USE **GOLDEN STAR**

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The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 16 1888.

An Episode in the History of Chicago Crime.

FROM THE DIARY OF DETECTIVE DENIS SIMMONS, OF THE BANK DETAIL OF THE CENTRAL STATION.

Mrs. Claypole smiled at Herman's confident tone. Sho was proud of her influence over the "gang," who were always ready to obey her slightest behests, and she was particularly pleased with the ardent homage of the handsome captain. She drew her chair nearer to him, and caressed him in a motherly fashion.

"Two people have offended me griev-ously," she said in a tone of mingled mournfulness and malignity; "they have tried to damage my reputation in this neighborhood, and want to set Henry against me because I am kind and affectionate toward you, Herman." "Who are the villains?" cried the boy

melodramatically. "Give me their names and the gang will soon settle their hash." "Oh!" responded Mrs. Claypole, with a languishing sigh, which had the effect of stirring lierman to deep anger, "I don't want any rash deed of vengeance. This is a matter which can be disposed of without bloodshed. I would like their punishment to be lingering—to be in the nature of mental agony, the loss of friends and the sacrifice of good name—in short, to make them objects of scorn, to make them surfer as they intended I should

"They shall do all this and more, I swear," exclaimed the lad, excited by the quiver in the woman's voice and the tear she had forced to glisten in her eye.

"One is a woman," said Mrs. Claypole, "who watches my movements and circuulates evil reports about my character-a malicious, spiteful wretch, whose life has been one long chapter of deceit and wickedness, and whose sole excuse for living now is that she may sow the seeds of dissension and hatred broadcast in the hearts of loving husbands and trusting wives. You know her, Herman; she lives in this

The lad jumped to his feet and paced the floor excitedly. "It's that Goggles," he cried. "Know

her? Why, of course I know her, the pryher? Why, of course I know her, the prying, meddlesome hussy. And she has dared to talk of you—to backbite and slander you! Say, Ally"—and he spoke in a tragic whisper, every syllable reaching the acute cars of the cavesdropper—"we'll kidnap her and bury her alive. If she makes any outcry this will settle her."

And the lad pulled a murderous looking dirk from his hip pocket, and brandished dirk from his hip pocket, and brandished it fiercely like a stage villain.

It was at this juncture that the tran-som closed, and hiss Goggles hurried to bed, shivering and quaking with fear. If she had listened a little longer she would have heard the cruel blonde acquiesce in this boyish scheme of revenge and become acquainted with a scarcely less fiendish plan to get even with Mr. Hadley for his impertment interference in Mr.

Claypole's personal affairs.
But Miss Goggles had heard too much. Her nervous system was severely shocked. She passed a dreadful night, and in the morning was found dangerously ill with

Shortly after the incident above recorded Chicago was startled by a series of bold and successful burglaries in the business section of the city.

The perpetrators of these crimes were skillful workers. They picked out first class establishments and carted off large stocks of such merchandise as was readily salable. As a rule the safes were left untouched, the burglars being satisfied with the portable goods in the store.

Among the victims were Williamson & Graves, the hardware merchants, on Laks street, who were relieved of a valuable assortment of firearms, knives and tools; Cobb's circulating library, which lost a number of expensive books and stationery, and Mendelssohn's lace store, on Wash-

ington, near State street.

The lace store was completely sacked of its finest goods. All the imported hand made laces were taken. The burglars left the common grades in a state of confusion on the counters, and must have spent considerable time in selecting their booty.

Mr. Mendelsohn estimated his loss at

about \$10,000.

The store had been entered by the windows which opened into an alley in the sear of the building. The goods were gaken out by the front door, which was

Sound open in the morning.

Of course those daring robberies caused
a commotion at police headquarters. No

the detectives were convinced that the burglaries were the work of old hands. Several expert criminal hunters were put to work on the case, but they worked diffigently for weeks without striking the faintest clew.

gently for weeks without striking the faintest clew.

The newspapers and public became impatient over the delay in capturing the daring burglars, and the central detail came in for a liberal dose of censure.

To make matters more complicated, it was openly charged that there had been no burglary at the Mendelsohn store, but that the proprietor, who was known to be financially embarrassed, had robbed himself to gain the sympathy of the public and make easy terms with his creditors.

Mr. Mendelsohn was greatly annoyed by this accusation. He acknowledged that his financial affairs were in a desperate condition, but he pointed to his past record as incompatible with the infamous act of which he was charged.

