

# THE GENOA JOURNAL.

An Independent Local Newspaper devoted to the Interests of the People of Genoa and The Publishers.

VOL. 1.

GENOA, ILL., FRIDAY, SEP. 7, 1900.

NO. 15.

Genoa, Illinois.  
CONNECTED TO AUG. 20, 1900.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

TRAINS GOING EAST.		
NO.	LV. GENOA	ARR. CHICAGO
No. 8	6:07 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
No. 36	7:29 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
No. 32	8:56 a.m.	10:25 a.m.
No. 6	11:58 a.m.	1:46 p.m.
No. 34	3:54 p.m.	5:56 p.m.

TRAINS GOING WEST.		
NO.	LV. CHICAGO	ARR. GENOA
No. 31	8:30 a.m.	10:25 a.m.
No. 5	9:00 a.m.	10:30 p.m.
No. 35	9:05 p.m.	5:13 p.m.
No. 43	4:00 p.m.	5:25 p.m.
No. 37	5:15 p.m.	6:40 p.m.
No. 3	10:25 p.m.	12:06 a.m.

J. M. HARVEY, Agent.

Illinois Central.

TRAINS GOING EAST.		
NO.	LV. GENOA	ARR. CHICAGO
No. 4	4:19 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
No. 32	7:35 a.m.	10:25 p.m.
No. 39	11:40 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
No. 33	5:30 p.m.	7:30 p.m.

TRAINS GOING WEST.		
NO.	LV. CHICAGO	ARR. GENOA
No. 21	10:14 a.m.	11:54 a.m.
No. 35	3:10 p.m.	5:23 p.m.
No. 31	3:40 p.m.	5:00 p.m.
No. 3	11:15 p.m.	1:00 a.m.

S. R. CRAWFORD, Agent.

Chicago & North-Western.

RAILWAY.

At Sycamore.

TRAINS LEAVE SYCAMORE.

FOR EAST.

Chicago Fast Express via Cortland	7:15 a.m.
Chicago Fast Express via Cortland	8:35 a.m.
Express via DeKalb	12:06 p.m.
Express via Cortland	5:23 p.m.
Express via DeKalb	6:30 p.m.
Sunday only: Milk & Loh Pass via Cort	7:23 a.m.

FOR WEST.

Des Moines & Carroll via Cortland	8:25 a.m.
Cedar Rapids Passenger	9:00 p.m.
Madison Passenger via DeKalb	11:12 a.m.
Starling Fast Express via DeKalb	5:23 p.m.
California Overland Limited	7:25 p.m.
St. Louis City N. & Dak. Lim. via DeKalb	5:30 p.m.
Sunday only: Rochelle Milk Train	5:00 p.m.

TRAINS ARRIVE IN SYCAMORE.

FROM EAST.

Via Cortland	9:15 a.m.
Via Cortland	2:25 p.m.
Via DeKalb	6:00 p.m.
Via DeKalb	5:23 p.m.
Via DeKalb	7:30 p.m.

FROM WEST.

Via DeKalb	6:59 a.m.
Via Cortland	9:15 a.m.
Via DeKalb	5:23 p.m.
Via DeKalb	7:45 a.m.
Via DeKalb	5:30 p.m.
Via DeKalb	7:30 p.m.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS LINE.

AT HENRIETTA.

NORTH BOUND.

Express Passenger for Rockford, Freeport, Belvidere, Janesville, Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Minnesota	9:07 a.m.
Express Passenger for Rockford, Freeport, Beloit, Janesville, Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Minnesota and South Dakota Points	5:47 p.m.
Local Freight	2:00 p.m.

SOUTH BOUND.

Madison Passenger	10:58 a.m.
DeKalb, Spring Valley & Sterling Pass.	5:16 p.m.
Freight	1:00 a.m.

C. Gt-W. R. R.

Trains Leave SYCAMORE as follows.

WEST BOUND.

Express for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines and Kansas City	8:40 a.m.
Night Express for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines and Kansas City	12:23 a.m.
Byron Local	4:45 p.m.
Limited for Dubuque, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines, St. Joseph and Kansas City	8:12 p.m.

EAST BOUND.

Chicago Suburban	6:00 a.m.
Suburban	7:50 a.m.
Limited	7:45 a.m.
Local	7:38 a.m.
Special	12:50 p.m.
Express	8:19 p.m.

SYCAMORE-DEKALB.

Leave Sycamore	Arrive DeKalb	Leave DeKalb	Arrive Sycamore
6:30 a.m.	6:50 a.m.	6:45 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
11:10 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:35 a.m.
1:00 p.m.	1:15 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	9:05 a.m.
2:45 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:45 p.m.
7:30 p.m.	7:35 p.m.	4:30 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
8:30 p.m.	8:35 p.m.	8:05 p.m.	8:05 p.m.

\*Daily except Sunday. All others daily.

W. V. HOWARD, Agent.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

TOWNSHIP	
Supervisor	D. S. Brown.
Town Clerk	H. A. Perkins.
Treasurer	C. A. Brown.
Highway Com'rs	J. W. Brown.
	J. M. Corson.
	H. A. Kellogg.
Justices	A. S. Hollenback.
	J. S. Elletthorp.
Constables	John Riddle.
	S. Abraham.
VILLAGE	
President	J. E. Stott.
	J. Hadsall.
	L. M. Olmsted.
Trustees	C. A. Patterson.
	S. Abraham.
	C. Smith.
	M. Malana.
Clerk	H. A. Perkins.
Treasurer	W. H. Sagar.
Police Magistrate	D. S. Lord.
Police Constable	Guy Singer.
SCHOOL DIRECTORS.	
J. M. Harvey.	H. A. Perkins.
	F. M. Olmsted.

## Locals.

25 cents.

3 months.

The JOURNAL.

Are you a reader of the JOURNAL? If not, why not?

Remember: The Journal is only \$1.25 a year in advance.

Maude Stardevant returned home to DeKalb Wednesday.

John Lembke and family visited in Marengo on last Sunday.

R. McCormick and wife were Chicago visitors on Wednesday.

James Hines moved Wednesday into the Lawrence house on Stott street.

Mrs. J. S. Harris moved into a part of Mrs. Porter's residence yesterday.

Mrs. David Patterson is visiting in Chicago this week with her daughter.

If you want a sample of the JOURNAL sent to any friend give us the address.

Don't neglect to subscribe for the Journal. Only \$1.25 per year in advance.

Cyrus Waite and wife are visiting and attending the fair in Belvidere this week.

The JOURNAL can give you clubbing rates on any periodical published in North America.

Will Geithman and wife left here Monday evening for their future home at Bedford, Ia.

Thaddeus Rafferty, of Burlington, was visiting his brother and other friends in Genoa Tuesday.

Miss Kate Sullivan, of Chicago, is visiting a couple of weeks with Ed. Kunzler and wife.

Miss Belle Cliffe returned home last Friday from a three month's visit with relatives in Canada.

George Donohue and wife and Andy Baldwin returned last Tuesday from a weeks fishing at Dellvan lake.

I wish to thank my friends for the respect shown me in the voting contest last Tuesday night. Fanny Lord.

Miss Sadie Banks, was here from Irene and visited a few days with her grandparents J. P. Brown and wife.

Law Patterson left for Marion, Ind., last Tuesday evening where he will be engaged for a few weeks and possibly longer.

Mrs. Wm. Dittman and children, of New Castle, Ind., returned home last Wednesday, after a week's visit with relatives.

D. M. Gibbs, John Riddle and Wm. Watson were passengers over the St. Paul road to Rockford Wednesday to attend the fair.

Miss Kittie Oaklev, of Hampshire, and Glen Stone, of Michigan, were the guests of the family of Alderman Smith the first of the week.

Bert Millard returned to Aurora last Tuesday where he will resume his work. His wife will remain here until next week when she will also return.

Word was received here Tuesday that Bert Taylor had badly broken the bones in his left hand while at work with the well drilling machinery at Monmouth.

Chauncy Sixbury, of Boone county, Iowa, a former resident of this county, and a member of the old C. A. 105th. I. V., is visiting here a week or so with old friends.

G. W. Huber and T. H. Thompson, experts representing the McCormick Harvester Company, were here this week assisting Cohoon & Stanley, their local agents.

Dr. H. K. Whitford, of Elgin, was a caller on E. B. Millard and family last Tuesday. Dr. Whitford was called here in consultation at A. V. Pierce's whose daughter Etha is very low.

Mrs. E. H. Lane and daughter, Miss Mayme, who have been visiting with Kansas City relatives the past two or three months, returned home last Saturday, arriving on the C. M. & St. P. noon train.

The Sapho Medicine company gave their last entertainment Tuesday night and pulled up stakes and left for Kingston where they will entertain the people this week. The presents were distributed on their last night here as announced. Their entertainment was well worth the price of admission and they disposed of a considerable of their medicines.

Try O'Brien's shoemaker.

Miss Ethel Pierce is very sick at her home.

Allie Smith was calling in Elgin on last Friday.

John Lembke was doing business in Chicago Wednesday.

James Spence was on the sick list a few days this week.

Charles Maderer was visiting in Marengo Sunday and Monday.

Geo. Donohue and wife are spending the fair week at Belvidere.

Miss Addie Preston returned to her employment in Elgin, on Tuesday.

Charles Thomas moved his family and goods to Belvidere on Monday.

Will Cooper has been considerably under the weather the past ten days.

Don't fail to take a three months trial subscription to the JOURNAL for 25 cents.

Miss Jennie Beckington, of Belvidere, is the guest of G. C. Rowen and family.

Mr. Davis, of Iowa, a brother-in-law of Jerry Brown, is visiting in this vicinity.

It'll tickle your horse to death—not a gold brick, but a salt brick from K. Jackman & Son's.

Will Jackman has so far recovered from his recent illness that he is again able to be around.

Fred Wright was over from Belvidere last Sunday calling on members of G. C. Rowen's family.

Mrs. Lennie Dean, of Anamosa, Ia., is visiting with her parents, J. P. Brown and wife this week.

F. O. Holtgren was at Kirkland Tuesday looking after his tailoring establishment in that place.

Ed. Campbell of Chicago, is spending the week with his sister, Mrs. Arthur Brown on Derby Line.

Miss C. J. Hatfield, of Lake Geneva arrived here Tuesday and is visiting with her sister Mrs. John Pratt.

Charles Weber returned from Chicago Tuesday morning and will remain in the vicinity of Genoa a few months.

Francis Hester returned to Chicago Tuesday morning after a short visit with his brother, Rev. Hester and family.

Chas. Corson and Arthur Stuart left here last Tuesday night for Dakota where they go to buy up some stock cattle.

Wm. Gregory, one of Genoa's old time boys is visiting with his former friends and his many relatives hereabouts.

The medicine show which has been holding sway on Moan's clover field paid into the village treasury one dollar per night as license.

Robert Campbell and wife were over from Belvidere the first of the week and visited a day with their daughter Mrs. Arthur Brown and family.

The village have bought a watering fountain of T. G. Sager which it is proposed to place on the corner near C. B. Crawford's restaurant. The fountain cost \$52.

Miss Jane Smith and her niece Miss Ruth Jones, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Flora Ododene and Mr. Bert Ododene, of Little Sioux, Iowa, arrived here Tuesday morning and are guests at the home of H. H. Slater and family.

A pleasant party of the relatives of Mrs. Lillie Lord walked into her home on Sycamore and Main streets last Monday evening and gave her a surprise, it being her birth anniversary. A pleasant time was had and refreshments served.

Charley Adams informs us that a letter received Monday from Gridley, Ill., states that the cancer on his father's lip began bleeding last Saturday and the attending physician had considered able trouble stopping the blood. He however succeeded in cauterizing the artery for the time but states that if it starts to bleed again it will be impossible to stop the flow in that manner again.

Mrs. Harvey Brown, who recently returned from Wisconsin on account of ill health, has been in the hospital at Elgin and on last Saturday she underwent a critical operation from which she is now recovering. The doctors say the operation was much more complicated than was at first supposed, but was a success in removing the difficulty. It will be several days yet before she will be in condition to receive a visit from her parents.

Miss Maria Holroyd is attending the fair at Belvidere this week.

Get your shoes mended by a first-class shoemaker, O'Brien has one.

Call the JOURNAL up by telephone and let them know who your visitors are.

Miss Jennie Edsall accompanied her father home from Chicago Friday evening.

August Taobel, of Dundee, visited with his son Albert, several days last week.

Remember that the JOURNAL gives you clubbing rates with any periodical published.

When you want a nice job of printing, don't hesitate to mention it to the JOURNAL.

Wm. Heed and wife and Mrs. Ellis Confer are spending the fair week at Belvidere.

Miss Sadie Wright, of Elgin, is a guest this week of her sister Mrs. Herbert Nutt.

L. Doty spent several days in Chicago, returning to Genoa on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. G. W. Baldwin and nephew, Frank Wyde were Chicago visitors last Friday.

Mrs. C. A. Brown and Miss Lizzie McCormick were shopping in Elgin last Friday.

Joe Randall, of Elgin, spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday in Genoa with friends.

A Mr. Hoyer, of Moline, Ill., visited at the Richard McCormick home a few days recently.

Arthur Mead and wife, of Chicago came out Friday evening and will visit several weeks.

Mrs. A. L. Holroyd visited on Friday and Saturday of last week with Rochelle friends.

If you have anything to sell or wish to buy anything leave word with us and we will help you out.

Mrs. R. Farr, who is visiting with A. R. Cohoon and wife was the recipient of a surprise party last week.

Fred Abraham and wife returned home to Chicago Sunday afternoon, after a two weeks visit with relatives.

Mrs. J. D. Craft and daughters returned home to Chicago Monday, after a week's visit with relatives in Genoa.

Henry Pond and wife, of Pennsylvania are here visiting with friends and relatives. Henry Pond is a cousin to A. H. Pond.

Miss Belle Cliffe returned home Friday night, from Canada, where she had visited with relatives and friends for the past three months.

Harry Shutts and sister Fanny are out from Chicago and reports say that Mrs. Shutts and her daughters will soon become Genoaites again.

