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This Bank owns the Buena Vista, which took the premium at the Chicago Exposition in 1876. This safe is protected by one of Sargent's Time Locks. The bank vaults used is as good as can be built. It will be seen from the foregoing that this Bank furnishes as good security to depositors as can be.

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OF A. MCCOY & T. THOMPSON, successors to A. McCoy & A. Thompson, Bankers, Rensselaer, Ind. Does general banking business. Buy and sell exchange. Collections on all available points. Money loaned at low rates. Interest paid on deposits. Credit paid on specified time deposits. We occupy same place as old firm of A. McCoy & Thompson.
april 1, 1884

Dress Goods, Cloaks, Etc.

SPECIAL SALE.

On account of the extremely warm weather during the past month, we have too many Fall and Winter Goods, and for the purpose of reducing stock, we have made big reductions in the price of

DRESS GOODS & CLOAKS,

We show the most complete line of

LADIES' & GENTS' KNIT UNDERWEAR,

In this market.

Come and buy DRY GOODS Cheap

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A complete line of light and heavy shoes for men and boys, women and misses, always in stock at bottom prices. Increase of trade more an object than large profits.
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Rensselaer, May 11, 1884.

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Opposite Court House, Monticello, Ind

Has recently been new furnished through out. The rooms are large and airy, the location central, making it the most convenient and desirable house in town. Try it.

A PROMISCUOUS ADVENTURE.

BY STANLEY HUNTLEY.

'My dear,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, glancing nervously out of the window and then timidly at her husband, 'my dear, I wonder how that goat got into our yard?'

'What goat?' asked Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his breakfast.

'Why, the goat that's out there.'

'Oh!' groaned Mr. Spoopendyke, approaching the window. 'You mean that one do you? The principles that generally regulate your conversation betrayed me into thinking that your mind might be fixed on some other goat. As for him, I suppose he broke through the fence from the back lot—or,' continued Mr. Spoopendyke, hastily correcting himself, 'perhaps he came to call on you. Better ask him in.'

'I'm afraid of him,' peeped Mrs. Spoopendyke, drawing closer to her husband. 'What do you think we had better do? If he stays out there he'll eat up everything.'

'I believe I'll go and drive him out,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the brute with no particular amount of favor.

'You come along to head him off, and you'll soon see a goat begin to wish he had been born a girl that some one might learn to love him.' And with this prognostication Mr. Spoopendyke sallied forth followed by his wife.

'Be careful,' she whispered. 'When goats get angry they butt, and that hurts.'

'Shoo!' commenced Mr. Spoopendyke, waving his hands and following the goat to a hole in the fence, where a couple of boards had been knocked out. 'Shoo there now! Skil Hold on! Head him, can't ye? Turn him! Whoop!' he roared, as the goat whirled suddenly and dashed to the other end of the yard. What'd ye come out here for? he demanded of his wife, who had made a little better time than the goat, and had reached the top of a step ladder.

'Don't let him come up here!' she squealed, stamping her feet on the top step, and trying to climb up the side of the house. 'Hold on to him and call a policeman!'

'Great scheme!' growled Mr. Spoopendyke, looking around for a stick. 'But I haven't made up my mind whether to call the policeman, or do the holding on first. What're ye making stucco work of yourself up there for? Come down, and get behind that goat, will ye, while I teach him the ways and admonition of Spoopendyke. If you ain't mighty careful he'll rub up against that step ladder and you're liable to come down in sections!'

This prophesy brought Mrs. Spoopendyke to the ground without much delay.

'Say, dear,' she suggested, 'suppose you should go to the other side of the hole, and call him. Don't you think he'd come?'

'Come in a minute, if I happened to hit his right name,' retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, who had found a stick and was preparing for war. 'Now, you edge around behind him, so as to give him a starter, and I'll put myself in communication with him as soon as he gets under way.'

'Go along, dear. Run through that pretty little hole in the fence, like a good goat!' faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke, apostrophizing the animal in a purely feminine fashion. 'Shoo, dear, now, and be real nice.'

The goat looked at her, thereby freezing her blood, and started slowly for the bottom of the yard.

'Yes, love!' ripped Mr. Spoopendyke, bringing his stick down on the back of the

beast with a vindictive grin. 'There's a nice little opening for goats that's awaiting for thee!' and down came the stick once more.

'Whe-e-e!' squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as the goat whirled around like a turntable, and faced all the points of the compass at once. 'He must be looking for the place to get out, isn't he? What do you suppose makes him act that way? Whe-e-e!'

The last yell was extracted by a sudden straightening up of the goat, who tore around the yard like a cat in a fit.

'With that headway on, he'll be apt to go through the hole in the fence if he ever hits it,' observed Mr. Spoopendyke, who had joined his wife in the middle of the circuit rather precipitously. 'I think I must have struck him a little harder than he meant to have me. Now, you get behind him again, and we'll fix him so that the next time he sees a hole in our fence he'll get a hammer and board up the temptation.'

