

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BELVIDERE, ILL.
A. C. FULLER, Pres.
R. F. WILSON, Vice Pres.
N. C. TOWERS, Cashier.
Successors of Boone County Bank of Fuller, Lawrence & Co.
EXCHANGE
BOUGHT AND SOLD, AND
COLLECTIONS
made and remitted for at current rates of Exchange.
Uncurrent Money, Gold & Silver
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Money Loaned at Usual Rates.
Govt. Loans Negotiated.
Belvidere, May 2, 1886.

J. S. HILDRUP,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Belvidere, Illinois.
Gives prompt attention to all professional business entrusted to him.
Office corner State and Exchange Sts., over Fuller's Drug Store. April 18, 1886.

DODGE & WOOD,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
BELVIDERE, ILL., BOONE COUNTY, ILLINOIS.
Office on State Street, first door North of the Post Office.
Belvidere, Dec. 12, 1885.

WAR CLAIM AGENCY.
A. E. JENNER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Conveyancer and
INSURANCE AGENT.
Office over Fuller's Drug Store, corner of State and Exchange Streets, Belvidere, Ill.
Represents the "LIVERPOOL & LONDON," "SECURITY," and "LONDON & LANCASHIRE" FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES, whose combined Cash Assets amount to \$13,515,014.77.
ALSO THE
LIVERPOOL & LONDON, and "CHARTER OAK" Life Insurance Companies.
Having paid the requisite Government License, is prepared to attend to all calls in either of the above branches, with fidelity and dispatch.

WAR CLAIM AGENCY!!!
BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS.

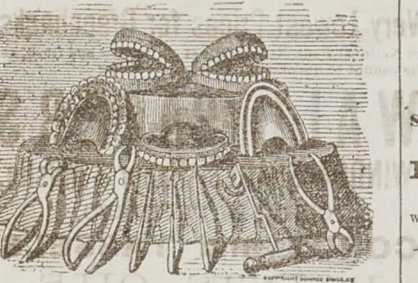
O. H. WRIGHT
HAVING associated himself with a well known and responsible firm of Washington, D. C., offers great inducements to all who have claims against the Government, such as
Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, and all other Legitimate Claims.
which they will collect. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with fidelity and dispatch.
General Collector & Insurance Agent.
Office in Brick Block, opposite J. Rider's Dry Goods Store.
Belvidere, Illinois.
Belvidere, Boone Co., Ill., Oct. 25, 1884.

M. M. BOYCE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
And **Solicitor in Chancery,**
BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS.
Office in Rice's Block, South Side.

L. W. PRAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
BELVIDERE, ILL.
Office over S. Powell's Grocery Store, North Side.

DR. D. E. FOOTE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BELVIDERE, ILL.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
Corner of Van Buren and Perry sts., Southwest corner of Court House Square.

D. E. ELLIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND DENTIST,
BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS.

TEETH INSERTED
Upon the
Vulcanite Base,
(Hard Rubber).
Gold & Silver Plate,
etc., etc.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
Corner of State and Exchange streets, opposite Turner's Market.
WM. S. FOOTE,
DENTIST,
Belvidere, Ill.


MAY BE FOUND AT THE OLD PLACE,
Opposite Boone Co. Bank, 2d story
Prepared to Insert
TEETH upon the VULCANITE BASE!
and Gold and Silver Plate.
Extracting and Filling Teeth done in the best manner, with the least possible pain.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, both as to QUALITY and PRICE.
July 23

J. PHILLIPS,
DENTIST,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
DR. M. LOMON'S PORCELAIN TEETH
BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS.
Teeth inserted on GOLD or SILVER Plate, Black Teeth inserted, if desired, and Filling and Extracting teeth done in the best manner. Work warranted to give satisfaction, both as to quality and price.
Office next door East of the Belvidere Bank.
Sept. 2, 1885

WAR CLAIM OFFICE.
W. R. DODGE,
Attorney at Law,
OFFICE FIRST DOOR NORTH OF THE POST OFFICE.
BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS.
HAVING been duly licensed by the U. S. Government as a Claim Agent will attend to the PROSECUTION OF CLAIMS FOR BOUNTY LAND, BOUNTY MONEY, BACK PAY, PENSIONS, &c.
All business promptly and carefully attended to. Charges uniformly moderate.
W. R. DODGE.
Dec. 2, 1884.

Desirable Business Property and RESIDENCE FOR SALE.
THE SUBSCRIBER being about to remove to Missouri, offers his
STORE ON MECHANIC STREET,
And Residence on Madison St., North Belvidere, for sale low. Inquire at the store the next thirty days.
M. E. KEELER.
Belvidere, March 20, 1886.

