A FACT IS A FACT.

I remember once in my childhood's school,
When I was learning geography's rule,
My master, a man whose methods I held
In teaching a child could not be excelled,
To fix in my mind the formula sound—
"The shape of this our planet is round,"
Laid down an apple of wondrous size
(On which I fastened my longing eyes);
An object to make of this fruit so red,
"Thus is the world! Do you see?" he said.

He remarked, I think, the looks I had cast,
For after awhile, when the lesson was past,
The tempting fruit in my hands he placed,
But never shall I forget the first taste,
For the apple that looked so good and so sweet
Was decayed through to core, not fit to eat!
Then in a tone 'twixt grave, sad and low
(Which did, I think, his great wisdom show),
Said the master, on seeing my grief profound,
"As the apple, thus is the world often found."
—Gertrude B. Duffee from the Spanish.

A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

We were the only two occupants of a compartment in the express train from London to Folkestone. My companion was in deep mourning. He was not what you would call an intellectual looking man, and on thinking it over afterwards I remember that he had a narrow and retreating forehead. I never can quite make up my mind whether what my fellow traveler told me was the absolute truth; whether his confidence was caused by the natural yearning of his soul for human sympathy; or whether, to use an Americanism, he was merely "filling me up."

It was not only my fellow traveler's retreating forehead, but the nature of his traveling literature, that caused me to look upon him as something other than an intellectual giant. In the first place he was reading "Isis Unveiled." The "Proceedings of the Psychical Society" was there, too, and a fat book in very large type was labeled, "Fragments and Remains of Madame B——y."

He was good enough to offer to lend me one of his books, and, like an ass, I gave a snort of indignation and waved it off.

"I have no sympathy with such things," I said.

"A skeptic, I perceive," said he politely.

"I look upon the whole thing, sir," I replied, "as bosh and humbug, miserable trash, wretched balderdash unworthy of notice." And then I glared at him.

I tried to silence the little man in deep mourning by looking as much like the Gorgon Medusa as possible. Far from being turned to stone, he simply began to sit on the backs of his hands, than which nothing is more undignified and irritating.

"I was like you once," he said with pity; "yes, I was a scoffer once; but I have been bitterly punished—in fact, my incredulity was the cause of my bereavement," and he pointed in a solemn manner to the deep black hat band he wore.

When I looked up at his hat band I saw the man's name printed in little gold letters upon his traveling bag, which lay on the rack above his head—"Mr. Augustus Boobyer."

When had I heard the name before? Of course it comes back to me in a flash. Boobyer! that was the man who ran off with little Hetty Stareley, of the Frivolity theatre. I am not a theatrical man, but I saw Miss Stareley in the celebrated ballet of "The Swallows," and very pretty indeed she looked with her big eyes, her curly black hair and her dot of a mouth. She was a pretty plump little nonentity till she married Boobyer, when she became a nine days' wonder. Then she left the stage; disappeared from the photographers' windows, and nobody ever heard any more of Miss Hetty Stareley.

"It's not so very long ago," he began, "that it was my privilege to lead to the altar an exceedingly lovely girl. I worshiped the very ground she trod upon, sir. My wife was so excessively good looking as to attract considerable attention wherever we went. I was proud of it at first, but after a while it began to pall. My wife, sir, was a young, inexperienced girl, and she felt it bitterly. Mine was a runaway match," he went on, "and it made a considerable amount of noise at the time. I live at Wimbledon—close to the camp, unfortunately for me, and when we returned from our honeymoon the volunteer camp was in full swing. It seemed to me that when they were not actively engaged in drill or shooting for prizes, the greater portion of the volunteers occupied their time in walking up and down in front of my house in order to get a glimpse of my beautiful wife. I'm not exaggerating—not the least bit. At last, however, it became unbearable to both of us. We determined to seek solitude, and found it at Herne Bay.

