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Giving limits of the famous Red River Valley, the Minnesota House River Districts, and the Red River Valley. Published by the American Map Co., 111 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

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FREE TRADER

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The Free Trader.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

Ottawa, Wednesday, September 16, 1882.

EYTRA SHEET.

LORNE AND LOUISE.

Arrival of the Princess and Husband in Chicago.—How the Marquis and Wife Appear to Americans.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—The special train bearing the marquis of Lorne, Princess Louise, and the party, arrived at Kensington at 7:30 this morning. The train consisted of three drawing-rooms and sleepers, one hotel-car and a baggage-car. The governor-general and Col. DeWilton were the only important members of the party who were awake. Mr. L. M. Johnson, of the Pullman company, paid his respects and welcomed the visitors. The private palaces of the company was attached to the train, which was then moved up to the Pullman station. Many residents of Pullman and some strangers were at the station in the hopes of getting a glimpse of royalty. In this, however, they were deceived. Disregarding the evidences of welcome, in numerous flags and a general holiday appearance, the princess did not appear at all. The marquis and Col. DeWilton, piloted by Mr. Johnson, suspending the car-works, hotels and residences of the city. At 9:30 the party re-embarked for Chicago.

The train came in over the Rock Island road, and was met at the depot by Potter Palmer and an abundance of carriages. There has been a great deal of quiet preparation going on in the hotel for several days, and when the distinguished party entered the Palmer hotel, it was under festoons of flags of both countries. Apartments including twenty rooms on the parlor floor awaiting their occupancy. They were met and welcomed by Col. Tourtelotte, of Gen. Sherman's staff, who will be their official host while in the states. The party consists of his excellency the marquis of Lorne, Princess Louise, Miss Hervey, Miss O'Neill, Col. DeWilton, Capt. Bogot, J. Bogot, Dr. B. B. Smith, a doctor, and orderlies, and eight servants.

The marquis of Lorne is a wholesome-looking man of seemingly 35 years of age. He is of middle height, a broad forehead, and a well-cut nose, slightly inclining toward corpulence. He wore decidedly worse clothes than any of his suite and was absolutely slovenly in contrast with the miracle of tailor's art in which Secretary Sherman turned out. His coat was a suit of olive drab Scotch goods, the coat being much wrinkled in the back by wear. His headgear consisted of a wide-brimmed Alpine felt hat. He wore his watch chain as the only ornament, and was resting in his breast pocket. Altogether he would strike one as an average Britisher on a holiday tour.

The princess was very chary of letting herself be seen. During the stop at Pullman none of the dozens of curious folks had even a passing glance at her, and owing to Mr. Palmer's excellent arrangements she was almost as completely hidden as the queen of Sheba. The passing glance, however, revealed a woman inclined to flesh, with rather too much color in her face, and blue eyes of no particular expression. In an ordinary throng she would attract no attention, but in the average throng of home or foreign growth.

Captain Shaw, chief of the London fire brigade, arrived in Chicago this morning, and was met at the Grand Pacific hotel. He was warmly welcomed by his old acquaintance, Fire Marshal Swenick, who took a great deal of pride in exhibiting to him the improved fire alarm apparatus at the city hall. The marquis said a visit to improvement had been made since he was here twelve years ago.

In the afternoon the party were shown the workings of the fire department and insurance patrol. They leave tomorrow for San Francisco, to sail for British Columbia.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—The marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, accompanied by their suite, left this city at 12:15 for San Francisco, special train composed of the Isak Walton dining-car and the Inter-Colonial and Kewardin drawing-room cars. The Isak Walton, which has been chartered from the Pullman company for the round trip to San Francisco and return, is one of the class known as "hunting" cars, and is a model of comfort and elegance. The dining-car is very tastefully furnished and is spacious enough to accommodate the entire party at one table. The "Kewardin" and "Inter-Colonial" contain the sleeping and drawing-room for the party, and are furnished elegantly. A profusion of beautiful flowers was noticed in the drawing-rooms of both cars. The princess was dressed very modestly in a black and white narrow-striped silk traveling dress and a very becoming hat, with the colors red and black predominating. After entering the depot the princess stood for some time on the platform familiarly chatting with different members of the party, while the assembled crowd indulged its curiosity to the fullest extent. As the train pulled out of the depot the marquis and princess stood on the rear platform waving their adieux and courteously acknowledging the cheers of the people.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—The marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, accompanied by their suite, left for Fort Snider, Russell and Steele. The party will spend Saturday night at Sherman and Sunday night at Ogden, visiting Salt Lake on the return trip in October.

