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A nurse is for nursing and a cook is for cooking



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LADIES, READ THIS: Magnetic Healer treatments given by one of your own sex for those tired out nerves. Headache, Rheumatism and all nervous troubles! Prices reasonable. ELLA WESTCOTT, 825 La Salle street, after 3 o'clock phone, 556-K., Ottawa, Illinois.

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DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician. Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phones, office, Main 215-R.; residence, 882-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN By Frank H. Spearman Author of Whispering Smith

CHAPTER IV.

First Blood at Calabasas.

Nothing more than De Spain's announcement that he would sustain his stage-guards was necessary to arouse a violent resentment at Calabasas and among the Morgan following. The grievance against Elpaso was made a general one along the line. His stage was singled out and riddled at times both by Sandusky and Logan—the really dangerous men of the Spanish sinks—and by Gale Morgan and Sassoon to stir up trouble.

All Calabasas knew that Elpaso, if he had to, would fight, and that the eccentric guard was not actually to be cornered with impunity. Even Logan, who, like Sandusky, was known to be without fear and without mercy, felt at least a respect for Elpaso's short-tempered hotness, and stopped this side actual hostilities with him. Sassoon, however, nourished a particular grievance against the meditative guard, and his was one not tempered either by prudence or calculation. His chance came one night when Elpaso had unwisely allowed himself to be drawn into a card game at Calabasas Inn. Elpaso was notoriously a sifkiter for a square deal at cards. A dispute found him without a friend in the room. Sassoon reached for him with a knife.

McAlpin was the first to get the news at the Inn. He gave first aid to the helpless guard, and, without dreaming he could be got to a surgeon alive, rushed him in a light wagon to the hospital at Sleepy Cat, where it was said that he must have more lives than a wildcat. Sassoon, not caring to brave De Spain's anger in town, went temporarily into hiding. Elpaso, in the end, justified his old reputation by making a recovery—haltingly, it is true, and with perilous intervals of sinking but a recovery.

It was while he still lay in the hospital and hope was very low that De Spain and Lefever rode, one hot morning, into Calabasas and were told by McAlpin that Sassoon had been seen within five minutes at the Inn. To Lefever the news was like a bubbling spring to a thirsty man. His face beamed, he tightened his belt, shook out his gun, and looked with benevolent interest on De Spain, who stood pondering. "If you will stay right here, Henry," he averred convincingly, "I will go over and get Sassoon."

The chief stage-guard, Bob Scott, the Indian, was in the Inn. He smiled at Lefever's enthusiasm. "Sassoon," said he, "is slippery."

"You'd better let us go along and see you do it," suggested De Spain, who with the business in hand grew thoughtful.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," protested Lefever, raising one hand in deprecation, the other resting lightly on his holster. "We still have some little reputation to maintain along the sinks. Don't let us make it a posse for Sassoon." No one opposed him further, and he rode away alone.

"It won't be any trouble for John to bring Sassoon in," murmured Scott, who spoke with a smile and in the low tone and deliberate manner of the Indian, "if he can find him."

Lefever rode down to the Inn without seeing a living thing anywhere about it. When he dismounted in front he thought he heard sounds within the barroom, but, pushing open the door and looking circumspectly into the room before entering, he was surprised to find it empty. He noticed, however, that the sash of the low window on his left, which looked into the patio, was open, and two heelmarks in the hard clay suggested that a man might have jumped through. Running out of the front door, he sprang into his saddle and rode to where he could signal De Spain and Scott to come up.

He told his story as they joined him, and the three returned to the Inn. A better tracker than either of his companions, Scott after a minute confirmed their belief that Sassoon must have escaped by the window. He then took the two men out to where someone, within a few minutes, had mounted a horse and galloped off.

"But where has he gone?" demanded Lefever, pointing with his hand,

til Scott's hand laid on the dreamer's shoulder drove it suddenly away. Day was at hand.

De Spain got up and shook off the chilliness and drowsiness of the night. It had been agreed that he, being less known in the gap than either of his companions, could best attempt the difficult capture. Bob Scott, who knew the recess well, repeated his explicit directions as to how De Spain was to reach Sassoon's shack. He repeated his description of its interior, told him where the bed stood, and even where Sassoon ordinarily kept his knife and his revolver.

De Spain gave his horse his head—it was still too dark to distinguish the path—and advanced at a snail's pace until he passed the base of El Capitan. When of a sudden, as he rode out from among high projecting rocks full into the opening, faint rays of light from the eastern dawn revealed the narrow, strangely inclosed and perfectly hidden valley before him.

