

The South:
PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING
By J. M. MILLS & CO.
120 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Where Subscription and Advertisements will be received.
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Nov. 20.
"THE BORDER STATES."
We neglected yesterday to credit the article with the above heading to the Toronto (Canada) Globe.

THE NEWS.
We have headed this article "The News" rather than the force of habit than from the fact that we have anything to record of a very reliable nature. Of rumors, however, the crop is abundant, and as our readers do not have the opportunity of gathering them as easily as ourselves, we will in a quiet, chatty style, rehearse the various statements which have reached our ears, without vouching for the correctness of all we have listened to.

First, it is said that there has been more serious fighting in front of Washington than the revised telegraphic reports make mention of, and there are to be found individuals who assert positively, upon the strength of letters which have reached here, that General Heintzmann was undoubtedly slain in the reconnaissance made by him towards Oxonon river, and that his body has not yet been recovered. This may or may not be so, but in the reports which have so frequently consigned him to the cold embrace of the tomb, but it is quite certain that the name of Heintzmann has not lately figured in print, and that his reconnaissance in force proved a lamentable failure, and cost quite a number of lives.

We next hear that McClellan is about to move, and today or tomorrow are set down as the eventful time when either Bull Run shall be re-occupied or the Ajax of the Federal Army shall be able to declare that "Manassas is mine." A proud commander who has been invested with laurels in advance of their winning, must certainly feel some impatience at the disrespectful manner with which he is treated by his audacious foe, for it has come to this pass, that the hero of reviews cannot now exhibit one of his haughtiest and eminently inimitable pageants to the gaze of admiring non-combatants without being molested in the most shameful manner.

While one of these daily shows was progressing the other day, a step was put to the proceedings by an attack of the Confederates upon the 14th (Brooklyn) regiment, which resulted in the death of two Federals and the mortally wounding of another, while ten others turn up as missing, who are probably prisoners. This occurred near Falls Church, almost within the Federal lines, and shows the extreme impudence and close proximity of the Southerners, who, by previous accounts, had fled precipitately to Manassas. We hope they will have more regard for decency than to interrupt the grand review of sixty thousand men which is advertised for to-day, but their known insouciance may lead them into the commission of the most atrociously and highly improper acts. It is quite certain to our minds that if General McClellan intends to do anything at all, he must move within ten days or not at all. If he fails to do so both armies will go into winter quarters, unless the Confederates take the offensive. A very small Confederate force can defend Manassas, Richmond and Aquia, and the balance can be sent to Kentucky and to the coast.

The abandonment of one half of Missouri by the Federal army is regarded as indicating that Kentucky is to be made the debatable ground. The Washington Republican (Government organ) is greatly surprised at the tone of General Dix's proclamation to the people of the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and wishes to know what it means, after the recent emphatic declaration of hostility to slavery by Secretary Cameron. The Republican evidently wishes the Federal army to resolve itself into a corps of negro strikers.

We have no intelligence since yesterday of the success of the expedition against Accomac and Northampton. Should it succeed, if our readers cannot calculate themselves upon nothing else, they may expect a renewal of our accustomed supply of chorography.

The Governor of Maryland has called together the Legislature to meet early in December. The tone of the Administration press leads us to look for an entire upsetting of all the reform legislation of the past year, and the enactment of such laws as may be considered by the authorities at Washington.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.
The steamer *Atlanta*, Captain Cannon, arrived at the mouth of the river this morning, and reports nothing of special interest.
A 250-ton truck came over from Norfolk yesterday, bringing one passenger, Lieutenant Worden, of the Federal Navy, who it will be remembered was captured at Montgomery, Alabama, on the Federal April last, whilst on his way from Fort Pickens to Washington, as a bearer of dispatches to the Government, and who has been confined ever since. He has been exchanged for Lieutenant Sharp, of the Confederate Navy, who was taken prisoner at the time of the attack on Hatteras by the Federal army.

The arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, was received throughout the entire South with feelings of mingled joy and regret—joy, from the fact that it was thought to be beneficial to the Confederate cause by being the means of drawing out an expression of feeling from the English Government and people, and in that way hastening the issue of the contest—and regret, because of the personal suffering of the prisoners, in being deprived of their liberty and the society of their families and friends.