"Herne Bay is the most solitary place I know. It is frequented by persons of limited means with large families. There is a pier a mile long. We passed a delightful fortnight at Herne Bay, but it was dull, terribly dull. We were both feeling rather bored, when I made an acquaintance while I was fishing for bass with a rod from the pier head. I used to fish there the greater part of the afternoon. I had never caught anything, but at a place like Herne Bay one must do something. He was a very decent young fellow, and took a great interest in my fishing. If I had known at the time who he was, perhaps I shouldn't have been quite so ready to foregather with him. The fact is, he was a professional conjurer, but he was a most gentlemanly young fellow and decidedly good looking. He talked about spiritualism; he was an advanced thinker, and I, from the lofty pinnacle of my crass ignorance, looked down upon the whole thing as 'bosh, humbug and balderdash.'"

Here, still sitting on his hands, he smiled impertinently at me.

"Monsieur Kardec (for that was his professional name) tried to convince me, but in vain. Our stay at Herne bay was drawing to a close. 'I'm going to give a little seance here to-morrow night,' said Monsieur Kardec. 'I shall be greatly pleased if you would come and look at the wonders the spirits will perform. Don't humiliate me by offering to pay at the door. Here are a couple of tickets.'

"I was about to decline, but my wife gave me one appealing look from those great eyes of hers, which did not appeal in vain. 'We'll come with pleasure,' said I, and I thought no more about the matter.

"As we walked home we stopped to read one of the posters. It was the ordinary programme—spirit rapping, thought reading, clairvoyance, and then followed a rather extraordinary statement: 'Monsieur Kardec, after part the first, will give an illustration of modern conjuring and prestidigitation, without apparatus or accomplices. The whole will conclude with the mysterious disappearance of a lady selected from among the audience.' We both rather looked forward to the entertainment as a break to the dull monotony of our daily round at Herne bay.

"Punctual to the time, we presented ourselves at the assembly rooms, and were the sole occupants of what were termed the reserved fauteuils, which were two rows of ordinary cane bottom chairs. I don't think there were fifty people in the room altogether. The first part of the performance was deeply interesting. Looking back upon it calmly as I do now, and speaking with the authority of one who knows," said the little man (and the fire of enthusiasm flashed in his watery eyes), "I am convinced that Monsieur Kardec was a powerful medium. Then followed part two, about which there was nothing very remarkable; they were ordinary feats of sleight of hand—good, simple conjuring of the old school. And then Monsieur Kardec addressed us in a short lecture. He told us that what he was about to do before our eyes was no trick, no jugg'e—'in fact,' said he, 'there is no deception whatever. It is,' he added solemnly, 'the work of the spirits.' I did not pay much attention to what I looked upon then as the idle patter of the professional conjurer. I have since had reason to change my mind," and then he gave a deep sigh. "Monsieur Kardec exhibited to us the ordinary big cardboard extinguisher. 'And now,' said he, 'if any lady will kindly step forward, I will cause her to disappear by the assistance of my familiar spirits.' The gentleman at the piano began to play the ghost melody from 'The Corsican Brothers.' I never hear that tune now," said the little man, "but it makes my flesh creep.

"Nobody volunteered. Monsieur Kardec was evidently disconcerted. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'if no lady will oblige me, I shall be unable to give you this interesting experience.' Then he appealed to my wife. 'Madame,' he said, 'you would confer an obligation on me if you would come to my assistance.'

"Hettie—I mean my wife—always a good natured girl, rose at once, before I could remonstrate. Monsieur Kardec led her to the little table in the middle of the stage. How lovely she looked as she stood in the well known pose of the Greek slave, with clasped hands! I noticed, too, that she wore the diamond riviere that had been my wedding gift. The conjurer covered her with the great extinguisher. 'Spirits of the vast heavens, help me!' he shouted, in a sort of scream of entreaty. He knocked over the extinguisher. My wife had disappeared!

"There was a tremendous round of applause, in which I joined; but I didn't quite like it all the same. Then the gas went out as if by magic. I felt myself suddenly seized by the wrist, and the voice of Kardec hissed in my ear, 'My poor friend, something very terrible has happened; your wife has been carried off by the indignant spirits; but,' he added, melodramatically, 'I will save her or perish in the attempt.'"

There was a pause.

"I have never seen my wife, sir, from that day to this," said the little man, as he buried his face in his hands. "It was the vengeance of the spirit world upon one who was once what you are, my friend—a scoffer and an unbeliever."

"Have you never searched for her?" I said.

"What would be the use?" said the little man.

