

Jasper County Cleanings

NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

REMINGTON.

REMINGTON R. R. TIME TABLE.		
EAST.	TRAINS.	WEST.
8:30 a.m.	Mail and Passenger	9:30 a.m.
11:30 a.m.	Local Freight	12:45 p.m.
1:30 p.m.	Mail and Passenger	5:15 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Passenger (Sun. only)	7:50 p.m.

Get The Democrat to print your sale bills.

Charles Scarlet expects to move to Oklahoma soon.

A. V. Lock left last week on a stock sketching tour through the west.

Nelson Bolcott of Indianapolis visited Miss Mabelle Lambert over Thanksgiving.

John Woods has moved to Wadena where he will clerk in Milton's general store.

Frank Timmons of Hoopston, Ill., visited his mother and two children here last week.

H. O. Burgess, principal of the Remington schools, visited in Crawfordsville over Thanksgiving.

Miss Lucy Bensley spent Thanksgiving with Remington relatives. She is teaching at Wingate, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. George Griffin visited Miss Anna Derscheid in Chicago and relatives in Joliet last week.

E. M. Whitehead and Allen Mason of Elwood attended the burial of Mrs. Frank Whitehead here last Thursday.

Mrs. Breeze and daughter of Delphi visited her son, Supt. Breeze of the Remington schools a few days last week.

Mrs. Ezra Bowman and daughter, Mrs. M. B. Peck, are visiting her daughter Mrs. Nova Helvie at Christiansburg, O.

Miss Ruth Woodin, who is attending school at Hammond, spent the Thanksgiving vacation with her grandmother, Mrs. Eliza Philippi.

Kentland Democrat: Thomas Callaghan returned Monday from a few days visit with relatives in Gilman and Hoopston, Ill.

Mrs. Eliza Philippi is on the sick list at present writing. Her sister, Mrs. Chas. Kasson of Hammond, who has been caring for her returned home Monday.

Fowler Leader: Word comes that Brother Albert Hoover, formerly of Gilboa township but who is now preaching at New Waverly, is conducting a revival at that place and meeting with great success.

Wolcott Enterprise: Mrs. Theodore A. Duryea died at Lafayette Tuesday of cancer. Mrs. Duryea, whose maiden name was Miss Bell Sheetz, resided at Meadow Lake for several years, and is well known to many of our citizens who will be pained to learn of her death.

Mrs. Frank Whitehead, formerly Miss Ella Jones of Wolcott, died at her home in Cromwell, Ind., Nov. 23, and the remains were brought to Wolcott last Wednesday, where the funeral was held Thursday and burial made in the Remington cemetery. A husband and three children, one son and two daughters, are left. Deceased was about 35 years of age.

The Democrat has about 400 subscribers in and about Remington, and is without doubt the most widely read paper in this locality. There are few farmers in Carpenter, Jordan and Milroy townships who do not read The Democrat. It also has many readers in Gilboa tp., Benton county, on the south, Grant tp., Newton county, on the west, Princeton tp., White county, on the east, and is therefore one of the best advertising mediums one can use who desires to reach the people of this locality. Remington merchants, and farmers in this locality having public sales will do well to remember this, and use The Democrat's advertising columns.

Coughs that are tight, or distressing tickling coughs, get quick and certain help from Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. On this account Druggists everywhere are favoring Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is entirely free from Opium, Chloroform, or any other stupefying drug. The tender leaves of a harmless lung-healing mountainous shrub give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its curative properties. Those leaves have the power to calm the most distressing Cough, and to soothe and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should, for safety's sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom be given to even the youngest babes. Test it once yourself, and see! Sold by all dealers.

HANGING GROVE.

Lon Woods shredded corn Wednesday.

Robt. Drake shipped a carload of cattle to Chicago Tuesday.

Mr. Large finished plastering his new house Saturday.

Miss Katie Maxwell was the guest of Miss Mary Peregrine Sunday.

Mrs. Floyd Porter spent Wednesday with Mrs. C. A. Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. William English spent Wednesday at Ed Peregrine's.

Robt. McDonald and Miss Blanche Cook ate supper with Ed Peregrine's Sunday.

John Wilkins of Hobart, Ind., is visiting with relatives in this vicinity this week.

Several relatives from this vicinity of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Noland ate Thanksgiving dinner there Thursday.

The 2 o'clock train Saturday set out quite a fire south of Mr. Howe's place, burning about a carload of baled hay for Mr. Gilmore.

