EDITORIAL NOTES.

The campaign is on now. Let her hum.

Where is the gentleman who read Senator Dave Hill out of the democratic party?

The nomination of Walter Reeves meets with the most hearty approval of the republicans of Livingston county.

F. D. Radeke, the Kankakee brewer, was nominated for congress by the democrats of that district, to oppose Hon. J. G. Cannon.

Hon. C. C. Strawn, of Pontiac, might now have been the republican nominee for congress in this district had he displayed ordinary political sense.

Editor Bovard as a delegate is all right. It must have been the proxy which went to his head before. It's all over now. Shake, Brother Bovard.

Brydia, of the Fairbury Record, is fast becoming an eye and ear sore to the democrats of Livingston. He will never be secretary again, or anything else.

The harmony which prevailed at Streator among the republicans last Thursday was intense. It could have been cut with a knife. Everybody was happy.

We wish it distinctly understood that Walter Reeves is a Livingston county man—or was. Mr. Reeves, who was of Odell, will undoubtedly be the next congressman from this district.

The editor is indebted to Gen. Thos. J. Henderson for one of the most complete maps of the United States ever compiled. It is about six feet square and printed on enameled linen.

Bureau county was anxious for Livingston county to present a candidate for congress so they could show their loyalty to us for the manner in which we stood by General Henderson. That time will come, gentlemen.

Hon. James E. Morrow says it is honor enough to know that he was the choice of the republicans of Livingston county people for congress, without having the office. He could have been nominated and elected.

The Livingston county candidates are all working hard for victory. It is the opinion of thinking people that party lines will be more closely drawn than ever this year, and that straight tickets will be the principal ones voted

General Thomas J. Henderson has already been mentioned as a republican candidate for governor of Illinois two years from now. The people of the state of Illinois could do no better than to promote him to the United States senate or make him governor. He would do honor to any position in the gift of the people.

A telegram from Fairbury to the Chicago papers, the next day after the recent republican county convention, announced that Col. Ben Robinson refused under any circumstances to be a delegate. Then we are to understand that the colonel was not "turned down" by anyone, as reported, but simply turned himself down. The colonel is too good a republican to stay turned down, however.

In giving advice to young men a contemporary says: "Don't marry dimples, nor ankles, nor eyes, nor chin, nor mouth, nor neck, nor teeth, nor simpers, nor other things; bits and scraps of femininity are mighty poor things to tie to. Marry the pure, true thing. Look after congeniality, kindred sympathies, disposition, education, and if to be joined with social position, don't let them stand in your way. Get a woman—not one of those parlor lay figures—not one of those parlor automatons that sit down just so, thump a piano and dote on whiskers. Living statues are poor things at any time to call into consultation. The poor little miss who can scarcely fathom the depth of a dress trimming cannot be a helpmate of any account. Don't throw away your time upon any such a trifling thing."

Notice to Republican Clubs.

To the Republican Clubs of Livingston County:

The state league of republican clubs will meet in Springfield on Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1894. Each club in this county is entitled to five delegates besides its president and secretary. Gov. Wm. McKinley will be the guest of the league boys and will address them on that date. The railroads will furnish transportation to all who may desire to attend at greatly reduced rates.

I sincerely hope that each club in the county will arrange for a full delegation, and that Livivingston county will be well represented at what will be one of the grandest political meetings ever held in the state. Yours for republican success.

C. F. H. CARRITHERS,
League Committeeman for Livingston County

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 bad 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.

CONVENTION.

The Livingston County Convention and the Congressional Convention are Held.

The Livingston County Convention was held in Pontiac Monday and was harmonious, and the attendance large. The convention was called to order at 2:40 by Hon. Jas. Morrow, chairman of the county central committee, and the call was read by Secretary Ralph Bradford.

Mr. Morrow was elected temporary chairman and the republican editors were elected secretaries. The committee on credentials reported no contests and every town but three fully represented. The committee on permanent organization reported in favor of making the temporary organization permanent, which was done unanimously.