Excursion to Chicago.

On Sept. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, and Oct. 7, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21 the C., B. & Q. R. R. will sell excursion tickets on account of the INTER-STATE EXPOSITION for \$3.25 for the round trip, which includes admission to the exposition. These tickets will be good for return passage to include each following Monday. Respectfully,
T. M. MARVIN, Agent.

Nine Physicians Outdone.

It is generally considered a pretty difficult task to outdo a physician, but the following will conclusively prove where nine were outdone. Mrs. Helen Pharis, 331 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill., was treated for Consumption by nine physicians, King's New Discovery for Consumption completely cured her. Doubting ones please drop her a postal and convince yourselves. Sold by G. Gehring, Trial bottles free. (4)

Griggs's Glycerine Salve.

The best on earth can be truly said of Griggs's Glycerine Salve, which is sure cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, wounds, and all other sores. Will positively cure piles, hemorrhoids, and all skin eruptions. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Only 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

The World Still Moves.

Notwithstanding Mother Shipton's dire prediction, the world still exists. The people will live longer if they use Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure, which subdues and conquers coughs, colds, consumption, whooping cough, and all diseases of the lungs. For proof call at your drug store and get a bottle free. (A)

Illinois State Fair.

From September 24th to 30th inclusive, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific road will sell excursion tickets to Peoria at \$3.05 for the round trip. Tickets good to return on or before October 1, 1882. All articles for exhibition at the fair will be charged tariff rates one way prepaid, and will be returned free to point of shipment on presentation of secretary's certificate, showing that there has been no change of ownership.
DAVID M. HALL.

Curiosities of Luxury.

Youth's Companion.
"The Roman fortunes," says The Quarterly Review, in an interesting article on luxury, "would not be thought extraordinary at London, Paris or New York." But the methods by which some of these old Romans made fortunes would be thought extraordinary even by a modern "Twoed ring."

A patrician demagogue, knowing that popularity led to power, and power to wealth, began by spending a fortune. He borrowed from whoever would lend, or ran in debt to all whom he could persuade to trust him.

Cesar owed one million five hundred thousand dollars before he filled any public office. Cicero borrowed so much money that his debts frightened him. "I would be willing to conspire, if any one would accept me," he wrote to a friend. One of his modern defenders argues that he did not owe more than a Roman of rank ought to owe.

The rich Roman knew that to save was to invite proscription. He therefore lived on his capital. "Ah, who is me!" exclaimed one of the nobles as he saw his name posted among the list of the proscribed. "It is my Alban villa that is my death."

Conquest, the insecure tenure of property, the precariousness of investments, begat the habit of luxurious prodigality. "Easy come, easy go," was as true in Roman days as it is in the modern times.

Luxurious banquets were given, at which were sent up the choicest luxuries from distant countries, and fish whose extraordinary price made them cost two hundred dollars each. One of Lucullus' private suppers cost seven thousand dollars, and once when his cook had taken leave paid on account of the absence of guests, he said, "Did you not know that Lucullus supped this evening with Lucullus?"

Some years ago a banquet was given at Delmonico's, New York, to which were invited, at which were laid one hundred plates at \$250 a plate. The same caterer presided over a famous feast known as the grand swan dinner, because in the center of the table was a miniature lake, in which swans were swimming.

The late Baron James de Rothschild had an establishment in Paris, in which were separate departments for soups, sauces, roasting, frying, vegetables, sweets, etc. Seventy-two persons were employed in the kitchens and the wine cellars.

The baron once gave a feast at his country-seat at Long Napoleon. The quantity of food provided for the guests' shooting was enormous. A story asserts that a parrot, disguised as a partridge, fell before the imperial gun, crying "Vive l'empereur!"

Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, who died owing nine million dollars, was even more of a grand seigneur in his entertainments than the baron. The emperor of Austria, being a guest at a dinner given by the prince, was so much pleased with the entertainment that he ordered a similar one to be organized in his honor. Esterhazy's grand huntman specified the game as it fell before the royal gun. "Hare, your majesty," "pheasant, your majesty," and "without the change of his muscle on a tone, 'Lord high chamberlain, your majesty.'"

