

## Jasper County Gleanings

NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

### EGYPT.

Miss Ruth Pruitt spent Thanksgiving at home.

James Bicknell visited Sunday with Harry Gallager's.

Mrs. Florence Antcliff spent Thanksgiving at Frank Welsh's.

Mrs. Jesse Dunn went to Chicago Wednesday to attend the stock show.

Joe Galey, James Bicknell and Daniel Blake were Rensselaer goers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allie McCashen went to Chicago Wednesday to attend the stock show.

Vick Michaels and Nate Welsh plowed a few days this week for Riley Tullis.

Oss Ritchey finished shredding Tuesday, and the shredder moved over north of Rensselaer.

Grandpa Michaels, Mrs. W. P. Michaels and daughter Eva ate Thanksgiving dinner at Joseph Gailey's.

Wilma Pruitt, who has been assisting her cousin, Mrs. Sternier of Brookston with her housework, returned home Saturday.

Hoarse coughs and stuffy colds that may develop into pneumonia over night are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar, as it soothes inflamed membranes, heals the lungs, and expels the cold from the system. A. F. Long.

### ROSEBUD VALLEY.

Miss Flora Hershman and friend returned to Valpo Tuesday.

Miss Elizabeth E. Shull spent Monday night at Geo. Anderson's.

Felix Moritz and family ate duck with his parents-in-law Wednesday.

Mrs. Lucy Greene is spending a few weeks visiting relatives in Boone county.

Herman Flugal has been visiting old friends of Rosebud Valley for the past week.

Mr. Thos. Callaghan of Kentland visited a few days with his son Tom of this Valley.

The Misses Callaghan and Werrick returned to their school after the Thanksgiving vacation.

Frank Hershman, Wm. Werrick, Amiel Shrader and Tom Callaghan took their hogs to market Wednesday.

Mrs. Ben Rouse returned this week from Lake Village where she has been for some time attending her sick mother, who was buried Monday. Mrs. Rouse has the community's sympathy.

### A Healthy Family.

"Our whole family has enjoyed good health since we began using Dr. King's New Life Pills, three years ago," says L. A. Bartlett, of Rural Route 1, Keford, Maine. They cleanse and tone the system in a gentle way that does you good. 25c. at Long's drug store.

### LEE.

Wednesday Frank Overton killed a beef.

H. C. Anderson's did their butchering Tuesday.

Sunday Frank Overton visited at Hoy Rishling's.

Little Wallace Jacks has been real sick, but is better now.

Mrs. Holman and Orville tool dinner Sunday at Arthur Stewart's.

Saturday evening the young people enjoyed a party at Will Rishling's.

Agnes Stiers has been out of school for a few days with tonsilitis.

Wednesday morning J. H. Culp started on a few days trip buying cattle.

Saturday David Culp took a load of buckwheat to Rensselaer and had it ground into flour.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughs and Tillie Kopka came Saturday evening to visit Lee friends till Monday morning.

Tuesday J. H. Culp was called to Monticello on the petit jury, but they were released till next Monday morning.

Arthur Parcells did not get to send his car to Texas this week. He had rented his property to Alvin Clarke to give possession the first of the month, and Monday Arthur moved in the Maxwell property and Alvin moved Tuesday in the Parcells property.

Friday evening of last week a crowd of 46 in number marched in with well filled baskets at Arthur Parcells' house and made them a surprise, before moving away to their new home in Texas. They were served with oysters, peaches and cream, cake, candy, cheese and celery. Those present were: T. P. Jacks and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Alvin Clarke and family, John Mellinder and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Anderson, Mrs. Holman and sons Asa and Orville, J. H. Culp and family, Sam Jacks and family, Hoy Rishling and family, Simon Parcells and family, Frank Overton and family, Miss Lura Anderson, Morris Hollis and Dolly Jacks. They all seemed to enjoy themselves well. Mr. Parcells' entertained them with their phonograph, which was very good. All departed wishing them success in their new home.

