

Democrat
FRIDAY JANUARY 22 1897.
Entered at the post office at Rensselaer, Ind.
as second-class matter.

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 32—Louisville Mail, Daily 10:55 a.m.
No 33—Indianapolis Mail, 1:53 p.m.
No 34—Milk run, Daily, 6:03 p.m.
No 35—Louisville Express Daily 11:20 p.m.
No 45—Local freight, 2:40 p.m.

NORTH BOUND.

No 41—Fast Mail, 4:30 a.m.
No 42—Louisville Mail, Daily, 7:41 a.m.
No 43—Chicago Mail, 9:55 a.m.
No 44—Chicago Mail, 12:19 p.m.
No 45—Milk run, Daily, 3:30 p.m.
No 46—Local freight, 9:30 a.m.
No 47—Freight, 7:40 p.m.

No 71—Fast Mail, 4:48 a.m.
No 72—Louisville Mail, Daily 10:55 a.m.
No 73—Indianapolis Mail, 1:53 p.m.
No 74—Milk run, Daily, 6:03 p.m.
No 75—Louisville Express Daily 11:20 p.m.
No 76—Local freight, 2:40 p.m.

No 77—Fast Mail, 4:48 a.m.
No 78—Louisville Mail, Daily 10:55 a.m.
No 79—Indianapolis Mail, 1:53 p.m.
No 80—Milk run, Daily, 6:03 p.m.
No 81—Louisville Express Daily 11:20 p.m.
No 82—Local freight, 2:40 p.m.

No 83—Fast Mail, 4:48 a.m.
No 84—Louisville Mail, Daily 10:55 a.m.
No 85—Indianapolis Mail, 1:53 p.m.
No 86—Milk run, Daily, 6:03 p.m.
No 87—Louisville Express Daily 11:20 p.m.
No 88—Local freight, 2:40 p.m.

No 89—Fast Mail, 4:48 a.m.
No 90—Louisville Mail, Daily 10:55 a.m.
No 91—Indianapolis Mail, 1:53 p.m.
No 92—Milk run, Daily, 6:03 p.m.
No 93—Louisville Express Daily 11:20 p.m.
No 94—Local freight, 2:40 p.m.

No 95—Fast Mail, 4:48 a.m.
No 96—Louisville Mail, Daily 10:55 a.m.
No 97—Indianapolis Mail, 1:53 p.m.
No 98—Milk run, Daily, 6:03 p.m.
No 99—Louisville Express Daily 11:20 p.m.
No 100—Local freight, 2:40 p.m.

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

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MONON ROUTE

THE HELMET.

"But, uncle, I love my cousin."
"Get out!"
"Give her to me!"
"Don't bother me!"
"It will be my death!"
"Nonsense! You'll console yourself with some other girl."
"Pray—"

My uncle, whose back had been toward me, whirled around, his face was red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump.

"Never!" he cried; "never! Do you hear what I say?"

And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands he went on:

"A pretty husband you look like! Without a son and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes!'"

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong an old fellow as could be found in a day's search. I contented myself with

giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with the furnishing of a big double-handed sword, rusty from point to hilt.

This memorable conversation took place, in fact, in the shop of my maternal uncle, a well-known dealer in antiquities and objects d'art, 53 Rue des Capucines, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities.

The walls were hung with Marcellian and old Rouen china, facing ancient cuirasses, salvers and muskets and picture frames; below these were arranged old cabinets, coffers of all sorts and statues of saints, one-armed or one-legged for the most part and dilapidated as to their gilding; then, here and there, in glass cases, hermetically closed and locked, there were knickknacks of infinite variety—lacrimatories, tiny urns, rings, precious stones, fragments of marble, bracelets, crosses, necklaces, medals and miniature ivory statuettes, the yellow tints of which in the sun took momentarily a fleshlike transparency.

Time out of mind the shop had belonged to the Codurberts. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle's neighbors said—could not but be the possessor of a nice little fortune. He had in esteem by all, a municipal councillor, impressed by the importance and gravity of his office, short, fat, highly choleric and headstrong, but at bottom not in the least degree an unkind sort of man—such was my uncle Corburet, my only living male relative, who as soon as I left school had elevated me to the dignity of chief and only clerk and shopman of the "Maltese Cross."