His friends admitted everything in regard to previous probity, but shrugged their shoulders significantly when they were asked to accept it as an assurance of present integrity.

of present to accept it as an assurance of present integrity.

"The facts are against you," they remarked. "Burglars do not generally possess the technical knowledge to enable them to pick out the finest laces in the excitement of a midnight raid. If your store was despoiled by robbers, where are the robbers?"

And Mr. Mendelsohn's inability to produce those living proofs of his innocence was regarded as additional evidence of his guilt!

Then came an attempt to find Mendel sohn's accomplices, for it was evident that he could not have carried out this gigantic scheme of deception alone and

A hint was received at police headquarters that a clerk named Hadley was implicated. The note conveying the hint was written in a delicate female hand. It read:

DEAN SIR—Watch James Hadley, clerk in Mendelsohn's store, about those stolen laces. Perhaps some of his lady friends are sporting a portion of the goods. At any rate, you can take the hint for what it is worth.

The detectives did take the hint. For a week or two Hadley was constantly shadowed, and his lady acquaintances were subjected to a rigorous espionage, which, had they been aware of it, would have thrown them into hystories. have thrown them into hysterics.

Hadley's fiancee, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy lumberman, wore some hand-some laces at churches one Sunday. The following day her father received a visit from a stranger, who poured poison into his ear concerning his prospective son-in-law. The stranger was promptly kicked out of the office, but when the lumberman's daughter admitted that evening that the laces were the gift of Hadley some months previous the old man waxed angry and told her to throw them in the

"There's something wrong about the fellow," he cried; "clerks cannot afford to buy such expensive gewgaws. Perhaps he helped Mendelsohn to rob himself." And Hadley was beside himself with

grief when, the very next morning, a dis-trict messenger brought him a parcel containing the laces and other presents he had made to his sweetheart, together with a note blotted with tears, stating in sim-ple but excruciating terms that her heart was broken, and that they must part for-

It was several months before Hadley clear nimself in the eyes of the young lady and her father, and during that time he had wasted away to a mere shadow and suffered the torments of a lost soul in purgatory.

There was one member of the city detective force who took no stock in the story that Mr. Mendelsohn was his own burglar. This was Denis Simmons, one of the oldest and shrewdest of Chicago's able officers, who for the last seven years had been detailed on bank work.

"Mr. Mendelsohn," said Denis to the grief stricken merchant, "don't worry yourself to death. I am convinced that the robbery was the work of professional thieves, and I'm a Dutchman if I don't pinch them before I'm many weeks older."



The work of professional thieves.

This was the strongest expression Denis could use, for every one knows he is not a Dutchman, and wouldn't be one for any consideration. Mr. Mendelsohn was consoled by this

expression of confidence.

"I thank you, Mr. Simmons," he said with emotion. "I hope heaven will prosper you in this work. If the thieves are not captured soon I shall be ruined in body and soul, for even my old father in Germany thinks I am the thief."

"Chan up," said Danis, appearance in the

"Cheer up," said Denis, encouragingly;
"we'll bag the game, and then you can
take a month's vacation to receive the apologies of your suspicious friends."

If this were a romance instead of a story based on facts, it would be easy to associate Mr. Simmons' name with some wonderful experiences during his search for the lace robbers.

Real detective work, however, rarely possesses romantic features. Success in this arduous calling is attained as much by patient plodding as by a keen appreci-ation of the habits and methods of criminals and a shrewd knowledge of the world. Sometimes the most important revelations are the result of sheer accident. As straws show the drift of a current, so do trivial incidents often guide detective skill to the accomplishment of great and

important ends. important ends.

When Denis pledged himself to "bag the game," he had not the slightest clew to work upon. Like several of his confreres, he believed the robberies were committed by New York experts, but he was as much puzzled as they were when it was proved beyond peradventure that no metropolitan thieves of prominence, men who were skilled at this class of work, had been in town for months.

had been in town for months.

Consequently, Denishad to "go it blind" for a time, trusting to Providence to furnish him a clew. And Providence didn't shigh this

didn't shirk this grave duty.

Two or three days after his conversation with Mr. Mendelsehn the detective was detailed on a petty larceny case in a fashionable boarding house on Michigan avenue. The job was an easy one, and as he was about to leave the house a lady asked him if he were a judge of laces.

"No, medam," said Simmons; "why do you ask?"

"Because I have just made a wonderful bargain," replied the lady. "I have bought several yards of the inest French hand made lace for \$1 a yard. It's worth at least \$10 a yard."

"Indeed!" said Denis, his heart giving a great bound as he thought of that troublesome robbery at Mendelsohn's; "of whom did you buy it?"