The Belvidere Standard.

R. ROBERTS, Publisher. **Vol. XV. BELVIDERE, ILL., TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1886. NO. 6**

Farms! Farms! Farms!
A large amount of Real Estate in this vicinity is for sale. The subscribers are authorized to sell some of the most desirable and valuable farms.
In Boone County, the present offers a rare opportunity for purchasers to secure themselves a
Good Farm, Conveniently Located.
PRICES REASONABLE.
And Terms of Payment Easy.
THOMPSON & GOODRICH,
Real Estate Office, Powell's Block.
Belvidere, Sept. 25, 1885.

BALTIC MILLS,
BELVIDERE, ILL.
THE Subscribers would give notice to the public that the above Mills are now in a state of
Thorough Repair,
Having enlarged their working capacity by the addition of a
NEW RUN OF STONE
We are now ready to give prompt attention to
ORDERS
Spinning no pains to give satisfaction to our customers.
All parts of our Mills are fitted with the
BEST OF MACHINERY,
Combining the
LATEST IMPROVEMENTS
IN MILLING.
We intend that our work shall not be excelled by any Mill in the State.
CORN & FEED.
Farmers and others are requested to take notice that we have a Run of Stone expressly for grinding Corn and Feed, and are therefore able to give orders for this service of custom work without delay.
Orders Promptly Attended to.
Thankful for past liberal patronage, the subscribers hope for a continuance of the same.
MARTIN & BOWLEY.
Belvidere, June 20, 1885.

GREAT DISCOVERY!
It has been found at last!—The Farmer's Benefactor.
WINNER'S IMPROVED DOUBLE ACTION DASHER CHURN.
Patented April 15th, 1885. This Churn is likely to supersede all other Churns in market, being in the widest demand, so long used and so universally preferred by the people.
The Double Action Dasher,
Propelled by the Crank Motion,
Makes a quick, easy, simple in arrangement, and durable, enabling a small child to perform a large churning in a few minutes. Parties wishing one of these celebrated Churns will find them with CONYER & VAN WINE, South E. Belvidere.
Parties wishing to invest in a paying business, one that will increase yearly, will do well to come forward and make investment in
Town, County or State Rights.
B. L. WINNER,
Inventor & Patentee, Belvidere, Ill.
WANTED—Three or four first class Pat. Right Agents to introduce the above Churn, throughout the different States of the Union. Satisfactory reference required.
B. L. WINNER.
Belvidere, April 9th, 1886.

SOUTH SIDE
BRICK AND COAL
YARD!
Near the Rail Road Crossing.
BRICK,
LACKAWANA, BRIAR HILL, BLOSSBURG, and ILLINOIS
COAL,
Sold by the Car Load or Smaller Quantities, and
DELIVERED AT LOW RATES
Orders left at the Yard, or H. C. CONYER'S STORE, will be promptly attended to.
August 2nd, 1885. R. PARKHILL.

TO FARMERS.
S. LONGCOR'S IMPROVED PLOWS!
WE HAVE ON HAND FOR SALE, and make the following
PLOWS & CULTIVATORS, viz.:
Our Premium Stirring PLOW.
The Sod & Stubble PLOW.
The 2 & 4 Horse Breaking PLOW.
The Single Shovel PLOW.
The Double PLOW.
Cultivators:
The 2-Horse CULTIVATOR, 7 & 9-tooth.
The 1-Horse 3 & 5-tooth.
Our Two Horse Cultivator is intended for covering grain, the blades will scour at all times and lay soil, wet or dry, and will cover better and till the soil more thoroughly than any drill ever made, and will do better work once over the ground than can be done with a drag.
Our work is made this spring of the BEST QUALITY OF
American Iron and Imported Steel!
Our work is made of the BEST QUALITY OF SEASONED TIMBER.
Farmers will please call and examine for themselves.
S. LONGCOR.
South Belvidere, March 27, 1886.