The steamer *Spaulding* and the revenue cutter *Cocoon* arrived yesterday from Hatteras Inlet, but brings nothing new from that quarter. They report that Fort Clark is still inundated, the sea

continuing to make an ugly breach over the narrow strip of land upon which it was built, that it was gradually being washed away, and could not possibly stand much longer.
There was still no indication of an immediate attack on Newport News, and everything remained quiet at the Forts.

A TRUMP CARD.
Whilst players will understand us when we say that the capture of Mason and Slidell was, whether so designed or not by the leaders of the Southern Confederacy, a forcing card. Two things are accomplished by their arrest: First, the United States have been compelled to reverse their entire policy as to the right of search; and commit an act which has never been attempted towards England by any power not in war with her, and can hardly fail to lead to trouble. Secondly, England will be compelled to show her hand. If she wishes an opportunity to raise the blockade, and to embarrass still more the Washington Government, the fairest occasion is presented that could possibly be offered. If, however, it is her fixed determination to remain neutral, the Southern Confederacy will learn that such is the case by her failure to respond to the insult, and will shape their policy accordingly. It brings things to an issue which is just what the South desires.

The most foolish thing which newspapers can now do is to fill their columns with long extracts from Kent's Commentaries, Vattel, Wheaton, &c., and to engage in the pursuit and citation of precedents. Nations now-a-days will act as they please without regard to these venerable authorities, and if John Bull is in the battling mood, flimsy parchments will prove a very slight barrier to his horrid front. Our friends in New York and other maritime cities had better take Mr. Seward's advice and oppose more formidable obstacles to his Bullships' wrath than paper fortifications. He is the same gentleman who bombarded Copenhagen, impressed American seamen, and who has done a great many other things not justifiably the laws of Puffendorf, Grotius, Vattel, &c. of our own genus.

PROBABLE SUSPENSION OF THE NEW YORK BANKS.
It is generally anticipated in financial circles that before the 1st of January next, the Banks of New York will be compelled to suspend specie payments. In spite of the small imports and the very large exports of produce, sterling exchange has maintained great firmness, a result attributable to the fact that, to a very large extent, the produce so profusely shipped has been paid for in American Stocks, of which the sagacious English are quietly ridding themselves. The markets of France and England are now glutted with cereals, and they require nothing more from this side; and if they wanted it, they could not long obtain it, for the canal will close, in all probability, within the next ten days. The boat will then be upon the other leg, the North will be receiving instead of exporting, and exchange will rise to a point which will pay to ship specie. Nothing then can prevent the drain of the precious metals, in view of the extraordinary loan made by the Banks to the Government, but the suspension of specie payments, and to that the Banks will undoubtedly resort as the only means of salvation from bankruptcy. The English will, of course, grumble and say that this is not fair play; that when the balance was against them, they paid up like good, honest, stiff-backed men as they are, in gold, and they had a right to expect a return in kind, but arguments will avail. Necessity knows no law, and the result we have indicated is almost inevitable.

MISS PATTI'S CONCERT.
We are informed that all the artists who are to appear in Miss Patti's Concert to-night, are already in the city, and that no inclemency of the weather will induce a postponement. A brilliant and fashionable audience is an assured fact. Miss Patti's success in Washington last night was keeping with her decided triumph in Philadelphia.

Mr. Henry Taylor, Sun Building, placed upon our table at 8 o'clock this morning, Philadelphia papers of to-day. This is the result of the new schedule between this city and Philadelphia—and sustains at the same time Mr. Taylor's well won character for enterprise and promptitude.

A PRIVATEER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—By a letter of Capt. Joseph M. Vaughan, of the bark *Sarah Park*, now at Leghorn, to his owners in New York, with which we have been furnished, we learn of a rumor that a Southern privateer is in the Mediterranean.
LEHIGH, Oct. 25, 1861.
Richard P. Buck, Esq., New York.

