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ABSTRACTS

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Fannie M. Pearre, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed Executor of the Estate of Fannie M. Pearre late of Dwight, in the County of Livingston, and State of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the County Court of Livingston County, at the Court House in Pontiac, at the March Term on the first Monday in March next; at which time all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated this 24th day of January A. D., 1913.

R. D. GREGG, Executor.

C. J. AHERN, Attorney. 4-3w

Going Back to Joab

By Donald Allen

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

For a year past it had been thoroughly understood that Joab Smith and Nancy Hillets were to become one and inseparable. Joab was farmer Hillets' hired man. Nancy was 20 and she thought Joab the best thing going. There were no rivals—no jealousies. At a certain date Joab was to get a certain sum of money from an estate, and then the marriage would take place.

Farmer Hillets and his wife were satisfied. Their consent had already been given, and they were treating Joab as if he were already one of the family.

"A leetle slow — a leetle slow — Joab," the farmer would say, "but he gits there in time."

For several years the farmer had taken in three or four summer boarders every season, but crops being good and money plenty he added to his house room and prepared to accommodate a dozen guests.

It was the first guest that arrived that played hob with the peace of the family. Farmer Hillets had a streak of vanity that had lain dormant for 44 years. When he stood in the middle of the highway and looked at his house with the new addition on—at the newly-painted fence in front—at the sign of "Summer Boarding" in a conspicuous place, that latent vanity came to the surface and blossomed. His farm was a farm no longer—it was "The Lake View," although the nearest lake was 90 miles away. He was a farmer no longer—he was a landlord. He didn't break his back at the spring work, but loafed around and left Joab's back to bear most of the burden. He also cultivated an appetite for five-cent cigars and in one short month there was such a change in him that his wife asked Joab under her breath:

"Have you noticed how much different pa is lately?"

"There does seem to be a change," was the reply.

"Is he kinder losing his mind?"

"I guess he's puffed up a bit."

The first comer was an actor. Farmer Hillets had heard and read more or less of actors and he was not only curious but a good deal awed. When

Could Tell at a Brief Glance the Character of Any Man.

he learned that that actor had made a study of genealogy and human nature, he was reverential. The son of the drama could not only trace the Hillets family back a thousand years, but could tell at a brief glance the character of any man he came in contact with. All this besides earning a salary of $400 per week as a leading man.

Farmer Hillets didn't know whether the actor led a procession, a cow or a horse, and he didn't ask. He wasn't giving himself away.

The actor spent the first week trying to flirt with Nancy and in making Joab jealous. The second week he got down to brass tacks and informed the farmer that the Hillets were the direct descendants of King Carlo, of Denmark, and that they had bluer blood than any Knickerbocker in New York. Mr. Hillets ran in breathless haste to tell his wife.

"Well, what of it?" she asked.

"What of it? Why, we are some pumpkins, b'gosh! Any man that can trace his blood back to a king has a right to hold up his head."

"Well, don't hold it up 'till you get a crick in the neck!"

The next day the farmer was informed that Joab's character had been read, and that he was a man of low origin and would probably bring up in prison all right, but that was his natural craftiness. Beware of Joab! He was planning to get the Hillets farm into his hands and send the old folks to the poor-house. He might seem to love Nancy, but that was his plot. He would send her to her grave with a broken heart within a year.

The actor bore down hard on Joab because Nancy had refused to flirt, and because he had overheard Joab answer to an inquiry as to who the guest was sby saying:

"Looks like a confidence man and talks like a gambler. The constable had better keep an eye on him."

Farmer Hillets was greatly surprised to hear such a report about Joab. He thought it over for half a day and then went to his wife to tell her the particulars and add:

"Of course, we can't take such a man into the famfly."

"What do you mean by that?" was asked.

"Why, we can't let him marry Nancy."