On motion a committee of seven was appointed by the chair to select delegates to the congressional convention which was held in Streator Thursday. The delegation was selected unanimously and were as follows:

Geo. Torrance, Jas. E. Morrow, G. W. Patton, E. N. Schroyer, Alex. McKay, E. A. Hunter, Archie Roos, J. W. Miller, W. G. Dustin, Geo. Lauderbeck, M. F. Bovard, W. Hoobler, J. W. White, John Bodley, C. H. F. Carrithers, Frank Chester, J. L. Langabeer, S. M. Barnes, Herbert Powell, W. A. Dawson, M. W. Tambling, G. W. Horrie, W. R. Warrick, R. F. Brown, J. C. Huetson, Thurston Mortimer.

CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.

Peace reigns supreme in the republican ranks of the eleventh congressional district, and they have made no mistake in nominating Walter Reeves for congress.

For the fourth time this year the representative republicans assembled in Streator, last Thursday. The circumstances of the former meetings are well known. Last Thursday the convention was called to order in the opera house by Wright Adams, chairman of the congressional committee, and C. H. F. Carrithers, of Livingston, named as temporary chairman, and afterwards made permanent. Mr. Carrithers made a good speech.

A committee on credentials was appointed and reported no contests.

The other business was passed over quickly and the roll of counties ordered called for the nomination of congressman. When LaSalle was reached, Mr. Ross, a labor leader, stepped to the stage and delivered a very fine speech, placing Walter Reeves in nomination. This wss seconded by George Torrance in behalf of Livingston county, R. M. Skinner for Bureau and Mr. Rich for Woodford. On motion of Torrance, seconded all over the house, the nomination was made by acclamation. A committee was appointed to bring the candidate before the meeting.

While the committee was out a letter was read from Walter Reeves resigning his position of member of the state central committee, and recommending the election of one. Hon. G. W. Patton, of Pontiac, was placed in nomination bg Judge Trimble, of Princeton, and seconded by all the counties and elected by acclamation. He was called upon and made a rousing speech.

At this juncture the committee returned with the candidate. As they came on the stage the delegates and large audience raised to their feet and gave him a grand ovation, lasting two or three minutes. When quiet was restored Walter Reeves was introduced and made a splendid speech.

He said in substance, among other things, that he was not unmindful of the fact that he had received a great honor, and that if the action of the republican congressional convention of the eleventh district was ratified in November, he would be representing a district, parts of which have been represented by such illustrious men as the immortal Lovejoy, General Henderson, L. E. Payson, Mr. Plumb, and many others. In regard to the leading questions of the day Mr. Reeves put himself on record fairly. He is no "trimmer," and his appearance indicates that he means just what he says. He believes in protection because he thinks it the best thing for republicans and democrats alike, and for the whole country. He believes in a settled financial and foreign policy. He believes in protection to American labor, not only by enacting just tariff laws, but by limiting immigration. He believed in giving a warm welcome to any honest foreigner who might come to this country with the intention of becoming an American citizen and living up to our laws, but he does not believe in admitting foreigners who have to leave their own country for their country's good, or that ignorant class who will come to this country and work for 25 cents a day and live together like a lot of hogs, and thus reduce the wages of honest American laborers.

By the hearty response to the later sentiment by the laboring men (some foreigners) who were present, it was plain that Mr. Reeves expressed their sentiments. His speech from beginning to end was filled with patriotic sentiments. His speeches are free from anything that will offend any citizen. He wishes particularly that all democrats will do him the honor to attend his meetings, one of which will be held in Dwight in the near future. Mr. Reeves will also address the people of Odell, Pontiac, Chatsworth, Forrest and Fairbury.

Speeches at the convention were also made by Duncan McDougall, Judge Trimble, ex-Congressman Plumb and others.

The republican nominations are all made and the campaign is now on.

In Memoriam.