Estel Osborne and Miss Vera Leffer spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Porter, and in the evening all attended church at McCoyburg.

Mr. Large attended the sale at Bert Lowe's, east of Monon this week and bought some lumber to build his new cattle barn, which he will build as soon as he finishes his new house.

Why pay more—when you can get, not only 90 fine large cups of Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee from a 25c. package—but a Coupon on a 25c. silvered "No-Drip" Coffee Strainer besides? Look for the Coupon—I put them in now. The satisfaction is, besides most perfect Sold by John Eger.

EGYPT.

Nellie and Hannah Welsh did shopping in Rensselaer Saturday.

Arthur, Ben and Ara Bullis visited at Frank Welsh's Sunday.

Adrian Bicknell is pulling hedge for his brother James this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Antcliff and family visited William Karr Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Kennedy visited her sister, Mrs. Charles Pollard last Friday.

Mrs. D. V. Blake and son Walter called on Mrs. Antcliff Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Antcliff and daughter Florence were Rensselaer goes Saturday.

Pearl, Everett, and Lloyd Dunn visited their Grandmother, Mrs. Willard Pruett Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Heuson visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Michael, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Billings of Morocco visited Frank Welsh's Saturday night and Sunday.

Preventics, the new Candy Cold Cure Tablets, are sold by druggists to have four special specific advantages over all other remedies for a cold. First—They contain no Quinine, nothing harsh or sickening. Second—They give almost instant relief. Third—Pleasant to the taste, like candy. Fourth—A large box—48 Preventics—at 25 cents. Also fine for feverish children. Sold by all dealers.

NEVER FAIL.

Rainy weather kept a number of young folks indoors Sunday.

Will Wortley was a Rensselaer goer Saturday.

Eugene Hasty called on Isiah Bice's Friday forenoon.

Jacob Dewey and family visited Leonard Keister and wife Thursday.

Kurg and John Burns and Miss Freda Eteel spent Sunday afternoon at Jacob Dewey's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson called on Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Dewey Thursday evening.

James Wingard repaired his kitchen last week. He intends to move on his farm in the spring.

Will — has finished tile-ditching for awhile and is "dear hunting" around Egypt now.

The old fashioned way of dosing a weak stomach, or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is all wrong. Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. This is why his prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed entirely to the cause of these ailments—the weak inside or controlling nerves. It isn't so difficult, says Dr. Shoop, to strengthen a weak Stomach, Heart, or Kidneys, if one goes at it correctly. Each inside organ has its controlling or inside nerve. When these nerves fail, then those organs must surely falter. These vital truths are leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Test it a few days, and see! Improvement will promptly and surely follow. Sold by all dealers.

FOR SALE AT PRIVATE SALE.

At my residence three miles East and four miles South of Rensselaer and one mile North of Sharon, one black mare, six years old, weight about 1500 pounds, a good worker and a good brood mare; 1 light wagon with tongue and shafts; 1 top buggy with tongue and shafts; 1 heavy set of single harness; 1 light set of single harness; 2 wood heating stoves, one an Owen; 1 good Vandergrift rotary washing machine with new Universal wringer; other household articles too numerous to mention.

Anyone wanting any of these things will please enquire at once of

A. G. W. FARMER, Rensselaer, Ind. R.R-4.

Wanted To Rent:—Up-to-date cottage of four to six rooms, convenient to school preferred. Enquire at Democrat office.

Give The Democrat a call when you want a neat and attractive job of printing at the same prices or less than others charge for inferior work.

The Twice-a-Week Democrat and the Twice-a-Week St. Louis Republic, both a full year for only \$2.00.

Legal blanks for sale at The Democrat office.

The Democrat and the Chicago Daily Journal, each a full year for only \$3.00.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Wearry of the Senate.

The recent report that Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island would not be a candidate to succeed himself caused little surprise among his friends in the senate. For a long time it has been known to his intimates that he would retire on the expiration of his present term, March 4, 1911. Should he survive until that date he will have worn the toga continuously for thirty years.

For many years he has exerted a powerful influence on legislation. Around the senate end of the capitol he was referred to even by employees of the building as the "general manager of the senate." He was the dominant factor in the little group known as the "old guard." He was the leader of that group even in the days when



NELSON WILMARTH ALDRICH.

O. H. Platt of Connecticut, Spooner of Wisconsin, Allison of Iowa and Mark Hanna of Ohio were in the prime of their influence.