"Moses Hillets, are you out of your head?" Joab is all right and your actor is a fool. Do you suppose we could make Nancy believe such stuff even if we believed it ourselves? They will get married unless one of them dies."

Mr. Hillets retired from the contest for a day. Then he saw Nancy out in the orchard and sneaked out to tell her that Joab was unworthy of her and could never be a son-in-law of his.

"I shall marry him as soon as we are ready," was the firm reply.

"But you are my daughter, and I command you to break this affair off at once."

"We shall now get married a month sooner than we intended to!"

The father dropped it, but only for a day. Then he went down to the field where Joab was toiling and put the matter up to him. He tried to be very nice about it, for he liked the young man but he had to be firm at the same time. Joab must make his exit. A little reflection must convince him that he was no mate for the daughter of a man who had descended from King Carlo. He would probably lose his appetite for a few days, and Nancy might shed a few tears, and then it would be all over.

"You'll give me a couple of weeks to make up my mind in, won't you?" asked Joab.

"Oh, for sure. I know you'll come to see it as I do."

During the rest of the day Joab looked like a man bearing a mental burden, but after a talk with Nancy and her mother that night his face wore a smile.

"You and Joab ain't going to do no eloping to get married," said the mother, "and we are going to bring your father to his senses. That actor man seems to have turned his head."

Before the two weeks were up the "Lake View House" was full of guests, and farmer Hillets went around chuckling and rubbing his palms together. The season would be a great success. He did not forget that little affair between Nancy and Joab. To his surprise, neither of them seemed cast down, and every time he spoke to his wife about it she answered without interest.

Joab's two weeks would expire on a Wednesday. As the day drew near he was reminded of it, and he answered that he would be ready with his answer. On Tuesday evening, as the father was King Carlo-ing around, Nancy asked him to fetch some potatoes from the granary in the barn to be prepared for breakfast. He went without a lantern, and the moment he was inside the room the door was slammed on his heels and locked. When he began a row a voice called:

"Father, you must be careful!"

"That you, Nancy?" he shouted back. "What have you locked me in for?"

"Father, there is a box in there with two skunks in it!"

"There is!"

"Joab trapped them last night."

"What for?"

"He's going to stir them up and let them loose as he leaves in the morning."

"Great Scott, but he musn't do that!"

"But he will. Father, you have made a desperate man of him. You know what will happen if those animals are stirred up, don't you?"

"Do I? Do I? Why no one can live around here for a month!"

"Just so, father."

"It will be our ruin!"

"It will."

"Our place will be known as the 'Skunk View House!'"

"I agree with you, father—perfectly agree with you, and now, as Joab is so desperate—and as you don't want to be ruined—and as you may stir up the animals any minute—and as I'll run away to get married if you oppose, don't you think it best to——"

"Yes! Yes! Lemme out o' here and have Joab get that box a mile away as quick as he can and you can get married the first thing in the morning!"

And in the morning, when he found that the box contained only two woodchucks, he didn't go back on his word. As the descendant of a king he couldn't.

Afraid for Her Mother.

Her father had been reading the parable of the sheep and the goats. She made no comment, but that evening a sound of weeping came from her little bed. Her mother went as consoler.

"Why are you crying, dear?"

"About the goats! I'm so afraid I'm a goat, and I'll never go to heaven. Oh, I'm so afraid I'm a goat!"

"No, dear, you're a sweet little lamb, and if you were to die tonight you would go straight to heaven."

With such reassuring remarks she was finally comforted.

The next night, however, she began to weep again, and again her mother asked the reason.

"I'm afraid about the goats!" she sobbed.

"Didn't mother tell you that you were a little lamb, and you musn't worry about being a goat?"

"Yes, mamma, I know that, but I'm—I'm awful afraid you're a goat!"

—Harper's Magazine.