DEAR SIR—By a communication from our Minister at Turin, the masters of American vessels at this port were, this morning, notified of the presence of a (supposed) Southern privateer—a three-masted schooner—in the Sicilian waters; and although not putting great confidence in the statement, in common with the other masters in this place, deem it a duty to re-consult with our Government for not placing one or more vessels of war in these seas for the protection of American commerce. Such is also the opinion of the sailing consul at this port, and I immediately, on hearing the news, concluded to write to you, to request that, if agreeable to you, you may use your influence in securing to us that protection which is so necessary to our safety. For what is to prevent their privateers from scouring the whole Mediterranean? Will not the present attitude of the Spanish and well known hostility of the Portuguese Governments favor their plans. I cannot say that I feel any fear of capture, but where valuable property belonging to others is under my charge, I feel that I may be excused for urging this request.

A Great Review.
McClellan is great on reviews. A correspondent of the New York Express says:
Immense preparations are making for the great review which is to take place at or near Munson's Hill on Wednesday. At least sixty thousand troops will participate in this grand display. It will be impossible for spectators to have an opportunity of witnessing the whole body *en masse*, but they will pass a certain point where can be seen the most magnificent spectacle of the age. Every brigade will be thrown in solid column, and the entire command will be personally superintended by the commander-in-chief, General McClellan, himself. The anxiety to obtain passes is so great that already an order has been issued to limit them to a certain number.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE ARREST.
When Lieutenant Fairfax, of the San Jacinto, reached the deck of the Trent, he met the captain, and inquired if he had Mason and Slidell on board. He hesitated in answering, when Lieutenant Fairfax discovered Mason and Slidell were on board, and Lieutenant Fairfax approached the Confederate Envoy, and inquired if he was not Mr. Mason. Mason arose and stated that he was, when Lieutenant Fairfax announced that he had orders for his arrest. Mason turned to the captain and asked if he intended to allow this outrage to be committed upon his flag. The captain made at that moment came up from the cabin, and he also was informed by Lieutenant Fairfax that he had orders for his arrest.

In a private conversation, it is supposed that what to do when they reached Europe, and were astonished to learn that they were also to be transferred. Their baggage was brought up and examined, and various papers which were supposed to be of value to the Government were taken possession of. A considerable amount of money was found. Their wearing apparel was transferred to the boats, and soon the prisoners were on board the San Jacinto.
When they came to the side of the vessel and stepped on deck, they were met by Capt. Wilkes, Slidell, in conformity with the etiquette upon such occasions, saluted the Captain; but Mason, with a stolid impassivity, omitted the usual salutation until he was addressed by Capt. Wilkes, with the remark—"I am Captain of this ship," when the salute was reluctantly and sulkily given.

After their transfer to the San Jacinto, the prisoners, under the direction of a lieutenant of the facts connected with their arrest, which they addressed to Com. Wilkes, and accompanied it by a request that it be forwarded to the United States Government.
On board the frigate the prisoners were treated with marked kindness by Com. Wilkes and his officers. They conversed freely upon various subjects, but politics were not alluded to.
It is said that the State Department received information from the United States Consul at Havana that Mason and Slidell and their Secretaries were there, and that he was watching an opportunity and devising means to have them arrested.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Rev. Mr. Higgins About.
The following advertisement absolutely appears in a New York religious paper:
A WIFE WANTED.—A Missionary's home has been rent by the death of a beloved mother. He needs a comforter, a counsellor, and a friend.—The vanity of this world, and the things of it, put them all together, and they will not make a help-meet for man. They will not suit the nature of the soul, nor supply its needs, nor satisfy its thirst, nor give it rest, nor parallel with its never-failing duration. Therefore, it being not good for man to be alone, God created woman to be a help-meet for him. See Genesis 1:8, Prov. xviii:22. The applicant is a young lady, of a practical, lively, domestic habit, a competent, and, if possible, a musical talent. Address "Missionary," at this office.

The Journal of Commerce commenting on this.
If any healthy, pious, domestic woman, with a comfortable fortune, but no ear for music, has a longing for this connection, it seems that she need not be deterred by the wants of the last qualification, as that will not be insisted upon, although "if possible" she should add the throat of a warbler to the sum of the other attractions. We suppose that it must be the just sense of "the want of this world which is passing away," that she is contented in a partner for life. Good health, piety, domestic habits, and a competency, it seems, are all that would be indispensable to his gratification, although a musical talent, though not essential, would be a desirable addition. He is easily contented as the child who summed up her simple wants in the desire for "nothing but victuals and raiment, and pretty good clothes."
The "competency" is "last though not least" in the programme of requisites. What plous lady is ready to comfort this downcast missionary?