Robinson Jeffries was born in New Salem, Penn, May 10, 1837, and died the evening of Sept. 25, 1894. He was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Crago, Carmichael's Town, Oct. 7, 1870. They had four children—one son and three daughters. One daughter closed her eyes to the scenes of life a little over two yeaas ago. Mr. Jeffries moved to Illinois in 1870, and first settled in Ottawa, but he remained there only about one year when he came to Dwight which has since been his home. He was converted during the great revival in the winter of 1875-6 and joined the Union Presbyterian church soon after. He followed farming as long as his health would permit. He had a sunstroke in June, 1877, and has not known a well day since. Some eleven years ago he was laid aside by an attack of locomotor ataxia, and has been confined to the house since that time. It is a long period for one to be shut out from all participation in the active duties of life, and especially for one in his manhood's prime. But such are some of the mysterious dispensations of providence. Mr. Jeffries was a worthy man and citizen, and was honorable and upright in his dealings with others. For a few days before his death he realized that the end was near, and trusting in the mercies of his Savior he felt that it was well with his soul. To him (in a peculiar sense) death seemed a release. He had been shut in so long, but now we firmly believe that his spirit, disenthralled from the prison-house of the poor sick body, is free.

The funeral took place at 10 o'clock, Thursday morning. Rev. E. F. Wright officiated and preached from 1 Cor., 13: 12. The interrment took place in Oaklawn cemetery.

A printer in a neighboring town recently walked into a certain business house in his rounds to find out who desired anything in the way of advertising, and noted a drummer standing by the counter with a sample valise, ready to open. "Anything you want to say in the paper this week?" said the printer to the man behind the counter. "No," said the business man, "I don't believe in advertising." The drummer waited until he was half way to the door, then, slowly taking up his valise, remarked: "Well, that lets me out. I do not care to sell on time to a man who, at this age, does not believe in advertising. When I want to strike a trade with a dead man I'll go to a graveyard and swap business."

Four Bi S uccesses.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale: Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, coughs and colds, each bottle guaranteed; Electric Bitters, the great remedy for liver stomach and kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold by Barr & Davis, Dwight, and W. H. H Augustine, Braceville.

Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean, New York Weekly Tribune and this paper one whole year to any subscriber who pays in advance, $2.50. Is that cheap enough?

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J Gunderman, of Gimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Rives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia succeeding la grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last for hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Barr & Davis, Dwight. Augustine & Son, Braceville, and Smith & Melhuish, Gardner. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, 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, Fever Sores, Tetter, 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 inflamation and granulations at once. Can be had at any drug store at 25 cents a box.

History of Dwight

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT UP TO DATE.

(1878-79 continued.)

George Woodruff, the father of the Red Ribbon Club, delivers an address. Nathan Baker and wife make a trip to Ohio and Pennsylvania. Rev. Montgomery spends a Sunday with his old parishoners. Mr. Carl Miller marries Miss Delia Hainsfurther. Meetings are held and entertainments given in behalf of yellow fever sufferers. 244 kegs of beer are shipped into this place during the month of August by saloon keepers. Mr. George K. Chase marries Miss Ella E. Buel. R. Gallup and family return from their visit to the east shore of Maryland. The marriage of Mr. Al. T. Jones and Miss Mary Williams occurs. Mrs. J. M. Baker is struck by the engine of an incoming train, resulting in her death. Horace Cadwallader, at 32 years of age, dies at Sterling, Kan., where he had gone in search of health. He was a man of sterling integrity, fine business qualifications, and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