De Spain caught his breath. No description he had ever heard of the neck that screened the Morgans from the outside world had prepared him for what he saw. From side to side between the frowning cliffs which rose, at points, half a mile into the sky, it was several miles, and the gap was more than as much in depth, as it ran back to a mere wedge between unnamed Superstition peaks.

Every moment that he pushed ahead warned him that daylight would come suddenly and his time to act would be short. The trail he followed broadened into a road, and a turn brought him up startled and almost face to face with a long, rambling ranch-house. The gable end of the two-story portion of the building was so close to him that he instantly reined up to seek hiding from its upper and lower windows.

From Scott's accurate description he knew the place. This was Duke Morgan's ranch-house, set as a fortress almost at the mouth of the gap. To pass it unobserved was to compass the most ticklish part of his mission, and without changing his slow pace he rode on. No bullet challenged him and no sound came from the silent house. He entered away from the porch, thinking with a kind of awe of Nan, asleep, so close, under that roof—confident, too, he had not been seen—though, in matter of fact, he had been.

Other cabins back toward the north wall could be seen dimly to his right, but all were well removed from his way. In due time, as Scott had advised, he saw confronting him, not far ahead, a small, ruinous-looking cabin shack. Dismounting before this, he threw his lines, shook himself a little, and walked up to the cabin door. It was open.

De Spain called gruffly to the cabin inmate. There was no answer. He hitched his trousers and near to the butt of his revolver with his right hand, and laid his left on the jamb of the door, his eyes meantime boring the darkness to the left, where Sassoon's bed should be. The utmost scrutiny failed to disclose any sign of it or any sound of breathing from that corner. He took a few steps toward where the man should be asleep, and perceived beyond a doubt that there was no bed in the corner at all. He turned toward the other corner, his hand covering the butt of his gun. "Hello, Shike!" he called out in a slightly strained tone of camaraderie, addressing Sassoon by a common nickname. Then he listened. A trumpeting noise answered. No sound was ever sweeter to De Spain's ear. The rude noise cleared the air and stilled the intruder as if Music Mountain itself had been lifted off his nerves.

He tried again: "Where are you, Shike?" he growled. "What's this stuff on the floor?" he continued, shuffling his way ostentatiously to the other side of the room. He felt his way toward the inner door. This was where he expected to find it, and it was closed. He laid a hand gingerly on the latch. "Where are you, Shike?" he demanded again, this time with an impatient expirative summoned for the occasion. A second fearful snore answered him. De Spain, relieved, almost laughed as he pushed the door open, though not sure whether a curse or a shot would greet him. He got neither. And a welcome surprise in the dim light came through a stuffy pane of glass at one end of the room. It revealed at the other end a man stretched asleep on a wall bunk—a man that would, in all likelihood, have heard the stealthiest sound had any effort been made to conceal it, but to whose ears the rough voices of a mountain cabin are mere sleeping positions.

The sleeper woke to feel a hand laid lightly on his shoulder. The instinct of self-preservation acted like a flash. His eyes opened and his hands struck out like cat's paws to the right and

Classified Advertising

Advertisements will be inserted in this column not exceeding five lines, one time, 15 cents; three times, 25 cents; one week, 50 cents. Each line over five, 10 cents for week additional. All advertisements in this column must be paid in advance.

For Sale

FOR SALE—One safe, best make. Cheap if taken at once. tf

FOR SALE—Shafting, pulleys, tables, desks, show case, etc. Inquire at this office. tf

For Rent

FOR RENT—House and barn at 537 East Superior street. Inquire of Wm. Buckley, telephone, county 9096-4. tf

FOR RENT—Six room cottage on La Salle street. Toilet, soft and city water, electric lights. Inquire of Helfrich's barber shop, 1113 La Salle St. tf

FOR RENT—Single office room, \$6.00 per month. Desk room \$3.00 per month. College Bldg. Thorough modern steam. W. C. Vittum. tf

FOR RENT—Eight room cottage, 1215 W. Jefferson street. \$16 per month. A fine place. Tel. 648-W. T. B. Farrell, College Bldg., 100 W. Madison street.

FOR RENT—Six room house, 1632 Sycamore St., corner Fourth. One block west Peitler's. \$11 per month and well worth it. Tel. 648-W. T. B. Farrell, College Bldg., 100 Madison St.

FOR RENT—Modern eight room dwelling at 1018 Illinois avenue. Parlor, bath, fine district, on car line. Nice corner. Immediate possession. Key at E. V. Yockey's, first door east. T. B. Farrell, Tel. 648-W. College Bldg., 100 Madison St.

FOR RENT—Six room house, 1027 Sycamore St., one block from Shabona Park. \$12 per month. A snap. Reference required. T. B. Farrell, College Bldg., 100 Madison St. Tel. 648-W.

