

Jasper County Gleanings

NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

EGYPT.

Miss Ruth Pruett 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.

Osa 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 Galey's.

Wilma Pruett, who has been assisting her cousin, Mrs. Sterner 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 Wenrick returned to their school after the Thanksgiving vacation.

Frank Hershman, Wm. Wenrick, Amiel Shradar 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, Guilford, 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. Holeman and Orville took 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 tonsillitis.

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 Parcels 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 Parcels property.

Friday evening of last week a crowd of 46 in number marched in with well filled baskets at Arthur Parcels' 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. Holeman and sons Asa and Orville, J. H. Culp and family, Sam Jacks and family, Hoy Rishling and family, Simon Parcels and family, Frank Overton and family, Miss Lural Anderson, Morris Hollis and Dollie Jacks. They all seemed to enjoy themselves well. Mr. Parcels' 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

wife and son Tommie, Ed Peregrine and two daughters, Worden Donaldson and family, Obe Noland and family, Will Noland and family, Albert Warner and family, Miss Johnson and Mrs. Carrothers. There was a bountiful dinner spread for all. The accustomed turkey, goose and chicken were served. Sam Noland recited a poem after dinner entitled,

"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder is in shock." He spoke it in a way that a real old man would tell it. All enjoyed the day and departed, wishing for many more such days.

Would Mortgage the Farm.

A farmer on Rural Route 2, Empire, Ga., W. A. Floyd by name, says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured the worst sores I ever saw; one on my hand and one on my leg. It is worth more than its weight in gold. I would not be without it if I had to mortgage the farm to get it." Only 25c. at Long's drug store.

MT. AYR.

(From The Pilot.) Ben B. Miller returned last Thursday from a trip down in Texas.

Miss Nora Keeney, the trained nurse, went to Brook last Saturday.

A. F. Perrigo of Wateka, Ill., came up Saturday for a short visit with his son Gene.

Asa Baron of Kankakee, Ill., came Saturday and visited until Wednesday 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 Wadena 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 Roselawn, spent Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. Ira Saylor.

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 Dessie 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 Foresman.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Griffith of Brownsville, Neb., are here for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Conda Stucker and other friends. Mrs. Griffith was formerly Mrs. Dr. Caldwell of this place.

Miss Tessie Newberry of Virgie, spent Thanksgiving with Miss Anna Theis at the home of Frank Herath. She returned home Saturday and was accompanied by Miss Theis, who visited home folks over Sunday.

The saloon at this place went out of business at 11 o'clock Tuesday night. Some people had expected that there would be a rather boisterous time that night, but nothing of that sort was in evidence. In fact one could not tell the difference between that and any other night. There is rejoicing among the temperance forces for the victory. Although the general opinion seems to be that the remonstrance will be contested and defeated, it has been authoritatively stated that Mr. Garrity has no intentions of taking the matter into the courts, as it was at first thought he would do.

Noah J. Yoder and his wife went to Rensselaer last Monday and according to the laws of Indiana, procured a marriage license and were wedded the same day by Rev. O. E. Miller. On Dec. 29, 1895, they were married in the Omish church by an Omish preacher and are now the parents of six children, but for some reason or another it seems as though they became dissatisfied with that form and decided to get married in the usual manner, which they did. Some seem to think that this action is the outgrowth of several suits against Yoder and his wife now pending in the courts.

GUILTY OF COUNTERFEITING.

Passing counterfeit money is no worse than substituting some unknown worthless remedy for Foley's Honey and Tar, the great cough and cold remedy that cures the most obstinate coughs and heals the lungs. A. F. Long.

Black Langshans Exclusively—1,000 birds to select from; prices right, circulars free. Come to the show at Rensselaer Jan. 18 to 23 and see some of my birds.

WM. HERSHMAN, Medaryville, Ind.

Legal blanks for sale at The Democrat office.

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



"I've found you twice inside of two hours."

you of the change, and as you did not reply I supposed that you were lost in the social whirl and did not care to waste time in writing when I was so far away."

"You should have known me better than that." The words were simple, but the look accompanying them was eloquent. It seemed to tell Chris that only through faint heartedness had he failed to win his fair lady and that there still might be a chance.

"It seems to be a muddle all around," he said. "The firm were rather angry at my going, though I gave them two weeks' notice, and they knew that I was bettering myself."

"The chances are that they did not forward your letter to me and did not mail my letter to you. I remember that I dropped it into the office mail box. The cashier was a petty sort of person. This may have been one of his revengees."

The many changes which had come to both since their parting furnished a theme for conversation, and the train was pulling into the terminal at Jersey City before it was exhausted.

Exultingly Chris felt that the misunderstanding was all cleared up, and he told himself that it would not be his fault if Frances did not return home an engaged girl.

"Will your friends be here to meet you?" he asked as the porter took their hand bags.

"I told them not to bother," explained Frances. "Bessie's mother is an invalid, and Bess works downtown somewhere. I'll just take a cab to the house. It's uptown. The address is in my grip. I always carry everything in my grip. Then I have only one thing to watch instead of a valise and a purse and perhaps a couple of bundles."

"That's a sensible thing," cried Chris admiringly. "Only you mustn't lose your valise."

"I should say not," agreed Frances laughingly. "I should find myself without money and, worse yet, without even Bess' address, since she had to move last week because their old house was torn down."

"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 tail of the crowd that had been hurried aboard by impatient gatekeepers, 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, ralling at the delay, and after a hurried scrutiny of the concourse de-

ided 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 meaningly, 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 he 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 uptown 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."

The Old Time Shawl.

The shawl was originally not a woman's garment exclusively, for the Scotch highlander has his tartan plaid, and the men of northern Italy still wear a cloak which is very little more than a shawl. There can be no question that the shawl is more useful and more picturesque as an article of attire than the close fitting coats both men and women now wear. The shawl could in case of emergency be used to protect two persons or to wrap a child in or as an extra bed covering. Its fashion did not change every three months, and it could be used and passed down in the family until it was worn out. Nowadays the only time when such articles are used is when people are making an ocean trip or traveling in Europe. "Traveling rugs," which are nothing more or less than men's heavy shawls, are extremely English, and for travelers they are considered very proper and desirable, but outside of a steamer, train or carriage no one who cares for what people will say would be seen with one. Argonaut.

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.	
	Respectfully Submitted by the Committee on Program.	

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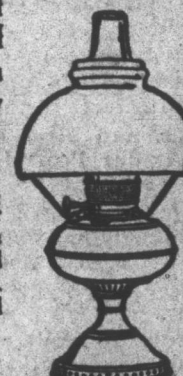
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Jasper Guy or Remington makes farm loans at 5 per cent interest with no commission but office charges. Write him.

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