

AT THE NEW - BAKERY

—Will be found—

- Cream Bread, Breakfast Rolls,
- Irish " Doughnuts,
- Vienna " Cup Cakes,
- Home-made Bread, Lady Fingers,
- Quaker Bread, Buns,
- Graham " All kinds of Cookies,
- All Rye " Soda Crackers,
- Half Rye " Oyster "
- Pompernickle, Graham "
- Marshmallow Creams,
- Vanilla Wafers,
- Ginger Wafers,
- Pfeffermüsse,

ALL KINDS PLAIN AND LAYER CAKES, Fruits and Candies.

Orders for Ice Cream promptly filled. Call and examine goods and get prices.

MARY S. DIENER.

P. S. Store closed on Sunday.

August Cyrus,

Veterinary Surgeon.

15 Years Experience.

TREATS ALL KINDS OF DISEASES.

Headquarters at

Miller's Hotel, or J. W. Rogers' Store.

Calls Promptly Attended To.

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Work done in all parts of the county on short notice.

Money to Loan.

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SLUSSER & JOHNSON.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

OFFICES.

EXCHANGE OFFICE, Downers Grove.

AND

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Chas. H. Kayler,

PROPRIETOR

Naperville

Marble Works.

GRANITE A SPECIALTY

Naperville, Illinois.

DOWNERS GROVE NURSERIES

ALWAYS HAS ON HAND ALL THE

HARDY

Trees,

Shrubs,

Evergreens,

and Plants.

That will grow in this latitude.

Will sell cheaper than you can buy elsewhere. Those planting large lawns and parks will find a complete assortment.

OVER THREE HUNDRED VARIETIES on hand. New and choice trees, etc. a specialty. See our catalogue FREE, and for one.

Ad from A. S. ADAMS, Downers Grove, Ill.

CHAS. WERT.

Proprietor of

TONSORIAL PARLORS,

Work Satisfactory.

Downers Grove, Ill.

Have Your Surveys Made by the COUNTY SURVEYOR,

ALLEN T. RUSSELL.

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NOTARY PUBLIC. Wheaton, Ill.

B. Roth, MERCHANT TAILOR.

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WHEATON COLLEGE.

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Work called for and delivered. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Wm F Wilcox to Louis Walterdorf its 24 and 26 blk 8 Freidenhagen's subdiv East Grove \$500.

Amelia M Balcom to S L Rathje pt near sec 17 29 10 \$383.25.

Mary E Brown to Cora M Sharp its 8 blk 4 and its 19 and 20 blk 5 Hills of Lombard \$900.

Cora M Sharp to Clement Tillman its 19 and 20 blk 5 Hills of Lombard \$650.

Nellie R Ford to Mary Adles its 8 to 13 blk 16 Scrist's subdiv Downers Grove \$900.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of W. S. Brookins, deceased.

The undersigned, having been appointed

Executrix of the last Will and Testament

of W. S. Brookins, late of the County of DuPage and State of Illinois, deceased,

herby give notice that she will appear before the County Court of DuPage County, at the Court House in Wheaton at the

September Term, on the 1st Monday in

September 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 6th day of May, A. D. 1895.

LUCY A. BROOKINS, Executrix.

M. SLUSSER, Atty.

A Dangerous Game.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DEAREST HEART."

Have spent such a day as that was to me. You will never know. If you had, perhaps you would think I have atoned for the misery I have caused you.

And at last, after struggling a day and a night with every kind of nightmare, fantasy and perplexed delusion, I made up my mind to tell it all—the whole truth—to my husband. I shrank from it like a coward from the lash. I had only just learned how noble, how good and true he is; I had only just learned to love him, to value what I had nearly lost. Late, too, I knew there had been a cloud between us. I thought he was finding out how unworthy I was. It was only a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand; but it had made me strive doubly to win him. To tell of this that had been so carefully hidden, not a breath of which had reached his ear, would dole all.