Just then the train rolled into the station of Folkestone harbor.

"And the conjurer?" said I.

"He must have met with a similar fate," said Mr. Boobyer, who was collecting his impedimenta; "for he never came to receive the money taken at the doors."

Sliding Down an Alpine Slope.

In front of us were a large family of peaks: Piz Morteratsch, Piz Tschierva, the Cresta Aginza, Piz Zupo, Piz Palu, Piz Cambrena, and, dominating them all in pride and greatness, Piz Bernina, which has an altitude of 13,300 feet above the sea. The sea of ice which encircles it has a circuit of more than fifty miles, and its azure waves, piled up in defiles or crowded into gorges, run down many steep inclines to the bottom of valleys. In places they pass between two rocky points, and, springing upward, remain suspended over the abyss for a while. Then they break, their debris freeze into a solid mass and form a new glazier, which pursues its slow but sure onward march toward that point where the ice begins to melt and form the torrents that feed the great rivers of central Europe. The Rhone, the Rhine, the Inn and the Aar are among those which thus start from Alpine glaciers.

The snow was cleared away from a rock and we sat down to eat our luncheon. Thus refreshed, we started for the lower world again. The guides unwound their rope, we tied ourselves together, and then descended steep and dangerous precipices. By and by we reached a gentle incline covered with snow, and the guide halted us. Would we like some fun? he asked. We answered that we were game for anything, and we clustered around him. "Well, we will slide down this slope. There is no danger, and if the lady is not afraid of her skirts"— "I am afraid of nothing," she interrupted. "Start as quickly as you please; I am ready." We all sat down on our great coats and wraps, the guides ahead, and Mademoiselle between me and her father, he holding her by the legs and she holding mine. Then we started; the soft snow flew over us in a cloudy spray; we descended swiftly, and at the bottom of the slope we picked ourselves up, shook the snow out of our eyes, and all declared ourselves delighted. A few minutes later we were down at the Morteratsch restaurant, where we found a carriage in which we rode to Poutresima.—Cor. New York Times.

To Make the Heart Strong.

Now there is but one legitimate way of making the heart strong. That is by taking regular, systematic and sufficient muscular exercise, into which climbing heights or staircases enters as a prominent feature. Let a person who finds his pulse increased fifty to sixty beats in a minute after mounting a staircase climb a hundred staircases day after day for a month or more and he will find that the exertion does not add ten beats to the normal number of his heart throbs. The exercise has acted upon this vital organ just as it does on the biceps of a prize fighter or a blacksmith, and strength and the capacity for endurance have been the result.

But this is not all the good that will be gained by climbing a hundred staircases a day—say fifty in the morning and fifty in the afternoon. Doubtless the person with a weak heart has suffered more or less from what is called nervous dyspepsia. His food, instead of being properly digested, has been mainly fermented in his stomach and has caused him various uncomfortable feelings, which he has been in the habit of attributing to everything but their proper cause. Not only have the hundred minutes or so spent in climbing staircases put strength into his legs, expanded his chest and saved his heart from fatty degeneration, but they have given tone to his abdominal muscles and to his digestive organs. His food no longer lies like a lump of lead in his stomach, torpor has disappeared from (what we physicians call and which, for the sake of delicacy, I must here designate them) his chylopoetic viscera, and his system gets the full benefit of the food which is required for its nourishment.—Dr. William A. Hammond.

Make the Best of It.

He who makes the best of everything that happens to him will always have the best that his circumstances will allow, and will surely be a much happier man than he whose habit of mind is to make the worst of everything.—Independent.

Man's honor wears armor and carries a mace woman's honor has only soft breezes and perfumes.—Carmen Sylva.

JOURNALS OF THE WEST.

HOW, WHERE, WHEN AND BY WHOM THEY WERE STARTED.

The Log Building in Which the First Newspaper West of the Alleghenies Was Printed—Portraits of Two Journalistic Pioneers—Interesting Reminiscences.

The centennials of Ohio have brought out all the preserved copies of old papers and books, and the papers contain some racy sketches of old time journalism beyond the Alleghenies.

FIRST OFFICE OF THE KENTUCKY GAZETTE.