The Campaign in Missouri.
UNLUCKY PROMOTION.—It is doubtful if succeeding to the command of a great army as a general is a fortunate circumstance to an officer as it has been to Gen. Hunter.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*
The temper here betrayed is characteristic of quite a number of newspapers in the Western States, lately in the interest of Gen. Fremont. They are nothing but a series of mistakes, errors, and blunders in the present, and disasters in the future. In the opinion of journals of this class, "Gen. Hunter's inauguration to the command of Fremont's army was the inauguration of the retrograde movement up to that time the army was advancing, hopeful of meeting the enemy confident in its General, enduring privations without a murmur, and perfectly confident of victory. All this is associated with the name of Fremont. Unlucky circumstances it is at this point, and a sea change takes place. The forward movement is abandoned almost in the face of the enemy, the costly undertaking thrown away after a march of two hundred miles, the campaign ended ignominiously, as General Hunter's first laurels as commander of a great army by ordering a retreat, which will probably be set down in history as one of the most remarkable retreats on record. These words sound as distinctly as the rattle of Edgar's bow, which were the main features of the attraction being the performance of the ever popular comedy of the Poor Gentleman, in which Mr. Owen did the Dr. Blimpard, with more than accustomed spirit. Mr. Charles Bass, the old favorite, and veteran actor, was remarkably good as Sir Robert Bramble, and Miss Susan Dinn as Emily Worthington was received with much favor by the audience. Mr. E. L. Tilton made his entrance before a Baltimore audience for the first time, and was greeted, as he justly deserved, with frequent marks of approbation; he is a fine looking actor, and by studious attention to his profession will sooner or later make his mark. This evening the programme embraces the petite comedy of Sweethearts and Wives, the farce of the Windmill, and the side-splitting Toodles, in all of which Mr. Owen will appear, supported by the excellent Stock Company.

HOLIDAY THEATRE.—We are pleased to inform our readers that Miss Western has renewed her engagement at the Holiday, and will appear this evening as La Thibe, in the beautiful and romantic play of the Actress of Padua; or, the Spy of St. Marc, in which character she will have full scope to exhibit her wonderful talents. Miss Olivia will dance a Pas Seul, entitled La Sidelle, and the entertainments conclude with the new and laughable farce, called Brother Billard & Co.

RETRACT NOT OCCURRED.—The latest intelligence received indicates that Beaufort, S. C., is not yet permanently occupied by the Federal troops. The intelligence induces us to offer to our friends in the South a liberal share of these war times as so as to push the business in these war times as far as possible, and to accomplish this we are prepared to do all kinds of Gunpowder at the very lowest prices for cash. If you want to learn the latest very reduced rates of doing work call at the office of "The Sun," 122 Baltimore street, one door from North, where S. M. Curtis & Co. are prepared with ample facilities to execute all orders with despatch.

HUMOROUS LETTER FROM THE ARMY.
The Boston Post has the following good natured, Mark Tapley species of letter from one of its correspondents:
CAMP GEORGETOWN,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
November, 1861.

Dear Messrs. Editors: Billy Briggs and I still remain in the army. The other morning I was standing by him in our tent. "Hand me them scabbards, Jimmy," said he. "Scabbards?" said I, looking around. "Yes, boots, I mean." Billy arranged himself in his scabbards—a "splendid pair of fashionable boots"—and stood up in a very erect and dignified manner. "Those boots of mine, I don't think, are any relation to that beef we had for dinner to-day, Jimmy," said he. "No," said I. "If they were only as tough as that beef, and rice *crème*, it would have been better."

"Yes, Cradle," he called out, "Where are you?" Cradle was our contraband, a genuine darkey, with a foot of extraordinary length and extra heels to match, giving him a queer look about those extremities. "What do you call him?" "That's his name," said I. "What would you call him, Jimmy, if he ain't a cradle, what's he put on rockers for?" Cradle appeared with a pair of perforated stockings. "It's no use," said Billy, looking at them. "Them stockings will do you no good, they'll be off your feet in a week. It's a humiliation for a man like me to be without stock; a man may be half-headed and it's genteel, but to be barefooted is a humiliation. The sleeves is good, too, he added, thoughtfully. "The first one gone. There is something about the heels of stockings and the elbows of stovepipes in this world, that is all wrong Jimmy."

