

MONON ROUTE

LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY, CHICAGO, RY.

MONON ROUTE.

Rensselaer Time-Table

In effect Sept. 11th, 1896.

SOUTH BOUND.

No 31—Fast Mail (don't stop)	4 48 a m
No 5—Louisville Mail, Daily	10 55 a m
No 33—Indianapolis Mail,	1 53 p m
No 39—Milk and Express, Daily,	6 05 p m
No 8—Louisville Express Daily	11 20 p m
No 45—Local freight,	2 40 p m

NORTH BOUND.

No 4 Mail	4 30 a m
No 40—Milk and Express, Daily,	9 51 a m
No 32—Fast Mail,	9 51 a m
No 30—Cin. to Chicago Vestibule,	6 19 p m
No 8—Mail and Express, Daily,	3 30 p m
No 46—Local freight,	9 30 a m
No 74—Freight,	7 40 p m

No. 74 carries passengers between Monon and Lowell.

No. 30 makes no stop between Rensselaer and Englewood.

Train No. 31 is a through coach for Indianapolis and Cincinnati via Rockdale arrives at Indianapolis 2:40 p. m. Cincinnati 6:00 a. m. p. m.

No. 6 is a through coach; return, leaves Cincinnati 8:30 a. m., arrives Indianapolis 11:50 a. m., arrives at Rensselaer 3:30 p. m. daily.

W. H. BEAM, agent.

EVERY TRAVELING MAN SHOULD HAVE ONE.

Interchangeable 1,000-Mile Tickets.

They Cost But \$20.00 Each, and Can Be Purchased of Any Agent of The

MONON ROUTE

They are good for one year from date of sale and good for passage on the following lines:

Baltimore & Ohio RR. (Lines west of Pittsburgh & Benwood, including Wheeling & Pittsburgh Division.)

Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern R'y. (Form L 38.) All Divisions.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh R'y. (Form L 22.) All Divisions.

Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton RR. (Form L 22.) All Divisions.

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A BEAR STORY.

"You observe," remarked the jeweler, "I wear very little of my own goods."

"Possibly," suggested the listener, "it is on the same principle that a doctor does not take his own medicine."

"No, not exactly," laughed the drummer, "for my jewelry, unlike the doctor's medicine, is 18 carat fine always."

"And there are no tricks in your trade," grinned the listener, who at that very moment was wearing a 15-cent pearl scarf pin that looked as if it had cost \$75. "However, why don't you wear jewelry? Can't you afford it, or are your tastes too delicate and refined?"

"Thereby hangs a tale," said the drummer. "I used to wear a lot of it and of the most expensive kind, but I had to give it all up once upon a time and that taught me a lesson. At the same time you may think when you have heard my story that I ought to go around all the time loaded for emergencies."

"It takes you a powerful long time to get to the story," ventured the listener, who had an invitation to go to a Thanksgiving dinner along in the latter part of November.

"Does it?" snorted the drummer. "Well, it's good enough to keep and put in your Christmas stocking, but I won't do that. Here she goes. About seven years ago I was on my way back from the Pacific slope and I stopped for a week's rest and recreation at a semi-luxurious hotel in the Rocky Mountains. As usual in those days, I was loaded to the eyes with jewelry and couldn't give it up even in the woods. But I was only there for a short stay and had with me my ordinary civilized city attire. I remember I wore a \$1,000 diamond stud in my shirt front; a \$100 chain to a \$500 watch; a \$100 diamond collar button, heavy link cuff with a big diamond in each one; an uncut diamond worth \$1,000 for a watch chain, and so on until I was a glittering array of gems and things worth a small fortune. Besides, I was my own traveling advertisement and stock of goods in one, for whatever I had that struck anybody's fancy and he wanted to buy I would sell at the spot. That was really the only possible excuse for decking myself out in such a fashion. Well, game was plenty in the mountains just around the hotel and a newspaper man from Chicago who was there for a month was putting most of his time in with his gun. He was fixed for it, though, and I wasn't, so I let him go his way and took his word for the sport he was having. One afternoon I was sitting on the piazza of the tavern arrayed in all my jewelry, for the safest place for it was on my person under my immediate eye, when the Chicago man came dashing through the grounds with his gun, calling me to grab up a shotgun there was in the hall and come on, for there was a bear up in the mountain back of the house. I ought to have had more sense, I suppose, but I am fond of a gun, and before I thought of how little I was fixed for it, I caught up the gun, and nothing there was a powder horn and pouch hanging to it, I made a grab and away I went. The landlady told me that it was loaded with buckshot, and to skip, which I did. The newspaper man took up one side and I the other, and in about half an hour I had shot clear out of sight and hearing of everything, and the next thing I knew I ran slap into a big bear that wasn't looking for me or any body else, and evidently had not been disturbed before. I was so close on him before I saw him that escape was impossible, and besides I was up there to let him do the escaping if he could. On the instant he was up on his hind legs and coming at me and on the instant I banged away. Of course, I hit him, but it was a most scattering kind of a shot and he threw him off his pins for a moment to make him a hundred times worse when he got at himself again."