Thanksgiving day being Sam Noland's thirty-fifth birthday anniversary, his wife and friends, forty-two in number, made a complete surprise on him. Those present were: Leroy Noland and family, Uncle Jimmie Overton, Fred Stiers and wife, Mr. LaMar and family, Mr. Williamson and wife, J. H. Culp and family, Alvin Clarke and

## FINDING FRANCES.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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"Miss Pollard! This is a surprise indeed! I supposed that you were out west."

Christopher Brooks, boarding the fast train in Philadelphia, motioned to the porter to place his suit case in the section occupied by Frances Pollard and sank into the seat beside her in response to the mute invitation in her eyes.

"I am to visit old school friends," explained the girl. "It is my first visit to New York."

"And you never let me know that you were coming!" Chris' tones were laden with reproach.

"How could I?" defended the girl. "In spite of the fact that you did not answer my last letter, I wrote you that I was coming east and that I should be glad to have you meet me at the station in Chicago and visit between trains."

"Chicago!" echoed Chris. "I went to New York six months ago. I wrote

to the manager of the hotel where I was staying."

Asa Baron of Kankakee, Ill., came Saturday and visited until Wednesday day with friends here.

Rev. Noland was in Morocco the first of the week attending the Ministerial Association.

Mrs. Alva Rimer of Wabash, Ind., came last week for a visit with friends and relatives here.

Leo McGraw of Wadsworth, Ill., came Monday for a visit with his aunt, Mrs. J. J. Garrity, and family.

Uncle Henry Lee still continues to improve and in a few days, it is said, he will be able to be up.

Wm. Shindler has shown considerable improvement in the past few days and will soon be able to be out.

Mrs. Percy Lakin and Miss Mable Crisler, both of Rosedale, spent Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. Ira Sayler.

Dave Hochstetler, who is attending school at Valparaiso, came home for Thanksgiving and a few days visit with his wife.

Miss Edna Long went to Brook last Saturday for a short visit with friends. She returned home Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Harris Martin was quite sick the latter part of the week and the first of this. She was reported as being better yesterday.

Dr. Martin has purchased the residence property next door west of him of J. H. Crisler, Geo. Arnold will continue to occupy it.

Miss Dossie Fleming of Goodland, spent Thanksgiving and the remainder of the week at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harris Martin.

Wm. Johnson and family spent Saturday evening and Sunday with Mrs. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hitchings, of near Hoy Rishling's.

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sister that she must have taken the upper ferry to Twenty-third street.

A boat was about to start, and he rushed on board, the perspiration streaming from his face. He still carried Frances' valise and his own heavy suit case. Frances could not leave any ferry house without the valise, for it contained her money and her friend's address. She could not apply to the old address to find out where her hostess had moved, because the house had been torn down. She must wait for him.

He dashed through the exit and through the waiting room, searching both floors, but there was no trace of the girl. He was about to go to the street and question the carriage agent when the doorman, who had watched his actions curiously, came up.

"Are you the chap that lost a lady?" he demanded. "If you are, I told her to go back to the Jersey side and wait for you. She followed a man she thought was you and got on the wrong boat."

Chris pressed a coin into the man's hand and sprinted down the slip just as the boat was pulling out. He barely managed to leap aboard before the gates were closed, and he stood on the forward deck to cool off.

When the boat should make the Jersey shore this worry would be at an end. So he regarded the panorama of river life complacently.

He was the first passenger off the boat and out on to the concourse, but neither on the concourse nor in the waiting room could he find her, though he searched both. She must have boarded the Cortlandt street ferry, so for a second time he made for the slip, catching the same boat that had carried him across before. One of the deck hands regarded him curiously as he passed.

"Ain't you the fellow what paid his fare to me to stay on the boat a couple of trips ago?" he demanded.

Chris nodded, and the man grinned.

"I thought you was," he continued. "There was a lady down here looking for you this last trip. I remembered you went right back, and I sent her on to Twenty-third street. She didn't have the price of her fare," he added meaningfully, and again the grateful Chris passed out a coin.