Wanted

WANTED—Nursing. Will go by day or week. Call 882-X or inquire at 1115 Clinton St.

WANTED—A clean cut man or woman for soliciting. Liberal commission. Reliable Electric Shop, 218 W. Main St.

AGENTS WANTED—Highest cash paid weekly, part expenses; tree outfit; experience unnecessary. The Hawks Nursery Co., Wauwatosh, Wis.

WANTED—Old false teeth. Don't matter if broken. I pay \$1 to \$5 per set. Mail to L. Mazer, 2997 S. Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Will send cash by return mail.

WANTED—By capable young man, clerical inside work, or will accept position as chauffeur. Address "C," Free Trader-Journal.

Miscellaneous

LOST—Red scarf on Congress street, east side, Monday evening. Finder please telephone 379.

Mayor Leases Mine To Sell Coal Cheaply

Terre Haute Citizens Can Purchase Supply at \$2.75 a Ton. Dealers Are Asking \$5.

Deliveries of coal from the mine recently leased by the city authorities of Terre Haute, Ind., were commenced the other day at a price of \$2.75 as against the \$5 a ton demanded by local dealers. The experiment so far gives every indication of proving a success. For days the city comptroller's office was besieged with persons desiring to buy coal.

Mayor James Gosson has made a contract with Thomas Gregory for the entire output of the latter's small mine, located about three miles from the city limits. The mine is not on a railroad. Thirty wagons have been hired to carry the coal to the city and deliver it for 75 cents a ton.

The amount sold to a single customer has been limited to two and a half tons. Most of the orders to date have been for one or two tons. The mayor says he will extend the city's business if necessary to buy from operators who are not delivering their usual supply because they cannot get cars. He plans to haul it to the city in wagons.

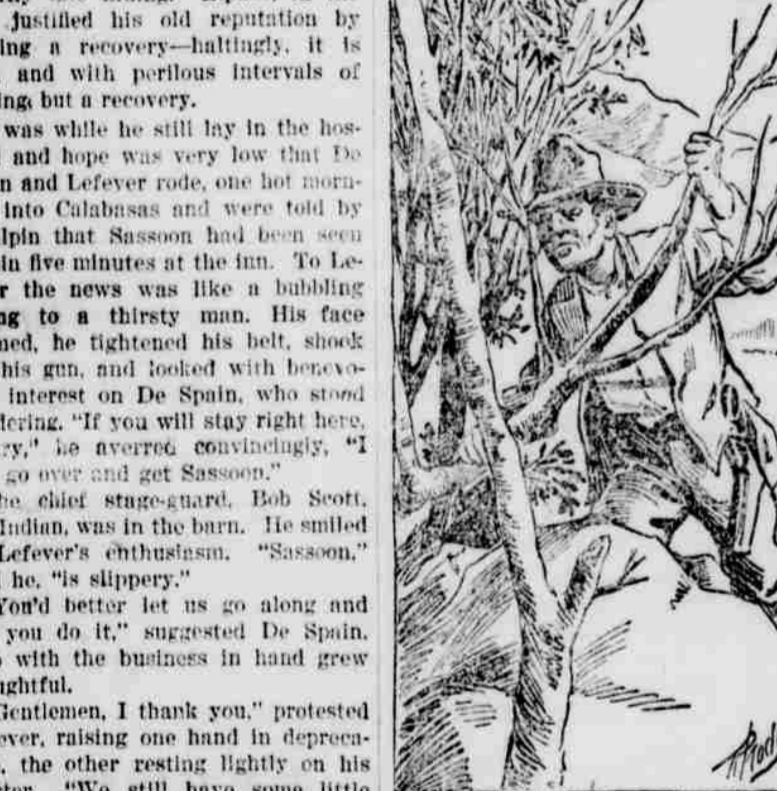
Despite the increased cost of wagon hauling over railroad freight, Mayor Gosson is selling coal in Terre Haute at only 25 cents advance over what was paid last winter.

Safe First.

"Thank! Dat Mistah Swinnell am de crookedest white man in dis whole town!" said Brother Bogus. "He starts out on 'lection nanwah' wid his pants full of better dollars and his coat swaggin' wid whisky bottles, and he dees mekly buy de culled voters wid bare hands. A nigger kin't senfely 'scape but crooked white man, if he tries. But for fear he won't meet him 'rly and often, and say, 'Howdy, Mistah Swinnell! Shy-yaw! haw haw!'"—Kansas City Star.

Found a Sure Thing

J. B. Wilson, Farmer Mills, N. Y., has used Chamberlain's Tablets for years for disorders of the stomach and liver and says, "Chamberlain's Tablets are the best I have ever used."



