BUDGET OF FUN.

"Can't you trust me, darling?" murmured Spilkins to the daughter of old Moneylender. "Not without real estate security," replied Isabell, absent-mindedly.

On the International train that left yesterday for San Antonio, there was a darkey who kept sticking his head out of the car window.

"Keep your head inside," said the conductor, angrily.

"Whaffor?"

"For fear you will damage some of the iron work of the bridge, you fool."—*Texas Siftings.*

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT SIGNATURE.—"This, sir," expounded old Daddy Winterbottom, holding up a bottle; "this, sir, is the finest gin that comes into the market."

"It looks clear," commented old Uncle Wotherspoon, who had dropped in to see his friend for a few moments. "I guess that's pretty good gin."

"Try some," said Daddy Winterbottom, holding out the bottle and a glass. "It won't hurt ye. Bless your soul, man, there isn't a headache in a gallon!"

"No, I don't suppose there is," conceded Uncle Wotherspoon. "Wall, here's health!" and down it went.

And they drank and drank until they were both sick at their stomachs, and when they parted it was with fuddled expressions of distinguished consideration and mutual promises to have it out on a similar basis some other night.

And yet these two old innocents had only been drinking a preparation of salt and rainwater which Mrs. Winterbottom had put up as a hair restorative, and about which the only suspicion of gin was the label on the bottle: "None genuine without signature."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Who ever heard of any one being punished for stealing a watermelon? It was tried once in Tennessee, three or four years ago. Good old Judge Frazier, of the Davidson and Rutherford Circuit, was presiding; an unlucky negro was the prisoner; a very young lawyer was defending him; twelve good men and true were in the box. There was no doubt that the prisoner had stolen the melon; the proof against him was as clear as noon-day. The attorney called no witnesses whatever, but simply arose and said; "May it please your honor and gentleman of the jury, my client is charged with stealing a watermelon. He does not deny it. But this is a new crime for our courts. I have stolen watermelons myself; the chances are that your honor has stolen watermelons; and, gentlemen, I'll agree to set 'em up if there's a man on that jury who hasn't stolen a watermelon!" The judge jerked up his head, took off his spectacles, and looked with a startled but smiling stare upon the young scamp; the jurors nudged each other and snickered; the spectators guffawed: but it is needless to say that the brief argument for the defendant was a successful one with the honest jurymen.

ONE MORE LINCOLN STORY.—Just after the terrible disaster of Cold Harbor, the president more than usually depressed and affected by the tremendous responsibilities of his position, started out for one of his solitary, self-communing, after-dinner walks, for which he was noted, and which were, doubtless, the really only undisturbed moments of his care-burdened life.

This time his abstracted ramble led him in the direction of the canal that runs parallel with the potomac river, some half mile south of the White House grounds.

Wandering along its banks in this aimless way, Lincoln came to a smoky little cabin, at the door of which an old colored man was paring potatoes.

The president stopped, and taking it for granted that his face would be unknown to this humble laborer, he sat down and engaged him in conversation.

With that patriarchal readiness of opinion peculiar to aged darkies, he responded to "Father Abraham's" questions, and delivered many sage and oracular dissertations on the conduct of the war, the duties of the executive and public affairs generally.

The president listened—not without gaining an idea or two from the homely discourse—until it was quite dark. As he rose to go the old man set before him a bowl of milk and some hoe cake, which Lincoln—who told the story himself—says he ate with real relish, the first food he had enjoyed for many a long day.

"Good-bye, uncle," he said, at last, "I'll come to see you again."

"Do so, Massa Linkom, do so," said the old man, hospitably.

"Why, do you know me?" said the president.

"Yes, indeed, honey; knowed yer was Old Abe de berry minute I set eyes on yer. You's mighty good man, Massa Presiden; but I seed yer once at yer noggeration and I neber could forgit yer dis quick. You'se a powerful good man, but the Lord made you drefful homely in de face, and dat's a fac'!"

Handling a Tennessee Crowd.

A Michigan man who has a patent windmill went down to Tennessee last fall to see what he could do among the farmers of that state. Reaching a town in the central part of the state, he went to a dealer in agricultural implements and stated his desire to erect his machine and call attention to it.

"Well, it can be done, I guess," was the reply.

"But how had I best proceed?"

"Well, you kin put her up over on the hill thar. I don't know who owns the ground, but if you treat the crowd, I guess no one will object."

"Very well."

"Next Tuesday is market day, and there'll be heaps of folks in town. You want to be around early and treat the crowd."

"Yes."

"Set the old thing going, and ask the boys over to drink something."

