rallied and swam on. In an hour he took coffee and brandy. Thenceforward he drank brandy straight every twenty minutes, so that he may be said to have been brandied as the best swimmer in the world when he stepped on Calais sands. King Alcohol kept him afloat while he was in danger of death from too much water. His feat can scarcely be considered a first-class illustration for a temperance lecturer. But it is a marvel. It must have required muscles of iron and sinews of steel. The swimmer had to meet cross-currents, chopping winds, and tides. There is no more difficult strait to cross in the world. It is said that the tide carried him four miles out of his way. If so, he must have swam over 25 miles. While there were boats near him all the while, he seems to have not left the water for a second between the cliffs of England and the sloping shores of France. A skiff, and afterwards a steam-boat, was kept to the windward of him, and he was thus partly saved the necessity of buffeting with very rough weather. The only other help he received was the administration of alcoholic drinks and the stimulus of cheers from the spectators. Upon landing, he was taken to a hotel, put to bed, and rubbed down. He was soon tranquilly sleeping, and the doctors entertain no fears of any serious results.

This far exceeds any previous feat in navigation. As the college song has it, Leader swam the Hellespont For to meet his dear, and Lord Byron and Lieut. Eckenhead imitated him in 1810. The preservation of the latter's name, the English physician is a striking proof of the fact that a man is known by the company he keeps. The Hellespont, however, at the point where these three crossed it, is only 2,400 feet wide. The two points of Abydos and Sestos run out into the strait, and make it straight indeed. Leader, Byron and Eckenhead swam less than half a mile; the web-footed Webb has swam 25 miles. When Caesar tried to "buffet the waves with lusty arms," he cried out, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!" and was weak as a "sick girl" before he had gone any distance at all. Thus said the orator, Shakspeare. Horatius, whose last name, the physician one of Coelets, is usually suppressed by kindly history and fable—swam the Yellow Tiber after the famous fight for the bridge, but though

All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry, And o'en the banks of Tuscany Could scarce forbear to cheer, the swim amounted to but little. The Tiber is but a narrow ditch, and its current, usually sluggish, never moves with half the velocity of a channel tide. Boyton, who converted himself into a canoe and let the wind blow him across the Channel, did nothing in comparison to Webb's feat. He not only had a score of helms denied the latter, but he took two hours longer in crossing the narrow sea. Webb is ahead. We see no immediate practical benefit to be derived from his success. The average man, though a good swimmer, would probably prefer to cross the Channel in a dry steamer than a wet skin, with brandy-and-water served hot and together, instead of taking the brandy inside and the water outside, with such an overplus of the latter. But the deed was a feat of physical strength and pluck without a parallel.—Chicago Tribune.

LONGEVITY OF SNAILS.—An English paper, giving some evidence regarding the tenacity with which the snail hangs on to life, relates that a lady, having collected some with pretty marked shells, wished to preserve them. She therefore subjected them to a couple of boiling-water baths, and left them on a shelf in a summer house to dry. The next morning, to her surprise and dismay, she found the snails crawling about the place, and some of the hungrier ones feeding upon the paste meant to be used in cementing the shells together. The tender-hearted lady was so distressed at her unwitting cruelty that she sat down and had a "good cry," ending with a resolve never to attempt small-broiling again.

In 1774 an Irish collector stated before the Royal Society that certain white snails that had been confined in the cabinet for at least 15 years, poked their heads out of their shells

Professional Cards.

NEWELL H. MOORE, Attorney at Law, Office in Clancy's Block, corner of La Salle and Madison streets, Ottawa, Ill. July 27

J. P. COURTNEY, Attorney at Law, Office over No. 12 La Salle street, west of the Court House, Ottawa, Ill. July 27

W. D. CRANE, Attorney at Law, Office in Clancy's Block, over Freeman's grocery store, La Salle street, Ottawa, Ill. July 27

GEORGE S. ELLIOTT, Attorney at Law, Office in P. O. Block, Ottawa, Ill. April 7

H. L. MEAD, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office west Court House square, Ottawa, Ill. July 27

W. B. FRENCH, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office in Clancy's Block, over Freeman's grocery store, La Salle street, Ottawa, Ill. July 27

EDWIN N. LEWIS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office in Clancy's Block, over Freeman's grocery store, La Salle street, Ottawa, Ill. July 27

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