M. J. Breen, the big, good-natured representative of the Rock Island Implement Company was blandly smiling on his local agents, Cohoon & Stanley last Tuesday.

B. G. Westover and his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Richardson and her children who have been visiting with friends and relatives a few weeks, returned to Dane, Wis., on Monday.

Wm. Ecklor, Jr. has rented his father's farm and will occupy it as soon as Mr. Ecklor, Sr. moves from the place to his property in town recently purchased from B. Goldman.

The brick side walk that was so much admired years ago when it was laid down from McAllister's corner east has been all removed and a fine cement walk is being put in its stead.

"Billie" Mullen, of Lincoln, Neb., who is visiting hereabouts among some of his early-day school-mates, and E. Nichols, of Sycamore, attended the party at A. R. Cohoon's last week.

It may be of some interest to our readers to know what the system of water-works is costing the village of Genoa. We give the contract price of the different firms as near as possible, but there are a few minor expenses that will amount in the aggregate to perhaps a couple hundred dollars.

Construction of power house \$3333.00

" tanks 2770.00

Engine complete 1100.00

Deep well pump 1380.00

Sinking well 2475.00

Constructing and laying mains 7676.43

Valves and hydrants 790.00

Air pump 50.00

Ohlmacher and Root, connect's 161.00

John Healy, 3 days work. 28.00

Attorney's fees and sp'l ass't 481.00

## A SAD DEATH.

Ed. Rinech, of Hampshire, Loses His Life While Hunting on Sunday.

Last Sunday a party of three young men of Hampshire started out to hunt chickens and after disposing of a covey, Ed. Rinech requested his companion, John Higgins, to give him a string. Higgins dropped his gun over his arm and with the other reached to get the string from his pocket for Rinech when the gun went off, the charge entering Rinech's abdomen just below and a little to one side of the navel. He was taken home perfectly conscious, and knowing full well that he could live but a short time.

The accident happened about five o'clock and the young man died at eight.

A very sad part of the terrible affair is the fact he was the only son and he and his only sister were in charge of the hotel during the absence of their parents who have been attending the Paris exposition and are now on their return trip home.

It is said that young Higgins is nearly prostrated with grief over the sad occurrence.

The Coroner's jury which were impaneled returned a verdict of accidental death from a gunshot wound from a gun in the hands of John Higgins.

## First Corn Cut Up.

How many of our people can remember how farmers used to manage in regard to feed for their cattle during the winter, before the custom of cutting up their corn stocks for fodder. Of course at that time there were large tracts of open prairie and sloughs that had an abundant growth of wild grass and which was put up for feed for the stock through the winter.

What would some of our stockmen think now to start in to winter a herd of cattle on a lot of coarse, wirey stuff, stacked up out in the sloughs. No hay barns, but stacked up out on the prairie on the ground upon which it grew.

In talking to "Uncle" Matt Hines a few days ago, we learned that he moved to Aurora in the year 1856 and the next year he with the help of two hired men put in 190 acres of corn, and in the fall the first corn that was cut up for feeding purposes was put up by him.

He put up 20 acres that season, and the scheme was so novel to the community that the result was watched with much interest. It proved such a success that the next year everyone in that vicinity went at it with a will, each year more and more was cut until at the present time a stock raiser who does not cut his corn is about as scarce as hen's teeth.

Another reason for declaring it ineffective was that the book keeper had no authority for drawing up the contract. Counsel in the case was J. W. Cliffe for the plaintiffs and John Falsler for the defendant.

## Stafford Hotel Property About to Change Hands.

Last Monday a deal was entered into between August Tyler, of this place, and George Sowers, of Elgin, which, if the papers all prove satisfactory will place the possession of the Stafford hotel property in the hands of Mr. Sowers. In return Mr. Tyler is to receive certain tracts of land in Dakota and a balance in cash.

## A Kick from Growler.

Since workmen commenced to put down cement walk in place of the brick walk from McAllister's corner east, we have heard numerous kicks from prominent citizens in the village over the board being so impartial to that particular section of the town when there are places that have no walk and other places where the old board walks are worse than none and should be looked after before as good a walk as the brick one that was torn up was replaced with cement.

If the contractor can take city orders on the treasurer due in one year with out interest he could better be given work where it was more needed.

There are a few places in the older cement walk that should be repaired too. Some claim that the walk is put in for the benefit of the members of the board who live up east Main street?

## Employees Won Their Suit.

The suits brought against the Genoa Shoe company by Grant Smith and Oliver Christiansen, before Justice Mitchell, last Thursday was decided in favor of the plaintiffs.

The former was awarded a judgment of \$21 and the latter \$12.27. When the two began work at the factory their wages for the first two weeks were held back and not paid when they quit.

It appeared that the bookkeeper drew up a contract with the men in which it was agreed that they would be paid a "bonus" of \$21 at the end of the year if they remained that long at work. Both however quit before that time.

The book keeper testified that by the term of "bonus" he meant that the two weeks held back would be paid them if they remained, but as the word conveyed the meaning that they were to receive \$21 over and above their wages' the justice declared the contract null and void.

Another reason for declaring it ineffective was that the book keeper had no authority for drawing up the contract. Counsel in the case was J. W. Cliffe for the plaintiffs and John Falsler for the defendant.

## Real Estate.

The JOURNAL has for sale several excellently located residence properties. Anyone wishing to buy or rent property in Genoa should investigate what bargains we have to offer.

## Residence for Sale.

# The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance  
by Alan Adair

## CHAPTER IV.

"Do you mind, my dearest?"  
"Yes; I wish I had been the first, Alan."

The two people who were speaking were sitting together on a boulder by the seashore of one of our prettiest watering places. It was early October, and although it had been a late season, yet there was already a touch of coldness in the air, notwithstanding the brilliant sunshine. The sea was as blue as the sky, tossing and little disturbed by the wind, yet only enough to give it color and motion. The little town looked white and clean, smiling in the autumn sunshine. A thoroughly conventional English scene, just as the girl herself was a thoroughly conventional English girl. Her dark blue eyes were brown and of a soft texture; her face a perfect oval, with a little square chin, into which there had been pressed, as by some loving finger, the prettiest dimple in the world. A tall, slight figure, that gave promise of a fuller, ampler womanhood; a clear white skin, flushed rosy; and lashes and eyebrows many shades darker than her hair completed a whole that was very captivating. She was dressed, too, conventionally, although the blue serge dress and jacket fitted her as only a tailor-made gown can fit. A little sailor hat was perched upon her head in just the most effective manner possible.

But at this minute the dark blue eyes looked troubled, the pretty hands were clasped round her knees, and she was looking seawards and away from the man by her side. He, too, looked troubled. It had cost Alan Mackenzie a good deal to record the events of his life, and to speak of the young wife he had lost four years ago. He had wanted the past to be past; and although Veronica's memory was dear and sweet to him, and the girl herself had been loving and tender, yet it seemed to him hard to bring up the dead past. There was such a chasm between that life and this, such a difference between the dark-eyed, half-Spanish girl he had wooed under the brilliant South American skies and this girl whom he was wooing beside the tumbling English sea, that it often seemed to Alan Mackenzie that he must be an entirely different person.

He leaned forward and looked at her. She had her face turned towards the sea, so that he could just see the delicate profile outlined against the blue sky, could just see the pink ear nesting against the coils of her hair. It was not for her beauty alone that he loved Joyce Grenville. He felt that she was his equal in most, his superior in some, things. He and she together, he thought, could live the perfect married life. And now there was the shadow of poor Veronica to come and throw a gloom over their wooing. Veronica, whom he had never loved like this girl; Veronica, for whom he had had the tenderest protective pity, but that was all.

And now he looked at Joyce, and felt to the full that if he lost her he lost everything that made life worth living; that life without Joyce would be incomplete, and that all his success in life—and he was by no means disposed to undervalue that—would mean nothing to him without Joyce. She was so desirable, was Joyce, with her high-bred, British air, and with all the qualities that he knew her to possess, and with that fact staring him full in the face that he loved her, and her alone.

His voice trembled as he said: "Do you mind so much, Joyce, that it will be an insuperable bar? Do you mean that you cannot say 'Yes' to me?"

She turned round and faced him, and he could see the trouble in her eyes and the twitching of her lips. "No," she said, in a low voice, "I don't mean that; I cannot give you up, Alan. You have made me love you; I cannot change my love in a day. But it has cast a shadow over me. I cannot rejoice over my love for you as I did now I know this: That life cannot give the unalloyed happiness that I thought possible half an hour ago."

"Because you are not the first, Joyce? In one sense you are the first. I have told you all quite truthfully—how first I felt nothing but pity for her, and then gradually I wanted to shield her from the hardships of life, and there was no other way. I married her."

"And she—did she not love you?" Alan did not hesitate, nor did he prevaricate. A less truthful man than he might have made light of Veronica's devotion, but he could not. The dead girl's passionate eyes, fixed upon him with an expression of undying love in them, rose up before him. "She," he said, in a low voice—"she loved me more than her life."

Joyce gave a little exclamation. It was not altogether pain, but as if she had said that she had known it well. Of course she had loved him! What woman would not have loved Alan Mackenzie?

She said nothing, but she could see his lips quivering. That troubled her. She felt that he would say no more, but that the first words must come from her. He had stated his case; he had pleaded with her. It was for her to say "Yes" or "No." Only he had told her the whole truth. Some men would have said less; but then she

loved him for that very truthfulness, which would hide nothing from her.

"I wish you had not told me," she said. For a moment she thought that this really was so, and that she would rather not have known; it was only momentary, however.

"Would you rather not have known?" he said, and looked at her reproachfully. "Joyce, I hate having to give you this pain; but I have always thought that the very essence of married happiness lay in the fact that husband and wife had no secrets from each other."

"Did you tell her everything?" asked Joyce, woman-like.

"No, dearest. God forbid that I should wish to deprecate the girl who loved me so well; but she was not your equal. She was simply a pure, sweet, loving woman; but she would not have understood. She had pretty ways of making a house homelike and charming; but she had but very little education. I could not have told her everything. Joyce, you know all about our brief married life now. I don't believe that you—I don't believe that you would be jealous of the dead woman. Now tell me straight out if you will make me happy. I don't think you know or can guess what you are to me. How my whole life and soul are bound up in you, how empty my life would be without you. I think if you understood that you would forget all about the story I have told you, and give yourself to me, to hold and to keep as the dearest thing in the world."

The tears were standing in his eyes, he was so much in earnest. It seemed to him as if the making of the marriage of his life was in this slender girl's hands; and she was moved, too. "Of course I mind, dearest," she said. "If I did not mind so much I should not love you so much. Just think how would you like it if some other man had had my first kiss, my first words of love!"

"I should not like it at all; I should hate it, Joyce," he said, frankly. "I knew you would. I should have asked you to marry me a year ago if I had not had this past behind me. I have loved you well enough all the time. It is only now that I have been presumptuous enough to think that you love me a little that I have spoken; and if you do truly love me, Joyce, you will only be sorry for all that I have suffered in the past."

Joyce was not an ungenerous girl, and though there was a certain sting in the fact that Alan had suffered through another woman, yet she could feel it in her heart to pity the girl who had only been Alan's wife for four months, and who had died in so tragic a manner. She rose. "Shall we go in to the others, Alan?" she said, softly.

But he caught her hand. "Not before I have had my answer, Joyce. Oh, no! not before I have had my answer! Don't be cruel, darling! Put me out of pain!"

"Dearest," she said, "you know your answer. You know that I love you, and that I would never deny my love. This unhappy story of yours has been a surprise to me, and a little shock; but it does not really make any difference, does it, when two people love each other?"

"Joyce," he cried—there was the purest joy in his tone—"Joyce, you have made me so happy that I have no words to express my happiness. And you will not think of this again? It will not be a bar between us? It only comes to me now and again, when I have thought that you would not like it. And now, Joyce, you are cheating me of my kiss of betrothal. Come behind this rock."

And as Joyce was just a sweet, loving girl, who had promised herself to the man she loved, she made no demur, but gave him his kiss; and they both walked up to the house, trying to forget the thing that had been discussed between them. And, as a matter of fact, they did forget it. They were so happy in each other, and so happy in the prospect of the new life before them, that they actually did forget. Alan told his story to Joyce's father as he had told it to Joyce, and after that he felt he had done all that would be asked of him. He revelled in the thought of Joyce's love, and poor Veronica might never have existed for him at all. There was nothing but talk of preparations for the wedding and settlements, nothing but congratulations and envyings of his luck, nothing in all this to remind him of the simple preparations for the civil marriage that had been the only one possible in Rio. Joyce had begged for a six months' engagement, Alan had insisted on three; and as there was really nothing to wait for he had his way.

He had known Joyce for more than three years, and had met her at the house of a mutual friend, had been attracted to her from the first; so that it seemed as if they had actually been engaged much longer than was the case. He was still in the firm of Dempster, only now he was a partner instead of an employee. He had been called to the bar, but did not practice regularly, seeing that he did not have much time. The three months passed very quickly; there was so much to do, so much to settle. It was a very

happy time, but one evening Alan got rather a nasty shock. He had been seeing Joyce, and they had spent the usual happy time together. He was immersed in thoughts and dreams of her, and was not looking very much where he was going. Turning a corner sharply he ran up against a man who seemed a little unsteady in his gait.

"I beg your pardon!" Alan said. The man uttered an imprecation. At the first sound of his voice Alan thought that it was familiar to him. He gave a start. "Hutchinson!" he cried. The man looked up. A gleam of recognition lit up his drink-sodden eyes, and with the recognition there came, too, a gleam of hatred.

"It's you!" he cried, and he swore again.

"Yes," said Alan, "and I am sorry to see you like this. Can I do anything for you, Hutchinson?" "Do anything for me? You? I'll trip you yet!" cried the man, his hatred flashing like a knife. "Do you think I have forgotten how you got me turned out, how you ruined me? No! And I will be even with you yet if I hang for it! And there's that girl of mine, too! I always thought that you had a hand in her disappearance! I will be even with you yet, my fine young man!"

"Well," said Alan, coolly, "I would have helped you if you would have let me; not that I regard your threats. It was your own dishonesty and nothing else that was your ruin. And as for the girl, you are right there. I married her, and she was drowned; but she was no daughter of yours, and you knew it."