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER,
To Cleanse the Blood,
And Promote Health,
MAKE USE OF
LINDSEY'S
Improved Blood Searcher and
Medical Discovery.
A STANDARD REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, SUCH AS
Scrofula, Cancerous Formations, Cutaneous Diseases, Scalds, Boils, Pimples on the Face, Sore Eyes, Scurvy, Tetter, Itch, Old and Stubborn Ulcers, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Mercurial Poisoning, General Debility, together with all other diseases from an impure condition of the circulatory system.
Sole Proprietors,
R. E. SELLERS & CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Rival of Niagara—The Great Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River in Africa.
Livingstone, the celebrated traveler, in his recent book of travels in Africa, thus describes the most wonderful geographical discovery of modern times: "The Victoria Falls of the Zambesi river are among the most remarkable curiosities of the interior of Africa." For several miles above the cataract the river is smooth and tranquil, flowing by lovely islands thickly covered with tropical vegetation. Lush palm trees, with their fruit in golden clusters, grow abundantly upon the banks. Many flowers peep out near the water's edge. But these charming islands are soon succeeded by dangerous rapids. It is only when the river is very low that they can be passed in safety. Elephants and hippopotami are often swept over the falls, and, of course, smashed to pulp. In entering the race of waters, the traveler is requested not to speak, as talking might impair the virtue of the "medicine." There were places where the utmost exertions of the canoe man had to be put forth to force the boat to the only safe part of the rapid, and to prevent it from sweeping down broadside on. At times it seemed as if nothing could save the canoe from dashing headlong against the rocks, but just at the nick of time the word was passed to the seraman, who, with ready pole, turned the craft to the left side, and it glided swiftly past the threatened danger.

On reaching the falls a spectacle of indescribable magnificence was presented to the travelers. The cataract is formed by a crack across the river, the bed of the Zambesi, at that place. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, except about three feet of the edge over which the river rolls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag. The cleft is in length a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which was found to be, by measurement, a little over 1,800 yards, but this number was retained to mark the year in which the fall was for the first time carefully examined. The width, at the narrowest, was found to be 80 yards, and at the widest somewhat more. Into this chasm, twice as deep as Niagara Falls, the river, a mile wide, rolls with deafening roar, forming the Victoria cataract. It is broken into several partial falls by rocks and islands, in all making upward of 2,700 feet of perennial fall. The whole body of water rolls clear over quite unbroken, but after a descent of ten or more feet the entire mass suddenly becomes like a huge sheet of driven snow. Pieces of water leap from it in the form of comets with tails streaming behind, till the whole snowy sheet is changed into myriads of rushing, leaping, aqueous comets. The amount is probably exceeded by Niagara, a though not in the months when the Zambesi is in flood. This vast body of water necessarily incloses in its descent a large volume of air, forced in to the cleft to an unknown depth, rebound, and rushes up loaded with vapor to form three or even six columns, as if of steam, visible at the distance of twenty-one miles. On reaching the height of 200 feet from the level of the river, this vapor becomes condensed into a perpetual shower of fine rain.

On one of our earliest visits to the illusive charm attached to the idea of a female author, indeed, changed to a horror from which we have never wholly recovered. We were requested to escort a lady to what we understood was an ordinary social gathering. After entering a rather small and somewhat obscure drawing-room, saluting the hostess and taking the proffered seat, we were struck with the formal arrangement of the company. They formed an unbroken row along the walls of the room, except at one end, at which stood an astral lamp; and in an arm-chair beside it, in a studied attitude, like one posed for a daguerrotype, sat a woman of masculine proportions, coarse features, and hair between yellow and red, which fell in unkempt masses down the sides of her broad forehead. She was clad in white muslin of an antiquated fashion. We noticed that the guests cast looks, partly of curiosity, partly of uneasiness, upon this Herculean female, who rolled her eyes occasionally, and smiled upon us all with a kind of complacent pity. We ventured, amid the silence, to ask our neighbor the name of the gigantic unknown. She appeared extremely surprised at the very natural question. "Why, don't you know?" We invited her to meet her, and, I assure you, it is a rare privilege. That is Mrs. Jones, the celebrated author of the "Affiliated One." At this moment a brisk little woman in the corner, with accents highly tremulous, and a manner intended to be very nonchalant, broke the uncomfatable hush of the room, and said, "My dear Mrs. Jones," she said, "as one of you are a friend and most ardent admirer, allow me to inquire if your health does not suffer from the intense state of feeling in which you evidently write?" The Amazonian novelist sighed—it was funny to see that operation on so large a scale—and then, in a voice so like the rougher sex that we began to believe she was a man in disguise, replied: "When I reach the catastrophe of my stories, it is not uncommon for me to faint dead away; and, as I always write in a room by myself, it has happened more than once that I have been found stretched, miserable and cold, on the floor, with a pen grasped in my fingers, and the carpet littered with manuscript blotting with tears!" The Siddonian pathos of this announcement sent a thrill round the circle; glances of admiration and pity were thrown upon the self-immolated victim at the shrine of letters, and other inquiries were adventured, which elicited equally impressive replies, until the psychological throes of authorship, particularly in the female gender, assumed an epicurean complexion of epilepsy and nightmare. The egotism of these revelations at length overcame our patience, and leaving our companion to another's escort, we slipped from the room. A thunder-storm had arisen; the rain was pouring down in torrents; upon the doorstep we encountered a very pale, thin little man with an umbrella under his arm, and a pair of overshoes in his hand. As we passed, he addressed us in a very meek and frightened voice: "Please, sirs, is there a party here?" "Yes," we both exclaimed in a low voice. "Please, sirs, do you think I could step into the entry?" "I'm Mr. Jones." "H. T. Tuckerman."