Scott Was the First to Reach the Trees.

at midnight into the mountains, the great red heart of the Scorpion shone afire in the southern sky. Spreading out when they rode between the mountain walls, they made their way without interruption silently toward their rendezvous, an aspen grove near which Durgatoire creek makes its way out of the gap.

Scott was the first to reach the trees. The little grove spread across a slope half a mile wide between the base of one towering cliff, still bearing its Spanish name, El Capitan, and the gorge of the Durgatoire. To the east of this point the trails to Calabasas and to Sleepy Cat divide, and here Scott and Lefever received De Spain, who had ridden slowly and followed Scott's injunctions to keep the red star to the right of El Capitan all the way across the sinks.

Securing their horses, the three stretched out on the open ground to wait for daylight. De Spain meditated first on how he should capture Sassoon at daybreak and then on Nan Morgan and her mountain home into which he was about to break to drag out a criminal. Sassoon and his malice soon drifted out of his mind, but Nan remained. Her form outlined in the mist that rose from the hidden creek seemed to hover somewhere near un-

GROW FAT ON 40 CENTS A DAY

Eight of Chicago's Dieting Dozen Gain In Weight.

The Dieting dozen of Chicago's health board experimenters who are attempting to demonstrate that a person can live healthfully and well on 40 cents a day are growing fat. After the first day of their two weeks' test some complained that the dinner was not enough, but Jack Spratt never left the platter cleaner than any one of these.

John Dill Robertson, health commissioner of Chicago, had criticized some because they did not eat all the breakfast provided, but there was no need of criticism, for each of the dieters ate his allotted quota.

The daily weights taken during the forenoon showed that eight of the dozen had gained in weight on the scientific fare. Dr. O. J. Steker, the heavy weight of the experimenters, had added three and one-quarter pounds to the 220 he weighed. Two showed a slight loss, and two held their weight unchanged.

A sample menu follows:

BREAKFAST.
Apple.
Boiled oats.
Biscuit and butter.
Coffee.
LUNCH.
Puree of lima beans.
Sallisbury steak.
Chocolate blancmange.
Bread and butter.
Tea.
DINNER.
New England boiled dinner.
Baked hot cake.
Cocoa.

Every Nickel Helped.

Three years ago N. M. Carlson of Minneapolis, Minn., started saving Buffalo nickels. A few days ago he bought a small motor car with the 7,865 he had collected.

Winter Brings Colds to Children.

A child rarely goes through the whole winter without a cold, and every mother should have a reliable remedy handy. Fever, sore throat, tight chest and croupy coughs are sure symptoms. A dose of Dr. Bell's Fine Tar Honey will loosen the phlegm, relieve the congested lungs and stop the cough. Its antiseptic pine balsams heal the soothe. For croup, whooping cough and chronic bronchial troubles try Dr. Bell's Fine Tar Honey. At all Drugists, 25c.

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Cold Settled In His Back

Foley Kidney Pills always give me prompt relief.—Ed Volen, Rogers, Neb.

Ed Volen, of Rogers, Neb., writes: "I have used Foley Kidney Pills for kidney trouble, the result of catching cold which settled in my back. Foley Kidney Pills always give me prompt relief and I can cheerfully recommend them."

"The reason Foley Kidney Pills set so satisfactorily is because they neutralize and dissolve the poisonous matter that remains in the blood because the kidneys do not do their work properly in filtering and carrying out from the system uric acid and other poisons."

Relief usually follows in a few days and such symptoms as pain in the sides or back, stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatism, too frequent action of the bladder at night, and other painful and annoying ailments disappear. Foley Kidney Pills contain no harmful ingredients. They are safe as well as quick acting.

FOR SALE BY W. D. DUNCAN.

POULTRY WANTED

WE WILL PAY CASH AND CALL FOR:

Spring Roosters, without feed, lb. 16c
Roosters, stagg, 14c
Hens, old and young feed, lb. 14c
Old Roosters, feed, lb. 8c
Turkeys, young 20c
Turkeys, old 12c
Duck 14c
Geese, per lb. 10c
Rabbits, each 10c
Butter, lb. 32c
Eggs, doz. 40c
Cream, butter fat, per lb. 38c

1/2 lb. extra for poultry delivered.

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Successful for years in difficult cases of both sexes. Patient's improvement begins immediately—a permanent cure is effected by use of powerful and delicate drugs. Treatment administered only by skilled, kindly physicians. Pleasant surroundings. Home remedies for tuberculosis and nervousness. Do not use glass envelopes. Write today. The Kelley Institute - Dept. 22.

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