

A REGULAR TOM BOY
was Susie—climbing trees and fences, jumping ditches, whittling, always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. But laws! Her mother just applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve and cured her quick. Heals everything healable—boils, ulcers, eczema, old sores, corns or piles. Try it. 25c at all druggists.

"NEIGHBORS" AND HORSE SENSE.

Don't lose your temper when I do not understand; be patient; I am perfectly willing if I only know what you want.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tired and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and may make trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the truck and myself, too. Try it yourself some time. Run up hill with a big load.

Don't say "whoa" unless you mean it. Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break, and save a runaway and smash-up.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get lean it may be a sign that my teeth need filing.

Don't think because I am a horse that weeds and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't forget to treat me kindly; it pays and will be appreciated.

NAPOLEON'S GRIT

was of the unconquerable, never-say-die kind, the kind that you need most when you have a bad cold, cough or lung disease. Suppose troches, cough syrups, cough lozenges or doctors have all failed, don't lose heart or hope. Take Dr. King's New Discovery. Satisfaction is guaranteed when used for any throat or lung trouble. It has saved thousands of hopeless sufferers. It masters stubborn colds, obstinate coughs, hemorrhages, la grippe, croup, asthma, hay fever and whooping cough and is the most safe and certain remedy for all bronchial affections, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at all druggists.

Mrs. Curley Rademaker entertained a company of young people at her home Friday evening in a pleasant way.

The Queen Esthers had a splendid meeting at the home of Miss Eda Butler on Seventh street Friday evening, an unusually large number of twenty-eight attending and enjoying the excellent program and the entertainment features of the evening. Miss Bessie Jeffries was leader, the lesson being on the mission work in India. The collection for the evening was \$2.10. The Queen Esthers are arranging for a handkerchief bazaar to be conducted in about two weeks and a committee comprising Ruth Gay, Bessie Jeffries, Margaret Mills, Cecil Eady and Mamie Kitson, was appointed to arrange for this. The bazaar will be conducted in the afternoon and in the evening, the society will give a supper, a committee to plan for this having also been appointed. The meeting held Friday evening was one of the best of the season, both in attendance and interest.

Miss Josephine Shoemaker, who leaves next Sunday for Brooklyn, N.Y. to visit with her sister, was the guest of honor at a farewell party given last evening by Miss Vera Rademaker. A number of the friends of Miss Josephine were guests and speed her on her way with best wishes.

Rev. and Mrs. I. Imier will have a sort of week-end family reunion, guests from out of town being their son, H. E. Imier and wife of Logansport, and Rev. Imier's sister, Mrs. J. W. Shobe, of Lima, Ohio.

The Lucky Twelve society served lunch today at the office of Schelmann & Butler to those who attended the Ernest Schlickman sale. They were quite well patronized.

The Lady Maccabees will meet at the home of Mrs. Enoch Eady on next Monday evening, November 7th, and it is hoped that a good attendance will be present.

Mrs. John Moser, Mrs. C. U. Dorwin and daughters, Mayme and Gyp, were guests at dinner yesterday at

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mrs. C. D. Lewton.

Miss Della Sellemeyer went to Bluffton this afternoon where she will be a guest at a week-end house party to be given by Miss Dessie Porter.

Miss Veda Hensley will entertain tomorrow evening for the guests of Miss Winifred Ellingham's house-party.

The force of the Peoples & Gerke store, including Miss Clara Bultemeyer, the families of Henry Gerke, Ferd Peoples, Herman Tettman and Alva Nichols, will be entertained tomorrow by Charles Oetting and family near St. John's. The entertainment was postponed from last Sunday on account of the illness of Mr. Oetting at that time.

MANY CHILDREN ARE SICKLY.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up colds in 24 hours, cure feverishness, headache, stomach troubles, teething disorders and destroy worms. At all druggists. Sample mailed free. Address Allen S. Omstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 5.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—Friends of Senator Beveridge are surprised to learn that he has sent to Chairman Husenetter, of the republican state committee in Nebraska, a letter indorsing Senator Burkett of Nebraska for re-election.

Senator Burkett is a notorious standpatter.

It is believed that Senator Beveridge weakened his non-partisan appeal when he urged the re-election in Indiana of Representatives Crum-packer and Barnard. But his friends are aghast when he puts himself on record in a letter as indorsing a Ne-braskan standpatter. They say he cannot hope for a single democratic vote under these conditions.

Senator Beveridge's letter follows:

"Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 23, '10.