People cannot be too careful when they perform the responsible duty of giving characters to servants. Miss Howard, a young lady living at Taunton, has had bitter reason to repent of what her counsel very mildly termed her "good nature" in giving a false character to a woman named Anna Wingate. The facts of the case were these:—Miss Wingate had lived in Taunton, where she was known as a well-conducted young woman. Some time ago, she came to London, where she appears to have fallen into bad habits. In October, last year, this woman wished to get into domestic service, and, being unprovided with a written character, she wrote a piteous letter to Miss Howard, imploring her to give her a "twelve-months good character," and with this request—although it was no less than asking her to be guilty of a deliberate untruth—this young lady was weak enough to comply. The character was worded as follows:—"Miss Howard presents her compliments to Mrs. Boldero, and begs to say, during the long time Anna Wingate lived in her service she always found her strictly honest, sober, active, cleanly, and industrious. She can truly recommend her as a good servant."—Monkton, October 29th, 1885. Anna Wingate got the place, and turned out to be a bad servant, and an ardent thief. Upon this service she had surreptitiously obtained admittance, made inquiry into the matter, and the result was the appearance of Miss Howard at the Marlborough Police Court on Wednesday last. After the matter had been fully gone into, Mr. Knox (the sitting magistrate) gave the following decision:—"In a matter of this sort I have but one duty to perform, and that is to protect the public from such false recommendations as these. In this case (Miss Howard) has given a most excellent character to a very bad thief, who got into Mr. Boldero's service and there committed a robbery. Considering the position of the defendant, I hope the sentence I am about to pass will be a caution to her. In this case I must insist on reducing the penalty; but I will not do it, I trust that this will be a warning to all persons in a similar position against giving false characters. I cannot help saying that for any one in the position of the defendant it is scandalous to commit an offence like this. No one can be safe if such things as these were to be shrugged over. The full penalty of £20 and 10s. costs I must inflict; in default of payment to be imprisoned for one month. I must add that you (Mr. Boldero) have done the public a most important service in prosecuting this case."

Curious Farming.
We have all read of the humane and wise Yankee who conceived the plan of saving the fur and the lives too of his beaver—by catching and shearing them once a year instead of killing and stripping their skins from their bodies—and we have supposed it a good conceit, but in no way true or possible. But we may have been mistaken. It appears there is a gentleman in the Western part of the State, who in another way has accomplished an equivalent result. Having a fondness for animals, he fancied a pair of young elk, that he saw a few years ago in Indiana, and bought them; he brought them home, and in raising them and his boys petted them, and the elk repaid them by becoming quite tame. There seemed no reason why they should not increase and multiply. They did, and Mr. Stratton became satisfied that it would not be difficult to raise a herd of them. He, therefore, fenced in a large tract of hilly land, where they could have pasture and shade, and plenty of range, and there the elk thrived. No dogs molested them, for the bucks were too mighty for them. Up to the age of two years the bucks were not dangerous, but after that became so, and must be castrated. Then they grew large and made fine meat, better than deer. The upshot of it is, that Mr. Stratton raised some sixty elk, and with no more trouble and not much (if any) more expense than so many cattle. But now comes another curious fact of the business—how to find a market for them? It so happened that somebody bought a pair and sent them a present to Victor Emanuel, who is not only fond of animals, but has a fine park in which to keep them. They lived and bore the voyage well, and proved quite satisfactory. In due time an order came from the King of Italy for an increased supply, which arrived safely, and in the end some thirty of these wild American elk were transferred from the woody hills of Western New York to the pleasant parks of the King of Italy, at a profit to the enterprising farmer of some five hundred dollars each, and there, no doubt, they are growing to this day.

