

Classified Column.

FOR SALE.

For Sale—4 room house and 2 lots; well located, 4 blocks from courthouse; improved street and sidewalk; \$700. Phone No. 121 or address P. O. Box 55.

For Sale—Spring chickens for fives. Phone 448.

For Sale—Or will trade for cow, a gentle family horse. Inquire of Mrs. L. G. Monnett, R. D. No. 3.

For Sale—Pure bred Duroc Jerseys. If you want a good spring gilt or boar, call, write or phone Victor Yeoman, phone 521 G. R. F. D. No. 2, Rensselaer, Indiana.

For Sale—Bridge and other good oak lumber. Inquire of Wm. Halstead, R. D. No. 3, Box 40, Rensselaer, Indiana.

FOR RENT.

For Rent—Modern convenient house, centrally located. Inquire at Trust and Savings Bank or of Milt Roth.

For Rent—Six-room flat over McKay laundry; a first class apartment that can be rented reasonably. Inquire of Geo. H. Healey or H. R. Kurrle.

WANTED.

Wanted—Woman to clean house; can work a half day at a time. Mrs. Rev. Green.

Wanted—Property consisting of an acre up to 10 acres near Rensselaer; improved preferred. Inquire at this office. No agents, want to deal direct with owner.

Wanted—I want to rent a well-drained farm of 160 or 320 acres, for a term of 3 years, the landlord to loan or go my security for \$1,500 to be used to purchase stock and implements to run the farm. Will pay a rental of three-fifths of grain and hay delivered to the elevator or railroad. Address Box 7, Mt. Ayr, Ind.

Wanted—Companion and nurse for elderly invalid lady. G. F. Meyers.

Wanted—Timothy hay. George F. Meyers.

LOST.

Lost—Tuesday, a gold locket and chain. Locket set with white and red stones. Initials "G. M. G." on back. Finder please return to Gladys Grant.

FOUND.

Found—Sum of money. Ed Rhoads, the groceryman.

Found—Ladies' black kid glove and baby's bootee. Call here.

AUTOMOBILES.

We have on our floor ready for delivery two of those convenient economical runabouts, completely equipped, for \$600. Call and let us tell you more about it. The *Maxwell*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pasture—I can take in a few more head of cattle at my farm 2 miles west of Roselawn. Inquire of T. W. Grant.

Everybody—Send for free sample of Success Magazine & The National Post—the healthy, vigorous and sensible American home magazine containing the thrilling Oppenheim story, "The Girl of the Thirty Thousand," and receive also our money-making agent's proposition. Permanent winter employment for right persons. Address Circulation Department, Success Magazine, New York.

The Sea Wolf.

Among the most destructive inhabitants of the ocean is the sea wolf—a kind of dolphin, which attains when full grown a length of fourteen feet. When a mother walrus sees a sea wolf she endeavors to throw her cub on an iceberg, if one is near. Falling this, she gets it on to her head and swims with it above water. But often this does not save it. Diving far below, the fish of prey comes up with tremendous force, striking the mother and jolting the cub off her head into the water.

A Clear Case.

"So you think Mars must be inhabited?"

"Yassuh," replied Uncle Rasperry. "Dar ain' no doubt of it. An', what's mo', dem' habitants is cul'd folks. All dem' canals wouldn't be no good wifout canalboats, an' canalboats wouldn't be no good wifout mules, an' dar ain' no use o' tryin' to run any kin' o' mule business wifout de help o' cul'd folks." —Washington Star.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W, Notre Dame, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

THE DAY OF THE SASH.

It Has Come Again, Bring-ing In Elaborate Creations.



WHEN THE TIME CAME

By M. QUAD

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Mrs. Sarah Drew was a New Hampshire widow. She owned a farm, and Jake White was her hired man. He was a good man and a good worker and had been with the family for three years when Farmer White died. It will never be known to outsiders whether Mr. White, when told that he was to be gathered to his fathers, called Jake to his bedside and said:

"I must go, but I am consoled by the thought that I leave Sarah in good hands. Give her a year or so to mourn my loss and then propose matrimony."

Three years went by and Jake had not spoken. There were times when he thought he was encouraged to speak out and other times when he was prepared to come in from the field after a hard day's work and learn that the widow was engaged to the sewing machine agent who had that route. The widow, too, had thoughts. It was more than once whispered about that Jake was in love with this or that farmer girl, and she had come to feel that his loss would be a double one.

Mrs. Drew had been a widow for four years and Jake White had done bushels and bushels of thinking when winter came on. When the foot or more of snow which heralded the change of season had got packed down on the highway Providence put it into Jake's head to get out the big sled and propose a ride down the long and winding hill. Providence didn't go so far as to put the widow next as to what would happen, but it meant well by both. It had been a long time, and Providence meant to hurry things up a bit. Half a dozen of the neighbors were to take part in that moonlight sleigh ride, but for one reason or another all backed out, leaving the two alone. Probably this was another trick on the part of Providence.

About the time the sled was drawn out for the glide Elder Henderson, who lived just beyond the foot of the hill, was saying to his wife:

"Martha, I bought ten bushels of taters of the Widded White yesterday."

"Well need 'em all before spring," was the reply.

"I was goin' for 'em tomorrow, but it's such a nice night that I dunno but I'll yoke up the oxen and jog along now."

"Might as well, I guess, but look out that the taters don't get frostbit. You know how nighsighted you are in the moonlight. If you hear sleigh-bells you'd better give 'em the road."

