

TAXES DUE MAR. 1

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R. G. BURNS,
AGENT.

Maybe the Reichstag would let Mr. Berger sit in it.—Columbus Dispatch.

Harvey Davison went to Chicago this morning and today attended a banquet of real estate men in that city.

Mrs. Harry Walker, of Marcelus, Michigan, who was here to visit her brother, Lewis Burns, returned today to her home.

Every member of K. of P. lodge No. 32, is requested to be present at the regular meeting Tuesday evening, Feb. 17. Important business, followed by a social gathering and refreshments.

AN OLD SALE BILL OF 1846.

The following is a copy of a sale bill advertising a sale held in Pike county, Missouri, and is handed to us by one of our subscribers for publication:

PUBLIC SALE
State of Missouri, county of Pike, to whom it may concern; the undersigned will, on Tuesday, September 25, 1846, sell at public outcry for cash on premises where Coon creek crosses the old Mission road, the following chattels, to-wit: Six yoke of oxen with yokes and chains, 2 wagons with beds, 3 nigger wenchies, 4 buck niggers, 3 nigger boys, 2 prairie plows, 25 steel traps, 1 barrel pickled cabbage, 1 hoghead tobacco, 1 lot nigger hoes, 1 spinning wheel, 1 loom, 13 fox hounds, a lot of coon, mink and skunk skins and a lot of other articles. Am gwine to California—
JOHN DOE.

Richard Doe, Cryer.
Free head-cheese, apples and hard cider.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Coen arrived here Monday evening from a very pleasant wedding trip spent in the south. After a few days' visit here they will go to South Bend where they will be at home.

Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

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But it wasn't easy to put the box into the slipper when it came to the point. Mrs. Delario keenly felt the obligations of her charge and proved a far too devoted chaperon. At last the chance arrived and the box was stowed. What, then, was the poor child's consternation to hear me twitting Mrs. Delario into wearing the slippers!

"She nearly had me then!" Claire confided with noticeable glee at her own ability to cope with the situation. "I got the box out just one minute before she came into our stateroom. But this fright made me so ill I couldn't stay at table that night."

"I should think so," said Billy, and gave a sly glance in my direction that said, "I take back all I said about her last night—she wasn't really in it at all. It was all the old scoundrel of a 'mossoo.'"

Claire seemed ready to end here, but I wasn't ready to have her. What was I to tell monsieur? My turn was coming in a minute, and what was I to say? I kept on with Claire. "Then so far as you know, the box came through the customs house in one of those slippers? And what were you to do after that?"

The words were hardly out of my mouth when the front bell rang and George handed in a telegram addressed to monsieur.

Monsieur tore open the yellow envelope and rapidly scanned the message; frowned; hesitated; started to speak and stopped; looked at me inquiringly; asked if there was a telegraph office near and when I told him where it was excused himself from our company to "send an immediate and urgent reply."

I couldn't help an inward snort at the cool way in which he took the proprietorship of the situation in my house—a snort tempered with good-natured elderly amusement at his impetuosity and its justifiable cause. He was nearly as pale as Claire and dreadfully agitated. But I was already running to the bathroom for the water to revive her; as twenty-four hours previous I'd run for water to assuage the ammoniacal agonies of her dear papa.

Billy was on his knees. From under one protruded the note that had caused the damage. I went down on my knees and applied the wet towel. Billy fished forth the note and without compunction read it aloud.

My child: (It was in French) Return to the hotel immediately. Ask Mr. Rivers to escort you. **VOTRE PERE.**

Nothing very nerve-shattering and not a word about her mother; so evidently she'd been expecting something and this had keeled her over on general principles.

"What was in yours?" demanded Billy.

I reached out and got it off the table where I'd thrown it and gave it to him. "Nothing about her mother," said I. "This getting her away is just a dodge to see me alone."

"You're not going to?" Billy exclaimed, with some dismay.

I sopped at Claire's face and answered: "I don't know—it depends on how soon he comes."

"I wouldn't—it isn't safe for you." "You come here the very first thing in the morning, and I don't answer your ring."

Claire just then stirred, and we thought she was coming to, but she relapsed again, and Billy doubled up his fists and made a motion toward the front door, indicating that if I didn't answer he would break it in.

"That's it—and the very first thing in the morning. I don't know what else to do—and—" I leaned over Claire anxiously, and whispered to myself rather than Billy: "This is pretty bad."

"Where's that ammonia?" he demanded, making a wry face and adding in a whisper: "Do you suppose she knows?"

"Of course not," I retorted. "You don't suppose he was such a fool as to tell his own child how we 'done him' last night! It's in the kitchen, where we left it."