A. Course dies at Salina, Kansas, being 48 years of age. He was formerly a resident of our village. Rev. B. F. Tallman becomes pastor of the M. E. church. Sixty bodies are removed from the old cemetery to Oaklawn. Mr. H. E. Good and Miss Lizzie Allison are joined in wedlock. Mrs. Eva Maria Hahn, mother of G. M Hahn, passes into the beyond. H. A. Kenyon, postmaster, occupies new rooms in the new brick building on East street. C. J. Judd writes from Pueblo, Colorado, several instructive and interesting letters for the Star. The Exchange Bank, now Bank of Dwight, takes possession of new quarters. The remains of Frank W. Davis, in charge of C. J. Judd, are brought from Pueblo, Colorado, for interment at Oaklawn. He died December, 7, 1878, of nervous consumption, at the age of 31 years. He was a young man of extraordinary business talent and enterprise. F. B. Hargreaves lectures in a large number of places during the winter. Mr. and Mrs. D. McWilliams visit the East. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Baker celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary. Francis Carey, whose poetical talent was in much demand for both solemn and festive occasions, contributes the following at an entertainment given by the Reform Club:

THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

In imagination, not long since, I lifted the latch
And had a nice chat with a funny old batch.
Since then I have another call made,
This time on a good-natured, good-looking old maid.

We talked, I should think, for nearly two hours,
'Bout her birds, and her cats, and her flowers.
Then I ventured to ask her would she tell me
Why so long she continued an old maid to be?

Her answer was, "Some folks might, I'm afraid,
Call me a crabbed and cross old maid,
Because at thirty I cannot claim
Somebody's care and somebody's name.

"Of beax I've had plenty, but never the one—
Some folks say I'm too cross to be won;
But old maids never think it too late
If only at last they find the right mate.

"And I'm sure I'd rather an old maid be
Than marry any man that ever I see;
For they are awkward and homely and cross,
And never so happy as when they can boss.

"They pretend to be loving, and gentle, and sweet,
And make pretty bows as they pass on the street;
But when they're at home, I do declare,
They're selfish, and ugly, and cross as a bear.

"'Tis true there is once in a while a man
That seems to be nearer perfection's plan;
But all such are spoken for already, you see,
And only the crooked ones left for me.

"Well, I'm not discouraged at all with life,
E'en though I may never be somebody's wife.
I believe when for true love you are mating,
It pays to wait, though long be the waiting.

"And if I never find the right one, you see,
I'll die an old maid as sure as can be;
No one shall say, 'She has gone the woods past,
And taken a crooked old stick at last.'

"But if the right one should e'er come along,
At the wedding I'll bid them sing the sweet song,
Beginning, 'This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.'"

The letters of H. A. Kenyon, written during his sojourn in the West, are published and read with pleasure. The Odd Fellows conduct the funeral of W. T. Cumberland. Robt. Thompson dies, aged 72 years. He came to this country in 1854, was supervisor for eight years, and was the first Justice of the Peace of Dwight, being elected to this office in 1855. Wm. Estes celebrates his birthday anniversary, Francis Carey furnishing an appropriate poem. The Knights of the Round Table celebrate their tenth anniversary at the McPherson, several local bards in their numerous productions appearing at their best Miss Julia Gould visits Mrs. Patrick, at Martinet, Wis. J. A. Turner disposes of his worldly effects and takes up his residence at Fort Hays, Kansas. R. S. McIlduff purchases the house of Eugene Baker. Bert Adams goes to Watertown, N. Y., on a visit. John Watson, a fine genial gentleman, meets his death. Mr. Frank B. Chester marries Miss Emma T. Strong. The marriages of Mr. David Duncan and Miss Julia Potter and Mr. James B. Austin and Miss Nettie Boyer are also reported. Miss Marion F. Kenyon dies en-route home from Colorado, where she had been taken by her father in the hope of saving her life, aged 17 years. Her amiable character, and the sad circumstances connected with her death, caused great mourning in the community where her short life had been spent. J. M. Gibbs sells his farm and seeks a home in the growing West. Mr. Henry Bloom marries Miss Eliza Kern, and Mr. Darwin Stevens Miss Cynthia A. Harrison. Thus it is seen that the year was very fruitful of events, some that were indeed sad, others that caused much joy to many hearts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Editor on a Jaunt, No. 3.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Sept., 1894.

