

## ILLINOIS WILL GO REPUBLICAN

Indications Point to Election Of Deneen in That State.

### CANNON TO BE RETURNED.

ALTHOUGH HE HAS BITTER OPPOSITION IT IS EXPECTED THAT HIS PLURALITY WILL BE BETWEEN 5,000 AND 7,500.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 3.—Rousing meetings held in many places throughout Illinois last night marked the close of the active work of the campaign. The contest in both the national tickets was over so far as political management was concerned and the fight left with the voters.

The Republicans claim the state by 190,000, while the Democrats class it as doubtful.

The Democrats, in fact, have strong hopes of electing their candidate for Governor, Adlai E. Stevenson, and the fight, in this particular, is somewhat in doubt.

The Republicans, however, assert that they will return Charles S. Deneen to the gubernatorial chair by a heavy plurality.

It is impossible to predict with any accuracy the political complexion of the next Congressional delegation from this state, save it will be largely Republican. The Democrats claim stoutly and, with some apparent reason, that they will gain a number of Representatives. It is generally conceded, however, that they will be in a decided minority.

The friends of Speaker Cannon confidently predict his re-election by a majority of from 5,000 to 7,500, while the Democrats claim that Henry C. Bell, their standard bearer in this district, surely will defeat Cannon.

There is every indication that the next state legislature, which elects a successor to Senator Albert J. Hopkins, will be Republican.

**The Eternal Servant Question.**  
In describing the servant of Buenos Aires a writer in the Buenos Aires Herald says, "Cook, housemaid, waitress, chambermaid or nurse, individually and collectively, they are the speck on the ripe fruit of domestic felicity, the fly in the ointment, anything and everything you please that is bad and slovenly and untrustworthy, everything, in short, save good servants."

### Cures Dyspepsia; Trial Is Free

It is a popular mistake that only wealthy people who eat rich and highly-spiced foods suffer from dyspepsia, or, as it is also known, indigestion. The laborer in the street, the worker in the field also finds himself a victim of this disorder. Among the very greatest sufferers from it are women.

Dyspepsia is indicated by a constant feeling of lassitude, by loss of appetite and trouble sleeping, by sour stomach and distension eyes.

There is no surer and speedier cure for dyspepsia than Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint, which dyspepsia has been successfully for twenty years. This great herb laxative compound cured Capt. Clark, Buffalo, N. Y., of dyspepsia and sour stomach that he had for years, or until the lucky day that he heard of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint. It cured him of his dyspepsia. After suffering continuously for sixteen months. These are only a few of the many. But it is not expensive to be cured with this great remedy. It can be bought at any drug store in a 50-cent or \$1 bottle.

Your very neighbors are probably life-long users of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint, which dyspepsia has been successfully for twenty years. This great herb laxative compound cured Capt. Clark, Buffalo, N. Y., of dyspepsia and sour stomach that he had for years, or until the lucky day that he heard of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint. It cured him of his dyspepsia. After suffering continuously for sixteen months. These are only a few of the many. But it is not expensive to be cured with this great remedy. It can be bought at any drug store in a 50-cent or \$1 bottle.

Thousands of families everywhere keep Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint in their medicine chest as an emergency remedy, for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, etc., which may come on at any time, day and night. It is pleasant to the taste, acts gently, and does not grip. It is the great children's laxative tonic.

If there is anything about you, tell me, that you don't understand, or if you want any medical advice, write to the doctor, and he will answer you fully. There is no charge for this service. The address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 504 Caldwell bldg., Monticello, Ill.

New Phones 1198 BEE HIVE GROCERY COMPANY New Phones 1198

Gold Bond Maple Syrup

Old Fashion Buckwheat Flour

Rodman Whole Wheat Pancake Flour

Home Made Mince Meat

Backmeyer Kraut Cheese of All Kinds

New Canned Fruit and Vegetables, the finest line in the city, very low price on dozen lots.

BEE HIVE COFFEE

### Burglars Lunch And Then Play Poker For Their Victim's Money

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 3.—Burglars enjoyed a fine lunch and then played a game of poker for their victim's money in his own home last night. Rattling of the poker chips aroused the family of Leroy Gleason, this city. Gleason stole down the stairs and saw the burglars in the parlor, busily taking his own money.

### THE GAMING PASSION

Incidents In Actual Life That Outstrip Fiction.

### A COLD BLOODED MONARCH.

Louis XV. and the Dead Man at the Card Table—A Woman Who Gambled on Her Deathbed—Lord Denison's Play While His Bride Waited at the Altar.

If the full story of the card table could be written it would surely be the most startling revelation of humanupidity ever published, and almost every page of it would be marked by some incident which would outstrip fiction.

When Louis XV. was at the card table the fascination of the game made him absolutely dead to all externals and even to decency and humanity. On one occasion when he was playing for high stakes one of his opponents, overcome by excitement, collapsed in his chair in a fit of apoplexy. His majesty affected to ignore the incident until some one exclaimed, "M. de Chauvel is ill!" "Ill?" retorted the king, casting a careless glance at the stricken man; "he is dead. Take him away. Spades are trumps, gentlemen!"

Equally weird is a story Goldsmith tells. When the clergyman arrived to prepare a lady parishioner who had a passion for gambling for her approaching death the lady after listening for a short time to his exhortation exclaimed: "That's enough! Now let us have a game of cards." To humor her the parson consented to play. The dying woman won all his money and had just suggested playing for her funeral fee when she fell back and expired.

In the early years of last century a whist club composed largely of clergymen used to meet in the back room of a barber's shop in a Somersetshire town. On one occasion, so the story runs, when four of the club members were acting as pallbearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, some delay occurred, and the coffin was set down in the chancel. One of them produced a pack of cards and suggested a rubber. The coffin served the purpose of a table, and the players were deeply immersed in the game when the sexton arrived to announce that everything was at last ready.

Mazarin's passion for gambling was so strong even in death that he played cards to the very end, when he was so weak that they had to be held for him, and the "merry monarch" spent his last Sunday on earth playing at basset round a large table with his great courtiers and other dissolute persons and with a bank of at least \$2,000 before him.

The curious fascination cards possess for their devotees is illustrated by the following story of Lord Granville, at the time ambassador to France. One afternoon when he was about to return to Paris he repaired to Graham's to have a farewell game of whist, ordering his carriage to be at the door at 4. When it arrived he was much too deep in the game to be disturbed. At 10 o'clock he sent out to say that he was not ready and that the horses had better be changed. Six hours later the same message was sent out, and twice more the waiting horses were changed before he consented to leave the table after losing £10,000.

An equally remarkable story is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most romantic of gambling stories is told by Mr. Thiseleton-Dyer of a plainly dressed stranger who once took his seat at a faro table and after an extraordinary run of luck succeeded in breaking the bank. "Heavens," exclaimed an old, infirm Austrian officer who had sat next to the stranger, "the twentieth part of your gains would make me the happiest man in the world!" "You shall have it, then," answered the stranger as he left the room.

A servant speedily returned and presented the officer with the twentieth part of the bank, adding, "My master, sir, requires no answer." The successful stranger was soon discovered to be the king of Prussia in disguise.

The most costly game of cards on record was probably that in which the late George McCulloch, chairman of the Broken Hill Proprietary company, once took part. A syndicate of seven had been formed to finance the famous Broken Hill silver mine, and Mr. McCulloch was one of the seven. One

of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last hung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most remarkable stories is told of George Payne, the great turf player of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square,