But my uncle was not only a dealer in antiquities and a municipal councillor, he was yet more, and above all, the father of my cousin Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I pressed.

Without paying any attention to the glances which exhaled from my bosom while scouring the rust from my long, two-handed sword, my uncle, magnifying glass in hand, was engaged in the examination of a lot of medals which he had purchased that morning. Suddenly he raised his head; 5 o'clock was striking.

"The council!" he cried.

When my uncle pronounced that august word it made a mouthful; for a plan he would have saluted it bareheaded. But this time, after a moment's consideration, he tapped his forehead and added, in a tone of supreme relief:

"No, the sitting does not take place before to-morrow—and I am forgetting that I have to go to the railway station to get the consignment of which I was advised this morning."

Rising from his seat and lying down his glass, he called out:

"Rose, give me my cane and hat!"

Then, turning toward me, he added, in a lower tone and speaking very quickly:

"As to you—don't forget our conversation. If you think you can make me say 'Yes,' try it!—but don't think you'll succeed. Meanwhile, not a word to Rose, or by St. Bartholomew, my patron of happy memory, I'll instantly kick you out of doors!"

At that moment Rose appeared with my uncle's cane and hat, which she handed to him. He kissed her on the forehead; then, giving me a last but eloquent look, hurried from the shop.

I went on scouring my double-handed sword. Rose came quietly toward me.

"What is the matter with my father?" she asked. "He seems to be angry with you."

I looked at her—her eyes were so black, her look so kind, her mouth so rosy and her teeth so white that I told her all—my love, my suit to her father and his rough refusal. I could not help it—after all, it was his fault. He was not there; I determined to brave his anger. Besides, there is nobody like timid persons for displaying courage under certain circumstances.

My cousin said nothing; she only held down her eyes—while her cheeks were as red as those of cherries in May.

I checked myself.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked tremblingly. "Are you angry with me, Rose?"

She held out to me her hand. On that, my heart seething with audacity, my head on fire, I cried:

"Rose—I swear it! I will be your husband!" And as she shook her head and looked at me sadly I added: "Oh, I well know that my uncle is self-willed, but I will be more self-willed still; and, since he must be forced to say 'Yes,' I will force him to say it."

"But how?" asked Rose.

Ah! how? That was exactly the difficulty. But, no matter; I would find a way to surmount it.

At that moment a heavy step resounded in the street. Instinctively we moved away from each other; I returned to my double-handed sword and Rose, to keep herself in countenance, set to dusting with a corner of her apron a little statuette in its faded red velvet case.

My uncle entered. Surprised at finding us together, he stopped short and looked sharply from one to the other.

We each of us went on rubbing without raising our heads.

"Here, take this," said my uncle, handing me a bulky parcel from under his arm. "A splendid purchase, you'll see."

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.

A. KIEFER DRUG CO.

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Sole Controllers and Distributors.

your Duty

your hair, is beauty's crown, use

AIR VIGOR.

The Bane of Beauty.

Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose cabinet 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.

The subject did not interest me in the least.

I opened the parcel and from the enveloping paper emerged a steel helmet—but not an ordinary helmet, oh, no—a superb, a monumental morion, with gorget and pointed visor of strange form. The visor was raised and I tried to discover what prevented it from being lowered.

"It will not go down—the hinges have got out of order," said my uncle, "but it's a superb piece, and when it has been thoroughly cleaned and touched up will look well—that shall be your to-morrow's job."

"Very good, uncle," I murmured, not daring to raise my eyes to his.

That night, on returning to my room, I at once went to bed. I was eager to be alone and able to think at my ease. Night brings counsel, it is said, and I had great need that the proverb should prove true. But after lying awake for an hour without receiving any assistance I fell to sleep and till next morning did nothing but dream the oddest dreams. I saw Rose on her way to church in a strange bridal costume, a fourteenth century cap three feet high on her head, but looking prettier than ever. Then suddenly the scene changed to moonlight, in which innumerable helmets and pieces of old china were dancing a wild farandole, while my uncle, clad in complete armor and with a formidable halberd in his hand, conducted the bewildering whirl.

