

Generous Gifts

Are those that leave the most practical benefit. Dental necessities are gaining a popularity as they never have before. A more useful gift could not be offered to anyone, than to have teeth restored to naturalness.

Patients have an assurance of real interest from my operations that they want their intimate friends to know about

I want to wish you a face to face Merry Xmas.

DR. HORTON

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Brief Items of Interest to City and Country Readers.

Everybody goes to the Princess Theater.

J. H. Culp was in from Lee on business Wednesday.

Today's markets: Wheat, 95c; Rye, 65c; Corn, 51c; Oats, 45c.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Williams are visiting relatives at Carthage, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson are visiting relatives in Goodland.

W. F. Smith and family spent Christmas with relatives in Chicago.

J. C. F. Tillet of Gilliam township was in the city on business Thursday.

Mrs. S. C. Irwin and Mrs. F. E. Babcock were Chicago visitors Wednesday.

Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Miller went to Chicago Thursday afternoon to spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Mills of Chicago are spending Christmas with Rensselaer relatives.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, and slightly cooler, but there was no snow.

The Princess 5-Cent Theater is drawing good crowds, and puts up a nice entertainment.

Mrs. Chas. Peasey and son of Remington are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Warner.

Mrs. Lura Hering of Francesville is visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. F. Shesler and family this week.

Miss Mary Clager is here from La Crosse to spend Christmas with her sisters Anna and Emma Clager.

Misses Katie Shields and Mary Goetz, teachers in the Brook schools, are home for the holiday vacation.

New subscribers to The Democrat this week by postoffices: Rensselaer, 1; Rensselaer, R-R-3, 2; Dayton, Ky., 1.

Dr. English and family are spending Christmas with Mrs. English's sister, Mrs. L. F. Hopkins, at Glen-coe, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Rhoades are spending Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. C. A. Radcliffe, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Warren are here from Peru and are thinking of buying property here and returning to Rensselaer.

The city schools closed Thursday afternoon for the holiday vacation and will not take up again until Monday, January 4.

Clyde Comer is here for a visit with relatives and friends. Clyde is now a full-fledged granger and resides at Winchester, Ind.

Mrs. Bert Goff and little son are here from Belle Fourche, South Dakota, for an extended visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. I. Adams.

Jesse Grayson, who has been in Drake, North Dakota, for the past year, came back Saturday. His brother Roy is at Drake, is married and settled down.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Nowels and children of Columbia City, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Coen and son Albin of Chicago are spending Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wason.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Sternberg went to South Bend Thursday to spend Christmas with his folks. He will return Monday, but Mrs. Sternberg will go on up in Michigan to visit her mother and friends.

A preliminary blue-print of the "Factory Addition" has been sent up to the Industrial company at Chicago, which is to have charge of the sale of lots. There are 254 lots in the part platted, we understand.

Advertised Letters: Mrs. Effie Shultz, Ernest Williams, Chas Stair, Mrs. Mildred Kennedy, Mrs. Daly (?), Leach, Mrs. E. Biggs, James Akers, Mrs. Mary Cook, Mrs. Leota Gazette, Mrs. Sarah Hamilton, Rev. J. A. Kagerbauer.

John G. Culp of Pleasant Grove returned Wednesday evening from attending a course at the Jones School of Auctioneering at Chicago, where he graduated in this profession. He is now open for engagements to cry sales, etc.

A. Leopold has the foundation in for a small office building on Van Rensselaer street, just south of Haskell's barber shop. It will be occupied by a representative of the Monon Creamery as an office to buy cream here and ship to Monon.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENTS

December 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Simon Hochstettler, a daughter.

The Democrat, \$1.50 per year.

Down the River.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Ralph Curtis, sitting at the telephone, smiled as he listened to the words coming to him through the receiver.

"I'm angry—very, very angry," said a voice—a sweet, womanly, young voice. "You never should have allowed your cattle to trespass on my grounds. I don't think I shall ever speak to you again."