Hutchinson's surprise got the better of his caution. "I brought her up," he said, "even if she was not my own. In a way she was mine. And so you married her, did you? And now you say she is dead."

"She is dead, poor soul!" said Alan. "Died in the wreck of the 'Valparaiso' four years ago; and I'm to be married again. I wish you would let me help you, Hutchinson!"

An evil sneer crossed Hutchinson's face. "Married again, are you? Soon? Well, I will wish you joy, you and your bride. You may have an unexpected guest at your wedding, although I am not quite sure. We will see what way things will go. Good-by, my fine gentleman!"

He left Alan with a curious sense that something untoward had happened, although the young man could not say what it had been.

(To be Continued.)

## HISTORIC ATMOSPHERE.

Motive is the Ground Color for Historical Pictures.

Unless an author can maintain, without deviation, from the first to the last pages of his book, the language of the period of which he writes, his work will be better, his pages will be more easily read; and whatever true atmosphere he may be able to create in other ways will be more convincing if he writes in the language of his own times. No books have a stronger flavor of their own period than the D'Artagnan romances, well translated into modern English. It were as well for an English author to attempt to give German atmosphere to a story of German life by writing it in broken English, as to attempt to give old-time flavor to an old-time tale by writing in a tongue composed of both the old and the new. If I am right in my conclusions, atmosphere may be imparted by facts and language, subject to the conditions above stated. These two methods, although generally attempted, more frequently fail than succeed. Novels wherein old-time phrases and historical facts only are relied upon to give old-time color are accepted without question, perhaps, by those who do not know the period of which the novels treat, or do not care to analyze the question. But to an inquiring mind, knowing the period, such a novel as to its atmosphere is usually as disappointing as wet gunpowder. It is from the setting of the story and from the acts, motives, and methods of thought of the characters that true atmosphere may be imparted. What the characters are made to feel, do, and say give real atmosphere. What they say is the important matter; not how they say it. Motive is the ground color for all historical pictures. There is no period in history of which we have a complete view. At best we can only catch glimpses of the environment of men and women who have preceded us, and who have faded into the dim, hazy light of the past. We have but fragmentary pictures, that come to us in sections, like the picture-blocks of a child, with many parts missing. Those parts which we lack we try to fill in as best we can, guiding our hands, as we draw, by the parts we have.—Charles Major in the June Scribners.

## Ingredients of Toilet Soap.

The basis of the better qualities of toilet soap is generally curd or yellow soap, in the making of which special precautions are taken to insure absence of free alkali. This is most important, as otherwise the soap would be altogether unsuitable for toilet purposes, the free alkali being injurious to the skin. This is the reason why so many of the cheaper laundry soaps produce chapped hands and similar results when used for toilet purposes. If, on the other hand, there is an excess of fat, the soap is greasy and does not possess the cleansing properties a good soap should. A laundry soap may be made without much difficulty by an amateur, but it is better to buy whatever toilet soap is required, for the reasons stated, and also because special apparatus is required to make a soap of first class quality.

# TAKING THE FORTS AT TAKU

One of the thrilling incidents of the bombardment and reduction of the Taku forts occurred after the north-west fort had been taken under the fire of the British gunboat *Algerine*. That ship then moved down the river and proceeded to reduce the north fort. Owing to its position the British gunners had some difficulty in getting their range, and it became imperative that the exact position of the guns be discovered. In this situation the German gunboat *Itis* steamed along, passed inside of the *Algerine* and drew

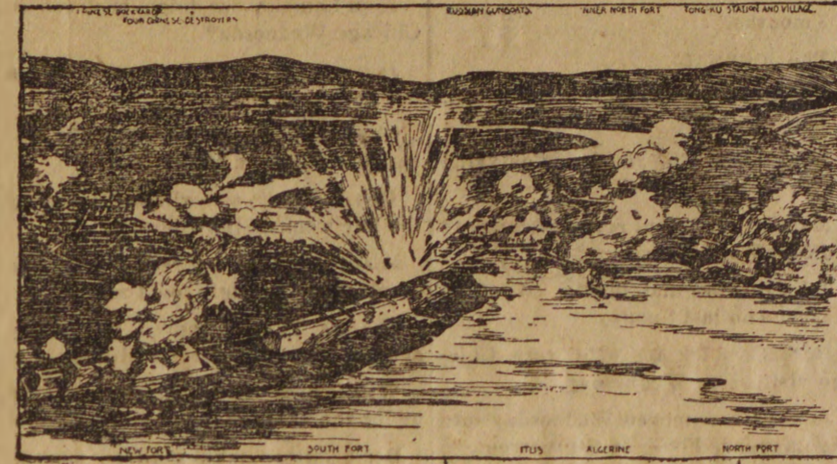
don Graphic by Dr. Peacock, the chief engineer of the British warship *Alacrité*.

Toward the beginning of the action the *Fame* and *Whiting* had attacked and captured the four Chinese torpedo boat destroyers lying off of the dockyard, meeting with very little opposition. The last of the forts was taken about 7 A. M., the action thus lasting a little over six hours. The British loss was slight, being only one man killed and nine wounded. The Russians and Germans suffered much more

severely, the *Itis* alone having eight killed and nine wounded, while the Russians had five officers and twenty-eight men killed and over sixty wounded. The only gunboat disabled was a Russian, which sank in a shallow part of the river. The British landing party was composed of men from the *Alacrité*, *Barfeur*, *Centurion*, *Orlando*, *Aurora* and *Endymion*, in command of Commander C. Cradock of the *Alacrité*.

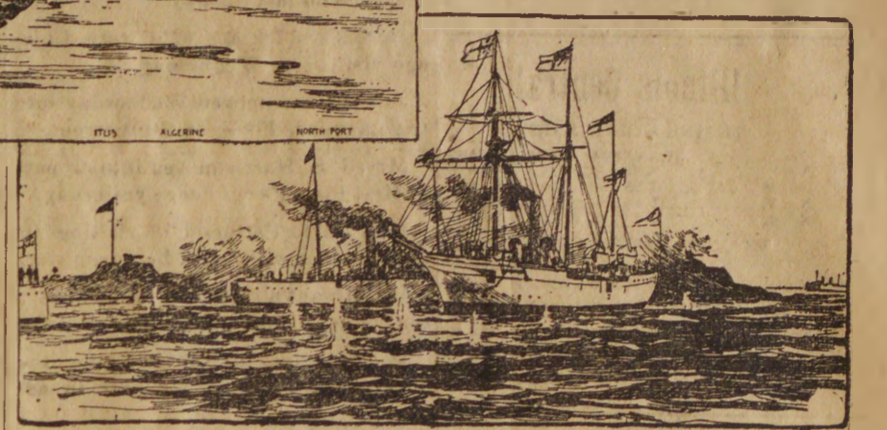
Small unarmored gunboats were pitted against the strength of eight very powerful modern forts and batteries, armed with the latest guns and supplied with all the improvements for facilitating rapid fire which make modern war such a grim business. The capture of Taku under these conditions is an achievement of which each nation concerned may justly be proud. The forts did not show much damage from the outside, but on entering one a vivid idea was gained as to the effect of modern shell fire. The place was wrecked, and mutilated men and horses were thickly strewn over the blood-stained ground.

When one of the batteries on the north side of the river had been stormed and carried by a British, Italian and Japanese landing party the guns in it were immediately turned on to the forts on the south side of the river. At 6 A. M. a shell from this battery entered the magazine of the



the Chinese fire. It was a brave act for the *Itis* is a small ship and her armament was not sufficient to answer the big batteries of the forts. Her after funnel was riddled and her bridge was shattered by a shell which wounded her commander severely and destroyed her Maxims guns. The crew of the *Algerine* cheered the *Itis* frantically and succeeded in silencing the fort, thanks to the work done by the Germans. The picture printed here was made by a British naval officer on a gunboat lying near the *Algerine*, and shows the *Itis* just beginning to work into the line of fire.

The other picture, showing the general operations during the lively little engagement, was drawn for the Lon-



and works of various kinds line the shore, and the hum and roar of modern activity dull the ear until it is difficult to realize that this rushing, bustling, feverishly busy place is Asiatic at all. But the heavy, nauseous scent of China-bean oil, plus incense, plus 4,000 years of accumulated and concentrated essence of abominations, are so unmistakably Oriental that they soon reassure one.

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# CHINESE INTOLERANCE

At Ichang there was until lately sad trouble about the visitation of the servants of darkness. The city is built on the north bank of the Yang-tse just below the entrance to the grand succession of gorges, and opposite to it are a range of hills, called the Pyramids, on account of their curiously pyramidal formation. It was found by the local professors of the great science of Feng-shui, or knowledge of light and air, that the evil spirits sailing down the river rebounded from the hill, cannoned off the Great Pyramid on to the city and brought bad luck with them. This was an intolerable grievance, and resulted in the sacrifice of a Christian church and many worshippers. The prejudices and superstitions of the Chinaman have had uninterrupted growth of at least 4,000 years, so to speak, in a ring fence. Small wonder they excel even those of rural Europe.

Except in the rich province of Szechuan, the peasants and yeomen dwell in small villages, modeled in every particular of their squalid narrowness upon the plan of a regular city, without its encircling walls. Mutual suspicion, if not actual conflict, is the habit of life, and to live in quick-set village communities is to carry out the obvious and convenient principle. Chinese society rests upon a basis of mutual guar-

antee through family and neighborhood, and to lead an isolated existence is to run counter to the main current of national instinct. From the mean and tortuous alleys that fringe the riverside men and women pour out at daybreak to the labors of the field, and, save in time of flood, allow themselves little time to rest their weary limbs. When the flood comes, their ramshackle habitations, run up of mud and reeds, are either swept away or utterly waterlogged for the season. That is as nothing to Chinese equanimity. The house is put together again, and the mishap is set down to the inevitable malignity of the river god, who has not been sufficiently fed and pampered at the shrine hard by.

The late Duke of Edinburgh gave it as his opinion that Shanghai was the wickedest and fastest city east of Suez. Certainly there is in Shanghai more glaring disregard of all the laws of God and man than can readily be found in other parts even of the Celestial empire.

As one approaches it along the Hwang-poo, or Wusung river, the stream becomes crowded with anchored vessels, and shipyard hammering and the noises of industry fill the air with a deafening din. Factories, and mills,

## Heard the Corn Grow in Iowa.

L. K. Hilliard of Iowa, who has just arrived in Washington, declares, in all solemnity, that he had "heard the corn grow" out in the Iowa fields. He says further: "They have corn fields in Iowa that it is half a day's journey for a man to walk across. Iowa corn stalks are noted for their prodigious height and size, as well as for the size of the ear. An ear of corn fifteen or eighteen inches in length is not by any means a curiosity, and the stalk frequently attains the thickness of a man's arm. Farmers are often compelled to split their corn stalks, as they would split a log into rails, before they are able to feed them as fodder to their cattle."

## Our Student Population.

The entire number of pupils in all schools, public and private, last year in this country was 16,687,643, out of an estimated population of 72,737,100. There are 101,058 young men and women in the universities and colleges, 54,231 in schools of law, medicine and theology, 67,538 in normal schools, 70,950 in business schools, 23,501 in reform schools and 97,737 in kindergartens.

An aid de camp of King Humbert says he never saw the king angry but once. The aid was then at a dinner in the role of the officer whom the queen always kept at hand to make a fourteenth at the table if necessary, and arose to prevent the sitting of thirteen when a lady was obliged to leave the room. The king angrily insisted that the aid keep his seat, as the superstition was all nonsense.

The Russians have a veteran actress of whom they are very proud. Mme. Orlav, in spite of her being 95 years of age, recently appeared on the stage in a performance specially given in aid of a charitable institution. Mme. Orlav has the distinction of having been the first actress to play Lady Macbeth and Ophelia in the Russian tongue.

At the trial of Powers for complicity in the murder of Goebel the prosecuting attorney, Robert Franklin, excited much admiration by his dramatic eloquence and ability as a mimic. It has since become generally known that Mr. Franklin was at one time an actor, but gave up his stage career in obedience to the desire of his relatives.

Major Lothaire, the Belgian officer who executed the Englishman named Stokes in the Congo Free State, has been dismissed from his position as manager of the Congo Free State Trading company. It is understood that this is the result of the charges brought against him of cruelty to the natives.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," is said to be preparing to write a novel on the liquor question, as he observed it in England.



MASSACRE IN A CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT ICHANG.

LOW RATE EXCURSIONS.

Via Missouri Pacific Ry., and Iron Mountain Route, To points in the West, Southwest, and Southeast at half-rates (plus \$2) for the round trip. Tickets on sale Tuesdays, September 4 and 18, October 2 and 16, November 6 and 20, and December 4 and 18, 1900. For full information, land folders, etc., address any agent of the above lines, or H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. Agent, St. Louis, Missouri.

NO TROUBLE TO TRAVEL.

Mrs. Dayton, 85 years, is going to take a trip to Auburn to visit her son. We said to her, "Mrs. Dayton, should think that quite a journey for a girl of your age. Don't you dread it?" "Why not?" said she. "Would just as live ride on the New York Central as to set in an easy chair in my parlor. I never have any trouble. I have been over the road many times; when I get to Albany I always tell the old fellow at the door where I want to go and he looks out for me, and everybody on the train is always so courteous and obliging,—traveling on the Central is no dread to me."—The Millerton Telegram.

Expenses of the Sultan.

The yearly expenses of the sultan have been estimated at no less a sum than \$30,000,000. Of this \$7,500,000 alone is spent on the clothing of the women and \$400,000 on the sultan's own wardrobe. Nearly \$7,500,000 is swallowed up by presents, \$5,000,000 goes for pocket money and still another \$5,000,000 for the table. It seems incredible that so much money can possibly be spent in a year by one man, but when it is remembered that some 1,500 people live within the palace walls—live luxuriously and dress expensively at the cost of the civil list—it appears a little more comprehensible.

Gold Medal Awarded Walter Baker & Co. Paris, Aug. 20.—The judges at the Paris Exposition have just awarded a gold medal to Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., for their preparations of cocoa and chocolate. This famous company, now the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world, have received the highest awards from the great international and other exhibitions in Europe and America. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

Ways of Bathing.