Louis XIV. of France held that the more money was spent in any way the better, as it gave employment and promoted trade. But a French writer, who saw clearly that the money-spending king, defies luxury to be that which destroys the product of many days of labor, without bringing any reasonable satisfaction.

"That queen of the ball," he writes, "is destroying in the whirls of the waltz a flounce of lace worth two thousand dollars; there goes the equivalent of fifty thousand hours of toil, the product of a year's labor, and what advantage has been drawn from it?"

A Tall Fish Story.

A fish story comes from the vicinity of Sea Girt, N. J. It is stated that one day the family of a much-respected clergyman living in a cottage near that fashionable resort were without meat and fish for dinner, and were driven to the probability of having to dine on cabbage and other vegetables. About 10 o'clock in the morning a large fish-hawk was seen to swoop down to the sea and rise with a fish in its beak. It is well known that this is the manner in which the fish-hawk does his marketing, and having taken his fish, he returns to his home to his wife and children in their nest on top of a high tree. It so happened that this fish-hawk had caught too large a fish. It was a ten-pound haddock, and it struck the fisherman for liberty when captured by the hawk. Presently, just as the hawk was flying over the poor clergyman's back yard, the fish got the better of him and hit the hawk such a powerful blow with his tail that the hawk was glad to let him drop. The fish suddenly descended among the clergyman's wife and daughters, who were sitting in the shade of a tree outside the kitchen, and preparing their frugal meal. They accepted the fish as a gift from heaven, whence, indeed, it seemed to have come, so unexpected and startling was its descent from above. The clergyman's family, however, were not so easily satisfied, and they enjoyed with them a substantial fish dinner. The poor fish-hawk had to make other provision for his family in the tree-top. This is only a fish story, yet it is said to be vouched for by several excellent and trustworthy people.

How Singers Should Live.

Women singers, especially in the country, are addicted to three habits which are equally prejudicial to them as singers. Those three habits may be described as the habit of taking irregular and insufficient food, the habit of tight lacing, and the habit of eating candy. I know half a dozen bright American girls, who have really excellent prospects as singers, whose voices are already beginning to betray the fact that their owners live on "lunches" and "candy" rather than three square meals a day. It is very certain that there never will be any tone to the voice that comes from an insufficiently and irregularly nourished body. On the subject of tight lacing a book might be written with ease. Many a girl who now finds great difficulty in taking a breath, might do so with comfort if she would only give her self some to breathe. In brief, it may be truly said that no teaching however able, no industry or talent however great, in the pupil can amount to anything unless the teacher be a singer is content to live a good, honest, healthful life, trusting to common-sense rules of living, and plenty of fresh air rather than to quacks and nostrums. If vocal teachers, before commencing their lessons, would take the trouble to find out how the pupil lives, and would refuse to give any instruction until the pupil was ready and willing to conform to the simple rules of hygiene, great vocal troubles, especially throat troubles, would be avoided, and the act of singing, instead of being a painful, miserable, ear torturing effort, would be easy and as pleasurable to the singer as to the listener. The rules of life, which the student should observe, are just as important for the singer, private or public; if anything they are more so, for the strain is greater. One thing is certain, the probability of a singer depends absolutely on the method and manner of life.

Louisville Courier-Journal: At the dinner given President Arthur by Cornelius Vanderbilt, the walls of the room were hidden from view by flowers, and at each plate were two glassed and a \$25 bouquet. So many flowers, seen through so many glasses, must have been a big panorama for Chester.

A bonfire was made of the finery from the wardrobe of a woman who had become a convert to Free Methodism, in Tennessee, and an enthusiastic meeting of prayer and praise was held round the flames.

It seems to satisfy a family want, and I wonder how I ever got along without Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in my family.
Mrs. JAMES ALBANY.

BURYING OLD ANIMOSITIES.

Bob Toombs and Senator Lamar Make Up Over the Grave of Ben Hill—A Story of Lucius Dickinson.

"Yes," said my friend, "nearly everybody is gone out of town. The president is away, all his cabinet ministers are away; Commissioner Rann is up in Maine making speeches, and even his chief clerk, 'Holl-and-Texas' Clark, is away for the remainder of the month."

As we stood there, I street did look deserted, but just then Senator Beck came along with a bundle under his arm and shook hands with us.

"I am going this week," said he, "putting his bundle in Clay Goodloe's wagon, and if you boys will come and have a julep we can rest a bit over it, much better than standing here with our backs against an iron railing."