Mr. William Henry Perrin, of Louisville, has also written an admirable sketch of the papers of Kentucky. Looking over the old papers and noting how very small the places were in which some of them were published, the wonder is that they lived at all. But all food products were "dog cheap," and a printer could get as much bread, meat, potatoes, milk, butter, game and whisky for his fifty cents a day then as he does for his $2 now. The luxuries of today he did without, and did not know what he was losing. In fact, most of them had not been invented.

Lexington, Ky., claims the honor of having had the first newspaper in the west, The Kentucky Gazette, first issued Aug. 11, 1787, by John Bradford. Kentucky was then a county of Virginia, and a land of fighting and fighters. Buckle ought to have analyzed that state in his "History of Civilization," for it is a most perfect illustration of his theory as to the development of fighting qualities.

No tribe of Indians owned the region; all fought for it, and only the most warlike could remain. Thus it required the most determined fighters from the older states to make settlements there, and of these only the best fighters survived; and as a result of a century of natural selection and survival of the fightingest, behold the Kentuckian of 1850-80. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the second editor of The Gazette, Thomas R. Benning, was mortally shot March 9, 1829, by Charles Wickliffe, and that his successor, George J. Trotter, killed Wickliffe in a duel.

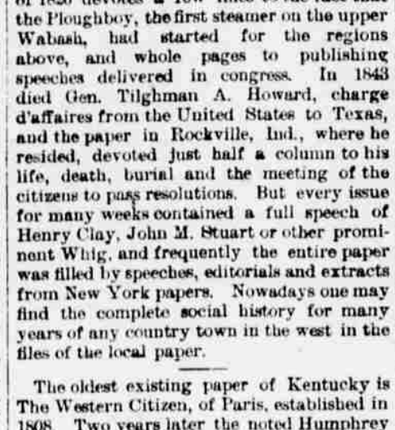
Bradford, founder of The Gazette, was a veteran of the Revolution and a successful printer of small books and pamphlets. He also wrote a work on the early history of Kentucky. The Gazette was ardently Democratic and opposed to the pride of the Blue Grass region, Henry Clay. It therefore languished in the years of Whig supremacy, and died of inanition in 1848.

The Guardian of Freedom was established at Frankfort, Ky., in 1798, also by John Bradford, in partnership with his son, and its "long felt want" was the public printing, which kept it alive many years. The Kentucky Herald was established in Lexington in 1795, and in a few years was absorbed by the Bradfords. Between that date and 1811 thirty more papers were started in Kentucky; but by this time papers were common in Ohio and other western states. Two features about the old papers are amusing—they paid no attention to local affairs, and rejoiced in long and high sounding titles. One was called The Farmers' Library or Ohio Intelligencer, another The Repository of Human Freedom, and The Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette survives to the present under a much curtailed name.

The absence or scarcity of local items remained a feature of papers in the west, outside the main cities, till after the war. And this is all the more surprising in view of the fact that the papers were generally started to "boom" a new town. The Terre Haute paper of 1826 devotes a few lines to the fact that the Ploughboy, the first steamer on the upper Wabash, had started for the regions above, and whole pages to publishing speeches delivered in congress. In 1843 died Gen. Tilghman A. Howard, charge d'affaires from the United States to Texas, and the paper in Rockville, Ind., where he resided, devoted just half a column to his life, death, burial and the meeting of the citizens to pass resolutions. But every issue for many weeks contained a full speech of Henry Clay, John M. Stuart or other prominent Whig, and frequently the entire paper was filled by speeches, editorials and extracts from New York papers. Nowadays one may find the complete social history for many years of any country town in the west in the files of the local paper.

The oldest existing paper of Kentucky is The Western Citizen, of Paris, established in 1808. Two years later the noted Humphrey Marshall established The American Republic at Frankfort. Later he established two other papers, one of which, The Harbinger, had under its title head the cut of a rattlesnake in coil, and the motto, "Wake snakes." Marshall did wake them and many other enemies, and had a stormy life altogether. Shadrach Penn issued the first daily paper in Kentucky, The Public Advertiser, at Louisville, April 4, 1826. He was a native of the state, and ruled despotically till George D. Prentice came and set up The Louisville Journal, Nov. 24, 1830. It jumped in a month to the highest place in popularity, and the twelve years' war between Penn and Prentice was the sharpest known in western journalism. Penn was a radical Democrat and able writer, but no match for Prentice, whose pungent paragraphs were the delight of the day. Penn removed to St. Louis in 1842, and Prentice lived to fall into errors in newspaper work that produced bloody consequences. His last years were gloomy in the extreme.