There are more ways that one of taking a bath—even a sea bath. W. C. Whitney has had built for him a bathing boat, schooner rigged, 54 feet long and drawing 18 inches of water. There are eight dressing-rooms for bathers. In the hold are arrangements for salt water bathing, shower baths, sprays, etc. Provisions are carried, so that the passengers need not go ashore for days at a time. It cost \$5,000.

A BOSTON INSTITUTION.

Among the unique institutions of Boston is the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., established nine years before the death of the great philanthropist, the late Mr. George Peabody, from whom it takes its name. During the past 30 years it has achieved a wide and lasting distinction. The medical publications of this institute have millions of readers, and are a standard as gold. Their last pamphlet for men only, 94 pages, entitled "Know Thyself," is sent free by mail, sealed, on receipt of 6 cents for postage.

American Scholar in Japan.

Mitsuziro Harada of Japan, who is studying the cotton industry in this country, tells the New Orleans Times-Democrat that Lafcadio Hearn, now professor of English literature in Kobe university, is "the best-liked American scholar in Japan."

KIDNEY TROUBLES OF WOMEN

Miss Frederick's Letters Show How She Relieved on Mrs. Pinkham and Was Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have a yellow, muddy complexion, feel tired and have bearing down pains. Menses have not appeared for three months; sometimes am troubled with a white discharge. Also have kidney and bladder trouble.

I have been this way for a long time, and feel so miserable I thought I would write to you and see if you could do me any good."—Miss EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio, Aug. 6, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound according to directions, and can say I have not felt so well for years as I do at present. Before taking your medicine a more miserable person you never saw. I could not eat or sleep, and did not care to talk with any one. Now I feel so well I cannot be grateful enough to you for what you have done for me."—Miss EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1899.

Backache Cured

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to thank you for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. It is the only medicine I have found that helped me. I doctored with one of the best physicians in the city of New York, but received no benefit. I had been ailing for about sixteen years, was so weak and nervous that I could hardly walk; had continued pain in my back and was troubled with leucorrhoea. Menses were irregular and painful. Words cannot express the benefit I have derived from the use of your medicine. I heartily recommend it to all suffering women."—MRS. MARY BARSHINGER, Windsor, Pa.

PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND FOR BACKACHE AND BILIOUSNESS. Best Cure for Backache, Constipation, Headache, etc. Sold by druggists.

PRESIDENT OF RELIEF CORPS.

Mrs. Mary L. Carr, the newly elected National President of the Woman's Relief Corps, is a charter member of the organization, which was founded in Colorado, although this is the first time the state has received the presidency. Mrs. Carr is the widow of Byron L. Carr of Denver, a pioneer of the Grand Army, whose support Mrs. Carr had. Mrs. Carr has taken a prominent



MARY S. CARR.

part in the work of the relief corps since its organization, and her election to the presidency gives a greater field for her executive ability. Other officers elected at Chicago were: Mrs. Belle T. Satterly of Missouri, senior vice president.

Mrs. Abbie Flagg of Michigan, junior vice president.

Mrs. Sarah E. Phillips of New York, National treasurer.

Train Wreck at Freeport.

A Chicago & Northwestern passenger train went into the ditch nine miles east of Freeport, Ill., Monday evening. The dead: Ryan, Patrick, of Freeport, engineer of the wrecked train. Seriously injured: Wahlford, Mrs. —, of this city, internally injured; condition critical. Slightly injured: Carver, Dr. W. F., Freeport; Grattelo, Albert, Freeport, side injured; Helseman, F. E., Freeport, injured in left knee; Hudson, J. W., porter, cut in thigh; Jewell, Arthur, fireman, head; Keisold, F., Freeport, left knee badly hurt; Walker, W. A., Chicago, hurt in back; Wirth, Adam, Freeport, leg crushed and side injured.

Large Transaction in Pine.

Vilas & Knight have sold all their holdings of timber on the north shore of Lake Superior, and on the Brule and Iron rivers, Wisconsin, including their sawmill plant at Ashland, to the estate of Thomas Nester of Baraga, Mich. This is one of the largest transactions in pine that has taken place here this year and involves nearly \$1,000,000. Colonel Vilas and his partner will retire from the lumber business in this neighborhood. The new owners are well known in the lumber trade. They will not take possession of their mill until after the close of the present sawing season.

Tempted by a Vast Sum.

In the mansion house police court at London Charles E. Goss, the former clerk of Parr's bank, who is charged with stealing £60,000 from that institution, pleaded not guilty, and was committed for trial. The police submitted evidence that, after his arrest, Goss admitted in writing that he took the notes, but without criminal intent, being tempted by seeing the money in a drawer that was open and accessible. He said that he had returned £40,000. He had been robbed of £900, but he offered to return all of the balance if granted an opportunity.

Arthur Sewall Very Ill.

Arthur Sewall, Democratic candidate for vice president in 1896, is in a critical condition at his summer home at Small Point, sixteen miles from Bath, Me. Mr. Sewall was seized with an attack of apoplexy Sunday and has been unconscious most of the time since then. News was received from Small Point to the effect that the chances for his recovery are slight.

New York Republicans.

The republican state convention nominated the following candidates: For governor, Benjamin B. Odell of Newburg; for lieutenant-governor, Timothy L. Woodruff; for secretary of state, John T. McDonough; for comptroller, William Morgan; for state treasurer, John P. Jaekel; for attorney-general, J. C. Davies; for state engineer and surveyor, A. E. Bond.

Aged Man Cruelly Flogged.

A crowd of men, calling themselves the "South Lima Whitecaps," dragged William Stell, an aged man, from his bed at Lima, O., and subjected him to a most cruel flogging at 2 o'clock Sunday morning. There was not an inch of his back that did not show signs of mutilation. It was claimed that Stell had been cruel to his wife. The police have the guilty persons under surveillance.

Kites Tow Buoy to Sea.

Towed by three great kites at the speed of twenty miles an hour, the buoy Asbury Park has started on its ocean voyage. The kites are attached to the buoy by slender but immensely strong steel wires. To the wires, 1,000 feet above the tumbling sea, five American flags were attached and flogged the brisk wind. No one knows when or where will end the buoy's voyage under such strange " motive power." The kites are crossing the Atlantic from New York.

LATE SUMMER VACATIONS.

The Public Escape from Heat Into the Cool Resorts of the Mountains of Colorado.

The hot spell has come late this summer, but it has arrived, and thousands of persons have taken advantage of the proximity of the Colorado mountains to escape from the enervating and prostrating surfeit of high temperature. The mountain resorts are more popular than ever and the railroads are doing a heavy passenger traffic, largely of tourists. The Missouri Pacific System, with its Short Line from Kansas City to Pueblo, has been one of the most favored routes, because of its luxurious car service and its rapid time and the desirable route. As the late summer and early fall days are among the most delightful in the mountains, the public still has its face to the West, enjoying release from business and home duties and reveling in the beauties with which nature has so bountifully endowed the popular Rocky Mountain resorts. Pure air and cool breezes work wonders in the way of restoring health, and change of air and diet, with rest, always repay the investment by storing new energy and re-vivifying force in wearied brain and body. The expense is comparatively small, as special tourist rates are made low at this season.

Twenty-four hours places the most eastern dweller of the state right in the heart of the great divide, and he has enjoyed such scenery as wealthy tourists cross the ocean to find. The Denver & Rio Grande road, the Great Scenic Route of the world, takes you at Pueblo or Denver and whirrs you through canons where there must have been enchantment, and where giant arms have dashed the boulders into their present resting places. The ride through the Royal Gorge displays the great ingenuity of its engineers and the obstinate determination of its builders. The rails are laid in almost inaccessible places, along the edge of the stream or torrent, which with wonderful skill has been forced out of the way to make room for the rock roadbed and the iron rails. At certain points the torrent maintains its supremacy, but the difficulty is met and surmounted, a set of hangers being made into the cliffs overhead to support the bridge work and track. The stream is still jubilant of its power over man, and laughs, booms and dashes by as the train passes, not caring for the queer shadows that fall into it, if it can only be supreme at this critical point. The canon is one of the grandest in the world, barely wide enough, in certain places, to admit of the stream and the tracks, the granite walls of giant mountains towering above and over all, and giving a still more impressive object lesson of the great force of nature.

Especial attention is given to the tourist business at this season, and one may travel with the utmost comforts and conveniences, and at minimum cost. The combination of the Missouri Pacific System with the Denver & Rio Grande Route affords the greatest variety of scenery and the most comforts and conveniences, all of which are desirable adjuncts of a summer outing. If you haven't had your vacation yet this summer, now is the time to secure it, and every man and every woman should take as many days of recreation as can be obtained, especially during this heated term.

Soldiers of Japan.

In Japan every able-bodied man is a soldier, and even the children know the use of arms. Military drill is a part of the regular education in the schools throughout the empire. School-boys dress in a military uniform cut on the pattern of cadet uniforms in Europe and America. Their instructors are regular army officers, veterans of the war with China, and some of them of the Satsuma rebellion of 1877. This has its effect on the youthful mind, ever prone to hero worship and trebly so in Japan.

Statistics on Fires.

Children playing with matches caused ninety-one fires last year. Cigars and cigarettes caused 912; electrical wires and lights, 750; boilers and engines, 387; incendiarism, 6,744; lightning, 2,760; spontaneous combustion, 1,235; six were due to sun's rays. The cause of 13,127 fires was not discovered.

"With Rod and Gun in Arkansas" and "Enroute to the Southland," are the titles of two new booklets just issued by the General Passenger Department of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad for free distribution. The first deals with hunting and fishing on the St. Francis river in Northeastern Arkansas, a region abundantly supplied with game fish, wild fowl, wild turkey, deer and bear. The second booklet contains a description of the points of interest, Chicago to Nashville, historical matter of the early days and many Indian legends common throughout Illinois, Indiana and Tennessee years ago. Both booklets are embellished with many fine half tone cuts and are most interesting. If you desire a copy of either send your address to C. L. Stone, G. P. & T. A., C. & E. I. R. R., Chicago.

If necessity is the mother of invention and also the father of lies, how are we to determine the sex?

SEND NO MONEY. We ask no money until you have examined the machine and convinced yourself it is such a machine as was never before offered at anything like the price. OUR OFFER, \$10.00. If you have any use for a sewing machine, don't send one cent of money, but write your name plainly and in full, name of postoffice and nearest railroad station, and we will send this splendid Sewing Machine to your railroad station. PATENTING ALL PATENT CHANGES ourselves; go there and examine it, call in any expert to examine it, compare it with machines that others sell at \$60 to \$80, and if every one pronounces it in every way the equal of such machines, the most wonderful bargain you ever heard of, pay freight and our special introductory price, \$10.00. It is not perfectly satisfactory in every way, you will be under no obligation to take it. \$10.00, freight and collection charges paid by us to your own city of Rocky Mountain for the No. 98 machine in our new Grand Five Drawer Sewing Machine with Ribbons and Buttons all previous attempts at sewing. Guaranteed 20 Years.

T. M. ROBERTS' SUPPLY HOUSE, Minneapolis, Minn.

IT WILL BE SENT FREE.

In Topeka, Kansas, there is a remedy which is revolutionizing the practice of medicine. A gentleman by the name of Dr. W. W. Gavit, who for a number of years has been in the banking business, has made in the last few years, it is said, some most wonderful discoveries of cures for old chronic diseases, especially kidney, liver and stomach troubles, producing results far surpassing the best doctors.

The discoveries are a combination of rare herbs, roots and barks in dry powder form. It's the cheapest treatment known. A twenty-five days' trial test will be sent you on receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage.

The Physician's Hint.

One day, Mme. Meissonier, the wife of the noted French artist, sent for the family physician, and he hurried to the house, thinking some illness had overtaken the artist. It was not the master of the house, however; it was only the lap dog. The doctor pocketed his pride and most zealously attended the patient, who soon recovered. At the end of the year he sent in his bill, but among the items there was none for attendance of a dog. Mme. Meissonier noticed the omission, and called the physician's attention to it. "You must charge for that, also," said she, "I insist upon it." "By no means," was the reply. "I am not a veterinary surgeon. I was very glad to do the dog a service, but really I can't be paid for it." "But I insist upon it," said the lady. "Well then," returned the doctor, "as the hinges of my gate are somewhat rusty, M. Meissonier may bring his brush and paint them for me." But as every grain of paint from Meissonier's brush was worth more than its weight in gold, the hint was probably not taken.

Farmers and Homeseekers.

Keep your eye on "The Best Country on Earth," in Northwestern North Dakota. The richest grain producing, black loam soil in the world. Good water in abundance, market facilities the best. We have a few farms at present to offer at big bargains.

No. 101, 600 acre farm, five miles from good market, seven miles from county seat; 350 acres under highest cultivation, balance can all be broken; 80 acres of fenced pasture. House, 16x24, addition 12x24, two stories, stone foundation. Barn, 46x56, addition 16x56, 18 inch posts, stone basement. Blacksmith shop, six granaries and other outhouses, three good wells of water. One mile from schoolhouse, in thickly settled neighborhood.

No. 102, 200-acre farm, 90 rods from county seat and market. Population of county seat, 700; 115 acres under cultivation, 30 acres good meadow, balance can all be cultivated. Good black loam and clay subsoil. Good well of water.

No. 103, 160 acre farm, all wild, joins the city limits, a county seat. All good tillable land, black loam and clay subsoil, a first-class quarter section. Terms, some cash down, balance, time to suit.

Take advantage of this opportunity before it slips away. Address: North Dakota Land & Loan Co., Rugby, Pierce County, N. D.

More Cheap Excursions to Colorado.

Special Trains, one night out to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo via the Great Rock Island Route, will leave Chicago August 21, Sept. 4 and 18, at 4:45 p. m. On these dates excursion tickets from Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, will be sold at rate of one regular fare plus \$2.00 for round trip, return limit Oct. 31, 1900. Tickets also good on regular trains. For full information, berth reservations and beautiful book "Colorado the Magnificent," sent free, address JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A. Chicago.

An Emerson Anecdote.