The talk fell upon the funeral of Senator Hill, and Mr. Beck said it was plain to be seen that while a great many of the people of Georgia did not like Hill, they were all proud of his intellect.

"I didn't look at him," said Mr. Beck; "I never look at dead people when I can help it. I just passed by the coffin; so I don't know how he looked—horribly unnatural, Senator Morgan told me."

"It was a time for burying animosities," he continued. "A great many were put out of sight in Ben Hill's grave. Bob Toombs and Senator Lamar had not spoken since Lamar in the house delivered his eulogy of Charles Sumner. I knew all about it, and it seemed to me that the two men, each holding to an idea he had a perfect right to entertain, should be so near together and not speak; so I said to Lamar, 'Come to my room; Toombs wants to see you.'"

"No he don't," said Lamar. "He has no use for me. You are mistaken."

"I tell you he does. He asked if you were here; and I gave Lamar a talking to for holding out with his differences. I told him that Toombs was an old enemy, but that he had died in a year, and it was folly to keep up the estrangement. So Lamar went in with me, and shortly after we were all three riding about the city with Senator Brown, and Toombs was as happy as a king."

Speaking further of Toombs, Mr. Beck told how he took pride in holding out the hill of fare, and saying: "See! you all put on your glasses to read it, and I can read it without, as I am blind, or will be very soon," and he talked on about his eyes, which are really of very little use to him, saying that he had lived so long and had so many things come into his life that he could not see and see more than the young fellows could with their eyes open. He told how the oculists in Paris and New York had advised him to permit no operation with the knife so long as he could see, and he had all the while a glimmer of fun: "D—n 'em, do you know I believe I will die before I go blind, and so fool 'em all yet."

The Lime-Kiln Club.

Detroit Free Press.
"De man who expects less" of de world am de one who has de fewest complaints," said the old man as the sound of rattling hoofs died away in the hall. "De man who imagines dat friendship will berry money at de bank am doomed to disappointment. My friend may lend me his shovel, but he expects me to return his hoe in good condition. He may inquire after my wife's health, but it don't follow dat I kin turn my chickens into his garden. If I am sick I don't expect de world to stop movin' right long. If my no' doah nuybur whispers to my wife dat he am willin' to sot up wid my corpse he am doin' his full duty. If I am in want dat's nuffin to de people who have plenty. If I am in trouble, dat's nuffin to people who have sumpthin' to rejoice over. De world owes me nothin' but de air. It owes me room to pass to and fro, space for a grave, an' sich a funeral as de ole woman kin pay for. I keep de bin full o' 'taters. De world's friendship reduces a man to rags as often as clothes him in fine raiment. De world's sympathy bisters a man's back as often as it warms his feet. De world's charity excuses de crime of a hoast-thief, an' an' horror-stricken over de stealin' of a loaf of bread by an orphan. De world promises eberythin' an' performs only when convenient."

"De man who relies on de honesty of de public instead of de vigilance of a watch-dog will have no harvest apples for sale. De man who passes at each stage of his career fur de world to applaud his conduct, will witness a foot ball for all men to kick. Expect no friendship to last beyond the moment when you want help. Expect no sympathy to endure longer dat it takes fur tears to dry. Exclude de world's charity, and you will witness a world of woe. We will now continue towards de usual program of business."

The New Style of Penmanship.

Indianapolis Review.
And now a new style of penmanship is threatened. It is to be plain up and down, legible, and unornamental. Styles in chirography are the peculiar property of women. Among men individually has something to do with handwriting. Each one creates his own style after mastering the first principles of the art. The stroke of his pen reveals his identity as unmistakably as his voice, his walk, his figure or his face. But women in penmanship are like they are in dress. They are so distinguished by the kind of being peculiar or original that they all pattern after one model. An imitation of the English style of penmanship has been taught our school girls until every woman writes a hand like a high churchman—a style that allows a dozen words to sprawl themselves all over a sheet of paper big enough for an editorialist to write his longest and strongest article upon. However much style and splendor there may be about the kind of a list is difficult to decipher, and wasteful in the matter of time and stationery, and without unhandsome. All readers of manuscript will rejoice that it is threatened with extinction and an older and better style promised in its place.

Oscar Wilde and Mayor Stokely.

