

The Free Trader

Published Every Saturday Morning. At No. 18 LaSalle Street (first floor) west of Court House by OSMAN & HAPPEMAN.

Table with columns for terms of subscription and rates of advertising. Includes prices for one square, two squares, etc.

LITERATURE.

MAGAZINES. NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. (D. Appleton & Co., New York, \$3 a year.) In the November number the discussion of "The Christian Religion," by Col. Ingersoll and Judge Black, which was commenced in the August number is continued.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. (Harper & Bros., New York, \$4 a year.) The November number contains the sixty-third volume of this standard magazine. It opens with a finely illustrated article by W. H. Riding entitled "In Corn wall with an Umbrella," which is followed by a spirited account by W. W. Thomas, Jr., of two weeks' recreation and sport in the woods of Canada.

DEER PARK.

The Upper, Lower and Middle Glens. (As seen by J. D. H.)

When I first visited Deer Park, as it is commonly called, I was so struck with its sublimity and grandeur that for a time I was in doubt whether I was not standing within one of the cauyons of the Rockies, or the gorges of the Alleghenies, instead of a prairie region like this. At that time a journey to Deer Park, Glen, as we will now call it, and which is the right adaptation,—was by no means a small undertaking, as the road through the woods and down the embankment that led to the entrance of the Glen was a perilous one; and to venture down with team and carriage was at the risk of a "smash up," broken necks and the loss of life itself. But now all is changed—a new roadway is cut through the woods, a gentle grade leads down to the entrance and with comparative ease and safety you drive in and up the Glen to its centre, where you alight from your carriage in the very midst of its sublime attractions. Those who visited the Glen in years gone by would be surprised to see it now, with its new roadways, winding paths, rustic stables and artificial bridges, stairs and drinking troughs for horses, and last but not least "The Lodge," where visitors can refresh themselves before or after "doing" the Glen. All these improvements have been accomplished without detracting or disturbing in the least any of its natural beauties. During the coming winter and spring many new improvements in the way of walks, bridges, stairs, artificial grottoes and pools are to be made, so that those who see it to day will be surprised at the transformation next year, none of which improvements will in the least detract from its original beauty and wildness. All these improvements cost time and money and it is not to be supposed that Mr. Clayton is doing all this for the pleasure of visitors without some view of compensation. At present no admission for persons is charged, but a small fee for horses, which includes the use of stalls. At "The Lodge" a general supply of refreshments is kept and furnished at reasonable prices, so that it is unnecessary for visitors to bring anything in that line with them; and it may be well to consider that the liberality of visitors towards the management in this respect depends the success of making this one of the most popular and respectable pleasure resorts in the state.

THE BANKS OF THE VERMILION.

Before entering the Glen, a glance up and down the banks of the historic Vermilion will repay the visitor. At this point it is calm and placid when high, but a little further on it is rapid and dashes on over a rocky bottom by sharp windings, rocky banks and shady gorges, and finally mingles with the waters of the Illinois. Most of the year it is nearly dry, but even then its rocky banks and wooded bluffs will bring to mind the early days of our pioneers and the times that tried men's souls, which Parkman and others so thrillingly picture in their writings of the great west.

Turning to the entrance of the Glen, our attention is drawn to a straggling stream that winds along the base of the rock and out into the muddy Vermilion. Its silence tells us nought of the

sublimity through which it has passed, nor the grandeur from which it emerged, just a little further up the Glen.

THE GLEN.

From the moment one enters this mysterious wonder of nature's handiwork, and moves on past the towering rocks and projecting ledges, we are struck with the grandeur and sublimity of its surroundings, and as we advance inward and observe the varying changes which present themselves, there seems to come over us an impression that we are leaving the outer world with all its freshness and entering something of the unreal! The coldness of the Glen chills us, the towering walls shut us off from the world beyond, as it were, and all we can see above us is the hanging branches of trees, through which flickers a ray of sunshine, and far beyond through the eternal realm of space we catch a glimpse of the pale blue sky; while our thoughts endeavor to fathom the immensity of all we see before us, and as our eyes skim along the timber crowned summit of this wondrous gorge, the idea strikes us that though we may be able to translate

The first object that attracts our attention on entering is the massive walls to the left, whose sides tower upward many feet in perpendicular form, and around whose base the waters of time played many pranks, forming miniature caves, tiny grottoes and other queer formations. On the right the rocks are of an entirely different nature, somewhat irregular with great ledges and wood of from base to summit. A few yards on and turning around so as to face the entrance, the rocks on the right (looking out) present a most remarkable formation in the form of

AN INDIAN.

dressed in all the toggery of his noble instincts, and appearing as ready for the war-path. He is decorated with a head dress and seemingly a bow and bundle of arrows are slung over his shoulder. His posture is standing and seemingly as a monster sentinel of the Glen, while above his head a giant tree spans the chasm. It requires no stretch of the imagination to see all this, as it is as plain as the nose on your face when observed from the proper standpoint, and seems more the work of human hands than of nature.