"Funny you didn't see her," mused the man as he slipped the money into his pocket. "She was on the boat when we landed. I told her to take a look around and then make for the Twenty-third street slip."

"I was looking in the waiting room for her," explained Chris. "I guess it'll be all right now."

But things were far from all right. When Chris leaped from the boat at the uptown landing, the doorman who had spoken to him before laughed loudly as he caught sight of the panting and perspiring traveler.

"I told you to wait on the Jersey side," he cried. "The girl came back, and I told her you were down there waiting. The man on one of the Cortlandt street boats sent her up here while I was sending you back. I told her to sit there in the shed this time for an hour and I'd find you somehow. Better stay on this boat. The fare's 3 cents. You owe a ticket for her too. She didn't have any money."

Chris passed over a dollar. "Keep the change; it's worth it," he said, and went back on the boat.

Fifteen minutes later the crowd surged off the boat in a rush for the trains, and Chris went with the tide of humanity until it separated toward the various gates.

As he turned to search the seats a pair of soft arms went about his neck, and he looked down into Frances' crimson face.

"I didn't mean to do that," she cried, "but I was so afraid I'd lose you again if I didn't grab right hold of you."

"I like it," declared Chris. "I thought I never should find you."

"That's the way it seemed to me," she confessed. "I never was so glad to see any one in my life. A fat woman came in between us, and when I looked around to find you there were two men who looked so like you that I wasn't certain which was really you. They were both going toward the up-town boat, and I followed them."

Chris transferred the valise to the hand that carried his suit case, and with the other he grasped her arm.

"I'm not going to lose you this time," he announced. "I don't want ever to lose you again, Fanny. May I keep you always?"

What he saw in her eyes caused him to lean over and kiss her.

"Everybody kisses everybody else at the railroad station," he explained as he led the way to the boat. "And they haven't half my excuse. I've found you twice inside of two hours."

"I'll look out for the valise," promised Chris as he helped her down the steps of the Pullman. "Better walk behind me and let me force the way. I'm more used to New York crowds," he explained, with the pride of a new resident.

Now, at Jersey City the concourse opens on three ferry slips, all leading to various parts of Manhattan. Chris headed for the downtown ferry, which would bring them near the subway, and not until the boat was reached did he turn to see if the girl was still following.

The gates were closed behind him and the boat was slowly passing out of the slip when he made the discovery that Frances had not followed his instructions.

She was not in the tall of the crowd that had been hurried aboard by impatient gatemen, nor did a careful search of the boat reveal her, and Chris' hope that she might have been swept aboard by the other gangway was dashed.

He made the return trip on the same boat, railing at the delay, and after a hurried scrutiny of the concourse de-

## PROGRAM

### OF FARMERS' INSTITUTE AT PARR, IND. DEC. 12, '08

9:00 A. M.	Song.	
	Invocation.	Rev. Bundy.
9:05 A. M.	Miscellany	
9:15 A. M.	Music by the Parr Orchestra.	
9:25 A. M.	The Winter Feeding and Care of Breeding Ewes	Prof. Smith of Purdue University.
10:00 A. M.	Declamation by a School Girl.	
10:05 A. M.	Pickle Culture.	Wm. Smith of Union.
10:25 A. M.	The Shipping of Stock.	Geo. W. Casey.
10:45 A. M.	Raising Turkeys.	Mrs. Wm. Wilcox.
11:05 A. M.	Pasture.	W. L. Wood.
12:00 M.	Noon Intermission.	
1:00 P. M.	Music.	
1:05 P. M.	Miscellany.	
1:15 P. M.	Music by the Parr Orchestra.	
1:25 P. M.	The Feeding and management of the Dairy Herd.	Prof. Smith.
2:00 P. M.	Power on the Farm.	Amos H. Alter.
2:25 P. M.	Farm Management.	Stephen Brusnahan.
2:45 P. M.	Woman's Work on the Farm.	Mrs. Chas. Lakin.
3:05 P. M.	Feeding Pigs For Market.	Prof. Smith.
3:35 P. M.	Report of Committees.	
	Adjournment.	