

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Caucus to-day at 2 p. m. County convention Monday next.

There will be a dedication of a handsome soldiers' monument and grand reunion at Petersburg, Ill., Tuesday, Oct. 2, under the auspices of the G. A. R. Hon. H. H. McDowell, department commander, will speak, and the committee announce special rate on railroads.

A Chicago dispatch from Princeton announces that the Bureau county delegation will be for Major R. W. McCloughry for congress. There is no doubt about the Major's popularity and ability, but we understand he refuses to entertain any such proposition as running for congress.

Bovard, of the Forrest Rambler, takes us to task for what we have said regarding the LaSalle county delegation, and says it will have a tendency to lose votes for the republican ticket. We don't believe any party will lose votes by telling the truth and acting honorably and standing by the wishes of the masses. It is bolters, party men after personal gain, that will cause dissatisfaction, if any one does.

Colonel Thos. G. Lawler, of Rockford, was elected national commander of the G. A. R., last week in Pittsburgh, Pa. and no better selection could have been made. He is a splendid self-made man and deserves all the good things of life. He immediately appointed C. Jones, of Rockford, adjutant general, and Captain John Burst, of Sycamore, quartermaster general, two excellent men for the places. Tom, Cash and Jack are about as good as they make 'em.

We made two weeks ago that Bovard, of the Forrest Rambler, as a county committeeman, voted for the unit rule at a meeting of the county central committee, and then went home and got a proxy and went to the convention and voted against it. We inferred that his action was not very consistent. He retorts by comparing us to a Mexican bean. Of course there is a degree of intelligence in his argument that is only overdone by his straddling proclivities. Bovard is like the man Billy Mason says resembles the Colossus of Rhodes, not on account of his greatness, but on account of his immense straddle.

Brydia, in his Pontiac correspondence recently, which he probably writes himself, says Dustin of Dwight thought hissing Miss Hamilton in the republican county convention was funny, and ought it then and now. Dustin of Dwight wishes to state openly (not under the head of correspondence) that Brydia, if he wrote the item, or whoever wrote it, is a contemptible, sneaking liar, and he knows it. No one but a low-lived, sneaking, pot house political tramp would infer for a second that any lady was hissed in the republican or democratic conventions, and there was lots of hissing in both. The representatives of both republicans and democrats assembled in convention at all times in Livingston county we believe to be gentlemen of honor and integrity, and far above doing anything disgraceful, and any low-lived miserable sneak who implies anything otherwise should be branded as a liar by all good people, regardless of political affiliation. These statements should be beneath our notice, but it may not be amiss to show Brydia, or his Pontiac correspondent, in true colors.

It seems that Livingston county has a candidate for congressional honors this year. Col. James Morrow positively refuses to enter the field, and at the present time it looks as if Walter Reeves, of Streator, would be the nominee by acclamation. It looks as if this would be the wise course of procedure. Mr. Reeves will make no canvass for the nomination, but will, we understand, accept it if it comes practically unanimous. Walter Reeves started his career, after graduating from college, in Livingston county as a school teacher, having resided in Odell. He removed to Streator and commenced the practice of law, and to-day stands at the head of the bar in LaSalle county, and has few equals in Illinois. He is an honorable, clean, upright citizen, very popular in his own home, and would undoubtedly make a brilliant campaign in the short time he would be in the field. The nomination of Walter Reeves seems to be a happy way for the Republicans to become united and present a solid front.

Editor of a Journal, No. 2. COLORADO SPRINGS, Sept. 1894. We were about leaving Kansas City when the last epistle was closed. Leaving that point on the Santa Fe road we pass along the fertile valley of the Kaw river for about sixty miles. Lawrence is situated in the valley, and the beautiful state capital, Topeka, is split in twain by the river. Kansas has been "Sunny Kansas" to a vengeance this year—very sunny. So much so that in the western part almost everything was burned up and crops were light. The matter of irrigation is receiving the attention of the people, legislators and real estate men, and when that question is satisfactorily solved western Kansas and Col-

orado may be a good farming community, but otherwise it is beyond our comprehension to see how anything but buffalo grass and sage brush can turn out a good crop. The people of Kansas and Colorado all seem to be excited over politics and the Pop is very numerous, and if you stick your head out of a car window or step for lunch, you are liable to be filled up with Kansas or Colorado political wind, hot and cold. The Pops, with the Democratic attachment, thinks they are in it but the Republicans are full of confidence in those two states, that they will be restored to power.