In the English writer Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary, 1838-38," is an Emerson anecdote. It is related that at a breakfast which included Col. Hay and Frederic Harrison, Mr. Atkinson, "the New England free trader," mentioned that Garfield had told him that the beginning of his intellectual life was a lecture delivered by Emerson at Williamstown, which excited him to the highest possible degree, so much so that when he left the hall and looked at the hill that rises over Williamstown it seemed all in a blaze. He lay awake the whole night, yet the one sentence which had remained in his mind was this: "Mankind is as lazy as it dares to be."—Kansas City Journal.

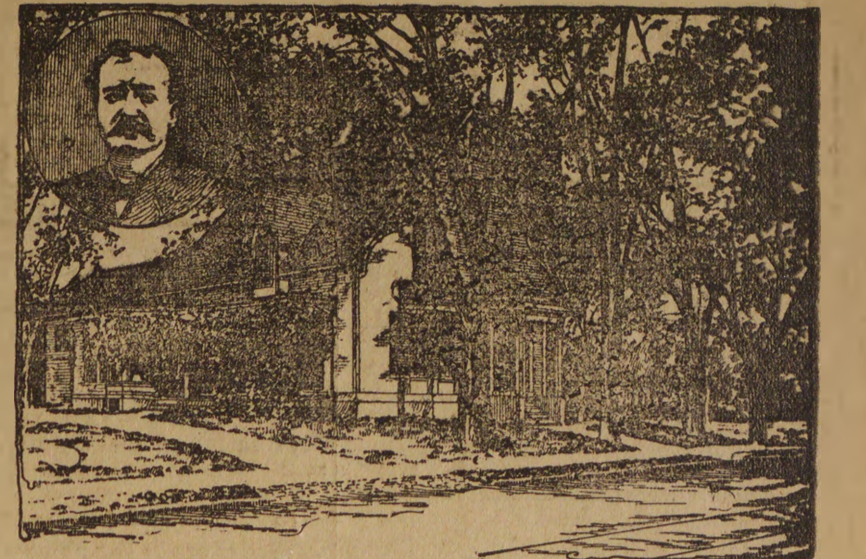
Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Huge Hospital in Moscow.

Moscow has the largest hospital in Europe, with 7,000 beds. There are ninety-six physicians and 900 nurses and about 15,000 patients are cared for annually.

THE DEWEY HOMESTEAD.



The above picture shows the house where George Dewey was born December 13th, 1837. It was occupied by the Dewey family until after the death of the Admiral's father. It then came into the possession of Captain Edward Dewey, who sold it to its present owner and occupant, T. R. Gordon, Esq., in the summer of 1899. Mr. Gordon moved it to its present site in the following February, 1899, and has occupied it until the present time. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are unflinching in their courtesy to the thousands who visit this shrine, the birthplace of Admiral Dewey. A recent letter from T. R. Gordon to the Peruena Drug Mfg Co., Columbus, Ohio, reads as follows: "It is with great satisfaction that I find myself able, after an extended trial, to write you in this emphatic manner of the good your Peruena has done my wife. 'She has been troubled with catarrh from childhood, and whenever she has a cold, or any unusual condition of the weather, it was worse than usual, and seemed more than she could bear. The dropping in her throat at night prevented refreshing sleep; in fact, we had come to look upon it as incurable, and from the many remedies used in vain we had reason to say: 'We are thankful and happy to say that your 'Peruena' has been of great benefit to her, and I confidently look for a complete and entire cure. High praise is not too much to bestow upon your remedy.' T. R. Gordon. Address The Peruena Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio, for free book on catarrh.

Congregational Minister's Salaries.

In Massachusetts, where the salaries of Congregational ministers are said to average highest, they range from \$300 to \$8,000 a year. The most common amount is \$800, and more than half of the clergymen receive less than \$1,000 a year.

MONEY MADE EASY.

Hustling man or woman to represent us in all sections. We manufacture the Wanted Liniment, the most powerful and quickest healing liniment in the world. Send 2c stamp for information, or 10c and we will send a trial bottle to prove what we say for the Wanted Liniment. We give control of our goods to one person only in a place. Address, Wanted Preparation Co., 46 Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

It is indeed capital if you have more money than you know what to do with.

FIT'S Permanently Cured. No more nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send 2c stamp for information, or 10c and we will send a trial bottle to prove what we say for me." But as every grain of paint from Meissonier's brush was worth more than its weight in gold, the hint was probably not taken.

Some people who think themselves original are not even good imitations.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The directory of Cape May vouchers for a Dr. Physick and Dr. Leech.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

It doesn't pay a man to be honest if he is honest only for pay.

Carter's Ink is Scientifically compounded of the best materials. If your dealer does not keep it he can get it for you.

Common sense shines with increased luster when set in humility.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing.

The population of Finland includes 2,527,800 Russians.

Loss of hair, which often mars the prettiest face, prevented by PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. HINDKROON, the best cure for corns. 15c.

Unbridled passion sometimes leads to the halter.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Use a bottle.

The kissing bug has invaded the city of Mexico.

When cycling, take a bar of White's Yucatan. You can ride further and easier.

Tears are the diamonds of the fairies.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER WILL KEEP YOU DRY. Don't be fooled with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

MONEY FOR SOLDIERS' HEIRS

Heirs of Union Soldiers who made homesteads of less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874 (no matter if abandoned), if the additional homestead right was not sold or used, should address, with full particulars, HENRY N. COPP, Washington, D. C.

ROOKLETS FREE. BENNE PLANT. MAGUIRE MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Roberts' Best Patent Flour. Fully guaranteed; none better at any price. 6 3/4c 25 lb. four made; 12 lb. sacks, \$1.45; 9 lb. sack of Patents same as good money well for best \$1.75. Try a sack with your next order and you will always use Roberts' Flour. CARRETS—One fifteen-cent package of Carrets at half the price you ever paid for them. Carrets for 1c each; other packages 2c or 3c each. Carrets for 25c per yd. that others ask from 50 to 60c. Use FINE OLD RIO COFFEE, 10 lb. 97 cents. Includes some in your next order. Send for FREE BOOKS: THE FINEST BREADS, THE FINEST BUTTER, ROAD CARTS, ROAD WAGONS, etc., as 40 per cent less than they retail for. Our Special Vehicle and Harrow Catalogue contains the latest and best goods for 1900. Send your name at once and we will send it free. Note Our Prices as Flour. We are selling best Minnesota flour at \$1.35 per sack. Order now all you will need for several months.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

"Home, Sweet Home," Excursion via

Big Four

To OHIO, INDIANA and KENTUCKY

Tuesday, Sept. 11th, 1900.

from PEORIA, ILL., to

INDIANAPOLIS and return.....\$5.00

CINCINNATI and return.....\$7.00

LOUISVILLE and return.....\$7.00

DAYTON and return.....\$7.00

SPRINGFIELD and return.....\$7.00

SANDUSKY and return.....\$7.50

COLUMBUS and return.....\$7.50

Corresponding Rates to Intermediate Points. RETURN LIMIT 30 DAYS.

"Come Home."

For tickets and full information call on agents

WARREN J. LYNCH, W. P. DEPPE, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt. A. G. P. & T. Agt. CINCINNATI, O.

BATTLE OF MANILA

Wabash Ave., S. of Auditorium, Chicago. A wonderful reproduction of the greatest naval victory in history. Dewey's voyage from Hong Kong across the Chinese sea. A tropical sunset. The Chinese typhoon at night with new and startling electrical effects. The American fleet engaging the Spanish batteries at the entrance of Manila Bay. The Bay of Manila by moonlight. The wonderful lightning effects in Old Manila and Cavite at night. Tropical sunrise. The discovery and complete destruction of the Spanish fleet off Cavite. Open from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m.

Use Certain Corn Cure. Price, 15c.

Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U. CHICAGO, NO. 36, 1900.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

Published Every Friday.
by D. S. & R. H. Lord.

Subscription \$1.25 per Year in Advance

If subscribers do not get the JOURNAL regularly, we request that this office be notified of the fact at once. All complaints will receive prompt attention.

Entered at the post office at GENOA, Ill., as second class matter.

GENOA, ILL., AUG. 31, 1900

Vicinity News.

By the accidental discharge of a shot gun one day last week, at Herbert, James Casey was shot in the leg just above the knee. A doctor was summoned by telephone and the wound attended to.

It is a very noticeable fact that every paper in this part of the state are reporting cattle killed by lightning during the recent storms. In Genoa township alone no less than a dozen head have been killed.

Fred Granger was severely cut on the hands and legs last week while escaping through a wire fence from the attack of a vicious bull. The animal first attacked the horse which Mr. Granger was riding and when he pluckily dismounted to give the infuriated beast battle, it turned on him and he was obliged to flee for his life.

The Genoa Journal shows us how to set "agricultural dealers' ads" by inserting a cut of a good sized bug (supposed to be a bed bug) in Cohoon & Stanley's advertisement. Possibly this firm sells "buggies." At any rate this is the same bug which brother Noe used in a "hotel" ad some time ago before selling the outfit to brother Lord of the Journal.

Byron Record: James McAdams, a brakeman on an extra on the C. M. & St. P. Ry., passed through Byron about 9:30 Saturday morning, was found east of Stillman Valley, about an hour later, his body cut entirely in two. It is not known how he came to his death, but it is thought he must have fallen from the top of the train between two cars. His brother was conductor of the train he was on. His wife came out on the afternoon and took the body back to Chicago.

Lawrence Egle, a prominent farmer of Burlington, as guardian of his daughter, Florence, has filed a bill to divorce her from John Harper, a young man of the neighborhood. The bill alleges fraud, claiming that Harper procured a marriage license on Saturday, August 18th, by making affidavit that the girl was of legal age, when in fact she was but fifteen years old, which fact was well known to Harper. The Egle family attended the Burlington picnic and during the afternoon the girl slipped away from her parents to the office of Justice Stark, where they were quietly married. She returned home with her parents and nothing was known by them of the affair until Wednesday. The disclosure occasioned a scene in the Egle family and the father decided that his daughter should be freed at once. Hence the suit.

More New Towns.

On the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. between Aberdeen and the Missouri River. They are being surveyed now. Watch the papers for dates of opening sales which will be within the next three weeks. We want you to purchase and locate in one of them. Get into business for yourself and on the ground floor. Apply to Land Department, C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Illinois State Fair, Springfield, Ill Sept 24-29, 1900.

For this Fair the Chicago Great Western Ry. will on September 22-29 sell through excursion tickets to Springfield, good to return October 1st at one fare for the round trip. For further information inquire of any Great Western Agent, or address F. H. Lord, G. P. & T. A., 113 Adams St, Chicago.

Harvest Excursions.

Via the C. M. & St. P. Ry., July 3rd and 17th, August 7th and 21st, September 4th and 18th, October 2nd and 16th, November 6th and 20th and December 4th and 18th, 1900. One fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets good 21 days. Territory North, West, South and Southeastern states. For particulars inquire of J. M. Harvey, Agt.

KINGSTON.

Mrs. H. J. Shaffer was a visitor at the home of S. H. Stiles a few days last week.

Elmer Penny returned home from a two weeks visit with relatives in Belvidere Wednesday evening.

John Howe and wife were Chicago passengers Thursday morning returning home Saturday evening.

Joe Davis and wife, of Herbert, were visitors at the home of Thomas Clark a few days of last week.

David Syme, L. Gross and Floyd Hix, of Sycamore were in town the first of the week.

The report that Leander Lanson of the 8th Cavalry, was killed in a fight with another member proved to be untrue in a letter received by his parents from him last week.

M. D. Eychaner visited with relatives in Hinckley the latter part of last week returning home Monday.

William McCollom and wife, of Ogden, Ia., are guest at the home of the former's brother, Isiaac.

An ice cream social was held in Uplinger's hall Saturday evening for the benefit of the Baptist church.

William DeWolf, Sr. and wife, of Belvidere were in town Monday.

Frank Heffner, of Belvidere, spent Sunday with friends here.

Rev. Hester and son Donald were down from Genoa Monday.

BELVIDERE.

Thomas Dinon, of Marengo, and formerly of this city, was married to Susie Knapp, of Elgin, last Tuesday. They will reside at Marengo.

R. C. Heat, of Springborough, Pa., is the guest of his sister, Mrs. L. S. Huntington.

Walter Detrick had the misfortune to lose a diamond setting valued at \$100.

Blanche Coon has returned to her home in Waukegan after a visit with relatives here.

Mr. George Stupfel and mother were called to Harvard Tuesday by the serious illness of the former's brother who lives there.

Wm. Heed and wife and Maude Confer and son, of Genoa, are spending the week with John Wylde and family.

Edward Jones left Monday morning for Chicago where he will attend a school of musical instruction for two weeks.

The seven months old child of E. Atwood and wife passed away Sunday.

R. C. Rogers spoke at a political meeting at Rockford Saturday evening.

Kate and Anna Crawford returned home from Chicago Tuesday evening.

Charles Foster is again at Balhett's, after an enforced absence of two weeks by reason of illness.

Messers Wood and Buck and their wives, of Genoa, drove through this city the first of the week on a trip to Wisconsin where they will visit with relatives.

Carrie Smith and John Gahbeck were married at the home of the bride, south of town, last week. They will reside at Elgin, where the bridegroom runs a meat market.

Mrs. Charles Mackey was called to Athens, Pa. by telegram last Friday.

J. H. Tetlou is going to locate at Guttenburg. He leaves with his family in a few weeks.

Fred Barnes, of Oxford, Kan. is visiting with J. L. Boudish, of this city.

D. M. Watson and wife and Bessie Brittan are visiting in Chicago.

Mrs. E. Lawrence started yesterday on a trip to California.

Maggie Morgan has secured a position as typewriter in Rockford.

Susan Olmsted, of Genoa, is spending the week at the home of the Marshalls on Pearl St.

W. F. Woods of the Cash Grocery has returned from his eastern trip.

Kittie Weaver, of Marengo, is the guest of her brother in this city.

NEW LEBANON.

School commenced Monday with 35 scholars enrolled.

Olive Lord was a Genoa visitor the first of the week.

A new arrival at the home of Emiel Becker and wife. It is a boy.