It is said that Mr. Aldrich doesn't like being pilloried continually in newspapers and cartoons as a corporation senator, the representative of "special interests" and especially as a Standard Oil man, a charge which comes naturally from his being the father-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. His grip on Rhode Island is as firm as ever so far as he personally is concerned. He could have another election without doubt. He will be seventy years old when this term is ended, and he has been telling his friends that he is entitled to a rest and means to have it.

A Matter of Dress Mainly.

Mrs. Phelps Stokes in illustration of the really superficial and slight difference that exists between aristocratic and plebeian people repeated at a Socialist meeting in New York a conversation between a little girl and her mother.

"The little girl," said Mrs. Stokes, "belonged to one of New York's rich families, and one day she said to her mother thoughtfully:

"Will I wear my prettiest Paris frocks when I get to heaven?"

"Oh, no, my dear," the mother answered.

"Why not?"

"Because Paris frocks are not worn in heaven."

"The little girl frowned.

"How then will they know up there," she said, "that I belong to the best society?"

Advocates the Army Canteen.

General Albert L. Mills, commander of the department of Luzon, who recently stirred army circles by his advocacy of the canteen, is one of the prominent officers of the United States army.

General Mills came into public notice when he was appointed superintendent of West Point at the close of the Spanish war. At the time of his appointment he was only a first lieutenant, and it was the first time that an officer of that low rank had been given such an important post. President McKinley, however, decided that his good work in the Santiago campaign should



ALBERT L. MILLS.

be recognized. Lieutenant Mills had been General Young's chief of staff and lost an eye at the battle of San Juan Hill. Although low in rank, he had large experience in work that specially fitted him for the position. He had served as instructor at the academy and had been in charge of the department of strategy and tactics at Fort Leavenworth. His success in suppressing hazing at West Point is a matter of history. General Mills is a native of New York and entered West Point in 1874.

The MOUNTAIN PRINCESS.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Far up on the mountain Leslie heard her singing, and he smiled as he recognized a song that he had taught her.

She was still singing as she danced down the broad aisles of the forest toward a little stream where he was fishing.

"You look like a dryad," Leslie said, "in that gray gown, but dryads don't sing songs from the latest musical comedy."

"It's a pretty song," she said gravely, "and I should like to see the comedy."

"If you will let me take you to town you can see everything," he informed her.

She laughed. "That's the seventh time in seven days that you have asked me to marry you. And I will always tell you that I am wedded to the mountains."

"You are wedded to an idea. You think that you can be happy all your life living up here, but you can't."

"You think I should be happier with you?"

"I know it," he said eagerly.

She shook her head.

"But I shouldn't be free. Here I am mistress of my own domain. There is no one but old Aunt Dolly and Uncle Fred to consider, and as long as they have a comfortable fireside and the magazines and novels that I order from town they are content. And my servants are the mountain people. For the rest, I have the birds and the bees and the butterflies."

Leslie's eyes twinkled. "And how long have you lived alone with the birds and the butterflies?"

"Since May," she told him.

"And now it is October. What of the winter days that are coming, when the birds fly south and the butterflies die and the bees lie close in the hollow trees?"

"Then there will be the beauty of the dead forests and the snow on the mountain side and the winter skies and the freedom."

He smiled at her. "That means so much to you—freedom."

She nodded. "If you had known my life as a child. Mother was so unhappy.



"SO THE LITTLE WILD BIRD CAME BACK TO HER CAGE."

She was always afraid that my father would take me away from her—then we were separated, you know. And so we were always hiding, always shut in. And after she died I was sent to a school in a big city and lived all of my girlhood behind high walls.

"When I became my own mistress I bought a bungalow out here, and because I had lived always under strict rules I said that I would live without any—that I would not even enter the bondage of matrimony—and until you came I was as free as a bird."

"And now you are not free?" He put the question eagerly.

Her grave eyes met his steadily. "No," she said, "you—you have made me question. I am very happy when I am with you, fishing or learning songs or hearing you tell of your travels. And sometimes it seems to me that is the greater happiness."

"But when I am alone I think of the city where you would take me and that you would have a right to say whether I should go or come, and I feel as if I were again behind high walls."

Her eyes were dark with a queer kind of terror.

"Poor little wild bird," said Leslie tenderly; "they kept you caged too long."

He made her sit down beside him while he led the conversation cheerfully into other channels, and after a time he taught her more songs, and their voices rang out melodiously in the still October air. And all about them was the glory of autumnal coloring, the red and gold and green of the mountain side, with a sapphire sky above.