"Just so."

"You want to stand on a bar'l and make some explanations, of course, for it will be new to most of 'em. But don't talk too long. Make it about ten minutes, and then treat the crowd."

"Yes."

"If you have to talk any more, tell 'em there is another drink ahead."

"I see."

"If the old man Jones comes in with his boys there'll be a row in the crowd. They shoot on sight. Keep your eye peeled, and if you see any signs of a row, ask the whole crowd out to drink."

"Yes, but—"

"Look out for dog fights. If one takes place you can't hold the boys a minute. Keep your eye on the canines. If you see a yaller purp begin to bristle up, ask the crowd to step over and moisten."

"Yes, but by that time the whole crowd will be drunk," protested the agent.

"Sartin it will, and that's what you want, of course. That will give you a chance to skip out and take your life along with you, and if you make a stop anywhere within a hundred miles I'll send the windmill by freight—provided there's anything left to send! Nothing like knowing how to handle a Tennessee crowd, my friend. Did you ask me out to take suthin?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

At sunset on a beautiful day in June a solitary horse-car might have been seen ascending the brow of a hill. As the dappled palfrey which drew it bravely on reached the crest of the eminence and paused for an instant before beginning the downward journey the intelligent beast gave a snort of terror, and sprang so suddenly to one side that the helmeted knight in whose womanly-white hands were gathered the reins was yanked violently over the brake and most of the air knocked out of his system ere he could regain his position abaft the dash-board and again head the terrified charger in the direction of Western Avenue.

"By my halidom!" quoth the knight, "St. Julian must have seen an oat."

It was true. Some roystering son of Blue Island avenue, going home with many a flagon of beer beneath his corselet, had with wasteful hand thrown by the roadside no less than several oats, at sight of which the neighing steed which had so gallantly breasted the brow of the hill at the opening of this chapter was stricken with the terror that always comes to beasts when that which they have ne'er before beheld comes suddenly within the vista of their gaze.

"Curses on the horse! he has broken my suspender," exclaimed Roderigo O'Rourke, eighth Duke of Wexford, as he wound the lines around the brake and spliced his pants with a string.

In a corner of the car sits Myrtle Hatheway, her pure, passionless face with wine-red lips pressed closely to the window. She is pure as the driven snow, and chaste as an ice wagon. Two years ago she was the petted idol of doting parents—the pampered child of luxury and unlimited confectionery; but one soft, sensuous day in the summer, when the fields were laughing in the golden glory of an ample harvest, her father had come home and said to her in tear-choked tones: "We must sleep in the woodshed to-night, my darling; this house is no longer mine. All that I possessed has been lost forever."

Myrtle did not question him, did not seek to intrude upon the sacred precincts of his grief, but went silently away and blew in her last quarter for ice cream.

George W. Hathaway did not long survive the horse race that swept away his fortune, and in the fall they buried him in the sun-kissed cemetery beyond the beer garden, away from the noise and turmoil of the great city. But Myrtle, although accustomed to every luxury that credit could purchase, was possessed of a brave heart and large feet, and had gone forth to battle with the world and earn her own living. "I will gain my daily bread," she said, but after learning that making seventeen shirts for 8 cents was the most lucrative operation open to her, she had concluded to change her subscription to the tri-weekly.

On the opposite seat of the car from Myrtle sat Bertha Redingote. The girls had moved in the same social circle in the days when Myrtle lolled idly in the lap of luxury, but now that she sat on one knee Bertha did not recognize her. But Myrtle cared not for this. "Let Bertha flaunt her prosperity and grenadine polonaise in my face if she will," she had said, "the time may come when I shall again be heading the procession, and if it does I shall have a pool or two on myself."

* * * * *

"Leavitt street," said the conductor, his voice arousing Myrtle from the reverie into which she had fallen. Both girls left the car. On the corner, his choke-me-to-death collor looking weirdly white beneath the fitful glare of the West Side gas, stood Ethelbert de Courcey—"Good-by John," the boys used to call him, because they said that name was easier to remember, and had a Cook County time time to it. He was a good young man—almost too good to be true—and very rich. His wealth made him the object of much maneuvering on the part of designing mothers with marriageable daughters, but thus far he had escaped unscathed. Both girls knew him. Bertha advance with a witching Ogden-avenue smile on her face, as if to claim his company in her homeward walk, but he heeded her not. Advancing quickly to Myrtle's side, he said:

"May I see you home, Miss Hathaway?"

"Yes," replied the girl, the pink suffusion of a blush hustling rapidly over her cheek as she took his arm.