A few rods onward, a gentle turn to the left and beyond to the right stands "THE LODGE," a neat two-story wooden structure, where the inward man may be refreshed before taking in the Glen, and furnished rooms for those wishing to remain a night within this solitude. "The Lodge" is also made to answer for a picture gallery, managed by the proprietor, Mr. J. F. Standiford, where many excellent views of the most important points in the Glen can be had and who also makes a specialty of photographing groups in any part of the park or Glen.

To the right, or back of the "Lodge" is

THE DOUBLE CASCADE.

or what has been known as the lower park. This cascade is the most interesting of its kind in the Glen, and its formation is what might be called very peculiar. Just before the water reaches the precipice it divides, the main portion in a body going over the fall, a distance of forty feet or more, while the other branch finds its way over a ledge of rocks in myriads of tiny-like threads of silver brightness, and all mingling again in a clear, sparkling pool at the base. When sufficient water is in the ravine above, the sight here is charming, and I have no doubt that at some hour of the day a beautiful rainbow is here visible and perhaps fully as grand and glorious a scene as that of "Rainbow Falls" or "Triple Cascade," so much admired by all visitors to the far famed Watkins' Glen. The cascade is oval, or perhaps crescent shaped, but in many places great ledges and massive rocks are prominent. On both sides the rocky walls rise high and rugged, and to a certain degree assume something of a sublimity touching on the magnificent! The entire rock is massive, copiously coated with hanging vines, ferns, mosses and other foliage, while high above its lofty summit tall trees wave their autumn branches in rich profusion, giving to the entire place a charm that is exquisitely picturesque. From nearly every nook and corner and up between the rocks, come springs of the purest water, whose refreshing coolness and exhilarating drafts are praised by all visitors. Whether they contain any medicinal properties has not as yet been ascertained. The supposition is that they do.

Leaving the double cascade we emerge into the main portion of the Glen. On every side the rocks tower high and rugged, those to the left forming a sort of alcove, beneath which are located the stalls and feeding places for horses. Passing on beyond the watering troughs, a rustic bridge is crossed, under which flows a clear, sparkling stream, at the bottom of which may be seen myriads of tiny fishes sporting around in playful revivry. The structure has been named

THE BRIDGE OF STONES.

We suppose that, as time rolls on, many a maid will leave a sigh, as here beneath the rocky shade she will first listen to the witching tale they love so much to her.

From the bridge on every step adds a new scene and every turn a view more grand and picturesque than another. Scene after scene crowds the vision, and finally a point is reached where the picture greets one as something touching on sublimity. This is supposed to be about the centre of the Glen, and here we pause for a moment to enjoy its wild magnificence! Looking around we find ourselves in a sort of amphitheatre or oblong cavern, about fifty feet by two hundred feet long. Our more pious companions named this

THE CATHEDRAL.

a name to all appearances appropriate; its surroundings have more the resemblance of one of those sublime tabernacles of the great supreme than any that I have yet seen. On every side the massive rocks tower heavenward, in some places a hundred and forty feet or more, rough, rugged and in many places in massive ledges, and all ornamented with a beautiful foliage, while far up their sides and high above their hoary heads tall trees spread their leafy branches, through which we catch a glimpse of the vaulted dome of blue. Looking back towards the entrance, now completely shut out from view by a monster towering rock, whose proportions are simply immense, and whose peculiar formation would suggest

THE ALTAR.

as the most prominent object in this grand cathedral. If observed closely with a small draft on the imagination, it will be seen that this grand old rock forms almost a perfect altar, figuratively speaking; the shrubs, ferns, flowers and foliage answering for ornaments and decorations. Facing the upper end we have a charming view of that beautiful waterfall, the "bridal veil," the music of whose falling waters fills the requirements of an organ, and for a

which, to a certain extent, mars the effect. Great boulders, which some time in the dim distant ages of the past were cleft asunder and sent whirling down from their rocky beds,—trees, among whose branches the winds of time have tuned their harps, secured at last, have been dropped from their aerial heights to mingle with this vast conglomeration of things. Here