"My Dear Mr. Husenetter:

"I have been out over the state campaigning and have just got your letter. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to come to Nebraska to make a few speeches, but I am booked day and night for the remainder of the campaign. So I cannot come, much as I would like to do so.

"However, I feel that it is unnecessary. I am very sure the people of Nebraska will return Senator Burkett to the senate. The great progressive movement that is sweeping over this country needs every man of progressive tendencies. Generally speaking, the politicians now in control of the democratic party are not putting up such men. The whole tendency of the cabal of dominant politicians now in control of that party is reactionary. One has only to consider the dominant influences in that party from New York and Ohio to Texas and Georgia.

"I am exceedingly sorry that the engagements already made will prevent my coming to Nebraska for I should like very much indeed to be of any assistance that I could in the re-election of Senator Burkett. He should be returned; and I have no doubt he will be returned. With kind regards,

"Sincerely,
"ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE."

LION FONDLES A CHILD.

In Pittsburg a savage lion fondled the hand that a child thrust into his cage. Danger to a child is sometimes great when least regarded. Often it comes through colds, croup and whooping cough. They slay thousands that Dr. King's New Discovery could have saved. "A few doses cured our baby of a very bad case of croup," writes Mrs. George B. Davis of Flat Rock, N. C. "We always give it to him when he takes cold. It's a wonderful medicine for babies." Best for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, hemorrhages, weak lungs, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

OBITUARY.

Laura Esther Helm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Helms, was born near Decatur, Ind., August 11, 1893, and departed this life at the dawn of the new Sabbath, October 30, 1910. Her life here upon earth was 17 years, 2 months and 19 days. In the home, Laura was always cheerful and gentle. From childhood she was modest, obedient and lovable. In all her dealings with her parents and sisters she showed a remarkable degree of forethought. She was tender and sympathetic and was careful to speak ill of no one. She was considered a jewel in the home for her life was a real sunbeam in the family. In public life, Laura was regarded as an exceptional girl. Her character was pure and clean. Because of her lovable disposition she won a large circle of friends. Anything rude or boisterous was repulsive to her. Her's was a beautiful life; one to be admired by all who knew her. She gave thought to the noble and the good. Music and litera-

ture were her greatest delight. For several years she was organist in her own church. She would play the organ and sing for hours at a time. Because of her love for music she will be greatly missed not only in the home but also in the church where she so regularly attended all the services, until her sickness. Laura's love for books and education was almost unsurpassed. For these she spent all her strength and time. She had gone far in the sophomore year of her high school work when she was taken sick and compelled to give up her school work. She was a thorough student and in her power for grasping the truth scarcely had an equal, as one of her instructors said that Laura was one of the best pupils that ever came to him for instructions. Her religious principles were also deeply seated. About three years ago she was converted during the pastorate of Rev. A. B. Haist, and then united with the Salem Evangelical church, of which she remained a loyal member until her death. When in health Laura scarcely missed any of the services of her church. During her long sickness of nearly a year's suffering, she held up with remarkable fortitude and Christian integrity. Seldom if ever did she complain and when asked about her intense pain she would offer no complaint whatever. She spoke many times with her mother, regarding spiritual things and assured her that if she could not get well she was prepared to go anytime, for, said she, "I am trusting in Jesus," and then when the end finally came Laura went out of this present life with words of praise for her Lord upon her lips, and with the request that her father and loved ones meet her in heaven. One commendable deed of Laura's which speaks in favor of her deeply-seated religious life is the following: All the little sums of money given her during her brief life were saved, placed in the bank, and just before departing from this life, requested that the entire amount, consisting of something like \$16, be given to our orphans' home at Flat Rock, Ohio. She also selected her funeral director, sermon text and minister who should officiate at her funeral services. Truly Laura could say from a sincere heart, "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." Those who shall hold dear and sacred the memory of one whose place cannot be filled are her sorrowing parents, five sisters, grandparents, uncles and aunts, many other relatives and a host of friends.

If you are not satisfied after using according to directions two-thirds of a bottle of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, you can have your money back. The tablets cleanse and invigorate the stomach, improve the digestion, regulate the bowels. Give them a trial and get well. Sold by all dealers.

IS IMPROVING.

Mrs. Tester is Obtaining Relief in the Western Climate.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Tester who on the ninth of last month left for the west where they went with the expectations of improving the health of the latter who has been suffering from asthma for some time past and whose condition here had become such that she was hardly capable of caring for the household duties. Since their short stay at Caney, Kansas, they have written their son George that she is much improved and believe in a short time will be much benefited. They are being kept posted on home doings by reading the Daily Democrat and which they are each day very anxious to receive.