On the way to the humble pie-foundry where she fought the bedbugs they talked upon the current topics of the day—the cable cars, how Maud S. would drive to the pole, Beecher's indigestion, etc.; but presently Ethelbert's voice sank lower, his tones became more tender, and he told the blushing girl the story of his love—of how he would fain make her his West Washington street bride. When he had finished, Myrtle looked up into his eyes—those eyes so tender and true—and with a little happy sob called his bluff.—*From "Only a Sucker's Daughter," Tribune.*

OPHIR, March 27.—Once more the breezes of gentle spring are upon us. Grass is growing beautifully and everything looks gay, except the roads, which still remain bad.

Our old mail carrier, Albert Smith, sold out all his worldly possessions last Saturday, and contemplates a trip to California for his health.

Shempp has started his new house.

Didn't Harry Date spread himself last week? Wonder if he is living yet?

The latest to embark in the matrimonial boat were, Tuesday evening, Mr. Thos. Black and Miss Alice Harnee; and last Wednesday evening Mr. Frank Wilkins and Miss Mary Dimmick (sister of 'Squire Dimmick.)

It is reported that Billy Wixom will move to Iowa. We hope not, as Billy is a genial fellow, and we should hate to miss his smiling face.

The time James Kidd had his trial before Esq. Dimmick, every one made fun of Mr. D., but his rulings were far more in accordance with law than the suit which we listened to Thursday in Waltham before an old justice. We will not comment upon the trial, but if we had a suit to institute, Dimmick would be our man.

Mr. Wm. Foust, the young man supposed to have been shot by Jas. Kidd, is getting along firstrate, being now able to walk around the room, and will soon be able to get around again. He is still under the watchful care of our worthy Drs., the Everett Bros., who will pull him through all right.

Alf. Meinhardt will work the quarry again this summer.

Ducks are plenty, and our home nimrods are having lots of fun. Ugh!

Jno. McNally has no doubt the best stock steers in this community, and they are not graded cattle either. PEDRO.

A Friend in Need.

Time over and again Thomas' Eclectric Oil has proved a salutary friend to the distressed. As a reliable curative for croup in children, sore throat and bronchial affections, and as a positive external remedy for pain, it is a never-failing antidote.

Here is the record of a recent day's work by Mr. Gladstone: In the early morning there was the usual business with his private secretaries—business of itself sufficient to exhaust the energies of most men—then followed a journey to Windsor, the Council, the private interview with the Queen, and the return to London. Immediately afterward came the great gathering at Downing street, and the speech from the Prime Minister; then followed the sitting of the House of Commons, where questions had to be answered and two speeches made; while the day was wound up by the long and remarkable address on the main question of the procedure of the Lords.

New Advertisements.

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Legal.

CHASE FOWLER,
Master in Chancery.

MASTER'S SALE.—STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF LA SALLE.—*Circuit Court of said county.—In chancery.*

James Carroll, complainant, vs. David Carroll, defendant.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decree entered in the above entitled cause at the March term of said Circuit Court, to wit, March 14th, A. D. 1882, I, Chase Fowler, Master in Chancery of said court, will, on Saturday, April twenty-second, A. D. 1882, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder, for cash, at the front door of the Circuit Court Room, (Delano's Block,) in the city of Ottawa, county of La Salle and state of Illinois, the following described premises, to wit: Lots Six and Seven, in Block Thirty, in the Original Town of Mendota; situate in the county of La Salle and state of Illinois.

CHASE FOWLER,
Master in Chancery.

Dated March 25th, 1882.
THOS. B. SWAN, Compl't's Sol'r. mar25-4w

JOHN B. RICE,
Attorney at Law.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, LA SALLE CO.—ss. *County Court of La Salle county, to the May Term, A. D. 1882.*

Ida Morris, Administratrix of the Estate of James Morris, deceased, vs. Frank Morris, Edward Morris, Fannie Taylor (formerly Fanny Morris), James B. F. Morris, Minerva Davis (formerly Minerva Morris), Henry S. Morris, Alfred W. Morris, Lydia H. S. Morris, Mary Morris and Sarah J. H. Morris, heirs-at law of said James Morris, deceased; Ida Morris, widow of said James Morris, deceased; C. B. Hess, Thomas MacKinlay, Thomas Herford, Richard Wolfe, Fannie Widman and James Walker.—*Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.*

Affidavit of the non-residence of Frank Morris, Fanny Taylor and Minerva Davis, defendants above named, having been filed in the office of the clerk of the County Court of La Salle county, notice is hereby given to the said Frank Morris, Fanny Taylor (formerly Fanny Morris), and Minerva Davis (formerly Minerva Morris), that the plaintiff, Ida Morris, Administratrix of the Estate of James Morris, deceased, has filed her petition in the said County Court of La Salle 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: Lot number seven, in block number sixty-six, in State's Addition to Ottawa, situated in the city of Ottawa, county of La Salle and state of Illinois; and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable at the April term A. D. 1882 of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of April A. D. 1882 at the County Court Room, in the city of Ottawa, in La Salle county, Illinois.