Change of View

"It's time to begin considering my vacation," said the little stenographer, dubiously, as she examined the contents of her pocket book. "Honestly, sometimes I wonder which is preferable—to stay at home and be content with spending money you earn each week as it comes along, without thought or worry—or to begin hoarding early in May and go without your lunch and give up matinees and regard even nickel shows as expensive treats, and fast from all candy and soda—in fact, save every cent you can, and then borrow some, so you can go away for two weeks and spend it!"

"Been saving since early in May, have you?" remarked the bookkeeper, solicitiously. "I thought you were looking thin and worn. I had supposed it was just the need of a vacation and I didn't want to mention it, as I might frighten you. Why don't you stay at home and fatten up? You could get a big steak every day in the week at the club for what you'd pay for it once on a vacation."

The little stenographer eyed him suspiciously, but there wasn't a hint of a smile in his eyes.

"Well, I am considering it," she admitted. "When I think of all the money I've wasted on vacations it makes me positively ill! Actually I could run an automobile on it!

"Besides, what do vacations amount to?" went on the little stenographer. "I can go in bathing here at home just as well—the water's just as refreshing. I can sit on the sand here, just as well, and it will be just as sticky and grimy. I can walk around under a stylish sunshade and sit on the porch and talk, in my best clothes, exactly as well and as satisfactorily as I can 'way off somewhere at large expense.

"Then when it's all over I can look in my purse, count a roll of bills that haven't been spent and get seats for all the shows I want to see during the year!

"It would mean a chance to get acquainted with one's friends, too. Honestly, I've got dozens of married friends, who I know would be glad to have me go out and see them, but I never have the chance. Think what I could accomplish in the way of renewing old friendships in the course of two or three weeks!"

The bookkeeper nodded his commendation. "Then you'll have a chance to take in a bunch of summer parks, won't you?" he said. "And you can see the sights that you've never had time to look at, and you can hear the good music, take long rides, go out into the woods, pick flowers, have picnics—oh, there's so much one can do!

"That's what they all say," added the bookkeeper. "But why can't you be honest? Why don't you say right out that there's no use in your going up to the lake if Jimmy isn't going to be there, that if he's to be in town you'd just as soon stay, too? Why don't you tell me truthfully that you expect to sleep as late as you can, just getting up in time to press your best dress before Jimmy arrives to take you out? Why don't you admit that you'd like to spend your money on personal attractions as long as Jimmy's around—and keep him right at hand?"

The little stenographer opened her mouth several times to remonstrate—but no words came "Why—why—" she finally gasped. "I never—"

Just then the telephone rang.

"Well, what do you think?" She issued from the telephone booth all excitement. "I've got to get all ready to go away in two weeks! I never dreamed of going before August, but I've got to go on the 20th of this month, and I haven't got any clothes ready. I haven't even got a suit!

"Oh, I wonder if the firm'll let me go at that time. I'll have to sound Mr. Brown this afternoon. Isn't it great? Up on the lake—you know, the same old place we always go! Oh, I can hardly wait! Don't you envy me? Think of the swimming and the canoeing and the woods and the all day hammocks—doesn't it make you homesick?"

"How about those financial straits?" the bookkeeper inquired.

"Oh, mother'll advance all I want," replied she, as she looked absently into space. Then she smiled rapturously.

"Jimmy call you up?" hazarded the bookkeeper.

"They're going to give him a vacation after all. Things have changed. He didn't dream he'd—"

She stopped suddenly and glared, with fire in her eyes, at the bookkeeper, because he was smiling.—Chicago Daily News.

Simple Home Remedies.

Stranger in Town—Say, what's good to take for a cold?

Native—Oh, quinine and whisky, or quinine and brandy, or quinine and rum, or quinine and gin—and say—you want to be darned careful about the quinine—it's powerful stuff.—Puck.

Investigation.

"What kind of an investigation do you want?" asked the legislator.

"One of those that get the public so tired of the whole matter that they are willing to quit talking about it."