Ida Engel whose birthday occurred last Tuesday gave a party at her home, there being 18 of her girl friends present.

Dora Spansail is on the sick list.

R. D. Lord has returned to Genoa where he will make his future home with his son D. S. Lord.

Lola Peckham and Dora Spansail drove to Genoa Saturday evening.

Mrs. John Peckham has gone to her home in Missouri.

Mrs. Wm. Coon is visiting friends in New Buffalo, Mich.

Mrs. J. V. Wing was calling on L. S. Ellithorpe and wife Saturday.

We are glad to note the fact that Mrs. Ed. Wiede is improving in health.

Lola Peckham and Tillie Cummings visited friends in Hampshire this week.

NEY NEWS.

George Stanley, of Tilden, Nebraska is visiting with relatives here.

Miss Liddie Hazlen, of Elgin, visited with her sister Mrs. Albert Corson last week.

Mrs. Maime Smith, of Louisville, Pa., and a niece of G. W. Buck, is visiting a few weeks with relatives.

Mrs. G. W. Buck returned last Friday from Chicago where he will visit with relatives and friends in New Jersey, New York, and other states.

Mary Ann Taylor, of Tivoli, Pa., mother of Lloyd Taylor, of Genoa is visiting her sisters, Mesdames John Gray, John Corson and Ren Robinson.

Bertha Williams, of Bedford, Ia is visiting with her grandmother, Mrs. John Corson. She expects to commence school at DeKalb on the 22nd inst. Her father who is also visiting here expects to return home to Iowa in a week or two.

Abe Corson and wife, of Philadelphia are visiting with their sons Albert and Ernest Corson.

Clara Piper who has just returned from a visit in Iowa, is very much improved in health.

Ren Robinson's windmill which was blown by the wind storm, has been replaced by parties from Marengo.

Farmers in this vicinity are very much discouraged with their oats. The recent rains have nearly completed their ruin.

Mr. Gilbert and wife, of Chicago, are guests of Ren Robinson and wife this week.

School was postponed on account of the illness of the teacher.

Horses! Remember that Friday sept 28 IS Horse-Sale-day In GENOA, The FOURTH friday of each month buyers will be on hand to buy your SURPLUS HORSES for CASH. Sep 28th Is the Day.

A TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION OF 3 MONTHS TO THE JOURNAL For Only 25 Cents.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MISS McCULLEY, OSTEOPATH, GENOA, ILLINOIS. Office at residence of Mrs. Eli Hall. Consultation free. In Sycamore Tuesday Thursday and Saturday.

STEPHENS & EARLY, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law SYCAMORE, -O- ILLINOIS.

G. E. STOTT, Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Insurance, Real-Estate, Loans and Collections. Office in Robinson's Building. Phone 32, P. O. Box 400. GENOA, - - - ILLINOIS.

D. C. A. Patterson, DENTIST. Hours, 8:30 a. to 12 m. and 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. Office in Holtgren building. Telephone No. 11. Genoa, Illinois.

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS OF AMERICA: Camp No. 319 meets every first and third Wednesday evening of each month in Oddfellows hall. Mary Franzen, Callie Sager, Oracle, Recorder.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA: Camp meets every second and fourth Thursday evening of each month in Crawford's hall. J. H. Vandresser, E. H. Browne, V. C. Clerk.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS: Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Amnon Frazier, J. W. Sowers, Noble Grand, Sec'y.

COLETT OF HONOR: Genoa District No. 418 meets every second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at eight o'clock p. m. Visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited. W. H. Sager, M. N. Stafford, Recorder, Chancellor.

G. A. R. RESACA Post No. 478. Meetings on the first Tuesday evening of every month. Comrades always welcome. G. W. Johnson, Frank McQuarrie, Adjutant, Commander.

CHURCHES.

M. E. CHURCH: Preaching Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Sunday School 11:30 a. m. Junior League 3:00 p. m. Epworth League 7:00 p. m. Young Peoples Meeting on Tuesday evenings of each week at 7:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Eve's. Rev. E. K. D. HESTER, Pastor.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN: Regular Services 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Sunday School 11:30 a. m. Young Peoples Meeting 7:15 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday Evenings 7:15 p. m.

PASTORS.

LUTHERAN: Preaching 10:00 a. m. Catechetical Instruction 10:30 a. m. Evening Preaching the Sunday on or before the full moon at 7:30 p. m. Day School, Monday to Thursday. Rev. R. Piehler, Pastor.

The Needle and the Hook make the simplest and best Sewing Machine on earth.

Fitted with Bicycle Ball Bearings it is the Lightest Running Sewing Machine in the World.

You Cannot Afford to do your sewing on the old style shuttle machine when you can do it BETTER QUICKER AND EASIER on the new No. 9 WHEELER & WILSON The Wheeler & Wilson is Easy Running, Rapid, Quiet and Durable. No Shuttle, No Noise, No Shaking. See it before buying.

FOR SALE BY Cohoon & Stanley. Genoa. Illinois.

Sycamore and Genoa Stage. Leaves Genoa postoffice daily, except Sunday, at 9:00 a. m. for Sycamore; returning, leaves Westgate Feed Stable, Sycamore, at 4:00 p. m., arriving in Genoa to connect with train going west. ELLIS CONFER.

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## THE GENOA JOURNAL,

Genoa. = = = Illinois.

# THE GREAT Melbourn Shows Will Exhibit at GENOA Thursday Sep. 13, 1900.

50  
Trained Performing  
Animals.  
**GRAND**  
Military Drilling Ponies,  
Somersault and Riding  
**DOGS;**  
the greatest Dog Circus  
ON EARTH.



Horizontal Bar  
and  
Trapeze Acts.

A Grand Free Street Parade at One O'clock P. M.

**TWO SHOWS DAILY, COMMENCING  
AT 2 AND 8 P. M.**

Remember the Date.

Genoa, Thursday September 13.

### Additional Locals.

Mrs. E. H. Cohoon was in Sycamore on Saturday.

Fred S. Hall came out from Chicago, Sunday evening.

Agent J. M. Harvey and family spent Sunday in Chicago.

Be sure and see the performing animals next Thursday.

Free! Grand street parade at 1 o'clock next Thursday.

Mrs. Susan Olmsted spent several days in Belvidere this week.

Mesdames Henry Merritt and Wm. Watson were Belvidere visitors last week.

Olive Sears, of Marengo, was a guest at the home of Charles Corson several days this week.

Mrs. Nicholson and daughter Lena, of Marengo, are visiting with the family of John Burzell this week.

Miss Madge Harvey, of Chicago, has been a guest at the home of Charles Snow and family the past week.

Fred Marquet left last Monday morning for Valparaiso, Indiana, where he is visiting a week with his parents.

Miss Addie Preston came home from Elgin last Saturday for a short visit with her parents, Jered Preston and wife.

Mrs. L. M. Olmsted expects to start for Pennsylvania next Monday, where she will make a six weeks visit with friends.

Mrs. Mary Ann Taylor arrived here from Trivoli, Penn., last week and will visit with her son Lloyd Taylor and family.

Miss Addie Holtgren, daughter of Charles Holtgren, of Hampshire, visited with her cousin, Miss Lila Holtgren last week.

Lee Babcock and wife and family, of California, are visiting friends and relatives in the vicinity of Genoa and Hampshire.

The Ladies Aid Society are to have a fair in the near future. Due announcement giving date will appear in the JOURNAL.

Miss Lotta Brown returned home from Chicago last Saturday evening after spending a week at the teacher's institute there.

The Melbourn shows warn all gamblers to keep clear of their grounds under penalty of law. They will surely be prosecuted if detected.

James Easton and wife who have been visiting their son S. Easton the past week returned to their home at Baltimore, Md., yesterday.

Died:—On Wednesday morning September 5th, the infant child of B. C. Awe and wife. Funeral took place from the house yesterday at two o'clock.

The Ladies Aid Society will serve supper at the M. E. Church parlors on Wednesday September 12 from 5 until all are served. Everybody cordially invited.

W. T. Wood and wife and Julien Birch and wife are making a tour through Wisconsin this week. Mr. Wood expects to move his family there some time this fall.

If you want to add something valuable to your library, don't fail to call and see a set of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Will order them for you at the JOURNAL office.

Quite a number of the relatives of Ellis Cooper and wife gathered at their home last Tuesday evening and celebrated their Wooden Wedding. A very pleasant time was had.

Cohoon & Stanley are exhibiting the famous Miller Manure Spreader at the Boone County Fair at Belvidere this week. This machine is finding great favor with every farmer to whom its workings are shown.

At a regular meeting of Royal Neighbor Camp No. 319 last Wednesday evening, one new member was taken in and another application received. After the meeting the members partook of refreshments in the dining room.

O. W. Taylor, agent for the Illinois Central at Charter Grove was a pleasant caller at the JOURNAL office on Wednesday. Mr. Taylor and the senior editor were once both employed in the same telegraph office and of course talked over old times.

Last Sunday night was a black stormy night. Services were held in both churches and if a pedestrian ever saw the need of a street lamp, it was that very night; but not a lamp was lit. Let the people who paid for these lamps and are now paying for their expense have the use of them.

Among those who attended the Belvidere fair yesterday were Mesdames J. A. Patterson, Frank Adams, Fred Patterson, E. H. Richardson, Henry Burroughs, D. S. Lord and Wm. Abraham, the Misses Mae Burroughs, Wyla Richardson, and Agnes and Jessie Hutchions, Messrs E. H. Cohoon, Henry Burroughs, E. H. Richardson, D. S. Lord, John Riddle and Wm. Watson.

## Our Waterworks.

Will There be an end to the Delay in Getting them Ready.

The Work is at a Standstill and not much Prospect of Being Resumed Soon.

Another period of time has passed by and nothing is being done by the bridge company to repair and put the water tanks for the water works into working order. It has been some ten days or more since President Stott received a letter from the Joliet firm that they would be on hand in a few days with a force of men to go to work on the mess of iron until they were converted into what they were intended for.

There is also a leak in the mains which will not allow them to sustain the required pressure for the 24 hours as per contract.

Last week the Downey Pump Company's representative was here and was paid the full amount of the purchase price of the pump which was \$1325.00.

There is still due on the mains about \$1380, or 50% of the purchase price, which some of the members of the board seem very anxious to pay before the mains have stood the test that the contract calls for.

Mr. Stott tells his constituents that as long as any part of the system does not come up to the requirements of the contracts he shall decline to pay over any money not due on them.

**Dissolution Notice.**  
Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore known as Thomas & Shattuck has been dissolved by mutual consent, taking effect at once. All bills due the firm are payable to the undersigned,

A. J. Shattuck.

Ward Prouty has returned to Genoa again.

Mrs. Maud Thurber came out from Chicago yesterday.

Pony For Sale:—Gentle and kind for children. Inquire at the Journal office 8

Ed. Nash returned home from Bloomington Saturday.

M. Brown has relieved Jack Canavan as night operator at the C. M. & St. P. depot.

H. K. Patterson returned home from Chicago Wednesday after a week's visit in that city.

John Hutchison has left his position at the brick yard and is now working on the C. M. & St. P. section.

Dr. E. A. Robinson and E. H. Richardson were among the Chicago visitors on last Wednesday.

312,000 gallons of water every day last month is the record of the city pumping station. \$374.40 is the amount of the pumping bill for the month.—Advertiser, DeKalb.

### AROUND THE COURT HOUSE

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Martin L. Ives to E. A. Thompson: west 1/2 of lot 1 of the southeast 1/4 of section 19 and south 1/2 of the west 1/2 lot 1 northwest 1/4 of section 16 Kingston. Consideration \$2450.

Augustina Spach to J. W. Stahl: lots 1 and 3 of block 17 in Somonauk. Consideration \$675.

Etta A. Atherton to E. C. Long: west 1/2 north 80 feet and right of way lot 1 block 19 Shabbona. Consideration \$1100.

Lizzie J. Poust to Nicholas Weber: lots 7 and 8 of block 5 of J. Y. Stewart's addition, Kingston. Consideration \$1150.

Wm. Waterman to Wm. Norton: west 1/2 of, and the southeast 1/4 of the southeast 1/4 of section 5, Milan. Consideration \$3064.

Henry Patterson to J. A. Patterson: lots 7 and 8 block 1 of Patterson's 3rd addition Genoa. Consideration \$350.

John Black to Samuel Petrie: lot 26 block 2 Factory Sycamore. Consideration \$100.

H. W. Franck to G. J. Franck: undivided 1/2 interest of lot 5 block 1 of Week's addition, Sandwich. Consideration \$125.

**PROBATE**

Estate of William Moore. Decree for sale of real estate.

Estate of Henry Newhouse. Proof of notice to creditors.

Estate of W. W. Roberts. Proof of notice to creditors.

Estate of John A. Magnuson. Proof of notice to creditors.

Estate of Joachen Heindeburg. Widow's election filed.

**MARRIAGE LICENSES**

Forest C. Phelps, Sioux City, Ia., 25,  
Flora B. Hayes, Malta, 18.

Walter Hammett, DeKalb, 26,  
Annie Simmons, " 24.

Fred C. Awe, New Lebanon, 20,  
Mary Fritz, Genoa, 23.

Clarence I. Peaslee, Canton, O., 21,  
Bessie E. Potter, Canton, O., 18.

Albert L. Card, Shabbona, 23,  
Nina E. Kinkston, Shabbona, 20.

John Charles Hansow, Belvidere, 30,  
Zena Belle Witter, Kingstoa, 22.

Arestes Rowley, Waterman, 21,  
Mary A. Hudson, DeKalb, 17.

Rufus B. H. Driver, Kirkland, 23,  
Hannah Agnes McCabe, Malta, 18.

**Vitae Ore. What is it?**

When you have tried every patent medicine—quack—nostrum—cat's-penny—humbog and doctors without relief, and you want to be cured—that is if you believe that God is greater than man—that His creations are better and more perfect than man—buy this great natural remedy. Vitae Ore.  
J. H. Vandier-ser.

FOR SALE:—A Monmouth gang plow 14 inch. Has been used about two years good order. August Anderson, New Lebanon.