"Of a peddler—a nice looking, curiy haired young man, wearing a velvet coat."

The detective examined the lace, and, although not an expert, he had sufficient knowledge of such goods to warrant him in the conclusion that the peddler was practically giving the laces away. He made an excuse to take the "bargain" down town and showed it to Mr. Mendelsohn, who immediately recognized it as a portion of his stolen stock.

Denis had struck a clew. The description of the peddler tallied with that of Herman Landgraff, a boy whom he had arrested for sneak work several years ago, and whom he thought was leading a correct life. Still, the detective did not think that Landgraff was skillful enough to commit the lace robbery; the boy was probably the tool of older thieves, who had set him to peddle some of the goods as the safest means of disposing of them.

But this was a great discovery, and Simmons was elated over it.

About the same time another detective had his attention called to a cheap pock-

About the same time another detective had his attention called to a cheap pock-etbook bought from a peddler by a brok-er's clerk. This pocketbook proved to be part of the stock stolen from Cobb's Cirpart of the stock stolen from Cobb's Circulating library. The peddler who sold it answered to the description of Charlie Mott, a partner of Landgraff's, and the brother of Mollie Mott, whose thieving propensities and profligacy were the talk of Chicago for years.

"It never raius but it pours," remarked Denis to his colleague. "We are on the eye of a great han!"

Denis to his colleague. eve of a great haul."

Having got track of a portion of the stolen property, Simmons felt that the rest of the work was comparatively simple. He soon located Landgraff and Mott. They lived in an old frame house on West Thirteenth street with Mrs. Landgaaff.

The detective made cautious inquiries as to the habits of the boys, and ascertained that they were regular night-hawks, as well as street peddlers by day. They rarely reached home before day-light, and invariably drove up in a buggy, from which they carried bundles into the Two other boys, known as "Curly" and

Herman, often accompanied them, and stopped with Mrs. Landgraff for days at As these facts developed Simmons changed his mind about the connection of New York men with the burglaries. He

had struck an organized gang of smart young thieves, who were probably solely responsible for the crimes which had startled the business community and puzzled the police. It was late at night when Denis reported the result of his investigation to the chief. He was instructed to arrest the lads, but

as by this time they were undoubtedly on one of their marauding expeditious, Simmons concluded to swoop down on the old frame house in the early morning and capture the whole gang.
Three officers were detailed to assist Simmons, and at 4 o'clock in the morning they drove out on West Thirteenth street. Denis talked enthusiastically about the

importance of this expedition and the

praise they would receive for breaking up such a daring and dangerous gang of bur-"It will be one of the biggest things of the year," he said, "and a splendid feather

in all our caps." Denis' enthusiasm was infectious. Long before they reached the old frame house his colleagues were swelled with the magnitude of their mission, and anticipating the glowing accounts of their effi-ciency and prowess which would adorn the columns of the newspapers.

The carriage was not taken direct to the house for fear of alarming the inmates. The officers left it a block away and approached on foot. Two went to the rear of the building to

intercept any of the boy burglars who might attempt to escape that way.

Simmons and the other officers banged on the front door, and loudly demanded

Not a sound came from the inside. The place was in total darkness, and the loud knocks echoed and re-echoed through the hallway without bringing a response.

"They're in their first sleep," said Denis,
"and nothing short of Gabriel's trump will rouse them.'

"Let's kick in the door," suggested his colleague, who was anxious to complete

"All right," said Denis; "here goes."

A few vigorous kicks made kindling wood of the door, and the two officers entered the house, pistol in hand, ready for any resistance on the part of the boy

The house had an empty ring, and Denis turned on his buil's eye, to start back in

Not a vestige of furniture was to be seen on the lower floor. The upstairs rooms were equally bare. The birds had "This is the biggest thing of the year,"

said Denis' companion, sarcastically.
Simmons bit his lip and said nothing. The officers in the rear of the house were called in. They laughed immoderately when they grasped the situation.

And all the way back to the Central station Denis was the target for ruthless

jokes, which he received without a word, but continued biting his nether lip until the blood came. He left his brother officers at the sta-

tion and started out again in grim si-lence. Before nightfall he had the bur-glarious peddlers located again. Mrs. Landgraff, her son and Curly had moved to a brick house on Archer avenue, near the railway station; Herman and Mott were traced to a place on Brown street.