THE CONSERVATION OF NATURE'S RESOURCES

Applies as well to our physical state as to material things. C. J. Budington, Washington, R. I., realized this condition, and took warning before it was too late. He says: "I suffered severely from kidney trouble, the disease being hereditary in our family. I have taken four bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy, and now consider myself thoroughly cured. This should be a warning to all not to neglect taking Foley's Kidney Remedy until it is too late." The Holthouse Drug Co.

TO WRITE INSURANCE.

G. C. Haughton, who has been connected with the People's restaurant for some time past, will resign his position there this evening and on Monday will begin writing insurance and hereafter will be connected with the Prudential Life Insurance company. Otto Wemhoff, who has acted as local agent for several years past, has resigned on account of other business, and during his career in this line worked up a good reliable business. Mr. Haughton, who succeeds him, will no doubt meet with good success and will be aided by his many friends here.

Democrat Want Ads Pay.

A Triangular Courtship

The Ending Was a Surprise to Those Who Lost.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The keeper of the Lodge rock light and his two assistants stared aggressively at one another across the dinner table.

"It's against the rules for less'n two men to stand by the light, as you both well know," said the keeper sternly. "I don't see why it's necessary for the two of you to go courting on the same night. Besides, I forgot to say I wanted to be away myself tonight."

"You promised that I should have tonight off," expostulated Eben Gail. "You said I should have every Wednesday night off. I have a lady friend"—His voice trailed into significant silence.

"I have a lady friend, too," cut in Caleb Brown angrily. "I spoke to Captain Peter about it this very morning. I says to him, I says, 'My lady friend 'll be looking for me most particular tonight, and I can't disappoint no lady.' And you said as how I could be off for the evening." He scowled across the table at his fellow worker, and Eben Gail frowned back quite as fiercely.

"Great fury! You can both go, and good luck to your courting."

"Maybe we could get the parson to come over and set a spell," they chanted sheepishly.

"Maybe nothing!" snapped Captain Peter, rising noisily from his chair and leaving the room.

That night after the lamp was duly lighted and its beam had sent a long ray across the water the engine received its last attention from the assistant keepers. In sullen silence they washed up the supper dishes, and then each, dressed in his best clothes and with hair plastered wet on his brown forehead, went down into the boat that was to take them ashore.

"You can give this letter to Parson Wilson," called Captain Peter genially, following them down the winding iron staircase. "Be sure you give it to him as soon's you get ashore, so's he can come out and stay with me till you two lady killers come home."

Without a word Eben Gail crammed the letter in his breast pocket, and then, with a grunt "Good night!" to the keeper on the landing, they unhooked the davit chains from the boat and rowed away into the darkness.

Captain Peter Fane went back into the cozy sitting room and, throwing himself into a huge rocking chair, laughed until the tears rolled down his weather beaten cheeks.

Once on shore the two assistant keepers of the Rock ledge light parted company in an ominous silence that had not been broken since leaving the lighthouse.

Caleb Brown took the lower road and soon disappeared from view, while Eben Gail made his way through an upland path that led him to the parsonage on the hill.

There was an unusual air of festivity about the snug house. Bright lights shone from every window, and when the front door was thrown wide open a red glow from the hall lamp formed a background for the minister's surprised face. Eben noted that he was dressed in his Sunday coat, and over his shoulder peered Mrs. Wilson's rosy face.

Eben delivered the letter and turned away. As he went down the path Mrs. Wilson's voice arose, shrill with disappointment and protest.

"S'pose they've got a party on hand—maybe a donation. I don't see how the parson can get over to the light this evening. I hope Miss Nettie ain't gone to any donation. I don't know when I can get off again." His steps hastened as he drew near the abode of Miss Nettie Blake.

Now, Miss Blake was a most fascinating little lady, with soft brown hair and eyes of tender blue. Her equally soft and tender heart had been left of the power to give pain to any fellow creature. Perhaps this was the reason why neither Caleb Brown nor Eben Gail had been able to wring a definite answer from the lady both mutually adored.

For a whole year now the assistant keepers of the lighthouse had courted Miss Nettie Blake. At first they visited her on different evenings, but as jealously waxed hot they fell upon Wednesday evening as a proper and fitting one for a lover's attention, and, as neither could be dissuaded from his purpose, first one and then the other had supplied a substitute to watch with Captain Fane on Wednesday evenings.

And this dual courtship did not disturb Miss Nettie's equanimity. She was as sweet and kind as ever, and she impartially set forth her toothsome apple pies and elderberry wine while the rivals glowered at each other across her snowy damask.