Now, unless you, the said Frank Morris, Fanny Taylor and Minerva Davis, shall personally be and appear before said County Court of La Salle county on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Ottawa, in said county, on the first Monday of May 1882, 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.

Ottawa, Illinois, March 15th, 1882.

P. W. STOCKSLEGER, Clerk.

J. B. RICE, Compl't's Sol'r. mar18-4w

CHASE FOWLER.
Master in Chancery.

MASTER'S SALE.—STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF LA SALLE, *Circuit Court of said county.—In chancery.*

Thomas H. Spencer, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of James Spencer, deceased, complainant, vs. John F. Redding and Maria Redding, defendants.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decree entered of record in the above entitled cause at the January term of said Circuit Court, to wit, January 30th, A. D. 1882, I, Chase Fowler, Master in Chancery of said court, will, on Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of March A. D. 1882, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sell to the highest and best bidder, for cash, "at the front door of the building wherin is now held the Circuit Court of La Salle County, known as the Delano Block," situated in Ottawa, La Salle county, Illinois, the following described premises, to wit: Lot Six, in Block Five, in Glover's Addition to the city of Ottawa, county of La Salle and state of Illinois. CHASE FOWLER,

Dated Feb. 25th, 1882. Master in Chancery.

BUSHNELL & DRUITT, Compl's Solrs. feb25 5w

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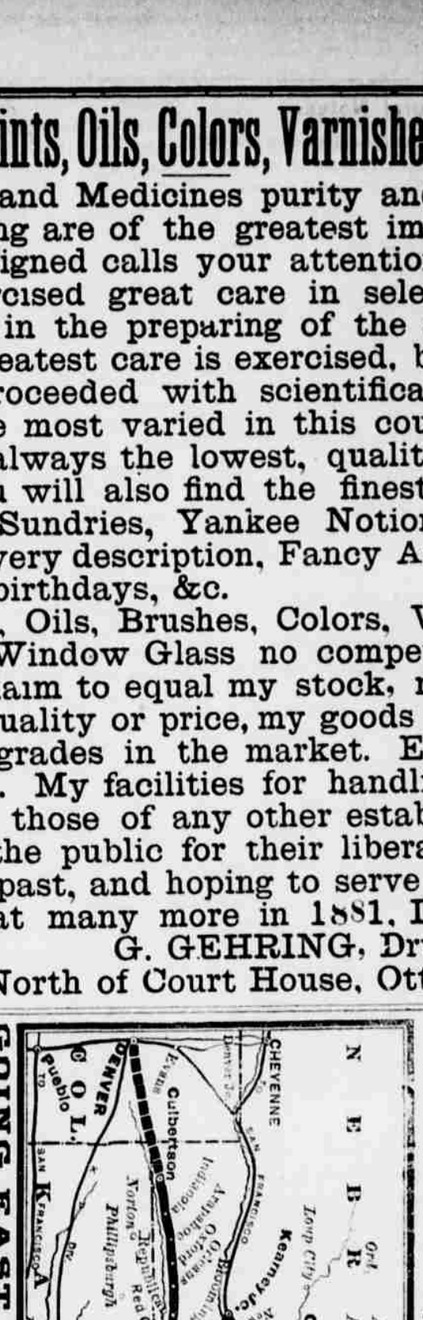
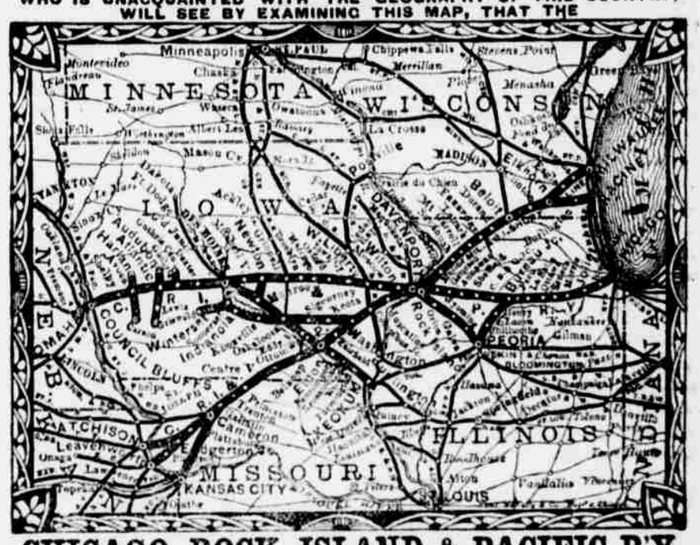


