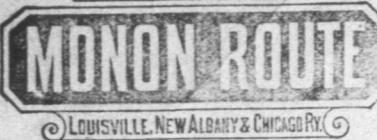


FRIDAY JANUARY 22 1897.

Entered at the post office at Rensselaer, Ind
as second-class matter.

MONON-ROUTE.

Rensselaer Time-Table

In effect Sept. 11th, 1896.

SOUTH BOUND.

No 31—Fast Mail (don't stop) 4:45 a.m.
No 32—Louisville Mail, Daily 10:55 a.m.
No 33—Indianapolis Mail, 1:53 p.m.
No 39—Milwaukee, 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—11 a.m. 4:30 a.m.
No 9—Milwaukee, Daily, 7:41 a.m.
No 10—Louisville, Daily, 9:55 a.m.
No 11—To Indianapolis, 6:19 p.m.
No 8—Milwaukee, Daily, 3:30 p.m.
No 45—Local freight, 9:30 a.m.
No 74, car for passengers between Mil-
waukee and Louisville, 7:40 a.m.

No 30 mail (don't stop) between Rensselaer and Elizabethtown.

No 32 mail (don't stop) between Rensselaer and Hammond.

No 33 mail (don't stop) between Rensselaer and Cincinnati.

No 34 mail (don't stop) between Rensselaer and Indianapolis, 2:40 p.m.

No 35 mail (don't stop) between Rensselaer and Cincinnati, 3:30 p.m.

No 36 mail (don't stop) between Rensselaer and Indianapolis, 5:30 p.m.

W. H. BEAM, Agent.

EVERY TRAVELING MAN SHOULD HAVE ONE.

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



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. (From L 38), All Divisions.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry.

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

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

Cleveland Terminal and Valley Ry.

Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Ry. (Form I)

Columbus, Sandusky & Hocking RR. (Form I)

Findlay, Port W. N. & Western Ry.

Indiana, Decatur & Western Ry.

Indiana, Illinois & Iowa RR.

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

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Ry.

New York, Chicago & St Louis RR.

Pittsburg, Shenango & Lake Erie RR.

Toledo, St Louis & Kansas City RR. (Form I)

Wheeling & Lake Erie Ry. (Form H)

The above lines afford the commercial and travel facilities 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 devised to make traveling pleasure. Vibited trains, with parlor and dining cars, all-day trains; Pullman, buffet and combination sleeping cars on all night trains. Special features: Steam Heat, Pintos Light.

Sidney B. Jones, City Pass Agt., 232 Clark St., Chicago.

Geo. W. Hayler, Dist. Pass Agt., 2 W. Washington St., Indianapolis.

E. H. Bacon, Dist. Pass Agt., 4th & Market Sts., Louisville.

W. H. McDowell, Receiver and Gen'l Agt.

FRANK J. REED, Gen. Pass Agt., General Offices: 189 Custom House Place, Chicago.

Church Directory.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. M. R. PARADIS, Pastor.

Sabbath School, 9:30 a.m.
Public Worship, 10:45 a.m.
Junior Endeavor, 3:30 p.m.
Y. P. C. C. E., 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.
Junior Endeavor, 3:30 p.m.
Epworth League, Junior, 2:30 p.m.
Public Worship, 6:30 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. C. 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 \$1500 per annum. Position permanent. References. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla

Is the original Sarsaparilla, the standard of the world. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record.

50 Years of Cures

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 soul 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 as an old fellow as could be found in a lay's search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with the furnishing of a big bumble-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 objets d'art, 53 Rue des Chaquettes, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities.

The walls were hung with Marseilles and old Rouen china, facing ancient curiosities, sabers 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 kuleknacks, tiny arms, 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 Cobuderts. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle—his neighbors said—could not but be the possessor of a nice little fortune. He'd 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 Coburdert, 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, whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I Urged

Without paying any attention to the girls which exhaled from my bosom while scorching the rust from my long, wo-handled 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 awful word it made a mouthful; for a pin 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 to 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, he left the shop.

I went on scouring my double-handled 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 red as those of cherries in May. I checked myself.

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

She held out to me her hand. On that, my heart seethed 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-handled 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

From the depths of the strangely

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.
Indianapolis
Sole Controllers and Distributors.



The
Bane
of
Beauty.
your Duty
your hair, is beauty's
own, use
AIR VIGOR.

Beauty's bane is
the fading or falling of
the hair. Luxuriant
tresses are far more to the
matron than to the maid whose casket
of charms is yet unfurled 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 be the possessor of a nice little fortune. He'd 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 Coburdert, 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."

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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, he left the shop.

I went on scouring my double-handled sword. Rose came quietly 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 yelled and threatened me, the louder I laughed.

At that moment the clock of the Hotel de Ville struck 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, whoever 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!"

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

"No!" I replied.