

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.

C. F. Tillett 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. Peffey and son of Remington are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Warner.

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

Miss Mary Clager is here from La-Cross 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 postoffice: 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 her 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 Alban of Chicago are spending Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wasson.

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. Bligs, James Akers, Mrs. Mary Clook, Mrs. Leota Garett, 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.

Down the River.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

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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."



GRADUALLY THEY CAME INTO SHALLOWER WATER.

Don't call me 'dear' any more. After this please call me Miss Wellman. I shall never speak to you again. Good-by."

Ralph started to speak, but the party at the other end of the line had rung off. "Hum," he mused, scratching his head in perplexity. "She'll never speak to me again, but I'm to call her Miss Wellman hereafter. Rather inconsistent, to say the least. I wonder who her guests are. I wonder if the other fellow—Well, well, maybe he is coming, but he'll have to hurry if he expects to reach the Wellman home without getting his feet wet."

Ralph thrust his hands deep into his pockets and strolled to the window overlooking the river which flowed between his home and Miss Wellman's. Through the gusty rain he could make out the surging stream, swollen till it nearly reached the top of the banks.

Dark, discolored, filled with branches of trees and other light material caught in its flood, the river raced suddenly onward like an unclean thing.

"It's going to rise a lot more before it gets down," he muttered.

From the river his glance sought the distant shore. Dimly he could discern pale lights through the gloom.

"Gee!" Ralph cried suddenly as he realized how much the river had risen in the past hour. "If it comes up much farther it will go hard with Clare over there."

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 shed.

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 cleared 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 water 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.

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 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 sturdily 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 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. "They can take us ashore!"

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. Sturges' 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!"

The girl looked, and then, sobbing, piteously, she threw her arms around Ralph's neck.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried. "I forgive your cows, I forgive you, and," she added ungrammatically, but soulfully, as she clung to Ralph and he held her close, "I'm never not going to speak to you again!"

FARM TO RENT:—96 acres, with improvements. Enquire of S. Kohley, Rensselaer, Ind.

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.

Just received a large lot fancy Indiana home grown celery, the finest in the market.

CHICAGO BARGAIN STORE.

10 per cent discount on woolen and cotton blankets at the G. E. Murray Co.

The G. E. Murray Co. are selling flour at \$1.35 per sack. Your money back if it is not the best in town.

Much better than ordinary—those dried peaches, prunes, apricots, seeded raisins and currants at the Home Grocery.

Farm leases (cash or grain rent), mortgage and deed blanks, etc., for sale at all times and in any quantity desired at The Democrat office.

MONEY TO LOAN.

A small amount of private money to loan on first mortgage on real estate in Rensselaer. If taken at once. ARTHUR H. HOPKINS.

FOR THE CHILDREN THE RUBY GIRDLE

A Musical Crowd.

If you have company make them for the time imagine themselves to be a band of musicians, though without the instruments. The leader of the band is supposed to furnish each of the performers with a different musical instrument. Consequently a violin, a harp, a flute, an accordion, a piano, a Jewsharp and anything else that would add to the noise are all to be performed at the same time. Provided with an instrument of some description himself, the leader begins playing a tune on his imaginary violin, or whatever else it may be, imitating the real sound as well as he can both in action and voice. The others all do the same, the sight presented being, as may well be imagined, exceedingly ludicrous and the noise almost deafening.

In the midst of it the leader quite unexpectedly stops playing and makes an entire change in his attitude and tone of voice, substituting for his own instrument one belonging to some one else. As soon as he does this the performer who has been thus unceremoniously deprived of his instrument takes that of his leader and performs on it instead. Thus the game is continued, every one being expected to carefully watch the leader's actions and to be prepared at any time for making a sudden change.

The one who fails to make the change promptly pays a forfeit.

The Huntsman.

One player is the huntsman. While all the others sit in a circle he gives each one a name, calling on his coat, others his hat, shot, gun, flask, dog, etc.

The huntsman then walks round outside the circle and calls, for instance, for his gun. The player who represents the gun at once gets up, takes hold of the huntsman's belt and walks round after him. The huntsman calls for other accouterments till all the players are going round, each having hold of the player in front of him. When all are running fast by order of the huntsman he suddenly shouts "Bang!" when all, including the huntsman, must let go and rush for seats. One player will necessarily be left out and must pay a forfeit for his failure or he may be counted out of the game and a chair removed, or if so arranged beforehand the one left out may become huntsman and the game go on as before.

The Ocean's Volume.

If we desired to measure the water in the Pacific ocean the figures that we should have to use are almost unreadable—200,000,000,000 gallons. It has been said that with the falls of Niagara running at their present stupendous volume it would take the water of the Pacific more than a million years to pass over them. If it were possible to put the water of the Pacific into a hollow sphere it would be necessary to provide one with a diameter of 726 miles. The Atlantic ocean, as all doubtless know, is much smaller than the Pacific, having about 73,000,000,000 gallons, so that the Atlantic might be contained in the Pacific three times. If it were put into a sphere the diameter of the sphere would have to be about 533 miles.—Chicago News.

A Busy Little Chap.

It has been ascertained that the mouse when he is free to range about sleeps only two hours in the twenty-four, or less than any other animal known. During the rest of the time he is on the hustle and probably covers five miles in his runnings. The honeybee sleeps from dark to dawn, and that old saying "as busy as a bee" should be changed to "as busy as a mouse." In four days and nights a mouse will either eat or convey away a pound of cheese. He has always got his appetite with him.

Conundrums.