New York Tribune.
Oscar Wilde was complaining at Cape May the other day of the high prices of things in this country. "My gloves, for example," he said, "which I might have bought for a dollar in London, cost \$2.50 here." "So they ought," exclaimed ex-Mayor Stokely, of Philadelphia, who was in the room, "they are luxuries." "Luxuries, sir?" echoed the aesthete, in wide-eyed amazement; "do you call gloves luxuries? How would you go on the street, how would you travel in the railroad cars, without gloves?" "Do you see these hands?" returned Mr. Stokely, warmly. "I don't know any more. Why, if you go for you've worked nearly all my life, and I weigh 230 pounds." "I will take your word for it, Mr. Mayor; I will take your word for it," panted the horrified aesthete, and he let the subject drop; but afterward he made some minute inquiries about Mr. Stokely's career, with a view to basing thereon a chapter in his forthcoming book on America.

Louisville Courier-Journal: A Chicago woman agreed not to prosecute the man who appeared on the street in her dead husband's clothes if the wearer would marry her. Such is the power of love in Chicago.

The latest composition by the author of "See that My Grave is Kept Green" is a petition to be pardoned out of the Indiana state prison, where he is serving a term of two years for forgery.

Remember the Philadelphia Shoe House when in need of boots and shoes. Every variety of style or quality at the lowest possible price.

AT NEWPORT.

What the Wild Waves Are Saying; Also, What Jenkins Has to Say About Society People.

Gorgeous Displays of Diamonds and All Sorts of Ladies' Finery.

New York, Sept. 5.—New York "society," as such, seems to be entirely domiciled at Newport. The Sun says: The dinner parties that have been given in Newport in honor of the chief magistrate of the nation have been to the last degree stately and magnificent. And whereas in the early part of the season the ladies seemed to have abandoned the long trains and abbreviated waists of the winter season, and appeared in short costumes, with high or short necks, every one now goes in trailing skirts, with no waists or sleeves to speak of; and the charms which are thus not infrequently made evident, are filled with pearls and diamonds of rare beauty and almost priceless value.

At the dinner given at Fair Lawn by Mr. and Mrs. Ellis the flashing of jewels in the ladies' hair and on their dresses added not a little to the effect on the beautifully-decorated table, which was laid in the large hall-room, an apartment with deep alcove and rich hangings, well known to the Newport world when the house was occupied by Mr. Morion.

On this occasion Mrs. Agter was gorgeously attired in a dress of rose de chine and silver brocade, with ornaments of pearls and diamonds. Mrs. Kernochan wore pearl-colored satin, low-necked and short sleeves, with a profusion of diamonds on neck and arms. Miss Beckwith's perfectly-fitting gown of pale pink satin and tulle was extremely pretty and becoming, as was also Mrs. W. W. Astor's simple costume of white and silver.

Mrs. Paron Stevens' dinner and reception on Tuesday evening, the hostess was very becomingly dressed in black, with trimmings of blue ostrich feathers, and ornaments of diamonds. But among the profusion of jewels worn by married ladies in Newport this year, none are so noticeable as those of Mrs. Frederick W. Stevens, whose pearls might be covered by an eastern princess. They have been collected with great care and at long intervals, of course, with regard to cost, and each pearl is said to be absolutely perfect as to shape and color.

The reception following the dinner at Mrs. Paron Stevens' was an exceptional pleasant one, as many interesting people were gathered together, and there was an absolute freedom from stiffness and restraint. Among the notabilities who were present was Count Fitz James, who claims to be the son of the Duke of the Stair, and a descendant by the left hand of James II. of England, the celebrated duchess of Berwick being in some way included among his maternal ancestors.

The Tribune says: "The cottage season, far from being over, is now only at its height. Very few residents have gone away, and almost every cottage is full of guests who have come to enjoy the beach after the busy-burly of the crowded hotel season in Newport. There really is no time in all the year when Cape May is more beautiful, more comfortable, and in all respects more enjoyable, than during these bright, sunny days of the early autumn. The surf bathing, too, is now at its very best, and the hunting season is opening, the crack of fowling pieces already being heard all over the meadows and along the creeks. Evening parties, private theatricals and musicals, games and dancing, and similar means of enjoyment are now in vogue, instead of the more pretentious and crowded hops, concerts and lawn parties of the earlier season."

Combustion Without Flame.