The Cincinnati Commercial was born in 1842, and may be said to have been born again a dozen years later, when Murat Halstead got control of the news columns and established the modern system of having local correspondents in all the towns of the state to report important facts when they occur, instead of having them filter to the city through the slow local weeklies, as had been the custom. The Cincinnati Gazette was the first daily paper of the state, and The Enquirer has been published under its present name, as weekly and daily, for fifty years. The Cincinnati Daily Times dates from 1840, and The Star is quite modern. The cities of northern Ohio did not take noticeable rank till some time after the completion of the Erie canal and its connecting railroads, and the great papers of that section are of correspondingly later date.



SHADRACH PENN. JOHN BRADFORD.

It is a little surprising to learn that Knoxville, Tenn., had a paper as early as 1793—The Gazette. Its early files, like those of most early papers, gave all the news from congress and Europe and New York city—what their readers then wanted—and very little indeed about the adjacent country, what we would now like to find in them. But the editor enjoyed the familiar acquaintance of scores of men who had fought in the Revolution, and the survivors of King's Mountain fight and the Indian war a little later were long a sort of sacred class in East Tennessee. The Knoxville Tribune has been published continuously since 1816. Brownlow's Whig has long since disappeared. It was suited for a peculiar era and naturally had no successor.

Indiana differs from all its neighbors in the fact that it was settled first on the western border; there was a well built French Miami town on the Wea plains over a century ago, and some 20,000 white people were in the Wabash and Ohio valleys while Killbuck and Cap Anderson, Delaware Indians, still held rule where Indianapolis now stands. Nevertheless The Indianapolis Journal and Sentinel have been published as weeklies and dailies something over sixty years. But the location of Indiana is not favorable to the growth of great cities or great daily papers, and it is matter of surprise and compliment to their managers that the Indianapolis dailies have attained such high rank. On the other hand, no state in the Union has a more influential country press than Indiana. Indeed, it is doubtful if the country weeklies in any other state exercise as much power in politics. The absence of any overwhelming central power appears to have stimulated talent in the smaller cities and towns, and decentralization in literature and politics has been carried to its utmost practicable limits in that state.

VOLAPUK'S INVENTOR DEAD.

Father Schleyer, of Constance, Baden, and His Life Work.

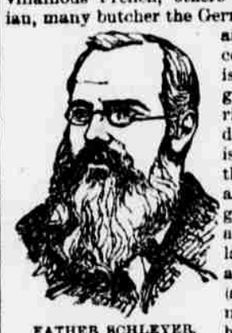
The parish priest of the beautiful little town of Constance, Baden, Germany, died the other day.

He lived quietly, for many years, on the historic green island of Mainau, surrounded by the limpid waters of Lake Constance. His name was Schleyer, and he was a very remarkable man—a scholar, a poet, by many considered a genius. His brain conceived and evolved a wonderful thing—a universal language, to be spoken and written by all nations.

Father Schleyer was the inventor of Volapuk. Yet, when he died, the big New York papers devoted but a few lines each to his death.

One million people are now studying Volapuk. Volapuk societies can be numbered by the hundreds. There are great business houses all over the world that use Volapuk daily in their correspondence. The fact that the language has grown to such proportions, is studied by people of so many different tongues, and even recognized by great linguists to be perfectly practicable, is a pretty good indication that the time was ripe for the introduction of the universal language, and that the need for such a language had begun to be felt.

The story of how Father Schleyer conceived the idea of the invention of Volapuk is interesting. Nearly ten years ago he was traveling extensively in the interior of Austria. He was struck by the number of languages spoken by the people of the different provinces. They each had and have a distinct language, or rather dialect, of their own. These dialects are corruptions, and very bad ones, that, of all the known languages of the civilized globe. Some speak villainous French, others murder the Italian, many butcher the German and English, and so on. This condition of things is the natural growth of centuries. The result is disastrous. There is scarcely such a thing known there as a common language. To a peasant of Hungary the language of a peasant of Silesia was (and is to this day) mere gibberish, having no meaning whatever. The observant priest was an accomplished linguist, having an intimate knowledge of all the modern as well as of many of the ancient tongues. He thought the matter over for several years, until, as he says, "one sleepless night the whole framework of the universal language flashed out before me."