Thursday morning of the week of our "jaunt" we took an electric car at the Springs and went to Manitou in about thirty minutes, and then took a carriage and rode through the beautiful health resort to the "cog" road depot. The "cog" road to the top of Pike's Peak—14,147 feet above the sea—is a great wonder to anyone who has never seen it or rode on it. This great road was finished and the gold spike driven Oct. 20, 1890, and prior to that time all ascents were made by wagon, horse or burroback by a circuitous route. The first plan of a railroad was for steam cars, to run around the mountains in a circuitous route not to exceed five per cent, but after some work this plan was abandoned. In September, 1888, the present cog road was incorporated and finished as above. The only difference between this and an ordinary railroad is the very heavy grade, which is 7,518 feet in a little less than nine miles and the system of rack rails that forms a continuous track upon which the engines operate. The cog rails and wheels are made of the best Bessemer steel and are strong and secure, and there is no more danger on that road than on any other. The cars are very comfortable and like ordinary passenger cars, only, as some one remarked, they are more "squatty." The seats are so arranged that one sits level when on the grades. The engines are short and heavy and the end of the tender is raised so as to be level on the grades. The engine is behind the car going up and in front going down, and what seemed curious at first, the engine and car is not attached, but the engine pushes the car up and holds it from coming down fast. Should anything happen to the engine there are strong brakes on the car which will stop it anywhere.

There are several stations on the way but nothing of note except rocky bluffs on the one side and great canons on the other. As one goes higher and higher the atmosphere is more severe, and a person not used to it has some difficulty in breathing and gets colder.

The party the writer went with included Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, Maj. Judd, and about as jolly a lot of ladies and gentlemen as one would ever meet. Just as the car was making the last ascent, most all of them commenced singing, "Nearer My God to Thee," which was very effective under the circumstances.

On top of Pikes Peak one can see about as far as they want to—not quite to Dwight, but cities sixty miles away and mountains a hundred. The mountain was covered with snow five or six inches deep and the thermometer 12 degrees below zero—quite a change from 98 in Dwight the Saturday previous. We got a snow-ball for Bruce Rearrick, by request, but it run away before we had a chance to deliver it. There is a small one-story restaurant and novelty shop on top of the Peak and a U. S. signal station, and the balance was snow and rocks. The wind blew through whiskers and everything else, and we were all pleased to get down among the low-ly people once more. At the novelty shop one can buy lots of things with lots of money. Postal cards cost ten cents, but most everyone purchased one and mailed it on top of the peak for fear their friends would not believe them when they told them they had been on the highest peak.

The downward run was made in forty minutes less time than the up-run. The interest in this trip is unlimited. The surroundings are grand and wonderful, and hundreds of columns could and have been written without exhausting the subject.

In the afternoon of the same day the writer, through the courtesy of an old school-mate, of whom we spoke before, was taken through the "Garden of the Gods," that wonderful display of nature. It is impossible for us to describe the grandness of the scenes. Among the many of note is the "Toad-stool City," composed of immense brown rocks the shape of toad-stools. The formation of the different shapes of rocks was undoubtedly caused by water during the flood, as the water marks are plainly visible at this late day. There are hundreds of rocks representing all kinds of animals, huge boulders, and rocks very long, high, and only a foot or so thick at the top, like a huge, irregular knife blade. It is a beautiful drive.

CRIPPLE CREEK.

It will be evident to the reader that about as much as could be was crowded into a short time. Friday morning 161 of the visitors boarded the Colorado Midland railroad and went as far as Gillette, 10,147 feet above the level, and from there by stage to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold camp in the world. The railroad runs up through beautiful Ute pass. During the first two miles from Manitou west we passed through eight tunnels and turned hundred of sharp curves. The grades of this road is the greatest of any steam road in the world, and is 212 feet to the mile. There were five passenger coaches and three large, heavy engines on the train, and anyone in the centre could often see both ends of the train, so sharp were the curves. The scenery is simply beautiful. We pass several beautiful little towns on the way up, such as Cascade, Woodland Park, and others. They are situated in beautiful, quiet little canons, among the pine trees, and look like ideal resting places. It was somewhat of a novelty, away up in these high altitudes, to see the snug little farms and the farmers just putting up their oat crop.

