

## Jasper County Gleanings

NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

### REMINGTON.

REMINGTON R. R. TIME TABLE.		
EAST.	TRAINS.	WEST.
6:10 a.m.	Mail and Passenger	9:38 a.m.
9:38 a.m.	Local Freight	12:42 p.m.
11:38 a.m.	Mail and Passenger	6:12 p.m.
8:10 a.m.	Passenger (Sun. only)	7:50 p.m.

The rain was welcomed in this vicinity.

Jasper Guy was a Rensselaer goer Tuesday.

Corn husking is a thing of the past with most all our farmers now.

Remington's college contingent came home for the Thanksgiving feast.

Clyde Reeve and family spent Thanksgiving with his parents in Rensselaer.

Subscribe for The Democrat and the Chicago Daily Journal—only \$3.00 a year for the two.

L. B. Elmore was over from Remington last Saturday wearing one of those smiles that won't come off. He tips the scales at 225 and says he is proud of it.—Goodland Herald.

Omer Kirkpatrick, son of trustee-elect of York township, Benton county, and Lena Haynes, were married in Raub, Saturday night. They were each sixteen years old and obtained the license by consent of their parents.

John Barnett, who has been in poor health for some time, died at his home in Remington Nov. 16, and was buried the following Wednesday in the Remington cemetery. He was 70 years and 9 months of age, and was quite an old resident here.

Here is Relief for Women. If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

### LEE.

Harley Clark spent Thanksgiving with friends at Rensselaer.

Thanksgiving day and the Friday following there was no school.

Mrs. Mable Rishling visited at her parents, Mr. Wood's last Sunday.

Will Noland and wife and Helen went to Rensselaer on the milk train Wednesday.

Miss Carrie Caldwell, who has been at Lacross for several weeks past, returned home Wednesday.

Obe Noland has returned from Texas, but he did not trade his farm, and is not going to move there.

Arthur Parcells has a span of mules to take with him to Texas. They are planning to send their car next week.

David Culp has hauled the rent corn belonging to Mr. Wood, to Sam Noland, he having quite a number of hogs to feed.

Miss Arty Gilmore came home Thursday morning on the milk train for her vacation from her school, where she is teaching south of Monon.

Edward Culp and family of Remington and daughter, Mrs. Jessie Thompson, Joe Clarke and family, T. P. Jacks and wife and Simon Parcells and family took dinner at Arthur Parcells' last Sunday.

Some of the young people from here intended to attend the box social given by the teacher, Miss Lural Anderson, at the Fairview school Wednesday evening, but on account of the weather did not go.

Foley's Honey and Tar clears the air passages, stops the irritation in the throat, soothes the inflamed membranes, and the most obstinate cough disappears. Sore and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened, and the cold is expelled from the system. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. A. F. LONG.

### PINE GROVE.

Chas. Walker shipped turkeys Monday.

Mrs. James Torbet spent Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Chas. Walker.

Mrs. Walter Daniels spent Monday with her grandmother, Mrs. Jane Hurley.

Miss Stella Nuss went to work for Mr. and Mrs. Moore of near Valma Monday.

Mrs. Sarah Mc Cleary called on Mrs. Samuel Rees Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Carrie Pierce spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Day Jordan of near Newland.

Mrs. George Cooper and daughter Bertha called on Mrs. Sarah Mc Cleary and daughter Gusta Sunday.

There will be Literary at the Independence school house, Friday evening, Dec. 4. Everybody cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. James Torbet and son Charley spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Beedy and family of Newland.

John Daniels, Newton Jenkins, Villas Price and Bessie Ropp were guests of Bluford, Roy, John and Chloae Torbet Sunday.

Everett, Bertha and Orpha Parker and Bluford, John and Chloae Torbet were guests of Bessie Ropp and Carrie Pierce Tuesday evening.

Day and Jimmie Jordan, Carrie Pierce, Bessie Ropp, John Daniels, and Everett Parker were guests of Bluford, Roy, John and Chloae Torbet.