FATHER SCHLEYER.

Volapuk is one of numerous attempts at solving the problem of a common language. Putting the question of their respective merits entirely aside, it is sufficient to say that Volapuk is the only attempted universal language that has ever had the slightest chance of life, and that no other attempt has ever passed beyond the experimental stage or been actually used, to any considerable extent, for the communication of thought. Its inventor's aim was, first, to produce a language capable of expressing thought with the greatest clearness and accuracy; second, to make its acquisition as easy as possible to the greatest number of human beings. These ends he resolved to seek by observing the processes of the many languages with which he was acquainted; following them as models wherever they are clear, accurate and simple, but avoiding their faults, obscurities and difficulties. He took from the English more root words than from any other language, since English is spoken as a mother tongue by more millions than any other. Forty per cent. of the root words are English. The grammar of the language is very simple. There are no unusual sounds. It can be learned by a child unable to read or write any language.

For a considerable time after the appearance of Schleyer's grammar his adherents were few. His project first spread to Austria, where the first society for its propagation was formed at Vienna in 1882. Until 1884 its adherents outside of the German speaking countries were very few and scattered, but in that year it invaded Holland and Belgium, and a great many societies sprang up in those countries. It was introduced to the French nation in 1885 by Professor Kerckhoffs, and many noted Frenchmen became interested. It is now studied enthusiastically in the United States, especially in Boston and New York. It is not altogether impossible that it may some day actually be what its inventor intended it to be—the universal language.

Weak Human Nature.

It is a clearly undeniable fact that mankind generally had rather remain actually ignorant of any certain thing not already known to them than to learn it in any way which will show and virtually acknowledge their ignorance.—Des Moines Leader.

London has 100 first class clubs, with a membership of 120,000.

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VINEGAR BITTERS

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache within Thirty Minutes—Try it.

GEO. W. DAVIS, of 109 Baronne st., New Orleans, La., writes under date of May 26th, 1888, as follows: "I have been going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for fifteen years for an itching humor in my blood. I have just used three bottles of Vinegar Bitters, and it has done me more good than the Springs. It is the best medicine made."

JOSEPH J. EAGAN, of No. 75 West st., New York, says: "Have not been without Vinegar Bitters for the past twelve years, and consider it a whole medicine chest in our family."

MRS. MATTIE FERGUSON, of Dryden, N. Y., says: "Vinegar Bitters is the best medicine I ever tried; it saved my life."

T. F. BAILEY, of Humboldt, Iowa, says: "Vinegar Bitters cured me of paralysis, ten years ago, and recently it cured me of rheumatism."

MRS. WM. A. DAVIS, of Camden, N. J., says: "I have suffered greatly from indigestion and bowel troubles, and Vinegar Bitters gave me great relief."

JAMES H. DWYER, of Webster, Mass., writes: "I always use Vinegar Bitters as a spring medicine, and have the best of health."

I. COLKMAN, 77 Montgomery street, New York, writes: "I find your Vinegar Bitters a first-class tonic."

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The only Temperance Bitters known. It stimulates the Brain and quiets the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and renders a perfect blood circulation through the human veins, which is sure to restore perfect health. A beautiful book free.

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Possesses the tonic, purifying properties of a sea bath, curing all local skin and scalp diseases, pimples, blotches, eczema, tetter, chafing, etc. It is made from perfectly pure materials, and is most healing and invigorating to the skin, keeping it in a fresh, clean and healthy condition. Sold by druggists and fancy goods dealers, or sent by mail, one cake for 25 cts. or three for 60 cts., by the proprietors.

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., 532 Washington St., New York.

Legal.