## RIPAN'S TABLETS

### Doctors find A Good Prescription For mankind

WANTED:—A case of bad health that RIPAN'S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word RIPAN'S on the package and accept no substitute. RIPAN'S, 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for five cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.



# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## DISCOURSES ON CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

The Most Beautiful Flowers and the Best of Fruit—Why the Saviour Picked the Choicest First—The Day of Salvation.

(Copyright, 1890, by Louis Klopsch.) This sermon Dr. Talmage sends from a halting place in his journey through the valleys of Switzerland. It seems to have been prepared amid the bloom and aroma of a garden midsummer. The text is Song of Solomon v, 1: "I am come into my garden."

The Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomerie, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer thrashing floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the troughs for the camels, from the fish pools of Heshbon up to the Psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer recedence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm, deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV. at Montpellier established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shennone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, the "Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantages of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shennone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it. He sold it for several thousand. And yet I am to tell you today of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text—the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune, and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £10,000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church, of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide, ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the church and gave himself for it." If the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, today. Walk up and down these aisles and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself!

### The Church is a Garden.

The church in my text is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old fashioned hollyhock or dahlia or daffodil. But if there be larger means than you will find the Mexican cactus and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden, and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid and the sprig of geranium on the stand and the new window curtains keeping out the glow of the sunlight. They are perhaps more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting. And many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it all over with flowery jasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted there they stand, night blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within—men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce

them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial that he has raised even the smallest scrap of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister, "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do.' And he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the church?" Nevertheless that very same man who was so harsh in his behavior loved Christ and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, sweetness within, the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive, more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle;" the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wycliffes, Latimers and Samuel Rutherford. What in other men is a spark in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to others one.

In this garden of the church which Christ has planted also find the snowdrops, beautiful but cold looking, seemingly another phase of winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages, Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there; snowdrops—always snowdrops.

### Most Beautiful Flower.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant, your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity and that 1,900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion plant of the cross. Prophets foretold it, Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud, the rocks shook at its bursting and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is heaven. Come, oh winds from the north and winds from the south and winds from the east and winds from the west and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ, my Lord!

His worth if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love him too.

Again, the church may be appropriately compared to the garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums or peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard or they are set out on the sunny hillside. But the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity. But he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life giving, healthful fruit, not posies, but apples.

### Christ Takes the Best Flowers.

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best. From many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she was too good for this world. She was the gentlest in her ways, the deepest in her affection, and when at last the sickness came you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when, through the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, you surrendered that treasure you said: "Lord Jesus, take it. It is the best we have. Take it. Thou art worthy." The others in the household may have been of grosser mold. She was of the finest.

The heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindnesses shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the radiant throngs that went out from your homes. I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well

now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says, "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says, "Ma, will I be sick in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in heaven." A little blind child says, "Ma, will I be blind in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven." They are all well there.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with a king's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden, this King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems. But he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking glass, and he saw himself and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am—done up in body, mind and purse." So it was of Shennone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic and despise everything around me just as it becomes a madman to do."

O ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden today and pluck a little heart-ease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it 5, 10, 20, 30 years, do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? O man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved?

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went, came and went, but her turn did not seem to come. After while she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman: "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not this moment make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you and heaven and earth ring with the cry "Save me next! Save me next!" Now is the day of salvation! Now! Now!

### Some Flies are Balloonists.

According to I. M. Aldrich and L. A. Turley, two well-known European zoologists, man is not the only living being who delights to go skyward in a balloon. There are certain flies, they say, which invariably go through the air in balloons whenever they get tired of flying in the ordinary way. These airships are composed of small bubbles, which are exuded from the bodies of flies and the air in which suffices to support the insects whenever their wings become weary and the fancy takes them to ride through the air on their tiny gossamer bladders. They shoo at its bursting and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is heaven. Come, oh winds from the north and winds from the south and winds from the east and winds from the west and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ, my Lord!

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# Current Topics

## The Legion of Honor.

The conferring by the French government of the decoration of the Legion of Honor on Ferdinand W. Peck, commissioner general for the United States to the Paris exposition, draws attention to this order, a membership in which is greatly prized in France.

Officials of the administration at Washington say Mr. Peck cannot retain the decoration unless authorized by a special act of congress, as provided for by the constitution.

The order of the Legion of Honor was instituted in May, 1802, by Napoleon as consul. In class it is an order "of distinction and reward for civil and military services." Under the first empire the distinctions conferred invested the persons decorated with the rank of legionary, officer, commander, grand officer or grand cross. Napoleon's ostensible intention in creating

## Sought Cheap Fame.

Telegraphic dispatches in the newspapers tell of the feat of Letty Clifford South Brewer, Me., who proved her "bravery" by scaling a flimsy iron ladder leading to the top of a 126-foot chimney. Several men had essayed the feat but had given up and descended

after making but half the ascent. For the sake of demonstrating her nerve and winning the \$5, together with the plaudits of the gaping multitude, this fool in petticoats jeopardized her life and accomplished nothing of any real merit. By her daring she filled

no empty stomach and clothed no naked feet. The world is full of heroines who would scream at sight of a mouse and who would grow dizzy at the top of a step ladder, but whose willing hands are the support of widowed mothers or orphaned children. Our admiration should not be wasted on bridge-jumpers, on lunatics who ride bicycles night and day to the last heart beat, or on steeplejacks in skirts. Such foolhardy feats should be frowned on rather than applauded.

Alvasovsky, the Russian marine painter, some of whose pictures were shown at the World's Fair, died recently at the age of 82. His native town of Ferodosia, on the Black sea, gave him a public funeral. Nearly every gallery in Europe possesses one or more of his works, and in the Pitti palace at Florence his portrait is placed between those of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo.

It would appear that Thomas B. Reed as a practicing attorney is doing better financially than as speaker of the national house of representatives. Announcement is made that he is about to purchase a large tract of land at Oyster bay, Long Island, adjoining the property of Gov. Roosevelt.

## Preacher to Grack Farmer.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Thayer, one of the best-known and most able clergymen in western Pennsylvania, and who had held the pulpit of the big Church of Disciples in New Castle for nineteen years, has resigned his charge and is now conducting a truck farm near New Castle. Dr. Thayer felt his health going from him preaching and lecturing and editing the church paper, and



FERD W. PECK.

the order was through its medium to protect republican principles and the laws of equality, and to abolish differences of rank in society, every social grade being considered eligible.

The Rev. W. H. Murray, one of the missionaries whose fate was a matter of doubt, is one of the men who became interested in the Chinese blind. He assisted in devising a system of raised dots by which a blind person can learn to read in three months.

## Gains Distinction.

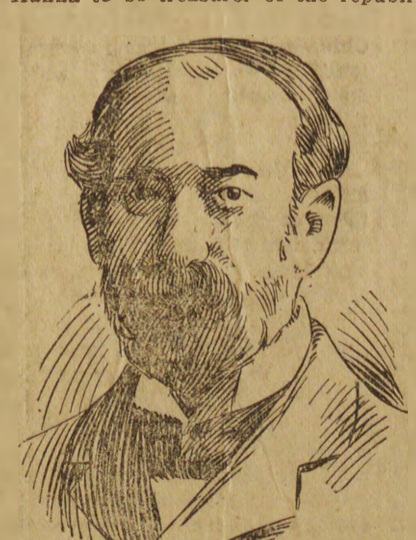
Prof. Albert Michelson, head of the department of physics in the University of Chicago, has just been awarded the "Grand Prix" at the Paris exposition for his exhibition and application of his new invention, the interferometer.

President Harper has received word of the distinction which his inventive professor has gained abroad. The interferometer is a new kind of spectroscopy which Prof. Michelson has recently constructed.

Prof. Michelson has made a new application of his interferometer whereby the diameter of stars can be measured with a very high degree of accuracy. The interferometer, which Prof. Michelson has been engaged in perfecting since 1880, is an instrument by means of which it is possible to use the wave length of light as a standard of length, and thus obtain accurate measurements of infinitesimally small distances and differences of optical density. So sensitive is the interferometer that it is capable of measuring distances as small as the one five-millionth part of an inch. For measuring the diameters of stars it is more powerful than the largest telescope.

## Pulls the Purse Strings.

Here is the latest photograph of the Hon. W. W. Gibbs of Philadelphia, who has been nominated by Senator Hanna to be treasurer of the republic



TREASURER GIBBS.

can national committee. Mr. Gibbs is president and director of many large corporations. He is the fourth Philadelphia to hold this important post.

The German biologist, Haeckel, intends going to Java to study certain fossils remains, the discovery of which has greatly interested him. The fossil bones are said to approach more closely to the "missing link" than anything heretofore known.

# A WEEK IN ILLINOIS.

## RECORD OF HAPPENINGS FOR SEVEN DAYS.

Prof. Eaton, Analyst of the Illinois State Pure Food Commission, Tells National Beekeepers' Association of Methods of Suppressing Sale of Adulterated Honey.

## Beekeepers' Meeting Ends.

Adulterated honey and diseases of bees received most attention from the beekeepers during the last day of the convention of the National Beekeepers' association in Chicago. Chemistry of honey, and the different methods of detecting adulterated honey, were explained at length by Thomas W. Cowan of Pacific Grove, Cal., and Prof. Eaton, analyst of the Illinois state pure food commission, told of the methods of suppressing the sale of adulterated honey. The Rev. E. T. Abbott of St. Joseph, Mo., presented the Brosius bill to the association, and it was pledged support. Prof. C. P. Gillette of Fort Collins, Colo., spoke on "Comb Foundation," and George W. York of Chicago told the beekeepers how to ship honey to the market in packages. A lecture on "Co-Operative Organization Among Beekeepers" by R. C. Aikin of Loveland, Colo., and a talk by W. Z. Hutchinson of Flint, Mich., illustrated with stereoscopic views about beekeepers of Wisconsin and Minnesota, their apiaries and apparatus, comprised the night session and closed the convention. The next convention will be held at Denver at the time of the G. A. R. encampment.

## Tragedy Near Cairo.

Don McCracken was shot and killed by Irvin Connell at a beer garden known as the Half Way house, four miles north of Cairo. What the difficulty was about has not developed. The two young men, in company with three girls from Cairo, and two other young men from Mound City, were drinking beer, when McCracken picked up a beer bottle and hurled it at Connell. It missed him and Connell drew his pistol and fired, the ball entering McCracken's stomach. McCracken was taken to Mound City about 11 o'clock, and died in a few minutes after being taken from the buggy. Connell arrived at Mound City about a half hour later and surrendered to the authorities and was placed in jail to await the action of the coroner's inquest. McCracken is the oldest son of Q. A. McCracken of Mound City, and Connell is a son of J. F. Connell of the Pulaski Enterprise.

## Issued Money Orders to Self.

United States Postoffice Inspector M. G. Price brought to Carbondale Frank P. Given, clerk of the Willisville (Ill.) postoffice, and took him before United States Commissioner A. S. Caldwell, charged with having fraudulently issued twelve money orders from the Willisville office in favor of himself, aggregating in all \$1,100. The orders, which with one exception were drawn on his person after arrest, were drawn upon several postoffices in different parts of the United States. One he had cashed at the St. Louis postoffice. The arrest was the result of an exhaustive inquiry into the affairs of the office, the suspicion of the postoffice department having been aroused over orders issued in such large amounts from so small an office. He waived examination before the commissioner, and in default of filing his bond was taken to the jail at Murphysboro.

## Patchen-Gentry Race Off.

Secretary Garrard of the state board of agriculture announced that the match race for \$5,000, to have taken place at the state fair Friday, Sept. 28, between Joe Patchen and John R. Gentry, is off, he having received word from E. H. Harriman, owner of Gentry, stating that Gentry was out of form and had been withdrawn for the season. The board immediately announced a purse of \$2,500 for the 2:02 class, and began negotiations to have Patchen, Seagrave, Frank Bogash, Anaconda, Coney, Chehalis, Prince Alert and others of their class entered.

## Dies at the Lincoln Monument.

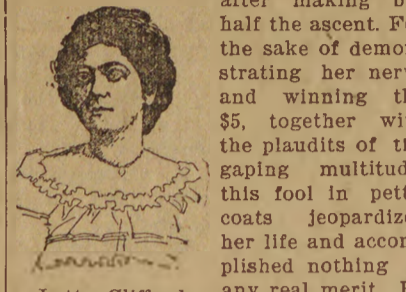
J. C. Lavefer, about 38 years old, committed suicide by taking morphine at the foot of the Lincoln monument in Lincoln park, Chicago. He died shortly after reaching the German hospital. In his pocket was found a letter addressed to "Nettie," saying: "I have been unable to find employment. I cannot stand this suffering and suspense any longer. Good-by." There was a membership card of Woodmen's Union No. 7 in his pocket.

## Disastrous Fire at Palestine.

Palestine was visited by a \$50,000 fire that destroyed F. M. Lamb & Son's stock of dry goods, John Martin's restaurant and Richey & Son's hardware store. Two of the buildings belonged to the Kitchell heirs and one to Richey & Son. The fire originated in Lamb & Son's store and the supposition is that it was caused by the explosion of a gasoline lamp.

## Madison County's Birthday Frazzle.

The third day of Madison county's centennial birthday party at Edwardsville eclipsed the others. It seemed as if the entire population of the county was there. There was a gorgeous floral parade, and at noon in front of the courthouse Henry Sykbert, Jr., and Miss Carrie Moore were publicly married. Mayor J. T. Crocker acted as best man and Mrs. James Whitebread as bridesmaid. The couple got prizes and presents enough to set them up in housekeeping.



Letty Clifford.

## THE BRIDE WHO CHANGED HER MIND

"You say you don't believe in fate," you fellows," said young Fred Julian, as he entertained a party of boon companions in his bachelor rooms. "Well, that's because, at present, you haven't had an opportunity of judging from personal experience."

"Well, and have you?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Rather! It was a little incident that occurred about six months ago, interesting—to me, at least—and if you like I'll tell you all about it."

"Do," said his friends, and the young man lounged back in his chair, and with his eyes on the fire commenced his narrative without more ado.