Misses Bessie Ropp and Carrie Pierce went to Chicago Thursday morning where the former will stay

several weeks and the latter will return Saturday.

### This Is An Easy Test.

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

### FAIR OAKS.

Health is generally pretty good in our town nowadays.

We have had several days of almost all kinds of weather.

Mrs. Dr. Fyfe went to Chicago Sunday to be gone about a week, it is said.

Mrs. Thompson attended the funeral of Mrs. Cora Sigman's little boy at Parr last week.

Mike Shehin of Lafayette came up with his family Thursday to take dinner with relatives.

Mrs. Will Warren and son Bert went to Pleasant Ridge Wednesday to hold a few days meetings.

W. L. Bringle and daughter, Mrs. Bruce Moffitt, returned Tuesday from their visit at Hibbard, Ind.

Charles Barker and family went down about Swanington the first of the week to visit relatives a few days.

Floyd Cox and Willie Cottingham are contemplating going to Valparaiso in a few days to enter college.

It is reported that an old boot-legger in our town is responsible for two or three drunks at his house Monday night.

Mrs. Grey and little daughter of Iowa, who have been visiting relatives here for a few weeks, returned home Monday.

Frank and Fred McCay, who have been over in Illinois for some time husking corn, returned the latter part of the week.

John Kight of Lacross was in our town the first of the week. It is reported that he has bought out the meat market at Wheatfield.

The boot-leggers of our town usually go to Roselawn with their grips, but Enos Moffitt and Joe Winslow went Monday with a spring wagon. They had it filled with fresh beef to sell instead of bottles to be filled.

The lady friends of Mrs. Emory Cox gathered in at her home Tuesday eve to remind her that it was their 26th wedding anniversary. Following are the names of those in attendance: Mrs. I. Kight, Mrs. John Zellars, Mrs. M. I. Guncy, Mrs. F. R. Erwin, Mrs. D. Lintner, Mrs. Ed Kesler, Mrs. A. M. Bringle and daughter Amy, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. McCay, Mrs. Charles Halleck, Mrs. Al Moore, Mrs. George Brouhard and daughter, Cora Lintner, Mrs. Cottingham, Lola Moore, Mrs. M. L. Hooper, Mrs. Ida Hanley and Minnie Cox. They each took something to eat, and had enough to load down a very large table, consisting mostly of candy, cakes, cookies, popcorn and different kinds of fruit, and they had a fine time. It was a time that they will all remember. The crowd left at a late hour, wishing her many more such pleasant occasions.

### If You are Over Fifty Read This.

Most people past middle-age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders which Foley's Kidney Remedy would cure. Stop the drain on the vitality and restore needed strength and vigor. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy today. A. F. LONG.

### MT. AIR.

From The Pilot. Ed Dennison spent Sunday with home folks at Poresman.

Wm. Shindler is on the sick list and Chas. Penwright has been taking care of the lumber yard.

Miss Leona Dunlap left Wednesday for a few days visit with friends and relatives at Watseka, Ill.

Miss Opal Penwright of Kankakee Ill., came yesterday to spend Thanksgiving with friends and relatives.

Born Sunday, Nov. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Schanlaub, a girl. Mr. and Mrs. Al Wild of Goodland spent Sunday with their son, Harry Wild and family.

Mrs. Julian Hopkins, who has been visiting here for some time with Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hopkins, left Friday for Springfield, Ohio, where they are now located.

Noah Yoder is contemplating trading his entire possessions here for land in the northeastern part of the state. He has already traded the forty acres here known as the Young farm for eighty acres there.

Ben Gessa, Jr., is reported to be quite sick with lung fever, and a younger brother George, is said to be in a serious condition from blood poisoning. Mrs. Gessa and a daughter are also said to be sick.