"But it really wasn't my fault, Clare," cried Ralph. "How was I to know that my cattle were trespassing? All my men have been busy during the day trying to save things from this high water. I'm sure, dear, that if I'd known what the beasts were doing I'd have shot them."

"Too late," came the answer in rather cold tones. "My garden is utterly ruined and guests coming tomorrow.

World's sewing machine demonstration is attracting much attention from the ladies this week, and they are also rushing in to register on that kitchen cabinet he is going to give away absolutely free, January 1. Dave also had his share of the holiday furniture trade.

The rural mail carriers made their trips yesterday as usual, but will have New Year's as a holiday. The reason Christmas is not a holiday for mail carriers is because of the huge amount of Christmas mail, which would swamp the postoffices if not gotten out of the way.

County Superintendent Schanlaub of Newton county came over Wednesday to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Schanlaub. He will remain here until Monday when he will go to Indianapolis to attend the semi-annual meeting of the county superintendents.

The high school teachers who are spending the Christmas holidays away are: E. S. Thiman, (and wife) at North Manchester; Miss Elizabeth Hume, at her home in Springfield, Ill.; Jerry Sullivan, at his home in Salem, Ind.; C. F. Bradshaw, at Indianapolis; Miss Margaret Stockridge, at her home in Ann Arbor, Mich.; Miss Millicent Work, at her home in Elkhart, Ind.

Among the college boys and girls home for the holidays are: Paul Glazebrook, Vaughn Woodworth, Omar Day, Lillo Hauter and Prof. Ray Yeoman of Purdue; George Long and Ray Hopkins of Wabash college; Miss Lois Thompson from Bradford, Mass.; John Ellis from Chicago; Wood Spitzer from University of Wisconsin, at Madison; Wade and Emmet LaRue from Bloomington; Miss Belle LaRue from De Pauw; Perry Horton from Indiana-Polis.

The weather this week was very good indeed for the holiday trade, pleasant and not very cool. Rensselaer tradesmen, especially those who advertised their wares, report a very satisfactory trade. The public is more and more becoming convinced of the fact that the hustling tradesmen who advertises is the one who keeps a clean stock, allows no old, out-of-date goods to accumulate on his shelves and therefore has no stale stock to palm off onto them. Judicious newspaper advertising is a benefit not only to the advertiser but to the public as well.

BIG MONEY AGENTS, FREE SAMPLE OFFER. (15 days only) bright, sparkling, famous, \$5 Barnatto Simulation Diamond Ring; brilliancy equals genuine—detection baffles experts—fills every requirement of the most exacting—pleases the most fastidious—at only one-thirtieth the cost of the real diamond. As a means of introducing this marvelous and wonderful, scintillating gem, and securing as many new friends as quickly as possible, we are making a special inducement for the new year. We want you to wear this beautiful ring, this Masterpiece of Man's Handiwork, this simulation that sparkles with all the beauty, and flashes with all the fire of the Genuine Diamond. We want you to show it to your friends and take orders for us, as it sells itself—sells at sight—and makes 100 per cent profit for you, absolutely without effort on your part. We want good, honest representatives everywhere, in every locality, city or country, in fact, in every country throughout the world, both men and women, young and old, who will not sell or pawn the Barnatto Simulation Diamonds under the pretense that they are genuine gems, as such action sometimes leads to trouble or embarrassment. If you want a Simulation diamond, a substitute for the genuine—don't wait—act today, as this advertisement may not appear again—first come, first served. For Free Sample Offer, beautiful Ring, Earrings, Stud or Scarf (stick) Pin, address

THE BARNATTO DIAMOND CO., Girard Building, Chicago.

Mention this paper

Ralph advanced to the window and waved his arms reassuringly to the girl. She responded. Quickly he turned off the light. Gathering up the apparatus in his arms, he hurried from

the room out into the rain again and to the boathouse.

