

FRIDAY JANUARY 15 1897.

Entered at the post office at Rensselaer, Ind.
as second-class matter.MONON ROUTE
LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO RR.

MONON'ROUTE.

Rensselaer Time-Table

In effect Sept. 11th 1896.

NORTH 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 at 6 a.m., Daily, 6:03 p.m.
No 8—Louisville Express Daily 11:20 a.m.
No 45—Local freight, 2:40 p.m.

NORTH BOUND.

No 4 Mail, 4:30 a.m.
No 40—Milk at 6 a.m., Daily, 7:31 a.m.
No 32—Fast Mail, 9:55 a.m.
No 30—Cin. to Chicago Vestibule, 6:19 p.m.
No 8—Mail and Express, Daily, 3:31 p.m.
No 46—Local freight, 9:30 a.m.
No 74—Freight, 7:40 p.m.

No 74 carries passengers between Louisville and Englewood.

No 32 makes no stop between Rensselaer and Hammond.

Train No 30 is a through coach for Indianapolis and Cincinnati via Indianapolis.

Arrives at Indianapolis 2:40 p.m., Cincinnati 6:00 p.m.

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

W. H. BEAM, Agent.

EVERY TRAVELING MAN SHOULD HAVE ONE.

Interlocking 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 Ry.—(Form L 38.) All Divisions.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry.

Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton RR.—(Form I 2 1/2.) All Divisions.

Cincinnati, Portsmouth & Virginia RR (Between Cincinnati and Portsmouth only)

Cleveland Terminal and Valley Ry.

Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Ry.

Columbus, Sandusky & Hocking RR.—(Form I)

Findlay, Fort Wayne & Western Ry.

Indiana, Decatur & Western Ry.

Louisville, Evansville & St Louis RR.—(Form B.) Good only for continuous passage between Louisville and Evansville and St Louis, and Louisville and St Louis.

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Ry.

Pittsburg, Shenango & Lake Erie RR.

Toledo, St Louis & Kaisers City RR.—(Form L 8)

Wheeling & Lake Erie Ry. (Form H)

The above lines afford the commercial traveler access to the principal cities and towns in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Kentucky, with through lines to St Louis.

The train service of the Monon Route includes all the conveniences provided for in the principal passenger cars on all day trains; Pullman buffet and comfortable sleeping cars on all night trains.

Special features: Steam Heat, Pintsch Light.

Sidney B. Jones, City Pass Agt.

Geo. W. Hayler, Dist. Pass Agt.

2 W. Washington St., Indianapolis.

E. H. Bacon, Dist. Pass Agt.

4th and Market Sts., Louisville.

W. H. McDowell, Receiver

and Gen'l Mgr.

FRANK J. REED, Gen. Pass. Agt.

General Offices, 18th Custom House Place, Chicago.

Church Directory.

PRESBYTERIAN.

REV. M. R. PARADIS, Pastor.

Sabbath School, 9:30 a.m.
Public Worship, 10:45 a.m.
Class Meeting, 11:45 a.m.
Epworth League, Junior, 2:30 p.m.
Epworth League, Senior, 6:30 p.m.
Public Worship, 7:30 p.m.
Epworth League, Tuesday, 7:30 p.m.
Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

REV. R. D. UTTER, Pastor.

Sabbath School, 9:30 a.m.
Public Worship, 10:45 a.m.
Class Meeting, 11:45 a.m.
Epworth League, Junior, 2:30 p.m.
Epworth League, Senior, 6:30 p.m.
Public Worship, 7:30 p.m.
Epworth League, Tuesday, 7:30 p.m.
Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

CHRISTIAN.

Bible School, 9:30 a.m.
Public Worship, 11:45 a.m.
Junior Endeavor, 2:30 p.m.
Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p.m.
Public Worship, 7:30 p.m.
Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in Indiana. Salary \$780 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

Get

Ayer's Cherry

Pectoral

"Get it honest if you can, but—get it."

It cures all coughs and colds.

A BEAR STORY.

"You observe," remarked the jeweler salesman, "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-wild hotel in the Rocky Mountains. As usual in those days, I was loaded to the gills 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 attire. I remember I wore a \$100 diamond stud in my shirt front; a \$100 chain to a \$500 watch; a \$100 diamond collar button, heavy link cufflinks with a big diamond in each one; an uncut diamond worth \$1,000 for a watch charm, 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 stocked of goods in one, for whatever I had that struck anybody's fancy and he wanted to buy I would sell on 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 plaza 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 his shotgun, there was in the hall and gone 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, I caught up the gun, and noticing there was a powder horn and pouch hanging to it, I made a grab and away I went. The landlord 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 got 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 hit and merely 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 some in handy if ever I wanted to load again. In 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 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 wrinkled 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 peaks 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

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Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxurious tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose basket of charms is yet unfriended 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 or the rock, cleaving and splitting 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, necklace 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 beast 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 gone 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 bric-a-brac 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 clawing at himself, croaking like a raven, and I thought he would have been blinded if he had been hit in the eye. I had to get away, so I ran 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 hit and merely threw him off his pins for a moment to make him a hundred times worse when he got at himself again.

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Real-Estate Agents

Foresman.

No. 76: 280 acres, finely improved, 5 miles southwest of Rensselaer; a very desirable farm; will be sold on favorable terms at \$45 per acre.

78: 160 acres, well improved, 2 miles from town; long time.

84: 320 acres, unimproved, one mile from RR, town; 60 miles southeast of Chicago; price \$10 per acre; will take \$600 in good trade.

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