"Nighsighted!" he indignantly sniffed. "Don't you go to makin' out that I'm a hundred years old. Why, I could pick up a pin on the darkest night you ever saw. I've got just the same rights as anybody, and I'm dinged if I give more'n half the road."

The oxen were yoked in due time and started out. There were bags to hold the potatoes and blankets to cover the bags, and any old sport would have given odds of two to one that the elder, the oxen and its cargo would arrive at the top of the hill right end up after a climb of twenty minutes. The wager would have been made without taking Providence into consideration, and the old sport would have lost.

The Widow White was bundled up and seated on the sled. In fact, she was strapped on. Jake sat close behind her, dragging the foot that was to steer the sled a straight course. As they were ready to start it came over him to speak of his love. A feeling came to the widow that it was going to, but the time was not ripe. Providence figures those things down to minutes and seconds. As Jake shut his mouth on his words and started the sled Elder Henderson, near the foot of the hill, started singing a hymn. He not only loved the sound of his singing, but he thought the oxen ought to be encouraged. His voice came floating up the hill, and as Jake caught it he said:

"Mrs. White, that's Elder Henderson."

"He's probably coming after those potatoes with his oxen and sled."

"Well?"

"He'll be in the middle of the road, and as our sled is already getting away from control there's going to be a smashup. I want to say to you that I have loved you for the last three years and to ask you if you will marry me?"

"Oh, Jake!"

"It's the elder and the oxen for sure. Yes or no?"

"It's so sudden!"

"Right in the middle of the road, and we'll be into them in ten seconds."

"Must I—!"

"Five seconds more!"

"Then—yes!"

Elder Henderson was marching ahead of the oxen, a hero leading the way. He was struck and sent flying and his tune cut short. Then the sled struck the oxen and flung them into the ditch and made a long jump over the other and a minute later was the foot of the hill and Jake was

"We might say the first of next week for the wedding!"

It didn't come off quite as quick as that, as they waited for the elder's cuts and bruises to heal so that he could be a guest, but things came all right in a little time, and a favorite saying of the elder's is:

"All the hand of Providence, sir. If I hadn't set out to sled them taters home that night there might never have been a marriage."

From three crash dish towels you can make a sewing apron, turning up the bottom and stitching it into pockets. Ribbon strings complete the apron.

A large embroidered towel will make a good bureau cover for summer. A line of drawn work will add to the appearance of a plain one used for the same purpose.

Woman's World

Pretty Girl May
Marry Rich Mr. Astor.



Professional Cards

DR. L. M. WASHBURN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Makes a specialty of "Diseases of the Eyes
Over Both Brothers."

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LAW, LOANS AND REAL ESTATE
Loans on farms and city property,
personal security and chattel mortgage.
Buy, sell and rent farms and city property.
Farm and city fire insurance.
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5 per cent farm loans. Office in Old
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Without Plates or Sprays. All
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Successfully treats both acute and chronic diseases. Spinal curvatures a specialty.

DR. E. N. LOY
Successor to Dr. W. W. Hartsell.
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east of court house.
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Residence College Avenue, Phone 168.
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F. H. HEMPHILL, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Special attention to diseases of women
and low grades of fever.
Office in Williams block. Opposite Court
House. Telephone, office and residence, 442.

GLASSES FITTED BY
Dr. A. G. CATT
OPHTOMETRIST
Rensselaer, Indiana.
Office over Long's Drug Store
Phone No. 232.

MONON ROUTE
In Effect August 27, 1911.

Chicago to Northwest, Indianapolis,
Cincinnati, and the South, Louisville
and French Lick Springs.

RENSSELAER TIME TABLE
In Effect August 27, 1911.

SOUTH BOUND

No. 31	Fast Mail	4:40 a. m.
No. 6	Louisville Mail	11:06 a. m.
No. 10	Indpls-Chgo. Ex.	11:35 a. m.
No. 22	Hoosier Limited	1:55 p. m.
No. 39	Milk Accm.	2:02 p. m.
No. 3	Louisville Ex.	11:05 p. m.

NORTH BOUND

No. 4	Louisville Mail	4:52 a. m.
No. 40	Milk Accm.	7:35 a. m.
No. 32	Fast Mail	10:05 a. m.
No. 38	Indpls-Chgo. Ex.	2:48 p. m.
No. 6	Louisville Mail & Ex.	3:15 p. m.
No. 30	Hoosier Limited	5:44 p. m.

Train No. 31 makes connection at Monroe for Lafayette, arriving at Lafayette at 6:15 a. m. No. 10, leaving Lafayette at 4:20, connecting with No. 30 to Monroe. Trains Nos. 20 and 22, the "Hoosier Limited," run only between Chicago and Indianapolis, the C. H. & D. service for Cincinnati having been discontinued.

W. H. BEAM, Agent.

Averts Awful Tragedy.

Timely advice given Mrs. C. Willoughby, of Marengo, Wis. (R. D. No. 1), prevented a dreadful tragedy and saved two lives. Doctors had said her frightful cough was a "consumption" cough and could do little to help her. After many remedies failed, her aunt urged her to take Dr. King's New Discovery. "I have been using it for some time," she wrote, "and the awful cough has almost gone. It also saved my little boy when taken with a severe bronchial trouble." This matchless medicine has no equal for throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by A. F. Long.

Lecture Course Dates.

Nov. 27.—Parlette, lecture.

Jan. 23.—John Eberly Co., concert.

Feb. 26.—Landon, impersonator.

March 22.—Beulah Buck Co., ladies' quartette.

Feb. 5.—H. V. Adams, lecture.

NOTICE TO DAILY SUBSCRIBERS.

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A Classified Ad. will sell it.