I had not the slightest hope of his forgiveness, and it was not here in this strange country, without you near, that it would have been at first. But you had done more for me. I took him all my letters to Crawford Carden, the ones you got back for me, and I confessed to him the whole story, the beginning to the end. Restored health

When I had taken the sixth bottle My weight increased to 176 lbs. The sensation in my legs was gone; My nerves steadied completely; My memory was fully restored. My brain seemed clearer than ever. I felt as good as any man on earth. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is a great medicine. I cannot praise it enough. WALTER R. BERNARD, Augusta, Me.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.60 bottles for 65, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health

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SOCIETY. "A Satire."

A very queer thing, Is the social swing;

You must dress your best, And then plunge in;

And when you're in, Let no one be before,

You might as well stay on the shore.

Some strike out, With an open stroke,

And find it's not very hard to float;

They steer to the right, When their path is crossed,

And find thereby, Not much to lose.

And some glide in, With a cheerful song,

That wakes the echoes, Sweet and long.

They make no struggle, For place or part,

But win their way, By their happy heart.

But some go in, And straightway begin,

To splutter and splutter, And stir up the swim.

There are none they approve, Among the whole lot,

And the water's too cold, And the sun's too hot.

And some are timid, And keep well by,

The edge of the stream, Their powers to try.

And there they will stay, For "none but the brave"

May ride the crest, Of the social wave.

And some are bold, But it's all so new,

To swim, they scarcely know—what to do;

But they've gotten in, And are bound to stay,

If they have to wade, The entire way.

And some who are there, Indeed, I'll declare,

You would fancy owned The whole affair.

They elbow and push, By your leave or say,

And simply assume, thus, The right of way.

O, a very queer thing, Is the social swim;

You must dress your best, And then plunge in,

And when you're in, Let no one be before,

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well, Viola, thank Heaven for a good man's love! I had done nothing to deserve it, yet it was still mine, and I was not what I had been. He had letters from Mathilde, the woman I trusted as messenger, my maid, warning him, speaking of Carden, hinting things ten times greater than had ever been said of letters I had bought back for a thousand pounds. He had not credited her lies; but yet the poison had rankled, and he had quickly seen the resemblance and the shakings with which I answered questions as to Gilbert's partner. But now he believed me, since I had told him everything unasked. I said you could bear witness that the letters I gave him were all; but he answered that he would not doubt my word. There is a weight of my heart, the full heaviness of which I did not know till it was gone. I fancied I was quite happy when I came here with Martin; but there was a phantom of fear dozing my path, and I have learned that nothing but honest truth will silence lying whisperers.

"But you—you can never forgive me! That year in which I and Martin learned to know and trust each other—save me, but you have had to bear the burden. When Gilbert is conscious again, Martin will tell him how true you are; you shall be cleared fully and perfectly. Viola, and I pray Heaven Gilbert may come back to tell you so. If he does not, my heart will break, my grief will be greater than yours. It is worse to bear the effect of one's folly than one's goodness. He must recover, he must! Heaven cannot be so cruel to me! I would not have written to you until the fever had left him, but it was impossible to wait. I am sure he will not die, Viola, dear true little Viola! Try to forgive me."

"WENDOLINE."

Winter had come; the leaves had long since fallen from the ash-tree, and the snow lay thick upon the ground. I had been asked to stay over the holidays with my pupils, and I had consented, because I did not want to interfere with the gaiety at home, and it seemed that, if I returned, I must. Grace had written to tell me of her engagement to a young clergyman in Chesterham, and I noticed how carefully she wrote, for fear of hurting my feelings or opening up my wounds. Dear little Grace, it was very good of her, and I know that at home they would all feel the same. I and my willow would be out of place. Where I was, I knew nothing about it, or took any level of my feelings or spirits, so long as I looked after my duties and kept the little boys out of mischief.