As the trains get into Colorado a gradual rise is noticeable and the air becomes lighter and purer and the mountains come into view, like vast clouds in the distance at first. The first thing of note that we struck in Colorado was a washout. The washout is an old resident and makes itself felt. It had rained or a cloud burst over near the Spanish peaks (so the people told us) and the water came down in torrents and filled all the outlets. Two bridges were disabled and our whole train load of about 300 people had to transfer twice, arriving in Colorado Springs eight hours late, filled with mutterings and covered with dirt.

Long before reaching Colorado Springs, nearly a hundred miles away, the mountains came into view. To anyone, like the writer, who had not witnessed the scene, there is certainly something grand and imposing. The first impression is one of irregular clouds in the horizon, the lines of which gradually become more distinct, until they are more real and the clouds vanish and the dark-blue, massive mountains take their place. From La Junta (pronounced La Hunter for some reason or other) the great snow-capped Spanish peaks can be seen on the left and Pike's Peak, also covered with snow, northwest, and Cheyenne mountain and hundreds of other peaks intervening. As the train gradually draws nearer one can distinguish the pine trees, rocks, the timber line, etc., and almost imagine if the train should make an abrupt turn in that direction it would run right into the mountains, but you find out from inquiry that you are twenty or thirty miles away.

Colorado Springs is a beautiful city of about 15,000 inhabitants. It is situated about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea and the air is pure and bracing. The inhabitants are from everywhere and are particularly hospitable and pleasant. The streets are broad and beautiful, the parks handsome, the churches, hotels, school houses, public buildings and private residences are very fine. It is a city of magnificent distances, covering more territory than many eastern cities of many times more inhabitants.

The prices of everything in Colorado Springs we found very reasonable from mining stock up. Any man who lives in Colorado Springs or adjacent places and don't own a thousand or two shares in mines is not in it. It seems very large to hear some one whom you had an idea was not a millionaire talking about a hundred thousand shares in this and the same in another and another and so on, until a tenderfoot listener would imagine the man owned all the mines in the Rockies. But when you understand that there is no limit to mines and stock and that stock can be purchased for your own price, it's different. Investing in mining stock is a species of what might be termed honest gambling, if that is an acceptable term.

About three miles from Colorado Springs is old Colorado City, the first capitol of the territory and quite an old place. There is nothing particularly of note there and we pass on about four miles further and right in the commencement of the Ute Pass is situated one of the most famous health resorts in the world—Manitou. Thousands of people who were on the verge of death have been restored to health at this point. It is here that the celebrated Manitou water is bottled and sent all over the world from the iron and soda springs. There are many fine hotels and cottages here, situated in picturesque places. From here leaves the celebrated cog railroad to the top of Pike's Peak, of which we will speak of more fully next week. Also from here one can take the also celebrated Colorado Midland road to Leadville and Cripple Creek, the latter of which we shall speak of next week.

One always, or most always, runs across old friends in new localities and it was our fortune to meet two old school mates who are in business at Colorado Springs, and to whom we feel greatly under obligations to for making our visit pleasant. They are Mr. M. Warren and Mr. P. C. Dockstader, the former in the jewelry business and the latter in the employ of the Santa Fe railroad and the patentee of several railroad devices, one of which in particular is a very fine rail joint for railroads, which will undoubtedly be very popular when properly put on the market, as railroad men are loud in their praise of it.

Next week we shall speak of trips to the top of Pike's Peak and Cripple Creek, the greatest gold mining camp in the world, through the Garden of the Gods and to Denver and home.

History of Dwight

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT UP TO DATE.

Interesting Information Derived from Old Residents.

[NOTE.—This history, after being published in the STAR, is here to be arranged in book form and illustrated with views of the principal features of Dwight and portraits of many of our citizens. As the type must be used continually, all orders for the book must be received by us very soon. The book will probably contain about 150 pages, neatly bound, and the price will be but 75 cents, single copies. Leave orders at this office.—Editor.]

(1877-78 continued.)

Dwight was then favored with an organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, also a juvenile society, both of which held their meetings in Red Ribbon hall.

The Reform Club purchase a piano. A. Dermbach occupies his new barber shop on West street. S. T. K. Prime reports the condition of crops in different parts of the country for the benefit of the readers of the Dwight Star. Wm. Scully, the great Irish land owner, visits this place. Joe Mason, a grand, good fellow, leaves the employ of A. E. Gould and seeks a situation elsewhere.