Mrs. Walter Ponsler, Mrs. Rose Carter and Miss Edna Ponsler left Tuesday for Rensselaer for a short visit with friends and relatives, after which the two latter will return to their home at Claypool, Ind.

Ed Harris was in town Saturday and to us he looked more like a ghost than a human being. He has been laid up for several days with liver trouble and malaria fever, but is now traveling the road toward recovery.

Geo. Schanlaub and wife, who some time ago purchased the Geo. Baldwin property, moved into the same the middle of the week. Mr. Baldwin and family will move into Conda Stucker's new house as soon as it is completed.

Henry Lee, whose illness was mentioned in our last issue as being very serious and that he could not live long, took a change for the better soon after and is now getting along nicely. The information has been given out by the attending physician that he will in all probabilities recover.

Preparations are being made to present another home talent play in the near future, and if everything goes along smoothly it will probably appear about Christmas, or earlier. "The Danger Signal," was previously put on here several years ago by a home talent troupe and pronounced perfect. It will be under the direct management of Frank Johnson, who has, in the past two years staged several plays that were successful, and we predict a greater success than ever in this effort as we believe the play and players to be of an excellent quality.

### BOX SOCIAL.

There will be a box social at the Cosy Palace school house in Barkley tp., Saturday evening, Nov. 28. Everybody come.

FLODY WILLIAMS, Teacher.

### DR. J. H. HANSSON

VETERINARY SURGEON—Now at Rensselaer. Calls promptly answered. Office in Harris Bank Building. Phone 443.

### THE CHICAGO JOURNAL.

Subscribers of The Democrat in this and neighboring counties will receive this week a sample copy of the Chicago Journal, the daily paper The Democrat is now clubbing with. Look the paper over and see if you don't think it is worth 1/2 cent per day to you—3 cents per week. This is all the paper will cost you, if taken in connection with The Democrat—\$3.00 per year for the two papers.

This is 50 cents less than our offer made last week, we having got an especially low clubbing rate with the Journal, and as we want to increase our own subscription list a few hundred before January 1, 1909, we make this astonishing low price for the two papers for a short time.

The Journal's special mail edition reaches Rensselaer on the early morning train the same date of issue in time to go out on the rural routes. It also reaches Remington, Goodland and other points having a morning mail in time to go out on the rural routes.

The market quotations of the Journal are unsurpassed by any Chicago daily, making it especially valuable to farmers and stockmen who want to keep posted on the markets.

Call in and subscribe for The Daily Journal and The Democrat at once, mail us a check, draft or postoffice order for \$3 and we will do the rest.

This offer applies to any person in the United States, be they new or old subscribers to The Democrat.

### Robbed His Firm of \$100,000.

Berlin, Nov. 27.—Fritz Kluge, manager of a company of railroad contractors with headquarters in this city, was arrested here on the charge of defrauding the firm out of \$100,000. Kluge explained that he had lost the money in speculation in mines in the United States.

### For Chapped Lips.

Do not moisten the lips frequently with the saliva or pass the tongue over them to make them red or fresh looking. This habit tends to discolor and dry them and to make them chap. Carefully avoid biting the lips and especially of biting off detached portions of the skin. It is ruinous to their beauty, both of color and texture, and may even cause troublesome and sometimes incurable eruptions. The best means of remedying chapped, dry lips is to anoint them every night on going to bed with a good cold cream.

### Sardine Appetizer.

Have bread toasted crisp, hard crust removed. Beat together one teaspoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, a little cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a little lemon juice. Spread on toast, lay on sardines and set in oven a few minutes before serving.

### Carrot Pickles.

Peel the carrots and boil in salt water, drain and have a sirup made of vinegar, sugar, stick cinnamon, cloves and whole allspice, the same as for watermelon or any sweet pickle, and pour over the carrots while both are hot and seal. These pickles taste a good deal like peach pickles.

### To Keep Lard Sweet.

To keep lard nice and white and prevent it from becoming strong use a few Irish potatoes. When the lard is nearly done drop in a potato about the size of an egg to each gallon of lard.