"Well, she'll never know from me—and I hope she'll never know from you," admonished Billy, rising from his knees and searching my face for the assurance.

I responded with something very like a glare—Billy was really taking quite a bit on himself just then—I hope I knew without being told by a boy who went to school to me what the common decencies of the case were! But all I said was: "Please get it."

A few drops of ammonia on the towel and she gasped. Then she murmured: "Oh, mamma," in tragic accents, and relapsed again. I was about to send Billy to the nearest doctor he could get in captivity, when the bell rang—George wanted to know when the young lady would be ready—"the shuffer's waitin' an' he's in a hurry."

Billy, who answered the ring—snapped out: "Let him wait—it's

tomorrow he's downstairs waiting.

I handed one note to Claire, tore open the one addressed to me, and read:

I'm sending a car for my daughter. Will you ask Mr. Rivers to escort her to the hotel? It is necessary that I say some few words to you alone. I beg you to await me.

It was signed, "H. de Ravenol."

I had barely finished this when I heard Claire give a cry, "Mamma is dead!" and I looked up just in time to see her throw out her arms and swoon away at my feet.

People faint away in this story like the heroines of a mid-Victorian romance, but I can't help it. Anyway, I warned you there was another faint coming, which faint was, under the circumstances, natural enough.

To be exact, Claire swooned at my feet via Billy's arms. The intention



Claire Swooned at My Feet.

was all on his side, however—he caught her as she was regardlessly going and let her down. A light burden.

"Got any smelling salts? Quick if you have. Some water, if you haven't," he ordered.

I couldn't help an inward snort at the cool way in which he took the proprietorship of the situation in my house—a snort tempered with good-natured elderly amusement at his impetuosity and its justifiable cause. He was nearly as pale as Claire and dreadfully agitated. But I was already running to the bathroom for the water to revive her; as twenty-four hours previous I'd run for water to assuage the ammoniacal agonies of her dear papa.

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Crown and Bridge Work and Teeth without Plates a Specialty. All the latest methods in Dentistry. Gas administered for painless extraction. Office over Larsh's Drug Store.

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Special attention given to preparation of wills, settlement of estates, making and examination of abstracts of title, and farm loans. Office in Odd Fellows' Building.

W. H. PARKINSON
Lawyer.

Office, Room 4, Odd Fellows' Building with G. H. McLean. Rensselaer office days—Friday and Saturday of each week.

JOHN A. DUNLAP
Lawyer.

(Successor to Frank Folts) Practice in all courts. Estate settled. Farm loans. Collection department. Notary in the office. Rensselaer, Indiana.

DR. E. N. LOY
Physician.

Office in the G. H. Murray Building. Telephone 39.

CHARLES M. SANDS
Lawyer.

Office in L. O. O. F. Building Room 7.

L. A. BOSTWICK
Engineer and Surveyor.

Ditch and Map Work—Road Maps. Office on East Harrison street, in block east of court house. Have car. Phone 549. Rensselaer, Indiana.

W. L. WOOD
Attorney at Law.

Loans, Real Estate and Collections. Office Room No. 1, Odd Fellows' Building. Buy and Sell Bonds.



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IS TO CONTINUE GOOD WORK
BY ENDORSING AND RECOMMENDING TRUTONA

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 16.—There is none more familiar with medicines and therefore more capable of judging of the merits of a preparation than the doctor. That is why the following statement made a few days ago by Dr. A. J. McDonald, a well known and highly respected physician here, should prove of interest to hundreds of people suffering from similar troubles. In recommending Trutona Dr. McDonald not only backs his claim with fifty years of medical practice, but he has also taken Trutona and knows from experience just what it will do.

"I know of no medicine that I could recommend to aged, weakened, run-down men and women that would equal Trutona," is the tribute the doctor pays the Perfect Tonic.

"Trutona came to my attention at a time when I was nervous and generally broken in health. Overwork had caused a weakened and feeble condition of my nerves. I seemed to have given out entirely. Why, I could not raise my hand to my head before I began the use of Trutona."

"I have given this tonic a fair trial and as a result my strength has returned and my nerves are as steady as ever. I have no interest in the Trutona Medicine Company, but I have given all my life to the relief of suffering humanity and I'm going to continue that policy by heartily endorsing and recommending this wonderful tonic, Trutona."

Trutona is now being introduced and explained in Rensselaer at Larsh and Hopkins' drug store.

ABE MARTIN.
(Indianapolis News).

"I'll take it if you'll wait till Saturday night for your money," said day laborer Steve Mopps, as he priced a plunger this mornin'. Who remembers when it was no disgrace to be poor?

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
I have moved my real estate office to rooms over the Co-operative meat market, north side of public square.

GEORGE F. MEYERS.