At 10 o'clock the lads were under lock and key at the Central station, and a wagon load of plunder, comprising laces from Mendelsohn's, books from Cobb's library, and guns, revolvers and cutlery from the hardware store of Williamson &

Graves, was deposited in a room above their cells. There was no more laughing at Denis Simmons, who had been on duty forty-eight hours and fulfilled his promise of making one of the most important captures of the year.

The lads seemed stupefied by their arrest. Young Landgraff, who was addressed as "captain" by the others, was particularly cast down. He sat on the cot for several hours after he was placed in the cell staring at the wall with vacant

Next morning the expression of unut-terable misery was still on his face. He turned to Simmons, who entered the cell with a substantial breakfast for him, and said, in a hollow voice:

"Mr. Simmons, will you do me a favor?"
"Yes," answered Denis, promptly, "if
it is anything in reason."

"Who was it gave us away?"

The touch of anxiety in this query struck Simmons as peculiar. He did not reply immediately, and Landgraff continued, still more anxiously:

"Tell me if it was a woman."

Simmons' mind reverted to the lady who furnished the clew about the lace.

nking the lad had some strong motivecking this information, he answer

drawn attention from the deplorable conduct of Mrs. Claypole, and that attractive lady was permitted to enjoy her first things in seeking this information, he answered that it was a woman.

"I thought so," said the boy gloomily, and, then, brightening up suddenly: "Let Curly and the others come in; we may have something to tell you."

Curly, Mott and Herman were brought into the cell. The captain looked at them sadly and said:

"Boys, she gave us away."
"No," exclaimed the lads; "she'd never "It's true; Mr. Simmons says so," said Landgraff, tears gathering in his eyes, which he resolutely brushed away with his coat cuff.

"Iandgraff is right," said Denis, bewildered at the turn of affairs, but surmising that an interesting disclosure was imminent; "she furnished the clew." The lads groaned and looked ineffably "What do you propose, captain?" asked

Curly. "Revenge," exclaimed Landgraff, "Yes, that's right," said the others in orus. "Let's make a clean breast of it, and let the traitress take equal chances

"This is getting decidedly interesting," said Denis to himself. "I wonder who she is, and what she has to do with these "Mr. Simmons," Landgraff said, with

an air of dignity which was rather amus-ing, "if you will kindly furnish me with pens, ink and paper I will draw up a statement about those robberies and furnish you with information which will be of great service to you."

Denis readily complied with this request, after removing the others to their

respective cells.

In an hour the statement was prepared, and an astonishing document it proved. It was a full confession of the long series of burglaries which had given the police of burglaries which had given the police. so much trouble. But the most remarkable passages related to the connection of Lawyer Claypole and Mrs. Claypole with

the gang.

Landgraff told how himself and col-Landgraff told how himself and col-leagues had been worked upon by this es-timable couple. "She told us fairy tales," he wrote, "and got us all in love with her. She promised to elope with me this summer, and I believe she was in earn-est, for she said she didn't have it very comfortable with the old man. Claypole engineered the burglaries, and we acted under his instructions. He put up this street pedling fake, and we kept piles of stuff in the vault in his office, in Dearborn street. He didn't always do the square thing, but we were bamboozled by his wife, who promised everything to make matters run smooth and easy like. Now that she's squealed, we think it nothing but fair that we should tell all about the snap, so that she may get the same deal as we got. The Mendelsohn job was done for Mrs. Claypole. She wanted to get square with a fellow named Hadley, who had been saying rough things about her, and she started the yarn that he helped the Dutchman to rob himself. She took me to the store one day and gave me points about the laces day and gave me points about the laces that were best to take. She had a trunk full of the stuff. We weren't so very bad before these Claypoles got shold of us, only doing a little fake now and then while we were out peddling. This is all a true story, and we give it away so that that fiend in female form may be pinched and go down where she belongs, for playing false with poor boys who loved and lost her."

Simmons read this curious epistle with-



Simmons read this curious epistle. out any regard to the romance it con-

the office on Dearborn street. The lawyer had not been there that day. An inspection of the vault revealed a lot of

plate, jewelry, silks, velvets, laces and other valuable property.

This was startling evidence of the lawyer's close relations with the youthful

have been seen from that day to this.

The boys had a speedy trial. Their spirits were broken by the perfidious conduct, as they supposed, of their "mother."

Being under age they were sent to the Bridewell for eighteen months each.

This clever capture of Denis Simmers.

This clever capture of Denis Simmons broke up one of the most dangerous gangs that ever infested Chicago. It restored Mr. Mendelsohn's good name and reconciled him to his old father in Germany. But trouble seems inseparable from some men. Mendelsohn's fortune was very precarious afterward, and two years ago he committed suicide in Milwaukee.

