

THE TRAVELERS' GUIDE. CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY. Tickets can be purchased or baggage checked at L. & P. Ticket Office, 111 N. Wabash street, corner Fifth avenue and Thirty-first street, Frank H. Zimmerman, Agent.

Burlington Route. M. J. YOUNG, Agent. TRAINS. LEAVE ARRIVE. St. Louis, Springfield, Peoria, Burlington, etc.

DAVENPORT, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY. The Tri-City Route. Passenger station at Rock Island & Peoria depot foot of Twentieth street, L. F. Berry, G. A. Davenport, Agents.

TRAINS. LEAVE ARRIVE. Clinton, Sterling, Chicago, Clinton, Chicago, Peoria, etc.

ROCK ISLAND & PEORIA Railway. Depot First and Twentieth streets, M. J. Young, General Passenger Agent.

TRAINS. LEAVE ARRIVE. Springfield, Clinton, Peoria, etc.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY. Rates and fares for various routes.

THE PEORIA ROUTE. FILL YOUR HOME UP. With warmth before Jack Frost enters. We'll hustle a ton or two of the best coal...

E. B. MCKOWN. E. G. FRAZER. Phone 1198, Fifteenth street and First Avenue.

WE CURE WHEN OTHERS FAIL. Chronic Nervous and Private Diseases of Both Sexes. Consultation Free.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. Exhaustive drains, Sleeplessness, Threatened Insanity. Weak Memory, Mental Disturbances, or any other condition due to nervous exhaustion positively cured.

Feeble Pulse. palor, fainting, smothering or sinking spells all point in the same direction—an impaired heart action. A heart that is weak or diseased cannot do full duty and the circulation of the blood is interfered with.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure regulates the heart's action, while it stimulates the digestive organs to make new, rich, red blood which gives strength to the whole body.

AMUSEMENTS. HARPER'S THEATRE. Direction of Charles Brewer. ONE SOLD WEEK—Commencing Sunday, Nov. 11.

BURTIS OPERA HOUSE. Under the direction of Chamberlain Kinnit & Co. Thursday, Nov. 15.

"The Royal Box." Under the personal direction of Edward L. Bloom presented with elaborate casts. A perfect case, brilliant costume and magnificent scenic investiture.

THE ANTHRACITE COAL STRIKE. Is over and Frazer can now supply you with all kinds of Lehigh Valley coal at a reasonable price.

NERVE FOOD. If you have neuralgia, Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again.

WE CURE WHEN OTHERS FAIL. Chronic Nervous and Private Diseases of Both Sexes. Consultation Free.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. Exhaustive drains, Sleeplessness, Threatened Insanity. Weak Memory, Mental Disturbances, or any other condition due to nervous exhaustion positively cured.

REORGANIZATION TALK. Taggart Proposed for Head of the Democratic National Committee.

TENNESSEE "BOB" TAYLOR'S VIEWS. Hanna to Take a Rest—Bryan Declines a \$10,000 Position—Back County Returns.

Indianapolis, Nov. 12.—Leading Democrats of this city are quietly discussing a step that it is believed would make way for the union of all the Democratic forces in the next state campaign, and this cement the different elements for the national struggle of 1904.

"Bob" Taylor's View of the Matter. Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 12.—Former Governor Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, said Saturday: "I came all the way from the west to cast my vote for the fearless leader, Bryan, as a Democrat."

Whoopee! It Up in Butte. Butte, Mont., Nov. 12.—Twenty-five thousand people crowded the streets of the city Saturday night to participate in the general celebration in honor of the political victory of W. A. Clark.

Local Markets. Corn—New, 30c. Oats—21c. Hay—Timothy, \$10; prairie, 85c.

NERVE FOOD. If you have neuralgia, Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again.

NERVE FOOD. If you have neuralgia, Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again.

NERVE FOOD. If you have neuralgia, Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again.

NERVE FOOD. If you have neuralgia, Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again.

KANSAS CITY Great Rock Island Route. FINEST EQUIPMENT. Best Dining Car Service.

county (Omaha) where the official count is under way. The Fusionists have elected four representatives, the Populists two, the Democrats two and the Republicans two.