The train only runs to Gillette, a typical frontier town of tents and one-story huts and dug-outs. The 161 of us were here loaded into the regular old-fashioned mountain stages. The same old kind that the frontier robber took a delight in robbing. The trail to Cripple Creek was partly on level but mostly winding around mountains or roads just wide enough to get along on. Just as we arrived on the mountain near Cripple Creek a six-horse team attached to a stage ran away and caused considerable excitement, but the driver was "onto his job," and didn't do a thing but just let them run until he came to a hill and run them up it till they quit of their own accord.

Cripple Creek is about three years old and has a population of from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is not a great church-going place as yet, and we understand that prayer-meetings do not flourish like green bay trees, but the "tiger" and his lair, and Miss "Tiger" and her lair is right in it. But the place is civilized and not as bad as it might be. It is growing better every day.

There are fine brick and stone blocks and as handsome stores and business houses as you can find anywhere. Our party stopped at a new brick hotel run by George Bent, a Keeley graduate, and a genial, pleasant landlord and companion he is. The meals served were as fine as at the principal hotels in Colorado Springs and Denver. Our tickets included a ride "Around the Golden Circle," but the weather was so severe that only part of the crowd took the drive. The rich mines are situated all around Cripple Creek and new ones are being discovered right along. At present it is quite probable that more money has been sunk there than has been raised; but this will change probably. But the "tenderfoot" miner will continue to "dig post-holes"—as we heard an old-timer express it—and squander his money for all time to come. We will not attempt to describe any of the mines, as they are about the same as other mines, and all have read of them.

There are over 300 Keeley graduates in Cripple Creek, and they have had a great influence as to the morality of the place. We returned to Colorado Springs in the night and didn't probably realize that we were flying down grades, around turns and through tunnels at a great rate—but we were.

DENVER.

Saturday morning those who were still on deck went to the beautiful city of Denver, about seventy miles north of Colorado Springs. We believe there are very few handsomer cities in the world than Denver. The Chamber of Commerce gave the delegates a warm reception and took them (six car loads) in their fine electric street railroad for a forty-mile continuous ride—passing through the business and residence portions of the city and to the handsome parks. We passed the new $3,000,000 state house, built entirely of Colorado material. On top of Capitol Hill is as fine a residence district and as elegant residences as any in the country Here live many of the great gold and silver kings, such as Senators Walcott, Teller, and many others. Nearly the whole city is built of stone and red brick. A frame house is the exception. The parks are beautiful, the hotels and public buildings simply grand. From Capitol Hill can be seen Pike's Peak, seventy miles south, and Long's Peak, about one hundred miles northwest, the two highest peaks of the rockies.

The writer left Denver Saturday night and arrived in Dwight Monday morning. Many of the delegates stayed longer and enjoyed the visit. It was a splendid trip and we can heartily recommend for those who wish enjoyment in a healthful locality during the summer.

W. G. D.

Mrs. Graham's
CUCUMBER and ELDER FLOWER CREAM
Creates a Perfect Complexion

After using it daily for six months a lady's skin will be as pink, soft and velvety as a peach blossom. Includes baby's skin. It is not an artificial cosmetic. It cleanses, purifies and whitens, and results in making the skin tissues, thus banishing wrinkles. It nourishes as dew, and as something to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, $1.00. Bottle sent by mail free on receipt of price. SAMPLE mailed free on receipt of 10 cents. Lady Agents wanted. Very liberal terms.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 1424 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Mrs. W. E Fenn, Milliner, East Street, Dwight, General Agent.