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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

PONTIAC.

(Continued from page 2.)

ton, who has been spending several days here with her sister, Mrs. Robert Finnell, of East Water street, left Wednesday afternoon for Bloomington.

Mr. and Mrs. George Haskin returned to their home in Chicago Monday after spending Sunday in this city the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Carrithers at their home on West Henry street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Smith expect to leave the last of this week for the Pacific coast with the intention of being away from the city about a month. They will spend some time with Mrs. Smith's sister, Mrs. C. R. St. John and family, in California, before returning.

Are You a Cold Sufferer?

Take Dr. King's New Discovery. The Best Cough, Cold, Throat and Lung medicine made. Money refunded if it fails to cure you. Do not hesitate—take it at our risk. First dose helps. J. R. Wells, Floydada, Texas, writes: 'Dr. King's New Discovery cured my terrible cough and cold. I gained 15 pounds.' Buy it at O'Malley's Drug Store.—Adv.

GOODFARM

UPPER GOODFARM.

Going to sales is the chief order of the day.

Chas. Burkhardt is on the sick list at this writing.

Mrs. William Burkhardt entertained the Ladies' Aid Wednesday.

Miss Jessie Barron is staying with her grandparents at present.

Gleaners Installation proved a success in spite of the rain at Goodfarm.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rogers spent Sunday with Harry Crane and family.

Rev. Newlin and wife took dinner Friday with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Burkhardt.

Word was received of Mrs. Klinefelter that she arrived in Peabody, Kansas, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Burkhardt spent Saturday evening and Sunday with Ed Burkhardt and family.

Elmer Schotberger and John Both shelled corn Tuesday and Wednesday. Chas. Paxton did the work.

Mrs. William Burkhardt went to Seneca Thursday to spend the day with her sister, Mrs. Tatersal.

Miss Ella Tillman returned to her school duties in Joliet after spending over Sunday with her parents.

Mr. Chas. Paxton, George Rigby, Chas. Rogers and William Burkhardt attended the Gleaners Installation at Gooselake Friday evening.

William Tillman and Mr. Marsh, of Iowa, brought a load of cattle to Chicago and on their way back they ran down to Goodfarm to visit friends and relatives.

Mothers Can Safely Buy

Dr. King's New Discovery and give it to the little ones when ailing and suffering with colds, coughs, throat or lung troubles, tastes nice, harmless, once used, always used. Mrs. Bruce Crawford, Niagara, Mo., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery changed our boy from a pale weak sick boy to the picture of health." Always helps. Buy it at O'Malley's Drug Store.-Adv.

Tacks Collector.

The story is told of a Pennsylvania man who woke up with a thirst the other night and drank a pint of carpet tacks. To make the tale complete he should have swallowed a hammer as a chaser.—Toledo Blade.

Surprise Your Friends.

For four weeks regularly use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They stimulate the liver, improve digestion, remove blood impurities, pimples and eruptions disappear from your face and body and you feel better. Begin at once. Buy at O'Malley's Drug Store.—Adv.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William Louis Rabe, Deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed Administrator of the Estate of William Louis Rabe 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 21st day of January A. D., 1913.

CLARENCE P. RABE, Administrator.

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

A STORY OF VIOLETS

"Vi'lits, vi'lits, only a penny a bunch." The flower-girl, eagerly questions each hurrying face.

A London street, its rows of gaunt houses; the heavy atmosphere, suffused with a faint veil of gray fog, the dull, monotonous rumble of traffic, the weary feeling of struggling humanity, the sound of anxious footsteps hastening along the paved road of life. The only color in this dim picture a patch of violets—violets heaped in profusion on the flower-girl's tray. Violets, whose breath, laden with a thousand memories, floats on the stifling air and creeps unbidden, it may be unwelcome, into the very heart of every passerby.

The city man, his mind running in figures, pulls up short to buy a bunch of the flowers, whose sweet scent stirs his dull memory into activity, telling him that he still possesses a heart. Emotions, long stilled, memories bitter-sweet, youthful dreams awakened by the fragrance of those violets, rise persistently all day long, following him, tugging at his sleeve, even in the midst of the all-abiding worship of Mamman.

"Poor little modest flower!" A youth, battling with the harder side of life, looks down with pity on the bunch of violets in his hand. Like a soft caress their breath touches his sensitive heart, raising him above the hum of city life into the "fool's paradise" of fancy.

Two girls approach; one is richly dressed. The flower-girl steps eagerly forward, her monotonous cry changing to a note of earnest interrogation. The elder of the two waves aside the modest English flower; the more expesive Parma violet is selected—they remind her of Nice and of the Carnival. Her companion, in the plain brown dress, scarcely hears these flippant remarks. Bending over the tray of English violets, she has become unconscious of her surroundings. The violets whisper in her ear of babbling brook and the song of birds. She sees her home—the tiny cottage, her mother's smile; her little brother, for whose sake she has left that simple, happy life to live in the glare of London society, where she must silently endure a thousand veiled insults that only a dependent can understand. When she turns away a violet glistens in the feeble sunshine—a tear from a lonely, sympathetic heart lies, like a dewdrop, on the violet's breast.

