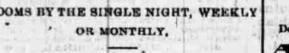


The Rock Island Argus says: A dis sipated Benedict stayed down town un-til a very late hour the other night. He went home and alept in a chair, with one foot in a pan of biscait dough his wife had set to rise. Qa waking up, wife had set to rise. On waking up,

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!















Doors,

Blinds,



Are Selling Out their Entire

MILLINERY AND FARCY GOODS, A Choice Block of No. 99, KIMBALL'S BLOCK. PURE HOME-MADE CANDIES

ALSO, Figs, Nuts, Raisins, Oysters,

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n' stenaton

First South Street,



month of Mouldings,

Lath.