In Kansas the official returns from all save about a dozen counties in the state received by The Courier Journal do not materially alter that paper's unofficial report of the election.

WHAT THE LEADERS ARE DOING. Bryan Declines a \$10,000 Job—Hanna Takes a Rest—Croker's Plans.

Denver, Nov. 12.—Colonel William J. Bryan has declined an offer of an editorial position on a Denver afternoon paper at a salary of \$10,000 a year.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 12.—Senator Hanna left for Cleveland Saturday evening. Hanna said he was going to take a long rest.

Whoopee! It Up in Butte. Butte, Mont., Nov. 12.—Twenty-five thousand people crowded the streets of the city Saturday night to participate in the general celebration in honor of the political victory of W. A. Clark.

Local Markets. Corn—New, 30c. Oats—21c. Hay—Timothy, \$10; prairie, 85c.

TALK BY SIXTO LOPEZ. Filipino Agent Sort of Lays Down Terms to Uncle Sam.

NERVE FOOD. If you have neuralgia, Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again.

NERVE FOOD. If you have neuralgia, Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again.

NERVE FOOD. If you have neuralgia, Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again.

KANSAS CITY Great Rock Island Route. FINEST EQUIPMENT. Best Dining Car Service.

Through, wide vestibule standard coach between Rock Island and Chicago via the D. R. I. & N. W. railroad and the C. & N. W. railroad. The quickest and best line. For particulars inquire at city ticket office, 1803 Second avenue, or passenger station foot of Twentieth street.

THE D. R. I. & N. W. Ry. will sell home-seekers' excursion tickets to points in Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and other points in northwest territory at fove fare plus \$2.

Six Frightful Failures. Six terrible failures of six different doctors nearly sent William H. Mullen of Lockland, O., to an early grave. All said he had a fatal lung trouble and that he must soon die.

Master's Sale. Ludolph & Reynolds, Attorneys. State of Illinois. In the Circuit Court in Chancery.

Master's Sale. Sealie & Marshall, Attorneys. State of Illinois. In the Circuit Court in Chancery.

Local Markets. Corn—New, 30c. Oats—21c. Hay—Timothy, \$10; prairie, 85c.

Local Markets. Corn—New, 30c. Oats—21c. Hay—Timothy, \$10; prairie, 85c.

Local Markets. Corn—New, 30c. Oats—21c. Hay—Timothy, \$10; prairie, 85c.

CASTORIA. For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

CASTORIA. For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

To Go South. This Winter address J. C. Beam, Jr., N. W. P. A. Southern Railway, 225 Dearborn street, Chicago.

THEY TASTE VERY MUCH LIKE 100 CIGARS. LEWIS STIGLER BINDER STRAIGHTS.

A Very Strange Story. Remarkable Experience of a Boston Man in Europe.

"I've got a story to tell," said one of the best known business men in Boston to a party of friends. "It's the strangest, most remarkable experience through which I ever passed. Here, all of you have a cigar, while I proceed."

"I was on a pleasure trip in Europe last summer with my family. Of course, we had to see Paris, and while out riding my wife fell from the carriage. She hurt her ankle dreadfully. The doctor said a bone

was cracked and three ligaments were broken. Anyhow, it was a bad accident. She couldn't walk—couldn't bear her weight on it. The doctor put all sorts of mixtures on the ankle—tried everything. He had it massaged twice a day—morning and evening—but that didn't do any good.

"The doctor said one day: 'That ankle will mend in the course of time, but you want to take your wife away from Paris to some quiet place.' So I packed up and went to a little village in Switzerland. My wife had to be carried to and from the train. She was positively helpless.

"After we arrived in the village, I sent for another doctor. He came, and said the only way to cure that ankle was to have it massaged twice a day. I didn't have much faith in it, but what could I do? I employed a native woman to massage the ankle, and she came morning and evening for fifteen days.

"The ailing ankle didn't improve, so I said to the native woman, 'Give me your bill. I want to pay you. We are going to leave tomorrow.' 'The woman remarked that if we would put off our departure for a day, she would bring something to rub on the foot that would cure it. That seemed queer to me, why hadn't she brought it before? I suppose she wanted her engagement to last as long as possible.

