

JOLLY UNCLE JOSH.

HIS WEDDING GIFT TO POLLY.

A Realistic Romance of Dwight, with Names of Prominent Business Men.

"Miss Summers—Polly—I—er—dare I—"

But the speaker took a header over bashfulness, only to hear a sweet:

"Yes, Charley."

"Can I aspire to—er—to—that is—"

Again a lapse into silence, followed by an encouraging:

"Yes, Charley."

"Oh, if I might only hope to—er—to—"

Another failure of language. It was seemingly a hopeless case, and it might have been only for a demure:

"Charley, I've said 'yes' twice, and if you mean it, I mean it, too, and—and—"

And to this, day that young man will insist that he popped the question.

All this happened away "down east," and it wasn't long before there was a wedding. Not much longer before there came a letter from Polly's Uncle Josh out in Illinois, who wrote effusively of his delight at her exhibition of what he called "grit," and he proposed that if the young couple would locate at Dwight he would start them up in life as a wedding gift.

Of course they accepted, and were soon bidding their friends adieu.

A few weeks subsequent to the above conversation a travel-stained party arrived at Dwight. Our friend, Uncle Josh, was in charge, and he led the party straight to his home.

"After breakfast," remarked the old man, "we'll go out and buy your outfit, to expedite matters I will go and order a rig from S. H. Boyer's livery stable."

The carriage arrived and as Polly viewed the stylish turnout with prancing horses, elaborate trappings, and a neatly dressed driver at the reins, she expressed great delight.

"The Boyer stable," remarked Uncle Josh, "is one of the best outfitted livery stables that I know of—the three S's—Speed, Safety, Style—is its coat-of-arms. If you ever have to run to an off railroad town, be sure and go there for a rig."

"Having provided you with a cage for your bird," said Uncle Josh, "the first thing we'll look after will be the furnishings for it."

Hereupon Polly energetically declared that she had heard so much about C. M. Baker that she desired to go there. The result was that they were ushered into such a bewildering display that the girl was puzzled at first how to select. But she soon yielded to the seductiveness of a magnificent parlor suite, a bedroom set in oak (antique finish) that would have done credit to old antiquity herself. To these she added a dining-room set, with all accessories, a complete kitchen outfit, and did not forget a most convenient and ornamental writing desk for "Hubby" Charles.

"A pretty good start," said the old man, "and now we'll go to Chas. Waters' hardware store."

Here Polly's housewifely instinct had full play in marvels of kitchen apparatus. There is not an establishment in the west that carries a more comprehensive stock of house furnishings. Every possible piece of kitchen furniture, from a tin dipper to a cooking range, is here in all styles and variety.

If Polly fails to accomplish wonders in the culinary art, it will not be for fault of superior cooking utensils. Her purchases included a Riverside Oak, a Quickmeal gasoline stove, a Western washer, a Novelty wringer and a supply of anti-rust tinware.

"Let's see—I promised you a gold watch, didn't I?" queried Uncle Josh of Polly. "The place of all places in town is J. C. Lewis', so we'll go there."

Entering the popular jewelry store, the old man gallantly acquitted himself of his promise, and then directed Polly's attention to the superior stock of silverware carried by the house. "There is no such stock in Dwight," said the old man, "and I will guarantee the quality to be the very best. Pick out your family clock while here," he added.

"Mr. Lewis carries a magnificent line. Don't forget another fact," he continued, "if ever you unfortunately need optical goods, this is the place to come. They have everything required to improve affected eyes and to determine the required

treatment. And, by the way, my watch is out of fix, and, as Mr. Lewis has been in the business so many years, I believe he is just the man to leave it with."

"I tell you, my boy," remarked Uncle Josh in an aside to Charlie, "that this young wife of yours is a model housekeeper, especially is she one of the best bread makers who ever quenched over an oven. But even the most expert bakers must have good material to work with, as good flour is a desideratum. I advise you to patronize Geo. Hart. His brands and his meal and graham excel anything on the market. They also have on hand all kinds of feed at lowest market prices."

"Uncle," remarked Polly, "you promised to take me to C. C. Kendall & Co's music store. They sell the Lakeside organ and I shall be dreadfully lonesome without one. It is a very kind of instruments. It combines purity of tone with sweetness and power in a manner attained in no other instrument, and is a very miracle of beauty and design." "All right," laughed the old man, "this is the oldest and most reliable house in the city, and they carry a handsome line of pianos, too; the Webster, Wheelock and Stuyvesant pianos cannot be excelled, and I'll get you one of them also. They sell pianos on the installment plan."

"Now we'll let Polly pay a visit to the dressmaker," remarked Uncle Josh, "for you need some tonsorial work, and we'll drop into A. W. Morris' parlor. That's where you can get as quick, neat, expert and in every way as enjoyable a shave, haircut or shampoo as any pampered prince of the realm ever got."

To which Charles acquiesced when, a short time afterwards, he emerged from one of the best appointed and best conducted barber shops in the country. Returning to Polly, Uncle Josh suggested a resort to some place of refreshment, and they betook themselves to S. W. Witt's restaurant, where they regaled themselves on ice cream "as delicious as the epicurean dreams of the gods," so Polly declared. Then after enjoying further refreshments in a full complement of all the leading seasonable drinks, delightfully prepared, Polly was literally loaded down with packages of choice confections, and native and foreign fruits, while the gentlemen indulged in a cigar.