Tonight, however, the little white cottage was dark and silent. A shadowy form on the doorstep indicated the whereabouts of Mr. Caleb Brown. Eben paused at the gate and coughed.

Caleb Brown banged the brass knocker fiercely on the door, gleaming faintly white behind the shadowy vines.

All was silence.

The gate creaked under Eben Gail's

authoritative touch, and as his feet crunched heavily on the gravel path the sound seemed a premonition of what might happen to Eben's bold rival if he did not cease his thundering at the door of the one woman in the world.

"Miss Nettie Blake's got tired of entertaining two callers every Wednesday, only she's too polite to say so! If you'll go away you'll find that she'll open the door quick enough for me!" Eben's voice rasped on the still night air as Caleb Brown ceased from his knocking.

"She doesn't answer because she thinks it's you," snapped Caleb, resuming his bombardment.

"I always knock special," retorted Eben. "Miss Nettie always recognizes my knock. If you'll just move along and let a gentleman that has some rights here"—He paused suggestively.

There was an explosive snort from Caleb Brown, and the knocker fell for the last time with a little angry thud. The first assistant keeper of the light ran down the steps and faced his rival in the moonlit space before the house. His nose advanced within an inch of Eben's implacable countenance, and his head wagged violently.

"Say it again!" he challenged squealily.

Eben repeated his remark, with a few embellishments regarding Mr. Brown's personal appearance.

After this interchange of pleasant-ries it is not surprising that another instant found the assistant keepers rolling wildly on the gravel, now in the neat borders, where their heels played havoc with Miss Nettie's choicest plants, again coming in contact with a spiny cactus that pricked them to greater ferocity.

At last they fell heavily against a rotten tree stump that supported a red painted flower tub. The stump quivered and then yielded to the onslaught. The flower tub descended, just escaping serious injury to the combatants. The shower of loose dirt that filled their eyes, ears, noses and mouths brought the warfare to a swift close.

Stiffly they arose and faced each other in the pale light, dirty, disheveled, with blackened eyes and bleeding noses, their best blue clothes eaked with yellow loam, while every crevice of skin and clothing was filled with fine earth from the flower tub.

As by one accord they turned and marched out of the gate, leaving the scene of havoc to greet Miss Nettie's horrified eyes when the sun arose. Caleb Brown strode on ahead, and at an unfriendly distance in the rear Eben Gail limped after him.

They crawled into the bobbing dory and rowed silently down the red path that the lighthouse flung across the glimmering waves.

A smart little launch was moored at the lighthouse landing, and with the idea of avoiding the parson or other possible callers who had taken pity on Captain Peter's loneliness the two assistants crept quietly down into the engine room, where they noiselessly scrubbed the marks of combat from their faces and clothing. During these ablutions there was a marked exchange of courtesies between the rivals. They passed the single cake of soap back and forth and shared the healing contents of a huge bottle of vaseline with amazing affability.

The fierce, brief battle in front of Miss Nettie's cottage had seemed to relieve them of twelve months' accumulated venom. As they quietly trod the winding iron stairway to their room in the tower above the sitting room they paused to fill their pipes from Eben's tobacco pouch. Each was mindful of his own bruised eye and aware of the futility of attempting to conceal it from an inquiring world—i. e., Captain Peter and his visitors—should they be discovered.

A light gleamed under the sitting room door, and as they passed it the portal swung wide, and Captain Peter himself, smiling and happy, resplendent in his best suit of blue cloth, confronted them and laid a friendly hand on each shoulder.

"Come in, boys. You're just in time. Here's the parson and his wife and Benjamin Green and Uncle Nebemiah Blake and her that was Nettie Blake, now Mrs. Captain Fane."

The two assistants stared open mouthed at the merry company that filled the little sitting room, and the lighthouse keeper continued:

"Yes, s'pose! Miss Nettie and me counted on getting married at the parsonage tonight, and everything was ready and waiting; but, seeing that you two boys was set on going courting on this particular night, I just sent word to the parson for the hull lot of 'em to come over here and get married at the light. Benjamin, he brought 'em over in the la'ch, wedding cake, lemonade and all. Now, everybody set up and have something to eat. You're too late for the wedding, for the knot's all tied, but you can have some of Mrs. Captain Fane's cake, and she's a royal good cook. Now, Nettie!"