A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

Is The Great Connecting Link between the East and the West

Its main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs, passing through Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, West Liberty, Iowa City, Marengo, Brooklyn, Grinnell, Des Moines (the capital of Iowa), Stuart, Atlantic, and Avoca, with branches from Mississippi Junction to Peoria; Wilton Junction to Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Eldon, Belknap, Centreville, Princeton, Trenton, Gallatin, Cameron, Leavenworth, Atchison, and Kansas City; Washington to Sigourney, Oskaloosa, and Knoxville; Keokuk to Farmington, Bonaparte, Bentonsport, Independence, Eldon, Ottumwa, Eddyville, Oskaloosa, Pella, Monroe, and Des Moines; Mt. Zion to Keosauqua; Newton to Monroe; Des Moines to Indianola and Winterset; Atlantic to Griswold and Audubon; and Avoca to Harlan and Carson. This is positively the only Railroad, which owns, and operates a through line from Chicago into the State of Kansas.

Through Express Passenger Trains, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, are run each way daily between CHICAGO and PEORIA, KANSAS CITY, COUNCIL BLUFFS, LEAVENWORTH and ATCHISON. Through cars are also run between Milwaukee and Kansas City, via the "Milwaukee and Rock Island Short Line."

The "Great Rock Island" is magnificently equipped. Its road bed is simply perfect, and its track is laid with steel rails.

What will please you most will be the pleasure of enjoying your meals, while passing over the beautiful prairies of Illinois and Iowa, in one of our magnificent Dining Cars that accompany all Through Express Trains. You get an entire meal, as good as is served in any first-class hotel, for seventy-five cents.

Appreciating the fact that a majority of the people prefer separate apartments for different purposes (and the immense passenger business of this line warranting it), we are pleased to announce that this Company runs Pullman *Palace Sleeping Cars* for sleeping purposes, and *Palace Dining Cars* for eating purposes only. One other great feature of our Palace Cars is a SMOKING SALOON where you can enjoy your "Havana" at all hours of the day.

Magnificent Iron Bridges span the Mississippi and Missouri rivers at all points crossed by this line, and transfers are avoided at Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison, connections being made in Union Depots.

The principal R. R. connections of this great Through Line are as follows.

At CHICAGO, with all diverging lines for the East and South.

At ENGLEWOOD, with the L.S. & M.S., and P., Ft. W. & C. R. Rds.

At WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, with P., C. & St. L. R. R.

At LA SALLE, with Ill. Cent. R. R.

At PEORIA, with P. P. & J.; P. D. & E.; I. B. & W., Ill. Mid.; and T. P. & W. Rds.

At ROCK ISLAND, with "Milwaukee and Rock Island Short Line," and Rock Isl'd & Peo. Rds.

At DAVENPORT, with the Davenport Division C. M. & St. P. R. R.

At WEST LIBERTY, with the B. C. R. & N. R. R.

At GRINNELL, with Central Iowa R. R.

At DES MOINES, with D. M. & F. D. R. R.

At COUNCIL BLUFFS, with Union Pacific R. R.

At OMAHA, with R. & Mo. R. R. R. (in Neb.)

At COLUMBUS JUNCTION, with B. C. R. & N. R. R.

At OTTUMWA, with Central Iowa R. R.; W. St. L. & P., and C., B. and Q. R. Rds.

At KEOKUK, with Tol., Peo. & War.; Wab., St. Louis & Pac., and St. L., Keo. & N. W. R. Rds.

At CAMERON, with H. St. J. R. R.

At ATCHISON, with Atch., Topeka & Santa Fe, Atch. & Neb., and Cen. Br. U. P. R. Rds.

At LEAVENWORTH, with Union Pac. and Kan. Cent. R. Rds.

At KANSAS CITY, with all lines for the West and Southwest.

PULLMAN PALACE CARS are run through to PEORIA, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, KANSAS CITY, ATCHISON, and LEAVENWORTH.

Tickets via this Line, known as the "Great Rock Island Route," are sold by all Ticket Agents in the United States and Canada.

For information not obtainable at your home office, address.

R. R. CABLE, Vice President and General Manager.

E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.