One weak point about anti-mole reform is that it can take a rest around the holidays and election time and life go on just the same.

Those "electrically propelled sleeping cars" will at least give passengers a chance to sleep when the power gives out.

Probably those English suffragettes remember that the Magna Charta was not wrung from King John by molly-coddies.

There is no hue and cry about putting that new English cure for lameness on the free tariff list.

## ITALY IS THE VICTOR

She Captures Both the Principal Events at the Auto Races at Savannah.

### HER CAR WINS THE GRAND PRIZE

Same Nation Also Had Triumphed in the Light Car Race.

Frenchman Drives in the Last Win and Nazarro Is Disappointed—Only One Serious Mishap Mars the Event.

Savannah, Ga., Nov. 27.—The Italian Fiat car, 120-horsepower, won the automobile race for touring cars on the track here, going 402 miles in 6 hours, 10 minutes and 31 seconds. Wagner, a Frenchman, was the driver. The other cars whose time was taken were the following, including their drivers, name of car being given first, driver second and time last: Benz, Hemery, 6:11:27; Fiat, Nazarro, 6:18:47; Benz, Hanriot, 6:28:12; Clement-Bayrd, Nautravast, 6:34:06; Renault, Strang, 6:43:37; Clement-Bayrd, Rigal, 6:45:49; Italia, Fournier, 6:46:32; Fiat, De Palma, 6:51:34. The cars of home manufacture were not in the race. There were six of them and none carried more than sixty horsepower, while those of foreign manufacture ruled it from 110 to 125 horsepower.

### Was a Close Race for Three.

The three drivers who clung together from the very start were shuffled about like so many cards as the flying laps were reeled away. During the race the Benz No. 19 was sent pitching from the road. Out of the mass of wreckage Fritz Erie, who had been driving, was taken with a broken nose and a broken jaw. Nazarro, the wonderful Italian driver, holder of world's records and winner of countless contests, who had clung tenaciously to a narrow margin of lead for more than a hundred miles, hesitated long enough at the supply pits to change a weakening tire and lost.

### Nazarro Badly Disappointed.

The fact that a car of his own team won the race was little comfort to Nazarro. An Italian himself he wanted to win in an Italian car. Wagner was in trouble once. He stopped and his mechanic was under the machine as soon as the wheels stopped turning. He soon corrected the trouble and springing to his seat the machine shot ahead again. As it started two bottles of champagne were handed aboard and the men drained them as they flew along. The race set a new record for long distance going, the highest average speed previously being made last month in the Vanderbilt cup race, 64.3 miles an hour. Wagner's time was 65.5 miles.

### Only One Serious Mishap.

The accident to the Benz car, No. 19, running in fourth position at the end of the tenth lap, was the only serious mishap of the day. The steel studded tread of the nin-skid tire on the right rear wheel broke just as he was attaining maximum speed. One of the loose ends of the flying tread struck Erie in the back of the head, and for the fraction of a second his hand on the steering wheel faltered. A moment later the racer had torn from the road, struck a stone and turned turtle. Erie went flying in one direction and his mechanic in another. The latter picked himself up unhurt, but Erie suffered a broken nose and jaw.

### Italy's Second Winning.

This winning is the second for Italy, the car representing that nation winning the other headline event of the meet, the light car race.

### THEY PRAYED FOR A TARIFF

Several Missouri Clergymen Offer a Very Novel Petition on Thanksgiving Day.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 27.—A special to the Republic from Joplin, Mo., says: "Rev. Dean O. Dutton, of Webb City, and Rev. C. M. Davenport, of Joplin, both in the union Thanksgiving services held by the churches in the two towns, petitioned the Almighty to grant a tariff on zinc, and to properly direct the actions of the representatives of the mining interests of this district who are before the ways and means committee at Washington."

"Several of the ministers in the smallertowns in this district also made this petition part of their prayers."