Landgraff is dead; Charlie Mott moved to Indiana with his people; Curly, taking the advice of Denis Simmons when he served his term at the Bridewell, enlisted in the United States army, and Herman, who turned out a very hard case, is doing a ten years' term at Joliet.

ers noticed a change in her demeanor. She was quiet and subdued, and her shrill voice had lost the sharp ring which added harshness to her bitter sentences. She did not interest herself as much in the affairs

not interest herself as much in the affairs of her neighbors. Her spirit of prying inquisitiveness seemed to be broken, and more than one of the neighbors remarked:

"Miss Goggles has greatly improved since her sickness."

Mr. Johnson, it was noticed, kept silent on the subject, but his kindly brown eyes were forever fixed on the thin, pale face of the spinster as though he were trying to read the secret of her reformation.

lady was permitted to enjoy her first in peace.

Interest was not revived in her again until the arrest of the boy burglars, and then there was a sensation in the Freling-huysen boarding house.

Mr. Hadley, who for personal reasons kept pace with the movements of the police in the lace robbery, startled the boarders at dinner the day after the arrests by rushing in, excitedly shouting:

"I told you so!"

"Told us what?" asked Mr. Johnson, scowling at the agitated clerk.

scowling at the agitated clerk.

"Why, that she was no good."

"Ah! that's very explicit," sarcastically remarked the old gentleman, causing a titter round the board; "and who

ing a titter round the board; "and who may she be?"

"Mrs. Claypole," shrieked Hadley almost frantically, as he dropped into his seat and viciously attacked the soup.

This declaration had a curious effect.

Every knife and fork dropped on the instant, and all eyes were fixed on Hadley, and ten voices, blended with intense curiosity, exclaimed:

"Why, what is the matter?"

This was one of the supreme moments

This was one of the supreme moments in the clerk's life. He dropped his table-spoon, mounted on a chair, and addressed the boarders in a half oratorical, half hysterical fashion, as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—You all know me and how I have suffered. The this reserved."

me and how I have suffered. The thieves have been caught; a confession has been made; Mr. and Mrs. Claypole are impli-cated. She was not so much of a flirt as a thief. The nicely dressed, curly headed boy who called her mother was the captain of the gang. He was a peddler. She tried to spoil my character. The officers are looking for her. She will be hung if they catch her, and I shall marry my darling Ophelia. And"-

Here Hadley broke down, dropped into a seat again and buried his head in the soup plate, while his frame shook with convulsive sobs. There was intense excitement in the

dining room. Miss Goggles shrieked: "I knew it!" "Henrietta!" cried Mr. Johnson, in amazement, bending on her a look of earn-The spinster became confused, but re-peated, hysterically:

"I knew it!" Then broke out a gabble of conversa-tion, during which the spinster's significant remark was forgotten, and the whole story was drawn out piecemeal from Hadley. Every one seemed delighted with the misfortune which had overtaken the audacious blonde and her bland like husband, the only regrets being that they had left the house before the officers arrived

In the parlor that evening Mr. Johnson and Miss Goggles sat in earnest conversation long after the rest of the boarders

"And that was the cause of your illness," Mr. Johnson was saying, as he moved his chair a little nearer the

"Yes, I was frightened out of my wits by the young man's ferocious threat," she replied meekly.
"And you never intend to meddle with other people's affairs again?" he asked

"Never." "Henrietta!" "Mr. Johnson!"

"You are the woman I've been looking est failing, seems entirely crushed out of you. I am yours; will you be mine?"
Miss Goggles did not faint. She threw herself into Mr. Johnson's arms, and they sealed the bethrothal with a kiss. THE END.

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HOGG BROS., Oakwood, Oct. 3, 1888.—17.

OAKWOOD.

And what of Miss Goggles? The inquisitive spinster paid dearly for

gang of burglars. Simmons hurried to the boarding house on West Adams street to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Claypole had removed their trunks on the previous evening and left no address.

During her spells of delirium she screamed out confusedly about daggers and pistols and new made graves, and said she was going to be buried alive.

When she was convalescent the board-

tained. Claypole was known to him as a reputable lawyer, and he could scarcely believe the story of his connection with

the gang.
He lost no time, however, in going to

The most diligent inquiry failed to find traces of their whereabouts, and neither Mr. Claypole nor his fascinating wife

her vigil at the transom. For several weeks she hovered between life and death.

Miss Goggles' sudden seizure and sub-