All day long the violets pour out their fragrant life on the sullen air, growing fainter, fading away as the day wears on. Hundreds hurry past. Few allow themselves to catch the sweet thoughts that hover round the flowers; fewer still have time to stop and buy. The flower-girl knows nothing of this magic fragrance. The scent of a tray full of fresh violets brings back the picture of a cold, bleak morning, a noisy market, the beginning of a hard day's work and vague, uneasy questionings prompted by pangs of hunger. Far dearer to her heart than the fairest flower is the sight of a little heap of dirty coppers, counted out on an empty tray.

A fashionably-dressed couple stop before the flower-girl. The man offers his companion a bunch of English violets, but as before, they are scornfully declined.

"Parma violets look so well on fur; English violets are so common!" she explains.

The man puts the rejected bunch of violets in his buttonhole, his thoughts leap back to a forsaken memory—the street fades; the sound of traffic grows less; he answers his companion mechanically; his thoughts are far away.

Violets, violets, nothing but violets! There at least in the cold solitude of the wood that shy, most modest of flowers was not afraid of being seen. The ground was carpeted with them, the air was filled with their fragrance. A girl sat on the stump of a tree, with violets in her hands, in the basket at her side; violets profusely at her feet; violets, soft and dark, in her eyes. As some one drew near her color deepened, an expectant smile hovered round her lips.

They come to a more crowded part of the street. The man draws closer to his companion; the isidious scent of the Parma violets she is wearing penetrates into the very heart of the enchanted wood. Forbidden dreams, forbidden thoughts, a thousand regrets rush for a moment through his brain, but he has deliberately scorned the modest country flower, he had chosen her rich, her more precious rival. In the press of the crowd something falls to the ground; it is his bunch of English violets—they lie in the mud. For a moment he hesitates, then he goes on his way—not daring to pick them up.

"Vi'lits, vi'lits, only a penny a bunch!"

The Summer Girl Again.

Mayor Bacharach of Atlantic City told a summer-girl story at a dinner at the Marlborough-Blenheim.

"On the beach in the moonlight," he said, "a youth clasped a maiden passionately to his breast and murmured:

"'Do you love me, darling?'

"'Yes—ah, yes, Reginald,' she sighed.

"'Reginald?' said the youth, in a startled voice. 'You mean Clarence, don't you, dear?'

"Smiling sweetly, she nestled closer. 'Yes, Clarence, of course,' she said. 'How stupid of me! I was thinking it was the week-end.'"

MAMIE GIVES ADVICE

Young Darnley had stared at Maude unseeingly through his dinner as far as the salad before he saw her. When a man is engrossed with a broken heart caused by one young women he cannot be expected instantly to recognize the charms of another.

Up to the moment that he gazed at her seeingly Mamie was merely the human automaton in the exclusive little cafe who set food before young Darnley. Then suddenly he realized the pretty jollity of her face, the freshness of her color, the extreme shiny neatness of her hair. The fingers of the hand resting on one hip were tapering and white.

It was a surprise to him that these facts penetrated the paralysis of his brain. For after a year of hoping to be engaged to Jessie and half a year of thinking he was engaged to her it left him in a daze to face the fact that he wasn't engaged to her at all and that the ring was nestling in his vest pocket in its box, a most uncomfortable lump.

Young Darnley was a broker's clerk, with prospects, and he had been to college and he was lonesome and homesick since the end of the Jessie episode. There was something about Mamie's cheerful smile and wholesome presence that comforted him.

He told Mamie that the pie was good.

"Glad you like it," said she. "You haven't been eating much of late, I've noticed."

Unsentimental persons will not be able to understand how in ten minutes young Darnley had told all his sorrows to Mamie. There was nothing of the flirt about Mamie. She simply took young Darnley under her wing in a motherly way in spite of the fact that she was not 20. He began to cheer up insensibly in that atmosphere, as is the way of the masculine world.

"Will you go to the moving picture show up the street with me this evening?" young Darnley asked Mamie suddenly while at dinner. He felt that some return was due her for her kindness and she was a girl whom no man need be ashamed to be seen with.

"Sure," said Mamie with no flutter at all.

Young Darnley had a very good time that evening. When Mamie met him she wore a trim tailor suit and a saucy hat and she laughed a lot and made him laugh. Going home he spoke bitterly of the false Jessie.

"Mebbe she really did think she was right," Mamie insisted. "Mebbe she didn't pick the quarrel just to get rid of you like you think!"

Mamie was a comforting person to talk to. She was always interested and she gave him advice about Jessie which he instantly repudiated. He spent a great deal of time trying to explain ot her that that part of his life was all over and finished.