Why is a dirty child like flannel? Because he shrinks from washing.

What is the difference between a girl of seven and a woman of seventy? One is careless and happy. The other is hairless and cappy.

Why are pianos noble characters? Because they are grand, square and upright.

When is a chicken's neck like a bell? When it is wrong for dinner.

Why is a crow a brave bird? Because it never shows the white feather.

Puzzles With Letters.

What word containing three letters can be expressed by one? For instance:

1. A river? Answer—Dee (D).
 2. An insect?
 3. A bird?
 4. A garden vegetable?
 5. A Chinese beverage?
 6. A tree?
- Answers—2. Bee (B); 3. Jay (J); 4. pea (P); 5. tea (T); 6. yew (Y).

The Remainder.

Six-year-old Ray's teacher was endeavoring to give some very simple instructions in fractions. She added, "If Jane has six eggs and uses half of them to bake a cake, what part will she have left?" Quickly came the answer. "The shells!"

A Christmas Dilemma.

I have two new dollies, and what shall I do? I am like the old woman who lived in a shoe. With my eight dear children, four on each knee. My lap is as full as ever it can be. And now these new ones, their hearts will break! Yet an inch more sitting room how can I make? I sympathize truly—indeed, I do—with the famous old woman who lived in a shoe!

"I give, devise and bequeath to my daughter, Marjorie Dare, the sum of \$5,000 and the ruby girdle concealed in the partition of my old writing desk." So read Lawyer Hale.

Colonel Dare had been dead just a year when, according to directions, the lawyer had requested the immediate relatives to assemble at Rainsforth Hall for the opening of the colonel's will.

After bequests to all the near relatives and the old servants the hall and the entire estate, with the exception of the above clause, were left to his son Don.

There was a blank look on the faces of all present. No one had ever heard of the ruby girdle, and it seemed preposterous that the colonel should not have made ample provision for his favorite child.

Lawyer Hale could throw no light on the matter except that the colonel had said, "Marjorie will be rich enough; for I shall leave her the maharajah's girdle."

As soon as Marjorie had recovered from her surprise she begged the lawyer to look for the girdle.

He was sitting beside the old desk, and, opening it, he searched thoroughly in every part, but nothing was to be seen of the jewels.

Marjorie turned to her brother and said, "Well, Don, you have a penniless sister on your hands."

Putting his arm around her, Don said, "My father knew that you would always be my first thought, dear, and I shall take care to merit his confidence." Then in a whisper for her ear alone he said mischievously, "I shall not have you long 'on my hands,' I am afraid."

A blush rose to Marjorie's brow as she thought of the handsome fellow to whom she had recently plighted her troth. He was the son of the squire, whom she had known all her life. Eric Churchill was ten years older than Marjorie and had always thought of her as a little girl.

When our war with Spain opened he joined the rough riders. On his return home he found the colonel's daughter almost a stranger to him.

In that short time she had blossomed into a very charming young maiden and sedate. It fascinated the young soldier to see the beautiful gray eyes droop before his ardent gaze, and in a few short weeks he was madly in love with his old playmate. The course of true love seemed to run smoothly in his case, and they were engaged.

The year of mourning for the colonel having passed, they were to be married shortly, and one evening soon after the reading of the will the two lovers were sitting in the window seat in the library. They were talking of the pretty home that Eric had furnished for his bride, and Marjorie said wistfully: "I wish, Eric, that I were not a portionless girl. Even a ruby belt would have been something. What do you suppose has become of it?"

"I do not know, my darling, and care less, only that it would please you to have it. Did your father never mention it in his letters to you from India?"

"No, I am sure he did not, but I have all his letters, and we will read them over and see. I will get them at once."

Marjorie soon returned with an old leather case, which she handed to Eric. As she seated herself and leaned against his shoulder to read the letters Eric could not resist kissing the beautiful face so close to his again and again. Then together they read the letters carefully, but found no mention of the girdle of the maharajah.

Marjorie reread a portion of the last one. It ran thus: "My Dear Ones—I shall always cherish this old desk for the memories of the loving words I have written to you on it."

"With a loud Marjorie sprang to her feet, scattering letters and case on the floor. "Oh, Eric! You do not suppose I have written to you on it!"

"I cannot say, my dear, but we can soon tell," said Eric, almost as much excited as Marjorie. As Eric lifted the cover he said breathlessly: "I believe you are right. This cover is too heavy for an ordinary desk."

Taking his penknife, he gently pried the cover apart, and there, on a lining of white velvet, lay a superb belt of rubies. Marjorie gave a cry of delight as she gazed at the lovely thing and then let Eric clasp it around her waist. On the quaint gold clasp was engraved, "For my little Marjorie on her wedding day."

Tears filled Marjorie's eyes as she thought of the loving father who could not give her his blessing on that day, but Eric, drawing her gently to his arms, said, "My sweetheart, I will be both father and husband to you."

Marjorie was comforted, and as they started to find Don and tell him the good news Eric said, "You cannot call yourself portionless now, my lady, for I am in any judge of stones that girdle is worth a king's ransom."

Marjorie turned, with a winsome smile. "If that is true, Eric, and you should ever lose all your money we could manage to exist on the maharajah's ruby girdle."—Boston Post.

Crushed.

Fastboy—Really, dear, you shouldn't wait supper for me this way when I'm detained at the office. Mrs. Fastboy—Supper, you idiot! The maid just laid the table for breakfast!—Puck.

The Little Things.

"What's the matter over there?" "The sword swallower is being choked by a fish bone."—Sourire.