### Thanksgiving Football.

Chicago, Nov. 27.—The most important games of football played on Thanksgiving day were the following: At Philadelphia—Cornell 4, Pennsylvania 17—the latter closing the season without a defeat; at Minneapolis—Rose "Poly" 6, Butler 6; at St. Louis—Carleton 17, St. Louis 0; at Lincoln—Wabash 6, Nebraska 27; at Des Moines—Drake 6, Ames 12.

### Once Had a Notoriety.

New York, Nov. 27.—John R. Platt, the refined glass manufacturer who four years ago vainly sued Hannah Elias in the supreme court to recover \$685,385, money which he alleged he had spent on the negro since he became acquainted with her, is dead here in his eighty-ninth year.

## ILL WIND'S GOOD.

By CHARLES GRAVES.  
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A flood of golden morning sunshine streaming through the windows and falling full upon his face awakened Tom Goodhue. It awakened him with a rather unpleasant start and brought to his mind the disquieting suspicion that he had overslept.

He came out of bed with a bound and looked at his watch. It was 9:30—half past 9, and he had an appointment to go sailing with Helen Caverly at 9 sharp! Surely the gods of misfortune severally and collectively were following in his train!

He dressed in record breaking time, bounded down the stairs and, breakfastless, made all speed to the long pier in front of the hotel, his mind busy with the many apologies he would undoubtedly need in a few moments.

But the apologies were doomed, for the present at least, to remain unspoken, for when he reached the pier he saw, running out of the harbor before the smart breeze, a knockabout with a well known pennant fluttering from the mast.

Evidently Miss Caverly had grown weary of waiting for him. Goodhue took a long, lugubrious look at the distant sail and groaned.

Yet he was not the man to submit tamely to adverse circumstances. At the end of the pier lay hope in the shape of his own power boat, pulling at her painter as she swung to the tide. In a moment he had scrambled aboard, pulled the cover from the engine and turned over the flywheel.

There was a series of sharp reports. He threw off the moorings, sprang to the little wheel in the bow, and the power boat went tearing away from the pier, sending up twin waves of white spume at her bow as she sped in pursuit of the distant knockabout.

The engine of a power boat, however, is not one of the things to be classed among such certainties as death and taxes. Scarcely had he



"I'M GOING TO FINISH OUT THAT PROPOSAL," HE DECLARED, passed the can buoy on the outer ledge when there was an ominous coughing of the exhaust.

Immediately it grew spasmodic and seemed to take a half hearted, despairing note. Then it ceased altogether, and with this cessation the little craft lay helpless on the long swells coming in from the bay.

Countless precedent cases had taught Goodhue what to do. He pulled off his coat, caught up a wrench and attacked the engine, not without a certain grim wrath.

At the end of half an hour, despite all his art and all his mad efforts with the wrench, the engine, beyond a few derisive, choking puffs, refused to respond.

Goodhue hurried the wrench angrily into the locker, shook a vindictive fist at the balky machinery and delivered himself of his opinions concisely and forcefully.

Then he looked despairingly at the sail momentarily growing smaller to the eastward and ruefully surveyed the blue streak of shore behind him, not without certain poignant longings for breakfast.

All his labors had merely succeeded in getting him stalled here in the middle of the bay. He grunted his disgust, tied his handkerchief to a boat hook as an improvised signal of distress and set it up in the stern. Then he stretched himself upon the cushions and calmly went to sleep.

He was awakened by rippling laughter. He jumped up to find close alongside a knockabout with its sail rattling sharply as it headed into the wind. By the tiller was Helen Caverly, her eyes sparkling as she took in his plight.

Goodhue struck a melodramatic attitude, one hand on his forehead, the other at his throat.

"Help!" he cried, nodding toward his distress signal.

The girl laughed again. "What on earth are you doing out here so early in the morning?" she said mockingly. "Are you aware that it is but a trifle past 10:30?"