RHEUMATISM

This nerve-racking disease is caused from impure blood and uric acid poison. External applications sometimes give temporary relief but won't cure; the sure way to secure permanent results is to thoroughly eradicate from the blood all the impurities. Nothing on earth will drive out the poisons from your system, keep the bowels, kidneys and liver in good condition as SEVEN BARKS, the wonderful remedy that has proved its great merits the past 42 years.

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3-3w.

H. L. DRENNEN, Agent.

Dwight, Illinois.

PUBLIC SALES

R. P. Nelson will sell at public auction Monday, January 27, 1913, at his residence 4½ miles west of Dwight 6 miles north and ½ mile east of Odell, 3 miles south and 2 miles east of Kinsman, on the Liggitt farm, 7 head of horses and colts, 4 good milch cows, various farming implements, and other articles too numerous to mention. Usual terms of sale. C. E. Bute, auctioneer.—Adv.

Fred C. Uerkwitz will sell at public auction Tuesday, January 28, 1913, on the new farm home of Jno. P. McWilliams, ¼ mile north of the C., I. & S. depot in this city, 6 head of horses, 3 head of cattle, 14 fine Poland China hogs, 10 tons timonthy hay, various farming implements and other articles too numerous to mention. Usual terms of sale. Frank Weber auctioneer. Lunch served on grounds.—Adv.

F. W. Edwards will sell at public auction, Wednesday, January 29, 1913, at his residence 3½ miles west of Dwight, 6 miles north and 1½ miles east of Odell, 3 miles east and ½ mile north of Nevada on the place known as the Sullivan farm, 13 head of horses and colts, 4 head of cattle, various farming implements, 16 bushels of fine seed corn and many other articles too numerous to mention. Usual terms of sale. C. E. Bute, auctioneer. Lunch served on grounds by C. J. Burger.—Adv.

George Crews will sell at public auction Thursday, February 6, 1913, at his residence on the Lund farm, 3½ miles south and 2 miles east of Dwight, 5 miles west and ½ mile south of Cardiff, 1½ miles north and 4 miles west of Campus, 5 head of horses, 3 good milch cows, 1 bull calf, 1 brood sow, 5 tons of hay, 5 bushel seed corn, various farming implements and a number of household goods. Usual terms of sale. C. E. Bute, auctioneer.

H. L. Hahn will sell at public auction Saturday, February 8, 1913, at his residence, 2 miles south and 2½ miles west of Dwight, 4 miles north and 2½ miles east of Odell, 11 head of horses, 9 head of Poland China brood sows, 2 good milch cows, 1 yearling heifer, various farming implements and other articles too numerous to mention. Usual terms of sale. C. E. Bute, auctioneer. Lunch served by Joe Wright.

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Saturday, Feb. 1st, 1913

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TREATMENT FREE!

(From Freeport Daily Standard).

"One of the most remarkable features about the permanent branch office in this city, of Rev. Dr. D. R. Schiller, N. D., the noted Rockford, Ill., Healer, is the extraordinary amount of attention he has attracted here, and the enormous crowds that have been flocking to him, from all over the United States. This, week after week, for many months. In fact, the crowds have been so large at times, that the hotels could not hold all—they could not even get into the doors. All with ailments of one sort or another. None were turned away—rich or poor. If ever a true, sympathetic heart beat in the breast of any man, it beats in the breast of Healer Schiller, whose work is certainly a labor of love, for the sick and afflicted."—Rev. C. B. Lyman, Peoria, Ill.

Throws Crutches and Cane Away—Has No Further Use For Them.

Rheumatic and paralytic cripples have been carried to Healer Schiller; they have been seen to walk out unassisted, leaving crutches and canes behind. Mrs. Hy. Wulweber, R. R. 2, Galena, Ill., was a rheumatic cripple for fifteen years, and never without crutch or cane. One application of touch and prayer by Healer Schiller, and she leaves crutch and cane behind—having no further use for them.