"I said to myself: 'If that queer oil can relieve pain in two hours, the doctor couldn't cure in six weeks it must be a most wonderful thing, and I'm going to find out all about it.'

"Where did you get that oil?' 'My grandfather makes it,' she replied. 'Who is your grandfather?' was my next question. 'O, he lives in such-and-such a street. 'Will you take me to see him?'

"I was bound to see that grandfather, and I did. He was a picture—old fellow, about 75 years old. I told him I wanted the recipe of his oil. He wouldn't tell it, but he said he would give me a bottle if I would give him a name or label for it, and sold it here and there in the neighborhood for 2 francs a bottle. He had been doing so for many years, and the folks had heard of his oil. He didn't even have a name or label for it, and sold it here and there in the neighborhood for 2 francs a bottle.

brought on a terrible cold in my chest. The pain was acute, and seemed to go through me all at once. I felt I was done for—I couldn't breathe—couldn't get up to go to bed. Don't laugh—that's just how it was. I couldn't go downstairs to breakfast. Had to lie down. Told my wife to send for a doctor. I was in such pain I never thought of the oil, but my wife did. She remembered her ankle. She got some one in the hotel to rub on my ankle for an hour. As well as I am this minute. The oil did wonders for me as well as for my wife. Do you blame me for being enthusiastic about it? 'My little boy about that time suffered with swollen tonsils. Couldn't eat. Couldn't swallow. I thought of the oil, rubbed it on his throat, and presto! the trouble was gone.

"After I got to London I began, as one in my position naturally would, to look for people who suffered from pains. I wanted to try this green oil on them. As might be supposed, I found plenty of patients. You know how things and occurrences of this sort all 'happen' about the same time. I didn't know anything about medicine, but I did know this oil was a mighty good article. 'About the first person I met in London was the manager of a famous theatrical star. He had been out on bicycle riding. Rode too far and too fast on a hot day, like so many other folks. When he got back to the hotel he was so stiff he couldn't get out of bed the next morning. I told him I had something that would fix him all right, and got a racket to rub the green oil on him. He took all the stiffness out of his limbs at once. He was up and around in almost no time.

"Coming over on the steamer I met an old friend—one of the biggest dry goods merchants in Syracuse, N. Y. He walked as though he had a stone in his back and went to a little village in Switzerland. My wife had to be carried to and from the train. She was positively helpless.

"After we arrived in the village, I sent for another doctor. He came, and said the only way to cure that ankle was to have it massaged twice a day. I didn't have much faith in it, but what could I do? I employed a native woman to massage the ankle, and she came morning and evening for fifteen days.

"The ailing ankle didn't improve, so I said to the native woman, 'Give me your bill. I want to pay you. We are going to leave tomorrow.' 'The woman remarked that if we would put off our departure for a day, she would bring something to rub on the foot that would cure it. That seemed queer to me, why hadn't she brought it before? I suppose she wanted her engagement to last as long as possible.

"I said to myself: 'If that queer oil can relieve pain in two hours, the doctor couldn't cure in six weeks it must be a most wonderful thing, and I'm going to find out all about it.'

"Where did you get that oil?' 'My grandfather makes it,' she replied. 'Who is your grandfather?' was my next question. 'O, he lives in such-and-such a street. 'Will you take me to see him?'

"I was bound to see that grandfather, and I did. He was a picture—old fellow, about 75 years old. I told him I wanted the recipe of his oil. He wouldn't tell it, but he said he would give me a bottle if I would give him a name or label for it, and sold it here and there in the neighborhood for 2 francs a bottle. He had been doing so for many years, and the folks had heard of his oil. He didn't even have a name or label for it, and sold it here and there in the neighborhood for 2 francs a bottle.

"The green color came from a rare herb," grows only in a certain part of Switzerland. This herb, he declared, was used in no other ingredient or pain killer. While the other ingredients were well known to the medical profession as antidotes for pain, the green herb added the greatest value to the oil. 'Of course I was pleased, but the matter passed from my mind, and after a while we went to Berlin. The day of our arrival the weather was cold, raw and nasty. 'The wind made you feel like a cove—it went right through you.' The sudden change