And when their song was finished Leslie said, "Tomorrow I am going home."

She caught her breath quickly. "Tomorrow?"

"Yes; at half past 10 at night. Will you wave me farewell?"

"Yes; at half past 10 at night. Will you wave me farewell?"

"I will be on my porch," she promised. "You can see me in the moonlight."

He took her hand and for a moment stood looking down at her. Then he said softly: "I shall not try to tell you how hard it is for me to go without some hope. Perhaps some day you will feel differently."

Again the frightened look came into

her eyes. "No—no. If you knew how unhappy my mother was—my father was cruel!"

He dropped her hands. "And you think," he began, "that I might be?"

"Oh, no, no!" she protested. "But you would have the right to say what I should do. You would be—my master."

"Little child," he commanded, "look at me."

And when her eyes met his wonderingly he said slowly: "Love like mine asks nothing but your happiness. As my wife you would be free, for, after all, that woman is the freest who lives within the circle of her husband's love."

But she shook her head. "I can't feel that way," she murmured. "I wish I could."

The next night as Leslie's horse picked its way carefully down the winding road it reared a little when a white figure came out of the bushes.

"I couldn't bear to wave goodbye so far away," the girl faltered as he dismounted and stood beside her. Her face was very pale in the moonlight, and her hair shone like gold. "And then there is something that I want to say."

A light came into his eyes as he bent over her. "Tell me," he whispered.

"I love you," she said simply, but shook her head at his eager exclamation. "But I cannot marry you—not now. It would not be right—not while I have this fear of the city. But I want to ask if—some day I feel differently—if I should send for you—would you come?"

"From the ends of the earth," he declared. "But if it could only be now, dear heart."

The tears were on her cheeks. "I can't promise," she sobbed. "Something seems to hold me back. But I could not let you go without telling you that I cared."

All that winter Leslie waited for his summons, so secure was he in his ultimate need of him. But the winter passed and the spring, and the summer came again and the fall, and once more the woods were red and gold and green, and still he had heard nothing from her.

And one day he said to himself: "I must go to her. Surely if she loves me she will say 'Yes.'"

It was raining as he ascended the mountain, and the leaves were sodden under the horse's feet. Fear seemed to clutch at his heart as he came to the bungalow, where a single spot of light shone out through the gathering darkness.

He crept to the window and gazed in and saw her sitting before her big fire alone, a little wasted figure in a white gown.

It seemed as if his heart stopped beating as he hurried through the hall and came into the room where she sat.

"Dear," he said, and she stood up, with a little cry, and then his arms were about her, and she was sobbing wildly.

"Then why didn't you send for me?" he demanded.

"Because I couldn't ask you to marry me when I was ill and ugly, when I would not when I was well, could I?" she asked. "I took cold last winter, and then there was pneumonia, and now they keep me shut in. All summer and all the spring and fall I have watched from the windows. I knew if you came you would set me free, but I couldn't write and burden you with my woes."

"In sickness and in health," he quoted—"Isn't that what they say in the marriage service, dear? And now listen. You are to get well at once. We will go to the desert, and we will live in the sunshine, and we will start tomorrow."

She smiled up at him. "How good it seems," she said, "to hear you say it so masterfully! If you knew how I have longed for some one to carry me off."

And a month later as she sat in front of her tent on the dry plain and the wind ruffled her hair and brought the pink of returning health to her cheeks her husband said, "So the little wild bird came back to her cage."

She shook her head and reached out her hand to him. "Ah, no," she said, and her voice thrilled with the wonder of her happiness. "Ah, no, but the little wild bird found her mate."

English as She Is Uttered.

"What is the cabbage?" inquired the departing patron, who wished to go to the railway station from the hotel.

"What's the what?" exclaimed the clerk, losing his clutch on the perfect English he usually handed over the counter.

"What's the cabbage? I said."

"I know you did, but I do not quite get your meaning."

"Oh, you don't? You know what cabbage is, don't you?"

"I guess I've seen enough of it to know. I used to live in the suburbs of Chicago."

"Well, what is it from here to the depot?"

"I suppose it is just what it is everywhere else—that is, a vegetable which."

The departing patron interrupted with violence.

"Aw, say," he protested, "you ought to be plowed under or fertilized or something. Cabbage is cab fare, ain't it?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Modern Ambition.

"If you are a real good boy and study hard, perhaps when you grow up you can become president."