The next day—ah! the next day—I was no nearer. In vain, with clenched teeth, I scoured the immense helmet brought by my uncle the previous evening—scoured it with such fury as almost to break the iron; not an idea came to me. The helmet shone like a sun. My uncle sat smoking his pipe and watching me, but I could think of nothing—of no way of forcing him to give me his daughter.

At 8 o'clock Rose went into the country, whence she was not to return until dinner time, in the evening. On the threshold she could only make a sign to me with her hand; my uncle had not left us alone for a single instant. He was not easy in his mind; I could see that by his face. No doubt he had not forgotten our conversation of the previous evening.

I went on rubbing at my helmet.

"You have made it quite bright enough—put it down," said my uncle. I put it down. The storm was gathering; I could not do better than allow it to blow over.

But suddenly, as if overtaken by a strange fancy, my uncle took up the enormous morion and turned and examined it on all sides.

"A handsome piece of armor, there is no doubt about it; but it must have weighed pretty heavily on its wearer's shoulders," he muttered; and, urged by I know not what demon, he clapped it on his head and latched the gorget piece about his neck.

Struck almost speechless, I watched what he was doing—thinking only how ugly he looked.

Suddenly there was a sharp sound—as if a spring had snapped—and—crack!—down fell the visor; and there was my uncle, with his head in an iron cage, gesticulating and swearing like a pagan.

I could contain myself no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter; for my uncle, stumpy, fat and rubicund, presented an irresistibly comic appearance.

Threateningly he came toward me.

"The hinges—the hinges, fool!" he yelled.

I could not see his face, but I felt that it was red to bursting.

"When you have done laughing, idiot!" he cried.

But the helmet swayed so oddly on his shoulders, his voice came from out it in such strange tones, that the more he gesticulated, the more he yelled and threatened me, the louder I laughed.

At that moment the clock of the Hotel de Ville striking 5 o'clock was heard.

"The municipal council!" murmured my uncle, in a stifled voice. "Quick, help me off with this beast of a machine! We'll settle our business afterward!"

But, suddenly likewise, an idea—a wild, extraordinary idea—came into my head; but then, who else is madder than a lover? Besides, I had no choice of means.

"No!" I replied.

My uncle fell back two paces in terror—and again the enormous helmet wobbled on his shoulders.

"No," I repeated firmly; "I'll not help you out unless you give me the hand of my cousin Rose!"

From the depths of the strange

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DRS. STARKER & PALLEN, 1529 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 Albion vs. Charlotte H. Van Allen, M. V. Allen, husband of said Charlotte, et al. vs. Van Allen, et al. the unknown heirs, devisees and legatees of Charlotte H. Van Allen, deceased.

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

Are hereby notified that John Albion 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 defendant 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, Ind., on the 15th day of March, 1897, commencing Monday, March 15th, 1897.

Witness the hand of the Clerk on the Seal of said Circuit Court, Rensselaer, this 15th day of December, 1896.

Wm. H. COOVER, Clerk.

Wm. B. Austin, Atty for PTF.

December 18, 1896—\$10.

ADDISON PARKERSON, President. GEO. K. HOLLINGSWORTH, Vice President. EMMET I. HOLLINGSWORTH, Cashier.

THE COMMERCIAL STATE

BANK OF RENSSELAER, IND.

Directors: Addison Parkerson, James T. Handie, John M. Wasson, Geo. K. Hollingsworth and Emmet I. Hollingsworth.

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President. T. J. MOY. A. E. RUTLIFF, Cashier. A. McCoy & Co.'s BANK, RENSSELAER, IND.

the Oldest Bank in Jasper County

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F. A. WOODIN & Co., Real-Estate Agents

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

84: 30 acres, unimproved, one mile from RR. town; 60 miles southeast of Chicago; price \$10 per acre; will take \$600 in good trade.

86: 160 acres, all fenced, town site on the farm, large hay barn, store building, hay scales, etc.; on 3-1 rx., a bargain at \$20 per acre.

89: 80 acres, unimproved, two and one-half miles from town; price \$12.50 per acre; long time at 6 per cent. interest.

96: 40 acres, unimproved, two miles from town; \$10 per acre on good terms.

98: 400 acres, unimproved, 4 miles from two railways; a bargain at \$10 per acre.

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MONUMENTS, TABLES

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URNS AND VASES.