"It was one lovely day in the July of last year," she began, "and I was starting jubilantly off for a month's holiday at Scarborough. Knowing my luxurious habits as you do, my friends, you will not be surprised to hear that when I reached King's Cross I selected a corner seat of a first-class smoker, and provided myself with plenty of cigars and magazines. To complete my anticipation of a pleasant journey, just as I had settled myself comfortably and the guard gave his whistle, the door opened and a pretty, excited young lady came bustling in. She seemed relieved at having caught the train and sat down in a state of breathless and sniffling exhaustion.

"I looked over at her from my corner, so did a loudly dressed, boudoirish looking young man from his, for she was an extremely pretty girl, with brown curly hair, small features, and the faintest little figure in the world. I frowned at the loudly dressed young man, and he frowned at me, and just then the girl looked up and caught my glance of admiration. She stiffened, and then her eyes fell upon my cigar, which I had left smoldering in my hand, and a look of severe displeasure came into her face.

"Are you aware, sir," she said, austere, "that this is not a smoking carriage?"

"Isn't it?" I answered, looking up at the window. "Why, goodness me, they must have forgotten to take the label down."

"The girl followed my glance, and at the sight of the partially obliterated letters, half concealed by the blind, her face crimsoned with mortification and, biting her lip, she took up a paper hurriedly to hide her confusion.

"I have made the same mistake, my dear," said a kindly matron on her right. "It doesn't matter much; a little smoke won't hurt us, will it?"

"No; I must change at the next station," she returned sweetly.

"Excuse me," I broke in, "but this is an express train."

"Do you mean to say it doesn't stop at Peterborough?"

"It doesn't stop at all," I said, "until we get to York."

"I'm so sorry," I murmured, turning



ing to the girl. "Can I assist you in any way? If it is a case of necessity, you know, we can communicate with the guard."

"O, no—that is—I mean I don't think it would be considered so," she stammered, her face suddenly suffused with blushes. "You see, I was going to a wedding."

"The elderly matron smiled. I had all I could do to repress my amusement, while the loudly dressed young man in the corner sniggered audibly. "O, well, I shouldn't let that worry me, if I were you," I said soothingly. "It's disappointing, but they will be able to fix it up all right without you."

"The blushes deepened and the girl hung her head.

"I'm afraid they—I mean, I—"

She broke off in confusion, and the old lady bent toward her.

"I quite understand, my dear," she said. "It wouldn't be a wedding without the bride. I'm sorry for you, but you mustn't fret. It can't be helped now, and you must send a wire directly we get to York."

"This seemed to raise the girl's spirits, and she began to laugh, a little hysterically perhaps at first. Then she thanked me prettily for doing nothing, and begged me to smoke, and declared she really didn't mind the smell at all, but rather liked it. When the train rushed through Peterborough she laughed more merrily still, and was so charming and unaffected that long before we reached York we were chatting together like old friends. We found out then that we had mutual acquaintances, that our respective homes were situated but a few miles from each other, and many other interesting facts.

When the train drew up, I proposed to assist her in finding out the telegraph office, and thither, therefore, we went.

"I don't think I'll send a wire after

all," she said hesitatingly, as we found the place.

"Why not?" I said, in some surprise.

"Because—because I think I'll go straight home."

"But think of the anxiety of the poor chap," I said. "Why, he may be thinking all kinds of dreadful things have happened to you."

"She stood irresolute for a moment; then she picked up a form and wrote, and, for the life of me, I could not resist looking over. All that she said was:

"I have changed my mind.—Phyllis."

"Of all the cool cheek, that is the coolest," I thought.

"But I stepped back and pretended to be much interested in the company's time-table.

"Now we must find out the next train back," I said, as she turned again to me; "and then we will have some tea. You must want some badly."

"But your train—you will surely lose it," she murmured.

"York is my destination," I said untruthfully.

"After that I found out there was no train for half an hour, and we took our way to the tearoom, where my pretty companion made me her willing and sympathetic confidant. She was unhappy, very unhappy, at home, and in an ill-guarded moment, had agreed to a runaway match without the knowledge of her parents. Now she was thankful, very thankful, that she had been prevented. It seemed like fate. That was the summary of her remarks.

"There now, you fellows," broke off the narrator abruptly. "I needn't tell you much more; only that we each exchanged cards, agreed to see one another in London, and that we parted cheerfully at York."

"And did you fulfill those promises?" said one of the listeners, with interest.

"O, yes! We have seen some little of each other since then."

"And her name?"

"Will soon be Julian," said the young man promptly.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

### Love for the Flag.

Soldiering seems commonplace enough to those who are a part of the great blue organization which is awakened by bugle notes, and lives and moves all through the day at the sound of the brazen voice, and turns in at night when bidden to do so by the lingering strains of "taps." Nevertheless, beneath all the hard and grinding routine of military life, beneath the grumbling and the inevitable discontent of the soldiers, lies the mighty motive which explains the presence of thousands of the nation's youth upon the tented field. That motive is love for the flag and all that it represents. The soldiers do not prate much of these deep sentiments. To hear them grumble over mess one would think they were almost ready to rise in rebellion against the government. The truth is that deep in their hearts they cherish a devotion to the national life and emblem of which the offering of their very lives would be an inadequate expression.

It was on a hot, monotonous day in Chickamauga, during the Spanish-American war, that a soldier came to me in embarrassed fashion, yet with shining face, and offering me a newspaper clipping, said: "Ain't that great?" He said nothing more, save to grant my request to keep the clipping for myself. He was one of the commonplace men in the ranks; a man with nothing to attract special attention to himself. He was an average soldier.

The clipping contained a fervid little poem on the flag. It was not very good poetry, but its sentiment rang true. Every verse ended with the words: "Because it is our flag." What interested me most was a line penned in an unpracticed hand on the margin of the clipping—"I say so too. Mom." What a vision of devotion the incident opened to our eyes. The mother up in Pennsylvania, doubtless with her mind excited by the newspapers' stories of privation and danger from disease which the soldiers were undergoing, still had no selfish thought for the return of her boy. She stifled a mother's yearnings for the presence of her offspring by that greater love which always makes nations great, the love of a woman for her country. The poor poem and the penned comment explained the secret of the presence of all that great army of volunteers in camp. I read the poem to the soldiers that night, and, as I expected, they greeted it with tumultuous shouts and repeated cheers for the flag. Its lines expressed the sentiments of every last one of them. Similarly, any word of devotion to the sign of our national life strikes the responsive chord in the heart of every American. There is no more hopeful sign in our times than this, that everywhere the people, high and low, sincerely love our country and its flag. Even sordid and material interests are forgotten for the moment in devotion to its waving folds. Affection for the Stars and Stripes over-masters love of ease and safety, and most of the other natural instincts of life. Patriotism is a supreme passion. Everywhere in the land, from coast to coast and from border to gulf, the people love the flag.

### Chinese Buckles.

One of the late fads is a silver buckle with representatives of Chinese hieroglyphics on it. Some are of green jade, China's lucky stone, and mounted in rose gold. Others are of carved white jade, and equally attractive ones are made of dark oxidized silver, decorated with applied Chinese flowers in bright yellow gold.

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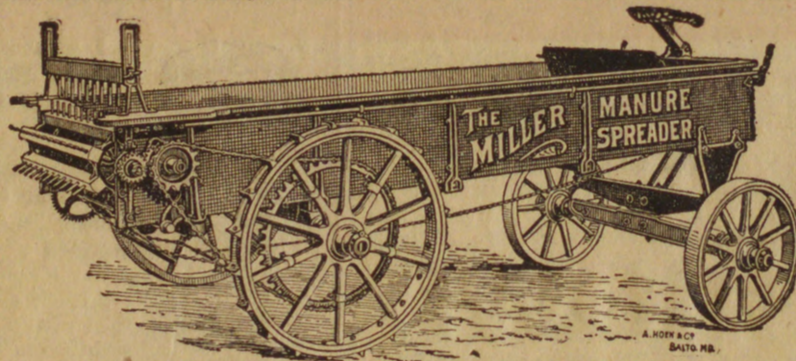
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The first line of railway built in the United States was the Baltimore & Ohio, in 1830. It was fourteen miles long. Three years later, when the South Carolina railway line of 135 miles was finished, it was the longest railroad in the world. Today in the United States alone there are 185,000 miles of railroad, or more than a third of the mileage of the entire world. In 1833 there were but sixteen passenger locomotives in the United States; today there are 10,000.

Sacred fires still exist in some parts of India and Persia. One of the most ancient of the Indian sacred fires is that at Oodwada, near Bulsar, which was consecrated 12 centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every 24 hours with sandalwood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel. This sacred fire is visited by Parsees in large numbers during the months allotted to the speeding genius of fire. In the peninsula of Acheeron, formerly belonging to Persia, but now a part of Russia, there is a sacred fire which is known to have been burning for more than 600 years. It rises from an irregular orifice of about 12 feet in depth and 126 feet square.

There are navy yards at Brooklyn, N. Y., Charlestown, Mass.; the Portsmouth yard near Norfolk, Va.; the Kittery yard, opposite Portsmouth, N. H.; the League Island yard, at Philadelphia; the Mare Island yard, near San Francisco; one at Pensacola, Fla., and one at Washington, D. C. There are naval stations at New London, Conn.; Port Royal, S. C.; Bremerton, Wash.; Key West, Fla.; a torpedo and training station at Newport, R. I.; a training station on Yerba Buena Island, Cal. Other stations are at San Juan, Porto Rico; Havana, Cuba, and Cavite, Philippine Islands. The Naval War College is at Newport, R. I.

Prof. Oliver J. Lodge, of University College, Liverpool, who has been appointed to the position of principal of the recently established university of Birmingham, was born at Penkhill, Stoke-on-Trent, in 1851, and studied at University College, London, where he afterward became assistant professor of physics. In 1882, on the establishment of University College, Liverpool, he was appointed professor of physics, and this position he has held ever since.

Documents inscribed on plates of baked clay have been found among the ruins of Chaldea, which are undoubtedly wills drawn in legal form dealing with the transfer and bequeathing of property, and which date back to 3800 B. C. But the earliest personal bequest of property to take effect after death appears to be an Egyptian document of about the date 2500 B. C. It is written on papyrus, and is the will of a priest leaving his personal and real estate to his wife, with power to transmit it to her children. This will further gives directions for burial, and is duly witnessed. In fact, it is so nearly identical in form to a modern will that, as a legal authority has said, there would be no difficulty in admitting it to probate if it were presented in a modern court of law.

London has one of the cleverest trained horses in the world. His specialty is a "retiring act," and it gives him his name, "Mr. Goodnight." He appeared for the act in checked trousers, dark jacket, boots on his hind feet and a straw hat. These he removed leisurely and sat down in an arm chair to remove his boots. He then left the ring and wheeled in his big bedstead by pushing it along with his head. One by one his bedclothes followed, and with a little help from the attendants, he carefully put the bolster and pillows in place. He then brought a light, but as he raced about the ring, it went out, and he promptly brought another, and lighted the candle by his bed. After putting out the torch by kneeling down and knocking it on the sawdust he laid down to rest, pulled the quilt over him and pretended to be asleep.

To native New Englanders there is no tree around which cluster more fond memories than the sugar-maple. When they see her shading the occupants of the benches in the city parks, as graciously as she shelters the lambs which gather at her foot in the New Hampshire pasture, she reminds them of "sapping-time," and awakens visions of the old moss-grown sap-house around whose sunny clearing the snow melted early. The opening in the forest was fringed above by delicate budding branches against a hazy spring sky, the little brook ran beneath the softening snow drifts which remained, or sang in the shadowy glade where the liverwort and training arbutus grew. Chipmunks frisked about the wood-pile, while the bluebird uttered such chery notes that the hard work of carrying brimming pails of sap was forgotten, and the whole thing seemed a frolic. Every spring, when the maples blossom in the park, these memories come back. Mr. Burroughs speaks of "motherly old apple trees, which have seen trouble." This description seems to me to apply more truthfully to the sugar-maple. It is true that apple trees are too often neglected, yet it is no uncommon thing to see the horizontal branches of an old tree resting serenely upon props, and its decaying trunk bound by iron bands to make its declining years as comfortable and fruitful as possible, but the old sugar-maple has truly seen trouble, for the iron has literally entered her soul, springtime after springtime. While her life-blood is drifting into the bucket from the augur-holes in her trunk, she hangs out her delicate fringes of bloom, and does the best she can with the sap which is left to make foliage and new wood.—From "Trees," by Frank French in Scribner's.

The recent strike of the street car employes of St. Louis, which attracted attention from all sections of the country during the weeks it was in progress and which paralyzed traffic in the city, was, according to an old resident of Missouri's metropolis, as nothing in its results when compared with an epidemic which attacked horses and mules of the street car companies, the draymen and private parties of the city in the early 70's. Speaking of the matter, he said: "The epidemic was known as the epizootic fever and it struck St. Louis about '71. The first to give out were the dray horses and mules; then the hackmen's stock was affected, and it wasn't long before one couldn't get a carriage to take him any place for love or money. Then the street car horses fell victims to the disease. Finally the cars stopped running because there were no horses to draw them. Business was paralyzed, as there was no way to get freight to and from the levee and depots. Some bright draymen thought of utilizing oxen. There were more ox teams in use in this part of the country than there are now; there were no Norman horses to do the slow, heavy work, as there are now, and it wasn't a strange sight to see a man come in from the country driving a double yoke of steers. As soon as the first ox team appeared on the levee hitched to a dray there was a sudden rise in the quotations on oxen. In a few days every drayman who could afford it had bought a yoke of steers and the cars were run by the same means. This method of transportation was continued for several months before the 'epizootic' had run its course and horses could again be utilized. All during the epidemic, business men and clerks who lived on the outskirts of the city and who were accustomed to ride to their daily work on the street cars had to remain down town, as a trip home meant the utilizing of the better part of a day in transit."

Well....

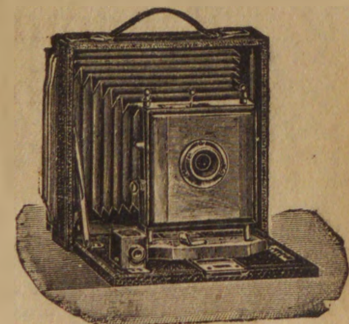
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