How to Raise Turkeys.
A farmer's wife writes as follows:—"In the first place select a good kind. In autumn or early in winter is the most favorable time for that—just before the birds are sent to market. Keep them well during the winter; make pens of them if you like. Mine eat from my hand, and answer to my call. In the spring, a few days before they begin to lay (which is about two weeks after moulting), put them in an enclosure, where it is most desirable to have their nests, and where they can get out. After they have made their nests, they may be let at liberty, without any fear of roosting or straying. Next, take good care of the eggs. They should be gathered carefully every day, and placed between layers of flannel or cotton, in a place of uniformly cool temperature, and turned over every day. In spring, after the turkeys begin to lay, it is often cold enough to freeze the ground, when, if the eggs are suffered to lie out, they will become chilled, and will not hatch. In warm weather, it is not so necessary to protect the eggs. As soon as the birds are hatched, feed them with warm bread and milk, well peppered, with boiled eggs added; or, with lopped milk thickened with cooked corn meal, cannelle (wheat middlings), which is better. A little care in these matters will repay all efforts. Before I knew how to take care of the eggs, I had thirty eggs one year, and but one of them hatched. The next year I set forty eggs, and nearly all of them hatched, and the birds lived. At present prices, raising poultry is a much more pleasant and easy occupation than the slavish drudgery of making butter and cheese. At least, such is the opinion of a Cayuga Co. farmer's wife.—[Selected.]

The True Standard of Dress.
We are always excessive when we sacrifice the higher beauty to attain the lower one. A woman who will sacrifice domestic affection, conscience, self-respect, honor, to love of dress, we all agree, loves dress too much. She loses the truer and higher beauty of womanhood for the lower beauty of gems and flowers and colors. A girl who sacrifices to dress all her time, all her strength, all her money, to the neglect of the cultivation of her mind and heart, and to the neglect of the claims of others on her helpfulness, is sacrificing the higher to the lower beauty. Her fault is not the love of beauty, but loving the wrong and inferior kind. In fine, girls, you may try yourselves by this standard: You love dress too much when you care more for your outward adornments than for your inward beauties, when it affects you more to have your hair done than where they come from, and where they landed, and what they done after they landed. Here's a picture of one of 'em going about Plymouth peddlin', with a pack on his back!

Wood Paper.
The constantly increasing price of ragged paper-makers for some years past to turn their attention to the discovery of other materials suitable for paper stock. All kinds of plants, from those which grow near our own doors to the luxuriant growth of tropical regions, have been experimented on with but partial success; but it now seems probable that for the future our main source of supply will be the forest. It is at least a century, and we do not know how much longer ago, since paper was made experimentally in Europe from wood; and, notwithstanding repeated improvements the requirements of cost and quality have not until recently been met. The manufacture of wood paper is now, however, an accomplished fact. There are two large establishments, near Philadelphia, where it is carried on. In one of these a paper containing 60 per cent. of wood pulp is turned out, and in the other, which is on an immense scale, an excellent paper for printing purposes, composed of 80 per cent. wood and 20 per cent. straw, is made. The larger and more successful establishment is capable of turning out from 24,000 to 30,000 lbs. of pulp daily.—[American Artisan.]

A Remedy for Love.
A German gentleman felt an arduous flame for a German princess. She was not insensible to a reciprocal passion; and to have him near her person without giving scandal, she created him her general. They lived some time much pleased with each other; but the general became jealous, and the princess fickle. He made very sharp remonstrances; the princess, who wished to be free, gave him his *conge*, and he was constrained to quit her. But his passion at every hour increased; he felt that he could not live out of her presence, and he ventured to enter privately into her closet. The princess looked daggers, but her eyes flashed lightning, and she condescended to give no other answer to his tender appeals, than a command to withdraw instantly from her royal presence. The despairing lord declared he was ready to obey her in everything but that; that, rather than quit her beloved presence, he preferred to die at her hand. Presenting his naked sword to the disdainful princess, he bade her, rather than drive him from her presence, to pierce his heart, that heart which beat alone for her; and the princess, being instigated by the devil or love for another—pretty much the same in a furious woman—took him at his word, and ran him through the body! Fortunately, his wound did not prove mortal; he got well at the end of three months, and likewise was cured of his passion, which had flowed away with effusion of his blood.

The Southern Farmer's Advice.
The Southern Cultivator publishes a letter from a farmer, 78 years old, who is managing a farm in Georgia. He has 21 hands—negro men, women and children. With these he is cultivating 190 acres of corn, 180 of cotton, 25 of sorgho, five of sweet potatoes, and one acre of Irish potatoes. He closes his letter with the following advice, which may be of use to young men in the West, as well as those in the South: "Let an old man tell you to give up your double-barrel shotgun and pointer dog. Don't think you're young men too good to work; go to plowing or hoeing, or to some good mechanical trade; stick to either. I can tell you, by my own experience, that a hard, smutty pan of hands can't, and will, put clean dollars in the pocket. The man working regularly, either in shop or field, enjoys life and rest more than those in any other employment, and far more than those who do nothing." "Young men of the South, consider that a great change has come over our domestic affairs. 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