"I don't want to be president."

"Why, Johnny, I am surprised. Every boy should aspire to that position."

"Not for me."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I'd rather be catcher in a league team. It's lots more fun; besides, you don't have to be good when you are a boy to get to be that."

TWAIN'S BIRTHDAY

Humorist Admits He Is 73 and Says He Can't Help It.

Redding, Conn., Dec. 1.—Mark Twain says he knows of no way of keeping Nov. 30 from happening every year and that he can't help it if he is seventy-three years old.

He celebrated the anniversary of his birth by taking an early morning buggy ride.

Would Reorganize Postal System.

Washington, Dec. 1.—The four offices of assistant postmaster general will be abolished, a director of posts with seven assistants provided for and the entire postal service of the United States divided into fifteen districts, if the bill being prepared by the joint postal investigation commission is passed.

Big Public Sale

The undersigned having decided to farm next season on a smaller scale, will offer at Public Sale at his residence in Jordan township, six miles south, two miles west and one-fourth south of Rensselaer, five and three-fourths miles north and two miles west of Remington, commencing at 10 a. m., on

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1908.

5 Head Horses, Consisting of 1 Bay Mare, six years old, weight 1600, in foal; 1 Brown Mare, ten years old, weight 1400, in foal; 1 Dark Dapple Grey Gelding, four years old, weight 1400; 1 Gray Gelding, two years old; 1 Bay Colt, one year old.

3 Head of Cattle—Consisting of 1 Durham Cow, six years old, now giving two gallons of milk per day; 1 full blood Aberdeen-Angus Cow, pedigreed, five years old, with calf to full blood bull; 1 full blood Aberdeen-Angus Bull, pedigreed, nine months old.

10 Head of Shoats Weight about forty pounds each. Good ones.

Farm Tools, Wagons, Harrows, Etc.—Consisting of 1 Janesville Sulky Plow, good as new; 1 Riding Cultivator; 1 Walking Cultivator; 1 Wheel Disc, only been used two seasons; 1 Corn Planter with 100 rods of wire; 1 Buckeye Mowing Machine; 1 Endgate Seeder and Cart; 1 Three-Section Harrow, new; 1 Narrow Tire Wagon; 1 Johnston Binder, complete with Trucks, new, only cut 180 acres; also numerous other articles of minor importance.

A credit of twelve months will be given on sums over \$10 with usual conditions; 6 per cent off for cash where entitled to credit.

JAMES A. KEISTER, Auctioneer. Frank Welsh, Clerk. Hot Lunch on Grounds.

Big Public Sale

The undersigned will offer at Public Auction on the W. E. Moore farm in Hanging Grove tp., 6 miles East and 2 miles North of Rensselaer, 2 miles East and 2 miles North of Pleasant Ridge, 1 mile West and 2 miles South of Pleasant Grove, 1 1/2 miles West and 3 miles North of McCoyburg, commencing at 10 a. m., on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, '08

9 Head of Horses and Mules—Consisting of 1 Bay Mare twelve years old, wt. 1150; 1 Clydesdale Mare, ten years old, wt. 1450; 1 Gray Gelding thirteen years old, wt. 1600; 1 Sorrel Gelding nine years old, wt. 1500; 1 team of Gray Geldings thirteen years old, wt. 1350 each; 1 Black Gelding coming three years old; 1 yearling colt; 1 Black mule ten years old.

9 Head of Cattle—Consisting of 6 Milch Cows, all fresh in spring; 3 half-Jersey coming two-year-old Heifers, one with calf by side, other to be fresh in spring; 1 coming yearling Shorthorn Bull.

4 Head of Hogs—Consisting of 3 Chester White brood sows, one to farrow soon, and one Poland China male hog.

Implements, Wagons, etc.—Consisting of 3 Cultivators; 1 Corn Planter with Fertilizer attachment and 30 rods of wire; 2 Walking Plows; 1 Gang Plow; 2 Spike-Tooth Harrows; 1 Spring-tooth Harrow; 1 five foot Mowing Machine; 1 ten foot Hay Rake; 1 eight foot binder; 1 six foot Binder; 1 endgate seeder; 2 discs; 1 Clover Buncher; 2 pairs of Hay ladders; 1 good Corn Shelter; 3 Wagons; 1 Buggy with pole and shafts; 1 pair Bobbeds; 4 sets of work harness; 1 set double Buggy Harness; 1 set single Buggy Harness; 1 Grindstone.