"All the air a solemn stillness keeps," and nothing is heard save the song of birds, the music of falling waters and the murmuring ripple of the stream as it courses through the Glen and out to join the waters of the muddy Vermilion. Leaving this tabernacle of nature's creation, within which we feel as though the gods had taken us home, as though we were standing within one of the mighty chambers of the Supreme Ruler himself, we pass on towards the arena, pausing here and there as we advance to view some charming scene or the gorgeous foliage, and finally reach

THE ROTUNDA.

the crowning feature of the Glen and the grandest of its kind that I have ever seen. The rotunda, as its name would indicate, is an amphitheatre in style, and has great projecting ledges, which form alcoves or domes, under which many hundreds of people might find shelter in case of storm or rain. That which attracts the most attention when a sufficiency of water is in the Glen above is

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

one of the most charming and handsome waterfalls on the American continent for its size, as perfectly regular and graceful as even "Minnehaha's laughing water." It first appears some thirty feet above the precipice in a series of cascades, the first taking a leap of ten or fifteen feet, then rushing over a smooth surface it takes an oblique bound of about the same distance and finally, after a graceful flow of about twenty feet, takes its final leap of thirty feet or more and striking the projecting rocks below is dashed into foam, after which it bubbles for a time in

A STAGIUM POOL. and then flows on through the Glen. Within this vestibule are to be seen nearly all the wonders of rock and Glen, while many of the formations are peculiar, and if geologists are to be believed it has taken ages and ages of time to form. There is one prominent formation here, that not one in a thousand would ever see or know anything of unless his attention were called to it, and that is

THE OLD MAN OF THE GLEN!

But there he sits upon his rocky throne as the presiding genius of the gorge, and there in solemn dignity and alone watching over the domain, as it were, monarch of all he surveys. The features are very prominent when viewed from the right standpoint. A giant-shaped head and bust of immense magnitude only appears in that ledge of rock on the left hand side facing the "bridal veil." But in order to see the figure perfectly, it is necessary to take a position almost under this rock and close up to the wall of the "bridal veil," looking out towards the entrance of the Glen, and casting your eyes upward to the ledge of rock, now on your right, there will be no trouble in discovering "the old man."

IMMEDIATELY UNDER THIS ROCK IS

PELTO'S CAVERNS, a damp, dark cavern or gallery, with an opening at the further end large enough to admit a good-sized boat through. Here it is always damp and cold, into which a ray of sunshine never penetrates, and but seldom glimmers a shade of light.

Looking around within this mighty cavern and beholding its vastness—which requires a reader pen than I can wield to portray its greatness and the inspiring sensations that crowd upon one's mind as he is made to realize its stupendous grandeur—here, amid its solitude, we seem to have forgotten the outer world that we left behind, and to almost realize that we are no more upon this earth, but by some mysterious mode have been transported to an unknown region, and here, admiring the work of some ancient races, which the ceaseless ages of time have wiped out of existence, leaving sublime wonders such as this as monuments to their past greatness! Contemplating all this, we are forced to exclaim—

Oh, thou mighty, wondrous gorge sublime, Whom from the East of the world's wide main, Who shaped your form, your rugged face, Where wert thou born and what of all thy race? How didst thou come to this, and what of all thy fate? Mine nature formed thee in her might profound? And put to shame the handiwork of God? Speak out, O gorge, and let the truth be told! Or shape by earthquake, when trembling mountains

Or thunderbolts hurled from the depths of hell? Speak out, and tell the story of thy birth. Thy world that lies in such a fearful earth. Who all were present on that eventful day, Angels or devils—and which, pray, led the way? Did seraphs sweep when came the mighty blast, And didst thou shape and form the world's great? Wert thou then when man, weak human, fell? Wert thou not speak or sigh of that time? Of that dread hour when man first numbered here, Before the Red Man came to stay the timid deer. Fair maid with smiles, bewitching ever dear, Old maid with frowns and grey hair's hoary locks, All come with joy to greet thy rocky face, To view thy grace and see thy mighty rocks, To look upon the scene and feel the power to greet, Whose bubbling waters sparkle at their feet, Majestic wonder, unquarred than steel's alone, Excited by song, "O, Heaven's vaulted dome,

GLEN ARCADIA,

or the "Upper Glen," as it is called, is seldom visited. Indeed, it is safe to state that not one in twenty of the thousands that visit Deer Park Glen annually ever think of taking it in, while a general tourist scarcely knows of its existence, but as a general thing see the first part as far as the Bridal Veil, and go away in blissful ignorance of anything else worth seeing. Hundreds go to the Park only for the sake of saying they had been there, and come away satisfied, yet having no more conception of its sublimity and grandeur than a cow has of music. It was one of this class—and, of course, a woman—hailing from La Salle of that region, who on a recent occasion visited the Glen. She had been all over the world, she said, had seen everything but Deer Park, and had heard so much of it that she came to see it; and when asked what she thought of it she replied: "O, it is very nice, but nothing to be compared to Niagara Falls!" That woman is too utterly utter; she ought to be put on ice—she is entirely too fresh; but fairly represents a large proportion of the visitors of the Glen.