GEORGE H. HAIGHT,
Attorney at Law.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, LA SALLE COUNTY—ss. *In the Circuit Court, to January Term, 1889.*

Celia Kelsey *vs.* William Kelsey—*In Chancery.*

Affidavit of non-residence of William Kelsey, the above defendant, having been filed in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said county, notice is therefore hereby given to the said non-resident defendant that the complainant filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, on the first day of October, 1888, and that thereupon a summons issued out of said court, wherein said suit is now pending, returnable on the second Monday in the month of January next, as is by law required.

Now, unless you, the said non-resident defendant above named, shall personally be and appear before said Circuit Court on the first day of the next January term thereof, to be holden at Ottawa, in and for the said county, on the second Monday in January next, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, 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. W. W. TAYLOR, Clerk.

Ottawa, Illinois, October 1st, 1888.
GEORGE H. HAIGHT, Compit's Solr. oct6-4w

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF MICHAEL COSGROVE, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Michael Cosgrove, late of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county on the first Monday (being the 17th day) of December, 1888, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, in said county, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 12th day of October, A. D. 1888.
ALICE COSGROVE, Administratrix.
oct13-3w

B. F. LINCOLN,
Attorney at Law.

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF PETER MCCULLOUGH, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Peter McCullough, late of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county on the third Monday (being the 17th day) of December, 1888, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, in said county, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 8th day of October, A. D. 1888.
WILLIAM P. REES, Administrator.
oct13-4w

B. F. LINCOLN,
Attorney at Law.

MASTER'S SALE.—STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF LA SALLE—ss. *La Salle County Circuit Court.*

In the matter of George J. Herrick *vs.* Ellen Eugenia Smith, Isabella Walsh, Lawrence F. Walsh, Annie Walsh, Margaret Walsh, Patrick Walsh, Martin Walsh, Margaret Thyne, Johanna Sheehan, and J. M. Eider, as Executor of the last will and testament of Thomas L. Walsh, deceased.—*On Bill to Foreclose Mortgage.*

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order, entered in the above entitled cause, in said court, on the 18th day of October, 1888, I, Duncan McDougall, Master in Chancery for said court, on Tuesday, the 27th day of November, 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, shall sell at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, at the south door of the County Court House, in Ottawa, in said county, the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said decree, situated in the county of La Salle and State of Illinois, to wit:

Lot number four (4), in block number eleven (11), in Whitfield (now Leland); lot one (1) and the east half (E½) of lot two (2), in block number fourteen (14), in the town of Whitfield (now Leland); also that portion of lots four (4) and five (5), in Feuerborn's Addition to Whitfield (now Leland), described as follows: commencing on the south line of lot two (2) in said block fourteen (14), at the center thereof, and running thence south parallel to the west line of said lot five (5) twelve (12) rods, thence westerly parallel with Lundy's Lane to the west line of said lot five (5), thence southerly on said west line to a point twenty (20) rods north of the southwest corner of said lot five, thence easterly parallel to the south line of said lot five to the east line of said lot five (5), thence north on the east line of lot five (5) to Lundy's Lane, thence westerly along said lane to the northwest corner of said lot four (4), thence southerly to the southwest corner of lot four (4), thence westerly to the place of beginning. Said last description includes lot four (4) and a portion of lot five (5), in the northeast quarter (NE¼) of section eight (8), township thirty-six (36) north, range four (4) east, in said county of La Salle, containing nineteen and eighty one-hundredths (19 80-100) acres, more or less.

Ottawa, Illinois, October 20, 1888.
DUNCAN McDOUGALL, Master in Chancery for said Circuit Court.
oct27-4w

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF PETER DILLON, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of Peter Dillon, late of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county on the third Monday (being the 17th day) of December, 1888, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, in said county, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 18th day of October, A. D. 1888.
GARRET DILLON, Executor.
oct20-3w*

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF GEORGE BENNETT, DEC'D. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of George Bennett, late of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county on the third Monday (being the 17th day) of December, 1888, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, in said county, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 16th day of October, A. D. 1888.
WILLIAM H. BULLEN, Administrator, &c.
oct20-3w

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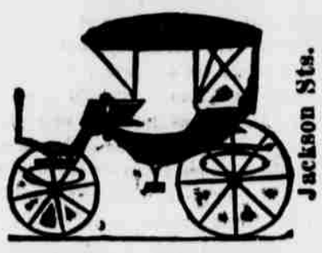

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