At the refreshment table Josh waxed philosophical. "Never neglect your larder," said he, "that important adjunct of housekeeping controls masculine temper. To that end you must patronize a grocer on whom you can depend for honest goods. Through a long term of years I have found N. T. Numonson perfectly reliable. You will find him a careful dealer, always full stocked with every possible thing in the line of staple and fancy groceries, fresh and first-class—no shelf-worn goods there—while the prices are 'down to brass tacks.'"

"It don't follow, though," he continued, "that careful attention to matters of the table need only be paid to groceries and provisions; the meat question is equally essential. To locate the man who carries constantly choice meats, juicy steaks and game and fish in season, is quite an undertaking. But I heartily recommend W. E. Austin. He is cheap, always well stocked, handles nothing but the choicest of prime and well-conditioned meat, and makes and makes a strong point of combining quantity and quality for the money."

At this point, somewhat to Charles' confusion, the old man indulged in a half-serious criticism of his personal appearance. "You are decidedly off-style for a townsman," said he, "and we'd better go down to Miller Bros. clothing store." After Charles had fitted himself out in a neat and late style business suit from the piles of fashionable garments that cover the tables of this extensively stocked establishment, Uncle Josh declared that "Now you look like a newly married man."

Before leaving, having found goods and prices irresistible, Charles also invested in a complete outfit of goods' furnishing goods, from a latest style hat to a dozen shirts. This house is not to be undersold in Dwight. "And," added Uncle Josh, "you will want a full dress suit, and very happily, this firm can suit you as well as if you were in some big eastern city. Mr. Bowik, their cutter, is an expert in this line, and I guarantee you satisfaction every time."

While Uncle Josh was pondering where to go next, Polly suddenly asked: "Uncle, where can I find the leading millinery establishment?" "Just a few doors further on," remarked Uncle Josh, "and we will visit Mrs. W. E.

Fenn, who, by the way has on hand one of the most complete stocks of millinery to be found in the city. You can get just what you want there, 'the latest styles and lowest prices,' being her motto. She has had experience which guarantees that when you have once purchased of them you have the proper thing at the lowest possible price."

And a few hours later there was never a happier person than Polly. "And as you are in decided need of a dress suit," said he, "a regular swell Sunday-go-to-meeting finish you know, very happily, I can suit as well as though you were in some big eastern city. We've got, fortunately, one first-class tailor in Dwight, my old friend J. Schott. Charles was indeed pleased to find that he could make selections for a full dress suit from a stock of elegant goods as could be found in the eastern shops, and was soon convinced that Mr. Schott is master of his art as a cutter."

"By the way," exclaimed Uncle Josh with a parental air, "the next thing to look after is the lumber for those improvements which will be absolutely necessary. Come with me and I'll introduce you to G. Z. Flagler & Son, who are the principal dealers in that line here. They carry the most complete line of builders' material in the county—everything, from shills for a foundation to the shingles for the roof, including lime, hair, cement, door and window screens; and they also have something fine in slat and wire fencing."

"And in the matter of insurance," he continued, "that is of importance. You will want a builder's risk on your new house, and fire, lightning and tonado insurance on your farm property. My friend, John Thompson, not only has lines of the solidest and best companies, but is an expert and trustworthy underwriter, and should you ever need the services of a reliable party to make collections or do anything in his line of business, Mr. Thompson is just the man to call on."

"Oh!" exclaimed Polly, as they halted before a show window, "what a perfect lovely slipper." "Yes," said Uncle Josh, "Leach & Reeb's boot and shoe stock can't be equaled in style or extent in this section. Come in and look it over." It might have been policy not to have extended that invitation, had not Uncle Josh known how wise economy it is to trade at this store, for Polly found goods and prices so seductive that she purchased an outfit from satin slippers to a handsome walking boot. Charles invested in a gents' fine shoe, while Uncle Josh indulged in a stout farm boot. No one needing footwear can resist the styles and prices at Leach & Reeb's.

"Who is a good horseshoer, Uncle?" asked Charles. "You know how particular I am about my mare, Kitty," "Jess says you want no butcher about her," said Uncle Josh. "Well, there's only one first-class horseshoer in town to my notion, and that's W. M. Weese. He understands perfectly the construction of a horse's foot, just what kind of a shoe is needed, and how to make and put it on. A first-class blacksmith, too, he is the very man to give your repairing to. He cannot be beat in making new plow lays."

"And now," exclaimed Uncle Josh, with what sounded like a sigh of relief, "I reckon we can supply all of the rest of the outfitting at one establishment; they have got literally most everything there—I mean Kelagher's bargain store." And sure enough what was needed of an hundred and one things for the economy of the household was to be found there—hats and caps, tinware, towels, lamps, mouse traps, toys, crockery, woodenware, jewelry, glassware, fancy baskets, pictures, stationery—good gracious, we couldn't begin to tell all that Polly found that she couldn't possibly get along without; and she declared that the wonderful variety itself assisted her in making her selections.

"Now," cried the old gentleman, "now for a picture of this crowd. In good old country fashion we'll go the photograph gallery, and Dwight has a first-class one, that of the Dwight Art Co. Their pictures are wonderful in fidelity and finish. I want one full-sized photo for my study and some small ones for friends. They are famous for successful enlarging, and I want to give a life-size representation of 'yours truly.' They are true artists and all their work is a labor of love in which they will not stop short of perfection."

Enroute to their home the gentleman called at the STAR AND HERALD office. "You'll want the news every week," said Uncle

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Anti-Sore Throat advertisement. Tastes Pleasant and Cures Quickly. DIPHThERIA, ULCERATED THROAT, Sore Throat, from cold. CATARRH OF THE THROAT, AND HOARSENESS. Can be taken by children and gargled by adults.