Mrs. Fane blushed prettily as she took the huge knife the captain gave her and thrust it into the thick white icing, and as she presented a slice to Caleb Brown and another to Eben Gail she said softly:

"I'm going to be chief cook here. Now, I expect you two gentlemen will enjoy the good things I'm going to make, and maybe you like apple pies." Her tender eyes asked forgiveness as she made this reference to their former intimacy.

Eben and Caleb smiled sheepishly at each other and drew closer together. Their common disappointment would become the foundation for a lasting friendship. Loyalty to the little lady whom they both had hopelessly loved prompted them to speak in unison.

"We like apple pie first rate," they said bravely.

Geneva, Ind., Nov. 5.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—Daniel Connor, a well known resident of this city, is a warm admirer of Congressman Adair, and is doing all he can to secure his re-election to congress. Recently he had occasion to test the ability and willingness of Mr. Adair to serve his constituents and found the congressman was "there with the goods." Mr. Connor's mother, Mrs. Catherine Connor, aged seventy-nine, also resides here. Her father, Daniel Forber, served in the Revolutionary war, and desiring to learn some of the particulars, asked her son to investigate the matter. It was known that he had made application for a pension and when Mr. Adair spoke at Monroe about September 5th, Mr. Connor told him the facts and asked him to look it up for him. Three weeks later Mr. Connor received a communication from Mr. Adair's secretary, the congressman being at that time ill with typhoid fever, giving full particulars. From the information gleaned from the records at Washington it is shown that Mrs. Connor is actually a daughter of the revolution, her father having served in the great fight against England. He was born March 4, 1765, in Morris county, N. J., and enlisted at Morristown, New Jersey, March 16, 1871, in Captain John Howell's famous company of the First regiment. He marched to Yorktown and during the historical siege there was wounded in the head and breast. This siege continued until after the surrender of Cornwallis. Mr. Forber was discharged March 4, 1874, having served just three years. His application for a pension was made in 1840 and he died February 21, 1847. The distinguished honor that thus comes to Mrs. Catherine Connor is one enjoyed by but few. Of that army who gave us our liberty from King George, none are left and but few of their children now survive. Mrs. Connor is well known here. She has two sons, Daniel and Marlon, and one daughter, Mrs. Nathan Shepherd, living in Geneva. Mrs. Connor came here in 1873. She was born in Stark county, Ohio, in 1831, and was married to Mr. Connor in 1850.

Mrs. Clara Anderson, son and daughter, returned to Geneva Friday from an extended visit with friends at Detroit, Mich.

Relatives of Jefferson Williams, who died suddenly Thursday morning, have arrived. The funeral arrangements have not been completed, but the services will be held some time Sunday.

Miss Hazel Keen Johnson, reader, impersonator and monologist, gave an entertainment here Friday evening, that was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone who heard it. She is simply fine in her line and gave fine readings which proved the possibilities to be found in good expression. "Rosaland's Surrender," a story of the war, was perhaps the biggest hit of the evening. Miss Johnson is a talented young lady and will be welcomed back to Geneva at any time. She was assisted during the evening with piano solos by the Misses Vivian Hale, Dorris Acker and Louise Mattox. The proceeds of the entertainment are to be used in furnishing the lavatory at the high school.

"FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS HAVE CURED ME."

The above is a quotation from a letter written by H. M. Winkler, Evansville, Ind. "I contracted a severe case of kidney trouble. My back gave out and pained me. I seemed to have lost all strength and ambition; was bothered with dizzy spells, my head would swim and specks float before my eyes. I took Foley Kidney Pills regularly and am now perfectly well and feel like a new man. Foley Kidney Pills have cured me." The Holthouse Drug Co.

A FEW SHORT WEEKS.

Mr. J. S. Bartell, Edwardsville, Ill., writes: "A few months ago my kidneys became congested. I had severe backaches and pains across the kidneys and hips. Foley Kidney Pills promptly cured my backache and corrected the action of my kidneys. This was brought about after my using them for only a few short weeks and I cheerfully recommend the." The Holthouse Drug Co.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER draws the pain and inflammation from bee stings and insect bites. Soothes and allays the awful itching of mosquito bites. 25c, 35c and 50c bottles.

EPILEPSY

St. Vitus Dance, Stammer, Nervous Disorders, Fits respond immediately to the remarkable treatment that has for 39 years been a standard remedy for these troubles. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORE. It is prescribed especially for these diseases and is a sure cure. Its beneficial effects are immediate and lasting. Physically weak, nervous, and dissipated men, to prove its wonderful virtues, we will cheerfully send, without charge, a FULL TRIAL SUPPLY. Address DR. J. C. KLINE, NEW YORK, N. Y.