

Jasper County Cleanings

NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

REMINGTON.

REMINGTON R. R. TIME TABLE.	
EAST.	TRAINS
6:30 a.m.	Mail and Passenger
9:38 a.m.	Local Freight
12:42 p.m.	Mail and Passenger
1:10 p.m.	Passenger (Sun. only)
7:50 p.m.	

Get the Democrat to print your sale bills.

Charley Scarlet expects to move to Oklahoma soon.

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

Nelson Boicourt of Indianapolis visited Miss Mabelle Lambert over Thanksgiving.

John Woods has moved to Waukesha where he will clerk in Miller's general store.

Frank Timmons of Hooperston, 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 Beasley spent Thanksgiving with Remington relatives. She is teaching at Wingate, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. George Griffin visited Miss Anna Derschell 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 Phillips.

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

Mrs. Eliza Phillips 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, t.p., Benton county, on the south, Grant t.p., Newton county, on the west, Princeton t.p., 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 every where 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.

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

Weary 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.

Mr. Large attended the sale at Bert Lowe's, east of Monroe 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 goers Saturday.

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

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

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

Preventics, the new Candy Cold Cure Tablets, are said 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 indoor Sunday.

Will Wortley was a Rensselaer goer Saturday.

Eugene Hasty called on Isaiah Bice's Friday forenoon.

Jacob Dewey and family visited Leonard Keister and wife Thursday.

Kurt and John Burns and Miss Freda Eeteel 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.

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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.

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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 green 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."

"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 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.

"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 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 to-morrow."

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 as usually handed over the counter.

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?"

"You go by the river road."

"Yes."

"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