The Parsons Guards appear in new uniform, consisting of light blue pants, dark blue blouse and cap. The Red Ribbon Club elects a detective committee for the purpose of prosecuting saloon keepers who sell to minors or persons while in an intoxicated condition. Several were detected, found guilty and fined. The Congregational society make great preparations for a Fourth of July festival and literary entertainment, occupying the halls of the Reform Club and several offices on the same floor, the latter were converted into a temporary art gallery. Eloquent addresses were delivered by C. L. Palmer, H. B. Hargreaves and others, which were published afterward. On this occasion Miss Anna Kenyon, the church organist, was presented with a rocking chair and three tidies of patch work composed of ninety blocks, on each of which was the name of some lady member of the society. Rev. Rogers makes the presentation speech, and H. A. Kenyon responds. The poem of Wm. H. Bradbury, read on this occasion, many will be glad to see in type again:

DWIGHT IN 1828. Dropped from above by the big balloon That rushes by each afternoon, A stranger came from a distant land; His hair was bleached and his face was tanned. At the City Hotel he touched a spring Which wrote his name in a twinkle-in. A classmate of the originator's date Showed Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-eight. And now you'll wait awhile before— I tell you the name the stranger bore— For I didn't look at the book very close; It was not good manners, just under his nose.

After dinner he sat in his chair, And poked his teeth with an anxious air. "What a conductor!" muttered the man; "I wanted to go to Bloomington, But he dropped me here, did the young scoundrel. And sent me down in a parachute. I thought I was nearing a forest of trees, And never expected streets like these; And such big buildings—I can't tell 'em, Hid by the cottonwood, maple and elm."

All looked strange, but still there were Tokens of things familiar. "This can't be Dwight!" at length he cried; "That's what they call it," quipped the host, who smiled as Landlords do. As he marked the room two hundred and two. "Well!" said the guest, "I once lived here. In times gone by, full fifty year. Then I was young, and spry, and gay. Now I am old and turning gray. Nobody knows me, but I once knew Lots of men here." The landlord grew Quite interested, and he said:

"The men you knew are probably dead. (Nearly station'd—a fat old person— Once kept this house, then called the McPherson. A merchant owned it—a rich old chap Whose property covered half the map Of what was known as the village once.) (He always watched for the main chance.) He left to the church seven million. And the Methodists called him "Saint McWilliams."

Gould, Hetzel and Edridge followed suit; Plooding merchants of good repute. About Keeley's actual fact is That he got rich on his country practice. "I know him well!" By the old stone mill He grew quite fat, and never was ill. But once when he took his patient's dose He brought his precious life to a close. He prided himself on his learned diction And diluted the truth with a good deal of fiction. "Enough of him!" said the stranger guest, "It's no use talking about the rest. Judd and Parsons, and Strang and Brad, Isakers and Thompsons, and Kenyon and Cad!" "Well! General Parsons of the millish Kept his command in good conchish; But he lost his life in a Commune riot, Since which he's been remarkably quiet. His name grows in the Patrons' list— Braye boy, was Jim and very much missed. Major Judd married a prim old maid Who brushed his clothes and combed his head. Of this great State he was Adjutant General, And all the troops here went down to his funeral. Strong grew rich and jolly again, And died a stout old congressman. Brad, wrote poetry more and more, And got to be a terrible bore; Died of Astronomy on the brain— "His loss was our eternal gain!"

Postoffice Kenyon kept that place And always won the beauty race, Cad, went west for change of air, And died a Kansas millionaire. Bakers and Thompsons spread all over, Children and grand-children thick as clover, Palmer, the printer, went last week;

Died of enlargement of the cheek, Which began growing in early youth— Pain to all but himself, forsooth!"

"Give us a rest," said the man; "I think It is just about time to take a drink. "No liquors now for inhibition, We're living under Prohibition To flirt or not, that was the question Decided at last fall election. None to be made or sold or drunk, For all of which we have to thank The Red Ribbon flag that's now unfurled 'O'er the soberest country in all the world. The guest, disgusted, burst in on me, And saw some battles with surprise. "Oh," said the landlord, with a laugh, "That's nothing but our Phonograph; The bottled talk of great men gone,— Sweet souvenirs! Shall I open one?" He drew the cork and it went rattling, Forth from the inside came a sound— Rapid and rasping—as long as he'd let it. "That's what I'm telling you; don't you forget it!"