"Some way or other I must have upset the pouch with the powder horn for when I dodged behind a tree and prepared to load again, there wasn't a buckshot or anything else in it. That left me in a pretty pickle, and I hadn't any time to formulate methods of defense until the bear was coming for me again. It was an old muzzle loader, and in my wild anxiety to get something into it besides powder and paper wad, I was about to shove the ramrod in and give him that, when it occurred to me that a ramrod might come in handy if ever I wanted to load my gun, which the meantime I had climbed up the rocks, which were big and plenty here among the trees, and was managing to keep myself fairly safe. As I slipped into the last niche of the rocks before I had to take chances and run across the open to a clump of trees, my heavy watch chain caught on something and almost tore itself out of my buttonhole. It gave me a thought, though, and in a second I had it loose and was ramming it down the gun barrel. A hundred dollars a load was rather expensive, but it was my life against the watch chain, and there were other watch chains. To make the chances in my favor somewhat better, I dropped my link buttons and a collar button into the other barrel. They were not so heavy as the chain, but the range was short and I was counting to do some valuable work in my behalf with that watch chain, which weighed half a pound, a friend of mine used to say and looked a ton. As the bear got on the level with me and rose to embrace me to his throbbing bosom, I tried to remember that my chance for life lay in that gun barrel, and I must be cool and collected and very brave, and I guess I must have remembered it, but to save my neck I couldn't be steady, and as I backed away to let the bear go on by me if he wanted to, I stepped into a hole in the rock, the gun went off, my beloved watch chain went whizzing out into the blue empyrean of the Rocky Mountain heavens, and the bear winked and growled and came right at me. The next shot he got at short range, and collar and cuff buttons were hanging in his hair, while diamonds glistened like the mountain dew as I tumbled off the edge of the rock and lit on a ledge about six feet below. Here I was safe for a minute or two, at least, and I stopped to think. Thinking at such a time is a thing a man ought never neglect to do. The bear, weighing about a ton, exclusive of the loads I had put into him, was on

THE TOTTERING STEP OF AGE

Requires a stimulant as it goes down "The Sunset Slope of Life."

Try the R. Cummins & Co. ... WHISKEY



Made by the "Old Process"—hand-made, sour-mash, Kentucky Bourbon, absolutely pure and sold only by druggists.

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The Bane of Beauty.

Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxurious tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose casket of charms is yet untried by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

top of the rock, cleaving and spitting like the mayor of New York, and tearing around in a blinded rage for the man with the gun and the jewelry samples, while I was hanging on to the side of that boulder with a gun in my hands and nothing to load it with except powder, unless I could think of something else. Under these circumstances I thought of what the last charge was, and once more I went through myself. This time I got the uncut diamond, marked down from \$1,500; the diamond stud going below cost, and an assortment of small articles, such as scarf pins, studs, suspender clasps, necktie pinches, and a variety of things that wouldn't go into a gun barrel without squeezing. These I rammed down and waited, for I knew the bear would be coming as soon as it got its wits together.

"And it did. I guess it must have scented me, for with a roar and a bound it came over the side and lit on the rock beyond and immediately proceeded to join me on my small territory. Now, I knew I was a goner if I didn't do something with the loads in that gun, and as Mr. Bear came on the gun went off, and there was a howl went up that was terrifying. I thought I had blown the bear clean into kingdom come, but I hadn't; I had merely blown his face full of bris-

-abraded and small jewelry, and my hope was that enough of it had gone into his eyes to blind him and give me a chance to get away. He was pawing his face and mulling at himself in great shape as I left the rock, and I hoped I wouldn't be called on to risk my life further, but bears are animals of no sort of courtesy and kindness, and before I had got any distance he had cleared up his line of vision and was after me again. Fortunately for me, rocks and trees were plenty, for after I had poured in my first load I was much more agile than he and could by extra effort keep out of his way, though if he could have got me in the open I wouldn't have had the chance of a hummingbird in hades. As I covered myself behind the next point of rocks I thought again of loading my gun and wondered what there was in stock to load it with. I went through my pockets and found only a bunch of keys and a pocket knife, both too big to go in the gun, as was the silver dollar and other change. Neither could I find a bit of stone small enough and began to think of climbing a tree and waiting for a storm to come and blow me to town or something like that, for I didn't see much chance in any other direction, when I bethought myself of a heavy gold pencil studded with jewels that my best girl had given me, and must have cost a hundred and a half, if it cost a cent. It was in my inside vest pocket and I went after it with a rush. I rammed it down, and as I pulled out the ramrod it occurred to me that that would be of no further use to me now, and I might as well hang it into the bear, too, so I shoved it into the other barrel and waited for my enemy. He was as game as you ever saw, and though he was badly disfigured he was still in the ring. But he was groggy and uncertain on his pins and I felt sure that one more good one would fix him so I could go home where I had been waiting to go ever since I had met the confounded beast. Well, I steadied myself better than at any time since the scrap began as he came at me, and when he had got as close as I had the nerve to let him get without making some sort of a demonstration, I banged away with both barrels and the jar knocked me off the rock, rattling the gun down after me. I only fell two or three feet, and as I jumped to my feet I caught up the gun and stood with it clutched, ready for the last and greatest effort of my life, for there wasn't anything now to ram with, even if I had plenty to ram. But the bear didn't show up, or down, rather, and after a minute or two I slipped around to see what I was expected to do next. To my infinite relief I discovered that I could go home or do anything else I wished, so far as that bear was concerned, for he was kicking his last kick and going along the road to bear heaven as fast as he could go. I sat watching him for five minutes or more, and then when I was sure he was approaching I went up to him and investigated a while. I don't know how long he would have lived if I had not fired that last shot, probably to this day, for the jewelry had only barked up his face and head and up it goes so he can't see, besides cutting him up about the neck until he was weak from loss of blood from which he would easily have recovered with three or four days' rest in his den, and the beautiful bear that