American Architect.
A new theory of combustion was practically illustrated by Mr. Thomas Fletcher, of Warrington, England, at a source of the Society of Chemical Industry, at Owens college, the result being so totally unexpected that many would, and in fact did, go away with the impression that some deception was being practiced. Mr. Jacob Reese, the inventor of the Reese fusing disc, has stated his belief that if it were possible to produce combustion without flame the temperature and duty obtained from any fuel would be enormously increased. Mr. Fletcher not only has proved the possibility of flameless combustion in more than one form, but also has demonstrated practically the enormously high temperatures which can be obtained by his means.

Taking a ball of iron wire about three pounds in weight, Mr. Fletcher placed it on a slab of fire-clay, and directing a blow-pipe flame on it for few seconds, he suddenly extinguished the flame. The temperature increased so rapidly that in a few seconds the wrought-iron fused and ran into drops, and the temperature was steadily maintained. The room was darkened, but the closest examination did not show a trace of flame, although the fact that the gas was burning was proved by repeatedly relighting and extinguishing it. The same experiment was repeated in another form by directing the flameless heat into a small three-day chamber, in which a refractory clay crucible, made especially for nickel melting, was partially fused and worked into a ball like soap. Finally, a series of flint and a small amount of gas was used. The heat was so great that the blow-pipe laboratory, which was given up to Mr. Fletcher for the evening, was much too hot to be agreeable, in spite of the windows and ventilators. How far this discovery can be utilized remains to be seen, but it would appear that the presence of flame, usually considered to be a sign of combustion, is really an indication of imperfect results, and the best duty is to be obtained only when flame is totally absent. It is certain that such temperatures as those obtained by Mr. Fletcher without flame have never previously been obtained with the fuel used, which was nothing more than a small gas-supply for a quarter-inch pipe, assisted by an air-blast.

The Stars and Stripes Good Enough for Him.

Philadelphia Times.
The ridiculed cast upon the now-fangled device—the president's flag—re-occals an anecdote concerning bluff old ironclad Farragut. When Vice Admiral Porter was in high feather in the navy department, during Grant's earlier administration, and had his eye on the possible promotion at some day to the chief command of the navy, he brained out an ensign for the admiral, who at that time was the hero Farragut. The standard was an odd-looking affair, and suggested the British cross of St. George as much as anything. The first time the new flag was raised on shipboard over the head of the old sea dog—the victor at Mobile and New Orleans—the nondescript color flag, so the story goes, he angrily demanded: "What do you call that gridiron thing up there?" Somebody told him that it was the newly devised admiral's flag.

"Who ordered it to be hoisted?" he again asked.

"He was informed that Vice-Admiral Porter had."

"Take that rag down at once," he thundered.

"The stars and stripes are good enough for me."

Admiral Porter's gridiron came down with a run, and this was the first and last time it was ever unfurled.

Louisville Courier-Journal: A Chicago woman agreed not to prosecute the man who appeared on the street in her dead husband's clothes if the wearer would marry her. Such is the power of love in Chicago.

I WONDER.

I wonder if over a song was sung,
But the singer's heart sang sweeter?
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,
But the thought surpassed the meter?
I wonder if ever a scintilla wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought?
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dreams of his inmost soul betrayed?

My wife said I was a fool when I brought home a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic. But when it broke up my cough, drove away her neuralgia and cured baby's dysentery, she thought I had made an excellent investment.

Miscellaneous

CONQUEROR OF ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.



THE BEST

KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL. AS IT acts directly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder, restoring them to their healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure and speedy cure, and hundreds have testified to having been cured by it, when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, but try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Back or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Nervous Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease, and all Complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength and the Blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is pronounced by the best doctors to be the only cure for all kinds of Kidney Diseases.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and is a sure cure for Heart Disease and Rheumatism when all other medicine fails.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One Trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists. Send for Pamphlet to HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I. Prices, 75 cts. and \$1.25.

OSTRANDER'S TIP TOP BAKING POWDER

MADE ONLY OF Pure Grape Cream Tartar, Finest Bi-Carbonate of Soda and Whites of Eggs. \$10.00 PER TON IN QUANTITY. IT IS THE ONLY BAKING POWDER WHICH REQUIRES ONE-THIRD LESS.

Caution: Beware of cheap imitations. OSTRANDER'S BAKING POWDER is the only one that will give you a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed. The glands of the face are kept healthy and the skin is kept soft and fresh. Harmless and sure in its results, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustrous and richness of tone it imparts.

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