Have no rights here? that's what I meant; Royalald rooster!—don't care a cent. "Folks!" said the guest, "That's our friend Joe, I've heard of him off—he wasn't slow!" The landlord then, with purpose cruel, Opened a bottle marked Nielsen & Newell. O'ercome with memories the guest shed tears, Rushed from the room and stopped his ears. A bottle of "Lewis" lay up on the rack, Ready for use when he got back.

After supper he strolled around And viewed the once familiar ground. The mill was missing, was the creek, And dwarfed by buildings tall and gay. The "Strips" were parks with iron gates. The railroads ran not a train but "freights" For passenger traffic went by balloon, Night and morning and afternoon. Large as cathedrals loomed the churches, With grand high towers and spacious porches.

Oakland Grounds were green and sweet, Offering a calm and cool retreat. Distance a mile from the city limits, Time by the air, just three minutes. Here, amidst the fragrance of flowers rare Slabs and obelisks pierced the air. Former inhabitants all were there. Sleeping beneath the solemn trees, "Till God shall show them His mysteries!" Town Boys, School Boards, Supervisors, Frolics and stinging misers; Lazy folks and early risers; Mother and daughter, father and son, Gathered together, one by one! Epitaphs gave of the dead below. List of virtues set up for show. Phonographs treasured the previous tones Of old John Sells and young Bill Jones. Photographs shown on the face of each tomb, Glowing with faces of life-like bloom. Said the guest, quoting against his will, "The dead, the dead, are living still."

He saw his relations scattered around In every part of the burial ground. Sabbath School teachers of goodness and truth, And "ollard the faithful old friend of Youth. Playmates of childhood, all dead long ago; Lay under the grass where the roses blow, He thought of them, and of bygone days, And his heart dissolved in a flood of tears.

Hastening back to the City Hotel, He asked the amount of his little bill. "Now," said he, "Landlord, here's your money; Put your mouth to the telephunny, And tell the night watchman to check the balloon up, And I'll start off as soon as its moon up." He mounted the tower for his midnight trip, And soon was compassed by the big air ship. I looked at his name in the book again, And read "Bones Thompson, from Japan."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knights of the Maccabees

The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr. King's New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail." Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com. Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed, and trial bottles are free at Barr & Davis, Dwight, W. H. H. Augustine, Braceville, Smith & Melhuish, Gardner Drug store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

It May Do as Much for You

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began using Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At Barr & Davis, Dwight, W. H. H. Augustine, Braceville, Smith & Melhuish, Gardner Druggists.

While in Chicago, Mr. Chas. L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had had colds followed his example and half a dozen persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by Barr & Davis, Dwight; Smith & Melhuish, Gardner and Augustine & Son, Braceville, Druggists.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Ore., says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Barr & Davis, Dwight; Smith & Melhuish, Gardner and Augustine & Son, Braceville, Druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The Best Salve in the World for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fettered Sores, Lett, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Barr & Davis, Dwight, W. H. H. Augustine, Braceville, Druggists. Smith & Melhuish, Gardner.

Sore eyes, no matter how severe or long standing, are cured by Dr. Jackson's eye salve. It soothes and removes the inflammation and granulations at once. Can be had at any drug store at 25 cents a box.

GORDON BROS.,

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Now is Your Time for Complete stock of Men's, Boys' Children's

Clothing!

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, LADIES' and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

A Big Stock of

Dry Goods, Flannels, Blankets.

Remember our stock for this fall is entirely new, and our Prices lower than elsewhere. Do not fail to come to us for your Fall Goods and save money on everything you may wish in our line.

Gordon Bros.,

The Only Bargain Givers, East St., DWIGHT, ILL.

Great

QUIT - THE - BUSINESS SALE!

Staple and Fancy Groceries

A WHOLE CAR LOAD OF FLOUR

For Just What It Cost!

Having determined to remove from Dwight we will sell from this date till Oct. 5, anything and everything in our stock of STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES,

AT COST FOR CASH!

No reservation whatever—everything must be sold. Call at once and get the pick of the stock. Now is the time to lay in your winter's supply of Flour and Canned Goods.

Liggitt & Liggitt, DWIGHT, ILL.

Sept. 20, 1894.