Glen Arcadia differs in every respect from the lower Glen, and although not possessing any of the sublimity or grandeur of the latter has many charming bits of scenery that in themselves are both delightful and fairy-like. The rocks do not tower to such an immense height, but what is lost in grandeur is made up in mild beauty; so that if lovely grottoes, beautiful cascades, crystal pools, mossy ledges and foliage of the rarest nature is worth looking at, then a tramp along its winding confines will be found a pleasant journey. Near the "Lodge" we mount a queer shaped pair of stairs, called

THE STEPS OF TIME, at least it takes a long time to reach their top, which carry us to the summit of the Glen, along which we follow a path for some distance, which is called

THE LOVER'S RAMBLE, having many rustic walks, shaded paths and lovely arbours; indeed, the most charming of places to whisper soft talk and all those sweet things that sentimental ones enjoy. The Ramble

ends rather abruptly, where a descent is made in order to get into Arcadia. Turning to the left as we enter, we move toward the precipice, over a broad flat rock bed, worn smooth by the waters of time rolling over it. On both side the rocky walls rise some thirty or forty feet with nothing particularly attractive about them except a copious growth of ferns, mosses, vines and foliage. Following on we come to

TRIBRACE CASCADE.

(It appearing terrace like from below) or that which forms the series above the "Bridal Veil." This cascade is about ten feet high and at its base is a pool or well shaped like an

OTSER SHELL.

This well is some fifteen or twenty feet deep to the water, but far below may be seen rocks, trees and other stuff. Fifteen or twenty feet beyond is the second cascade, over which the water takes a tumble of a dozen feet or more, at the base of which is another of those wells, shaped like an immense heart, an impression perhaps of that part of the anatomy of one of the giant's of old, to whose memory we dubbed this

THE MALDEN'S HEART.

These wells, as they are called, are queer formations and just how deep they are or what fresh of nature produced them has never been understood. Those who discovered them say that when first seen they were fathomless, and supposed to be air holes to some underground world; that floating matter had been thrown in which was afterwards found along the Vermilion or the Illinois. If this is true who knows but that a cave more grand and beautiful than the Glen itself, even the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, or any of those great caves, lies sleeping beneath those hills! Mr. Standiford, of the "Lodge," said that an old settler told him (and surely the word of an old settler is not to be doubted) that a very ancient Indian maiden told him that there was a tradition among her people regarding these wells: that one day a giantess beauty, after a perambulation over the Lover's Ramble, strayed down to this spot on the rocks where "the boys" were having a game of "Old Sledge," and after fooling around for some time, she dropped her heart—which was a very heavy one, especially at that moment, as her fellow went broke on a pair of queens—and falling on the sandstone rock, which was then very soft, it went right through out of sight, leaving nothing but its shape. Another plausible story is given regarding the one shaped like an oyster shell, but I will not give it, but only mention this as coming from as good authority as an old settler, which may or may not be taken as gospel truth.

From the precipice of the Bridal Veil the view down the vista is one of exquisite beauty. It is here that all the sublimity and grandeur is seen to the best advantage. From this standpoint we peer into its deep recesses; its towering wall appears more massive; its caverns and ledges more terrible, and its profusion of foliage more charming and beautiful; while above lofty pines, grand old oaks and other growths raise their stately forms, completing a picture the like of which is rare and seldom met with. Retracing our steps, we climb a sort of

JACOB'S LADDER,

on which we descended to this point, which is about thirty feet below Glen Arcadia, or the upper Glen. As we advance the Glen grows more interesting, and at many points rarely charming. In some places the rocks rise nearly a hundred feet in height. Bold projecting ledges are here and there to be seen, and what would appear to be attractive waterfalls and cascades. But its chief attraction, and that which it is most admired for, is its profusion of ferns, mosses and great variety of foliage, beautiful beyond conception, all of which must be seen to be appreciated.