"Sure," Mamie would say. "Just you cheer up and forget it!"

Then the next time he talked about it she would repeat her advice that he go back to Jessie and say he was sorry.

"Do you think I want to go back?" he would ask with immense scorn.

For several months young Darnley took Mamie out. One evening when he felt especially blue he made up his mind that he knew what was the trouble. All he needed was perpetual sympathy and cheerfulness like Mamie's to make life worth living. He wondered that he had been so dull as not to see it before. What were social distinctions and class lines when put up against genuine worth? So, taking Mamie's hand in his as they walked along, he asked her to marry him.

"Kid," said Mamie rather tremulously, "you're a nice chap. You've been mighty good to me. I'm glad you like me. But you're all wrong in the way you's doped this out. Honest, you aren't in love with me at all! Why, I'm not your sort! What's making you miserable all his time and what you honestly want to do and won't and should is to trot along to Jessie and swallow your pride and then be happy all the rest of your life! She'll make up with you if you go."

"Do you really think so?" young Darnley asked.

"Sure she will!" she said sturdily, giving him a little push. "Go along this minute—it isn't late! And forget what you said to me!"

Young Darnley looked down at Mamie. She was smiling up at him brightly as usual. There was nothing pathetic about the rosy face. Yet there was a sudden lump in his throat as young Darnley bent over and kissed her.

"You—you're a brick, Mamie!" he said, huskily. "I'll never forget what you've done for me! And I like you awfully well!"

Mamie watched him as he hastened down the street. She dabbed at her eyes as she turned in at her door.

"Of course she'll take him back!" she said fiercely. "Gee!"—Chicago Daily News.

Woolworth's Is Well Wired.

In the new Woolworth building 5,500 feet of cable, containing 460 miles of copper wire, will be placed, connecting with a distributing frame having a capacity of 4,000 lines. This is enough wire to reach from New York to 22 miles beyond Buffalo.

In the tower 900 cable pairs will be placed; in the main portion of the building 80 cable pairs will be placed in each of two riser shafts, and 200 cable pairs will be available for the ground floor and substructure, making a total of 2,700 cable pairs, remarks the New York Telephone Review.

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We dare not exaggerate to you. We are dependent upon your patronage. To get it we must have your trust and confidence. We make the following statements with a full understanding of what they mean to us. You are safe when you believe in these statements.

For the Bowels

If you only knew as much as we and those who have used them know about Rexall Orderlies, you would be as enthusiastic about recommending them as we are. They taste just like candy. They act so easily and so pleasantly that the taking of them is a pleasure.

Even children like Rexall Orderlies; and you know that if a medicine appeals to a child, it will appeal to grown-ups.

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help chase gloom, dispel blues and make you feel happy by their splendid tonic, cleansing and strengthening effect upon the bowels.—They act to free the system—and keep it free—from the distress and ill feeling that naturally results from irregular and inactive bowels.

Rexall Orderlies do this quietly, without griping or causing nausea, purging or excessive looseness. They act to overcome and remove the cause of bowel ills and in a short time usually make unnecessary the continued use of physics and purgatives, thus tending to stop such unhealthy habits as may have been formed.

Make Us Prove This

We do not ask you to take our word for this. We want you to make us prove it, and at no cost to you.

Buy a box of Rexall Orderlies at our store. Use them once, or use up the whole box. Then, if you are not thoroughly satisfied, just come back empty handed and tell us. Without obligating you or questioning you we will return the money you paid us for them.

Doesn't that indicate that Rexall Orderlies are at least worthy of trial? Doesn't it prove our faith in them? Doesn't it merit your confidence? Could any offer be more fair to you?

We particularly recommend Rexall Orderlies for children, delicate and aged persons. Rexall Orderlies come in convenient vest-pocket size tin boxes. 12 tablets, 10c; 36 tablets, 25c; 80 tablets, 50c.

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You can buy Rexall Orderlies in this community only at our store:

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PUBLIC SALES

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.

Edward Lavell will sell at public auction Thursday, February 13, 1913, at his residence on the F. L. Smith farm, better known as the old Groll farm, 2 miles south and ½ mile west of Dwight, 4 miles north and 4 miles east of Odell, 1½ miles south and 6 miles east of Nevada, 4 head of horses, 4 head of cows and various farming implements. Usual terms of sale. W. E. Hughes and W. B. Grimes auctioneers.—Adv.

Do you know that more real danger lurks in a common cold than in any other of the minor ailments? The safe way is to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, a thoroughly reliable preparation, and rid yourself of the cold as quickly as possible. This remedy is for sale by all dealers.—Adv.

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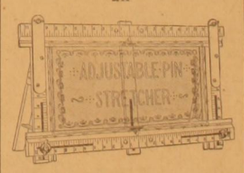

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