"I am pursuing you," said he, "or, rather, I was pursuing you until this—this unmentionable engine went back on me."

"And why were you pursuing me?" "I wanted that sail you promised me this morning."

"I waited for you until long after 9," Goodhue grinned sheepishly. "I—I overslept," he confessed lamely. "Then

when I got down to the pier and found you gone I started out in the power boat—without any breakfast."

"What noble self sacrifice!" she mocked.

"And I'd have caught you, too, but for that engine. It always breaks down when you want it most. However, you've seen my plight and come alongside, and that's the main thing, after all. We can have that sail now, can't we?"

"Do you think she deserves it?" "Frankly, I don't, but I'm going to trust to your generosity."

She looked at him doubtfully for a moment. "Of course," she said at length, "I can't desert you like this, helpless as you are upon the high seas. Come aboard. I'll tow you back. You must be very hungry by this time."

Goodhue caught up the boat hook, pulled the power boat alongside the knockabout and scrambled over her rail. In a moment the painter was fast, and, towing the helpless craft behind her, the knockabout was headed shoreward.

The girl held the tiller. Goodhue sat down beside her.

"I was particularly anxious to come out sailing with you this morning," said he.

"So it would seem," she observed dryly.

"There was a very particular reason why I shouldn't miss it," he went on placidly, ignoring her tone. "I wanted to finish out what I was saying to you night before last on the Gregory's piazza when that idiot of a Benson came out and interrupted us."

A wave of color surged into the girl's cheek. Her nose went up in the air a fraction of an inch.

"Under the circumstances," said she, "considering the fact that I have just rescued you from a rather trying situation, it seems to me no gentleman would take advantage."

Goodhue moved closer to her.

"No gentleman would have missed his appointment with you this morning," said he. "Therefore I am no gentleman. Following out the same course of logic, the fact that I am no gentleman absolves me from playing the gentleman's part of silence just now. I will take the tiller, Helen."

He took it. The girl began hastily trimming the sheet.

"I am going to finish out that proposal," he declared. "If you won't listen to me I shall refuse to be saved. I shall return to the power boat and trust myself to the mercies of these treacherous waters," he ended, looking tragically at the quiet sea about them.

"Besides which," he went on, "kindly remember that I have had no breakfast. Will you listen?"

The girl turned to him with flushed face, but her eyes were shining.

"You certainly must have that breakfast," she chuckled. "Go ahead, I am all attention."

### London Fog.

A London fog brings out hundreds of thieves, but it also brings out men who are wanted by the police. A detective told a representative of the press about two curious instances of thieves being caught in this way:

We had been on the lookout for weeks for a swindler who had stolen bonds in his possession. The inspector who had the warrant at last declared that the man must have got out of the country. But one densely foggy night the inspector happened to be in a quiet street not far from Bedford square, when a stranger, against whom he nearly ran, said:

"Can you tell me precisely where I am? I've got mixed up somehow."

"Follow me and I'll show you," said the officer. And he did show him to the police station, for the man was the very one he had been looking for.

In another case a sergeant, in one of the thickest fogs ever known, politely helped a lady in distress near the Kensington road. The lady couldn't even recognize her own house among several all alike, and the sergeant, on her behalf, knocked at a door and was answered by a man.

The lady did not live there, but an hour or two afterward I arrested the man who had come to the door. He was a German baker, the head of a large firm, and we had been seeking him for months.

### The Man in the House.

The hour was midnight in the home of the Ramscatters. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Ramscatter and their young son, George, almost at the age of maturity. All had retired when suddenly a loud yell penetrated the air.

"There's a man in the house!"

The alarm awakened mother and father. They jumped up, screaming:

"Where? Where?"

"Here!"

It was George's voice. Ramscatter proceeded cautiously across the hall to his son's room with a revolver in one hand. He was followed by his wife.

"George, are you injured?" shouted the father.

"There's a man in the house!" came the reply.

Ramscatter prepared to fire as he threw open the door.