Mrs. Jesse Putney, 1100 Auburn St., Rockford, Ill., was almost as deaf as a post; the head noises almost set her crazy, robbed her of her sleep; and life was a misery; instead of joy, as it should be. Healer Schiller placed his hands over the ears of Mrs. Putney for a few minutes. Ever since then she hears as well as anyone—enjoying good health.

A Helpless Paralytic.

Mrs. Armetha Finch, was carried into office parlor of Healer Schiller on a stretcher. She was more helpless than a new-born child—could neither walk, stand up, sit, talk, or even whisper, for fourteen long months. Six of the best physicians in the state, after doing all they could for her—which was nothing, said: "Her case is beyond all human aid." Now, after meeting Healer Schiller, she has done all her own housework for two years, goes wherever she pleases, etc., and, of course, enjoys life and health—being very happy, indeed.

Was Blind.

Mr. Hollie Johnson, Elgin, Ill., was led before Healer Schiller, by his wife. He had been, almost, totally blind for four years, and specialists, in several states, at an expense of several hundred dollars, could do nothing for him. But his case grew worse daily. One application of touch and prayer by Healer Schiller, restored Mr. Johnson, sound and well, and he remains so to this day.

Well Known Statesman Praises Work Of Healer Schiller.

Hon. Hy. Rickel, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, best known lawyer and statesman of Iowa, says: "I cannot speak enough for the wonderful results obtained through one application of hands of Healer Schiller. A nervous affliction, of which I suffered with for many years, vanished as if by magic, by the touch of Healer Schiller. I shall publish it in all our papers."

Ulcerated Limb Quickly Healed.

Mr. Charles Stumpe, Marengo, Ill., had an ulcerated limb that was virtually "rotten". The stench of the same was simply unbearable. Doctors could not help him. Healer Schiller's touch and prayer quickly did the work, however.

Mr. Gersema, hotel keeper, Arlington, Iowa, had such a badly ulcerated limb that he could not stand on it for a year. Without even seeing the patient, Healer Schiller put him on his feet in a few days. In fact, all manner of diseases—no matter what they are, yield to this God-given Divine—Metaphysical treatment—no medicine, surgery, rubbing, etc.

No Pen Can Describe Sufferings Of This Lady.

"Grand-Ma" Meller, mother of the most popular citizen of Galena, Ill., Frank Meller, Secretary of the Commercial Club, was a bed-ridden rheumatics sufferer. No one can describe her sufferings. Healer Schiller placed his hands on the sufferer. Mrs. Meller jumped out of bed, praising the Lord. Jesus Christ heals all afflictions, if we go to Him in Faith.

Healer Schiller says: "Just give me the most difficult cases—I do not want the easy ones—let the doctors have those. I can tell your disease, and where located, in one minute, without touching or asking a single question. Try me."

All Things Possible With God.

All things being possible with God you may be healed.

This glorious God-given treatment cannot injure you in the least. It can only do you good. You have all to gain and nothing whatever to lose. So can you not see your own best interests? Better see Healer Schiller while you have a chance. You may regret it ever afterwards, if you don't meet him.

The "Smile-Man."

Healer Schiller, wife and son, are now making a tour of Illinois, to introduce their wonderful work, at their Rockford, Ill., Institute, where people visit them from far and near. They will positively be in your midst; but for ONE DAY ONLY—rain or shine. All sufferers calling on them that day, will be treated free until cured. All that is asked in return for these valuable services, is that every person treated will state the result obtained, to their friends, thus proving the wonderful powers of Divine—Metaphysical healing, through the "Smile-Man," as the patients of Healer Schiller prefer to call him.

Large Crowds Expected.

Married ladies must positively call with husbands, and minors with parents. The crowds will be large, so call early, and not be disappointed. Hours: 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.

If you wish to regain the greatest of all blessings—Good Health—see Healer Schiller at Phoenix Hotel, Pontiac, Saturday, Feb. 1st.