Mrs. Spoopendyke seeled along the fence, and took her station with considerable perturbation. The goat came down on a trot, and finally stopped and looked a trifle bewildered. Mr. Spoopendyke grasped his stick with a firmer grip, and, figuratively speaking, waited for his wife to deliver the ball.

'Now start him,' said he.

Mrs. Spoopendyke waved her apron, and the goat aiming straight at the hole in the fence bore down upon it with three hundred goat power. Mr. Spoopendyke aimed a lick at him, missed him, and went tumblingly through the fence and bounded back.

'Great Gracious!' ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke, swarming up the step ladder and squatting at the top. 'Are you hurt, dear?'

'Hurt!' howled Mr. Spoopendyke, peeping through the hole and contemplating his wife with a savage glare.

'Think I'm a nail, to come through a board fence and be clinched without feeling it? Can't you scare that goat away from this hole so I can come back and commune with him once more? Come down off that dod-gasted stepladder can't ye? Got a notion that measly goat is coming up here to be scared? Come down and throw a brick at him will ye?'

'I haven't got a brick,' murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she scuttled down the ladder, 'but I'll get a flat-iron,' and having provided herself with a weapon the use of which she understood, she sallied forth to effect an exchange of situation between the goat and her husband.

'Now go long!' she exclaimed, sternly, holding out her war material at arm's length. 'Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you nasty goat! Ow-w-w! Look out, dear!'

But Mr. Spoopendyke, constant in his want of faith in his wife's suggestions, incautiously looked in, and his goat rolled over each other in the vacant lot.

'Did the whole business work in accordance with the schedule?' he yelled as he picked himself up and shied the remnant of his stick at the flying foe. 'Did the whole measly goat get through or is there more to follow? Don't omit a stanza in this refreshing season of worship! Let's have the whole hymn!' and Mr. Spoopendyke presented himself at the opening of the fence, with mud-splashed face and tattered habiliments.

'Come in, dear,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke soothingly. 'Come in, now. He's gone.'

'I know he's gone!' howled Mr. Spoopendyke, crawling through the hole. 'I saw him when he went! Oh, you started him! when he saw that vigorous mind of yours backed up by a dod-gasted flat-iron, all he could do was to go!

Another time, you see me scaring a goat out of the yard you let things alone, will ye?' and Mr. Spoopendyke hobbled in to the house to change his clothes.

'I don't care,' murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, dragging a barrel against the hole as protection against further incursions. 'I don't care. The way he was chopping at that goat with his stick, he wouldn't have had him out in a month. You want to treat a goat like a crease, and iron it out, or, she continued, referring to some previous experience, if you want to make sure of having it go out, you might hire it as a servant girl.'

And with these luminous reflections, Mrs. Spoopendyke tore her skirt on a nail in the barrel and joined her husband with a hundred consolatory caresses.—Drake's Traveler's Magazine.

The respectable gentleman of the following anecdote was the victim of a slight misunderstanding, and probably he did not forget it. He went to the train one day to see his favorite daughter off. Securing her a seat he went to the book-stall and then returned to her window to say a parting word, as is frequently done on such occasions. While he was away the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a prim old maid came in and took her place. Unaware of the important change inside, he hurriedly put his face up to the window and said: 'One more kiss, sweet pet!' In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the passionate interjection: 'Scat, you gray-headed wretch!' He scatted!

A Story of Two Boys.

A poor boy, plainly but cleanly dressed, was engaged in sweeping out a store when he beheld a bright new pin shining upon the floor. He paused and picked it up and carefully placed it in the lapel of his coat.

'If I begin by saving pins, he said, 'I may become a wealthy man.'

His employer observed him, however, and remarked to himself:

'That pin belongs to the establishment. A boy who will steal a pin, will steal greater things,' and he immediately presented the lad with a discharge.

Another boy, arrayed in tailor's clothes, was employed in sweeping out another store, when he also came upon a pin. Instead of laying it away to rest, however, he exercised his ingenuity in bending it into various shapes. Then he slyly deposited it on the book-keeper's stool, and industriously proceeded to sweep. His employer enjoyed the scene from his office, and when the book-keeper had finished rubbing himself and swearing great oaths, the proprietor said: 'That boy is full of sharp tricks.' And he straightway promoted him to be second book-keeper. In five years he owned the concern.

'Husband,' said Mrs. Smith the other night, fixing her eyes significantly upon the seven-year-old pride of the family, 'I am afraid you will have to correct Johnny; he has been a bad boy this afternoon.' Husband, glancing over his paper, 'What has he been doing?' He took his Shawnee rooster over to Mrs. Jones', and Tom Jones got out his black Spanish and they let the poor creatures fight for more than an hour. Husband, straightening up: 'Which whipped?'—Macon Telegraph.

George Winfield Scott Hancock, Pattison Sullivan Yerks is a small boy in the interior of Pennsylvania.