It was the first Christmas I had spent away from home, and the season made it no means an idle time for me, this excited, present-zivine, merry-making period, in the midst of a large family of eager boys and girls home for the holidays. I had no lessons to superintend; but I had games to devise, presents to advise, gifts to invent, invitations to address, and endless secrets to share—half a dozen children, instead of two, to look after.

"You must not let the children make a slave of you, Miss Thorne," said their mother amiably.

But I did not care; I liked to have plenty to do.

Gwendoline's letter had filled my heart with wild hopes and fears; I thought of her and of Gilbert all day long. I wondered at first if he knew yet that I was in town, that all his suspicions were based on air. Had he forgiven me? And then followed the terrible shuddering thought, Would he be taken from me by the cold hands that could pierce us for ever on earth, by the decree no human will could alter or revoke? No tongue could tell of the fever in which I lived after that letter from Gwendoline reached me, of the joy and the agony, the triumph and the terror, the sweetness and the bitterness that flooded my soul with turbulent emotion. I knew what Gwendoline must have suffered before she could bring her proud sensitive nature to confess how she had stooped to folly; and I cannot say how thankful I was that what she had done for me should have brought a blessing on herself.

Howe'er all was clear between her and Martin Pomeroy; there could be no more concealment, for he knew and had forgiven all; there could be no fear, for perfect love had cast its out.

But what of Gilbert?

There came one sentence written in the big bold hand I knew and loved, now feeble and uncertain—only one sentence, and that from the song he used to sing, the song which had been wafted to my ears by the low gray wall—

"Dear love, I love thee evermore."

"He is not well enough to write more," said Gwendoline. "But the worst of the danger has passed, Viola. He says he will get well now, and the doctor hopes it."

Only hoped! It seemed very hard that he was so far from me then, that I could not hear of him every hour and watch his recovery. I thought I could have cured him so much more quickly than any doctor; and now it was days and days before I could even learn whether he were out of danger. And then one mail came in, and brought no letter for me.

No letter, no word of him at this Christmas season, when every one was happy; and I cried out against this darkness of doubt and loneliness, while already the golden dawn was at hand.

On Christmas Day I walked down alone to an early service at the church, to soothe and comfort me a little by taking my thoughts higher, above this earthly life; but, as I came back down the white road, I felt my thoughts wander once more to Martin's. In snow and sunshine I had seen it last; snow and sunshine were around me now, and the trees glistened and the fields dazzled my eyes with their whiteness. There was no Manor House, looming through the morning mist and the bare branches, there were no glittering windows or outlines of turrets and gables, there was no lake sparkling in the sun.

I could hear some distant bells clanging joyously, and I stood by the garden gate listening to their peaceful gladness. The chimneys came but now and again, borne upon the breeze in soft and sweet cadence, and their whisper was gentle and calming. In the frosty haze through which the sun was struggling I saw pictures of the past and transient gleams of the future.

As I stood dreaming there, I saw a man coming up the road, a tall dark figure standing out strongly from the white snow and the sunlit background. I watched him—I did not first know why—intently; and my feet were chained to the spot where I stood, and my heart began to throb and my pulses to beat until I could no longer hear the bells.

He came nearer, and still I stood trembling and shaking like a leaf, unable to move my eyes from his advancing figure, unable to think clearly why I was gazing out and staring thus intently, whether my dreaming had been succeeded by hallucination, and a crazed phantasm was filling my brain and making my eyes the fools of the senses.

And then I saw a handsome fair face, thinner than I had seen and known it of yore, and a pair of bright eager eyes. And when I saw them I saw nothing more, and knew nothing more; but that I was in Gilbert's arms and listening to his voice, and that suddenly I heard again the joy-bells, not whispering now, but bursting into a wild triumphant peal of happiness and peace.

THE END.

Mertz & Mochel.

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Coal, Feed,

Building Material, Sewer Tile, Brushes, Paints, Oils, Etc.

Stoves, Furnaces, Sewing Machines, Farming Implements.

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HOTEL MILLER,

CORNER SOUTH OF DEPOT.

Rates Reasonable and Everything First-class.