A supply of stockings had come that day and Cradle just being given out; a pair of very large ones fell to Billy's lot. Billy held them up before him. "Jimmy," said he, "those are pretty bags to give a little fellow like me. Them stockings was knit for the President of a young regiment," and he was about to bestow them upon Cradle, when a soldier in the opposite predicament made an exchange. "Them stockings made me think of the Louisiana volunteer I saw on the other day," said Billy. "Them's that," said I. "He was among our prisoners and saw a big pair of red leggings with feet hanging up before a tent. He never said a word till he saw the leggings and then he asked me what they were for. He looked scared. 'He's a big man, is General Blanks,' said I, 'but then he ought to be the way he lives.' 'How?' said he. 'Why,' said I, 'his regular diet is bricks buttered with molasses.' Billy was silent. He had a present of a pair of stockings from a lady, a nice, soft pair with his initials in red silk upon them. He was very happy. "Jimmy," said he, "just look at them, and he smoothed them down with his hand, and he smoothed them down with his hand, and he smoothed them down with his hand. How kind they came just in the right time, too; I've got such a sore heel for it's a fact Jimmy, that there's anything in life more than unrequited love, it's a sore heel. Orders came to 'fall in.' Billy was so overjoyed with his new stockings he didn't keep the line very well. 'Steady, there!' growled the ser. eant, 'keep your place and don't be travelling around here.' The Boston Post Office. He was soon upon double-quick. After a few minutes Billy gave a groan. "What is it, Billy," said I. "It's all up with them," said he. "I didn't know what he meant, but his face showed something very odd. He happened to see when we broke ranks Billy hurried to the tent, and when I got there, there he stood, the very picture of despair, with his shoes off, and his heels chafing through his stockings like two crockery saucers. 'Them's new stockings, I bought in New York, and they're the best I ever had. Better get your name on both ends, so you can keep them together,' said another. 'Shoddy stockings,' said Billy, 'will wash away. I saw his heart was breaking, and I said nothing. We held a council on them, and Billy, not feeling strong-hearted enough for the task, gave them to Cradle with directions to sew up the small holes. I came into the tent soon after, and he was drawing a portrait, with a piece of charcoal, on a board.

"That's a good portrait of Fremont," said I, "he looks just like that; that's the way he parts his hair, in the middle." "That is a portrait of Fremont," said Billy, "it's a map of the United States; that line in the middle, you thought was the part in his hair, is the Mississippi river." "Oh," said I, "I saw him again before supper; he came to me, looking none the worse, the stockings in his hand. 'Jimmy,' said he, 'you know I gave them to Cradle, and told him to sew up the small holes, and what do you think he's done? He's gone and sewed up the *holes*.' "It's a hard case, Jimmy," said I, "in such a case tears are almost justifiable."

Brigadier General T. W. Sherman, commander of the regular army now in South Carolina is a New England lad of limited pecuniary means. When he first visited Washington to obtain admission to West Point, he walked the whole distance from his father's house in Rhode Island to the National Capitol.

Col. Graham, of the New York 5th, commanding the regular army at Matheson Point is a member of the regular army now in South Carolina is a New England lad of limited pecuniary means. When he first visited Washington to obtain admission to West Point, he walked the whole distance from his father's house in Rhode Island to the National Capitol.

AMUSEMENTS.
Fanny Street Theatre.—Another large audience assembled here last night to see Mr. Owen in the main features of the attraction being the performance of the ever popular comedy of the Poor Gentleman, in which Mr. Owen did the Dr. Blimpard, with more than accustomed spirit. Mr. Charles Bass, the old favorite, and veteran actor, was remarkably good as Sir Robert Bramble, and Miss Susan Dinn as Emily Worthington was received with much favor by the audience. Mr. E. L. Tilton made his entrance before a Baltimore audience for the first time, and was greeted, as he justly deserved, with frequent marks of approbation; he is a fine looking actor, and by studious attention to his profession will sooner or later make his mark. This evening the programme embraces the petite comedy of Sweethearts and Wives, the farce of the Windmill, and the side-splitting Toodles, in all of which Mr. Owen will appear, supported by the excellent Stock Company.
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Another case of extra quality,
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