pencil of my best girl had simply cut a pretty round hole through his ear and gone to meet the watch chain, I suppose, while the ramrod, the poor and despised ramrod, the last resource went into his eye, and so his brain, and killed him."

"Where is that ramrod now?" inquired the reporter.

"I have it as a souvenir. I also have one of the cuff buttons that caught in his hair, but the others were so injured by the shock that I only got 75 cents a pennyweight for them, and there wasn't enough to hardly pay expressage."

"I should think you would have offered a reward for the watch chain and the pencil?"

"I did," said the drummer sadly, "but I never found the pencil. The watch chain brought me the only luck I had in the whole adventure. I had offered \$20 for its return and I got the twenty myself, for being out there the following year I went fishing one day in a lake near the hotel and inside of a fish I caught I found my chain."

"Rusted?" queried the listener.

"No, sir," was the indignant and honest answer. "Didn't I tell you all my jewelry was 18-karat fine, warranted not to fade?" and the listener believed the drummer fully, for there never was yet a drummer who would elaborate a statement when it was about a matter of business.—New York Sun.

Beauty is your Duty

Abundant, glossy hair, is beauty's crowning glory.

To wear this crown, use

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

ADDISON PARKERSON, President

GEO. K. HOLLINGSWORTH, Vice President.

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BANK

OF RENSSELAER, IND.

Randle, John M. Wasson, Geo. K. Hollingsworth and Emmet J. Hollingsworth.

This bank is prepared to transact a general banking business. Interest allowed on time deposits. Money loaned and good notes bought at current rates of interest. A share of your patronage is solicited.

At the old stand of the

Citizens' State Bank

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BANK,

RENSSELAER, IND.

The Oldest Bank in Jasper County

ESTABLISHED 1854.

Transacts a General Banking Business, Buys Notes and Loans Money on Long or Short Time on Personal or Real Estate Security. Fair and Liberal Treatment is Promised to All.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

Patrons Having Valuable Papers May Deposit Them for Safe Keeping.

Before Retiring....

take Ayer's Pills, and you will sleep better and wake in better condition for the day's work.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal as a pleasant and effectual remedy for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all liver troubles. They are sugar-coated, and so perfectly prepared, that they cure without the annoyances experienced in the use of so many of the pills on the market. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. When other pills won't help you, Ayer's is

THE PILL THAT WILL.

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PIONEER MEAT MARKET!

BEEF, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Sausage, Bologna, etc., sold in quantities to suit retailers at the LOWEST PRICES. None but the best stock slaughtered. Every body is invited to call.

THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR Good Cattle,

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Worth Knowing.

There are many who are suffering from disease, who have received little benefit from medicines, and who have become discouraged or even hopeless of recovery.

The assurance that a remedy for these ills exists would be joyful news to them. And yet, this is just the announcement we make them, and this statement is verified by numbers of the most reliable witnesses, who gladly testify to its remarkable curative powers, and offer themselves sound and well, in evidence.

Compound Oxygen has cured hundreds of cases given over as incurable. The proof is at your service. It will cost you nothing to convince yourself. Would it not be wise to do so? If convenient call at the office, and we will give you all the information you may desire in regard to the treatment and its action and effects, or write us and we will send book of 200 pages, free. Home or Office Treatment. Consultation free.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1629 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS.

State of Indiana, ss: County of Jasper, ss:

In the Jasper Circuit Court. To January Term, 1897.

John Albin

Charlotte H. Van Allen, Mr. V. Allen husband of said Charlotte H. Van Allen, and all the unknown heirs, devisees and legatees of Charlotte H. Van Allen deceased.

Ann Cadwallader, Mr. Cadwallader, husband of said Ann Cadwallader, and all the unknown heirs, devisees and legatees of Ann Cadwallader, deceased.

Are hereby notified that John Albin has filed his complaint in the Circuit Court of Jasper County, Indiana, to quiet title to certain real estate in said Jasper County, in which said defendants claim an interest, and that said cause will come up for hearing on the first day of the March term of the Jasper Circuit Court, to be held at the Court House, in Rensselaer, in said County, commencing Monday, March 15th, 1897.

Witness the hand of the Clerk on the Seal of said Circuit Court, this 17th day of December, 1896.

Wm. B. Austin, Atty. for Plt.

December 18, 1896—\$10.

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