The frail little launch had been taken from the house when the river began to rise and moored alongside it. Now the house was wholly under water, and Ralph was forced to swim to the boat, holding the searchlight as well as he could.

In the boat he started first the light and then the engine and put out into the swollen stream. The little craft was sadly buffeted by the sticks and the waves and time and again shipped water as Ralph steadily headed for the opposite shore.

The searchlight disclosed the Wellman home with the water now a little above the second story. In the window stood the girl, waving her hands encouragingly.

At length Ralph managed to catch hold of the window. Inside the room the girl stood nearly waist deep in the water.

"Quick!" cried Ralph. "Get into the boat!"

Silently the girl obeyed. Just as she was safely seated Ralph's grasp was broken. The water dashed them furiously away and then against the house. Something snapped. With a muttered ejaculation Ralph looked to his engine. Nothing seemed to be amiss, and he threw the throttle forward. The engine raced terrifically, and he quickly jerked the throttle back.

"The propeller shaft is broken," he announced in a voice that strove to be calm. "We'll have to float down with the current and try to land somewhere."

The girl was startled, but also tried to appear unconcerned.

"That's too bad," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "I was never going to talk to you again, but I suppose I'll have to now."

"Oh, I'll not force you to," growled Ralph as he pattered over the machine.

"Do you know," went on the girl, "I think your horrid old cows are the cause of all this? It was only after they trampled over my garden that the river came up. I know I can never forgive them."

"And incidentally never forgive me. I suppose," mumbled the man.

The girl said nothing. Then suddenly she lifted up her feet with an expression of dismay.

"Gracious, the boat's full of water!" she cried. "I'm so wet, anyway, that I didn't notice it before."

"Yep," replied the man shortly. "She's sprung a leak. We've got to make a landing, sure."

With the powerful searchlight, which still burned undimmed, he swept the waters.

"Look!" he cried. "If those aren't cattle I'll eat my hat!"

Ahead of them the light revealed some three or four heads rising out of the water and steadily moving from the center of the stream.

"They're walking!" cried Ralph.

He sprang to the steering wheel and skillfully maneuvered the boat so that it passed near the beasts. The girl saw his intention, and as they passed both jumped, landing safe on the sturdy animals.

Almost undisturbed and unswayed by the rushing waters, the cattle plowed steadily onward. Gradually they came into shallower water, and thankfully Ralph and the girl slid from the beasts' backs. Hand in hand they struggled along now, faster than the cattle. Ralph cast one last look back at the beasts and gasped.

"Why, they're mine!" he cried. "That's Bess, and there's Doll! Why, Clare, dear, do you realize that the cattle you thought had caused it all have saved us?"

"Oh!" cried the girl and turned to him.

"And look there!" cried Ralph, pointing ahead. "See what they've brought us to. See; that's the Rev. Sturgis' home on the road to your house, and look there—he's opening the door. Look, look, dear, your father and mother are with him!"

He strode to the telephone. As he placed the receiver to his ear he caught a sharp crack and rending sound; then the wire went dead. He was cut off from communication with the outside world and with Clare.

Again Ralph strode to the window. As he looked down at the angry water it seemed to him that the river had risen materially in the moment that he had been at the phone.

The thought galvanized him into sudden action. He jumped from the window and tore out of the room into the pelting rain toward his automobile.

Here he quickly stripped his huge car of its gigantic searchlight and gas tank and with the apparatus rushed back to the room. In a moment he had the gas turned on, and a flood of light poured through the lens.

With care he raised the window and projected the light through the opening toward the opposite shore. The powerful light cleaved a way through the dark and rain, showing in outlines clear enough for his vision the opposite shore.

Ralph gasped at what he saw. The Wellman home was at the second story of the Wellman home. He had not before realized how much lower the Wellman home was than his. Some one came to the window directly opposite the Curtis home.

Ralph strained his eyes. Surely it was Clare and alone. Where were the others? Then he remembered that Clare's father and mother had left that morning for town and had undoubtedly been prevented from returning by the flood.

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