About midway in the Glen a high promontory attracts our notice. This point has a history, though of local fame. Once upon a time—and not a very remote time either—a most terrific battle took place here, and ever since it has been known as

THE BATTLE GROUND OF FERNS.

An eye witness says that they had locked horns and fought with that desperation known to their ferocious nature; in the struggle they got too close to the edge of the precipice, over which they went, falling a distance of some fifty feet or more; but to the great surprise of the looker-on, the contestants were uninjured, only in the adaptation of the phrase "more scared than hurt." As soon as they discovered "what struck them" they raised their banners and without any more ado made a clear case of Bull Run of it.

THE JUNCTION.

or where the Glen forms into three separate divisions, is finally reached. Here we pause for a few brief moments to take in the situation and contemplate the journey which so far has been kaleidoscopic in its changes. Here, indeed, is Elysium, where one could sit and dream sweet life away in joy, in peace and in happiness, were it not for the infernal mosquitoes! I don't know that I have the right to question the wisdom of the Almighty or ask why he made this, that or anything else—all were created for some purpose no doubt—but in the name of all that is wonderful, for what purpose did He create these musical, blood-sucking devils, and especially such "whoppers" as infest this part of the Glen? Men cry out for "a lodge in some vast wilderness away from the madd'ning crowds"—of mosquitoes, of course; but if they had my experience there today they would exclaim for a seat on Greenland's icy mountains—anywhere away from those blood-thirsty brutes.

At this point the rocks rise more lofty than at any other point in Glen Arcadia. There are rugged and mossy ledges to be seen, but entirely devoid of anything in the way of formations. Yet there are attractions which in themselves are striking and cause those who understand their "lay" much surprise. The junction of the three Glens and the peculiar way in which they come together are in themselves queer freaks of nature. To the right, before leaving Glen Arcadia, is a charming little spot which we christened

THE FERNERY,

there being such a display of those ever pleasing plants, as well as mosses and other foliage. Taking that branch to the right, and to which we gave the name of

MYSTIC GLEN,

from the fact that it has a mysterious air about it and an unknown ending, our furthest point of exploration was to

STAIRWAY FALLS,

composed of a great number of ledges and rock projections which resemble a stairway, over which water leaps from rock to rock in dainty undulations. Above the falls the rock bed is as level as a floor for a considerable distance, while both sides are a sight that might be pleasing to the fairies, at least a picture far more beautiful than the most sanguine visitor would expect to find in this particular spot. Far as the eyes could penetrate great niches and rocky ledges are to be seen, densely covered with a luxuriant growth of foliage, unequalled in any other part of the Glen. On the bluffs above us tower the oak, the cedar, the maple in all the pride and majesty of their native loveliness, their wide-spreading branches shutting out the sunlight and causing a garb of gloomy shade to pervade the Glen.

Retracing our steps to the junction on the "divide," we took the branch that leads to the left, called

GLEN FACILITY,

named so on account of the ease and facility with which one can traverse its confines. The rock bed of Glen Facility is smooth, and level, though there is nothing in the rocky walls at this point, but the foliage is simply beautiful. For nearly a quarter of a mile we follow the windings of the Glen, now stopping to admire some rock formation, then to gaze on the luxuriant foliage, with an occasional glance upward at the towering trees along the summit. In this manner we reach

CRESCENT FALL,

which, as its name would suggest, is oval or circular formed. It is one of the most perfectly formed falls in the entire Glen, and although not over eight or ten feet high, is one of the most attractive. At its base is to be seen

REFLECTION POOL.

The rock above this for over 200 feet is as smooth as a floor and may, for all we know, have been the dancing hall of the gods whenever they held high carnival. Indeed, it is a floor such as Willis might weep with joy to possess, and just the foundation for the boys to dance the "Buck-tail," the "German" or any of the rest of those "new fangled" dances now in vogue. For nearly a mile and a half we traverse this rocky solitude, now mounting some ledge of rocks which forms a cascade or waterfall; then "waltzing" over some rocky bed, worn smooth and level as though man's aid was brought to use in its construction; again stopping to admire the beauty of some picturesque scene, and finally to emerge out upon the bluffs, from which slope back in dream-like vastness the broad and beautiful prairies. This entire region is one vast area of delightful wanders and attractions, whose sublimity no writer could possibly transfer to paper. Within its solitudes are to be found the most enchanting retreats, carpeted with mosses and adorned with shrubs and foliage of the rarest kinds; glens and canyons of wonderful formation, and all overlooked with forest shades, whose stately growth and majestic grandeur are not surpassed anywhere from the Rocky mountains to the Adirondacks.

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