

To Sample It.  
I'd like to get lost in a millionaire's shoes.  
At least for a minute or two.  
To find if the place were as nice as it seems.  
Too pleasant and fine to be true.  
To toss off a check without any concern  
Or fear of its face, wouldn't you?  
I'd like to be there for a day and a half.  
His check book a toy in my hand  
That furnished the means should I feel  
So disposed.  
To buy everything in the land.  
An aeroplane, auto or any old thing  
My strong constitution would stand.  
Say, maybe I wouldn't in luxury's lap  
Sit round while my sentence held good.  
Enjoying each moment for all I was  
worth.  
And right on the job sawing wood  
And ordering all I could think of or wish  
In language the cook understood!  
I think I would purchase sixteen suits of  
clothes.  
A shoe store, a dozen of hats  
And overcoats—well, perhaps ten for a  
start.  
And all I could find in cravats  
And everything else in proportion or style  
From glasses, gold mounted, to spats.  
That's only a starter; the list's without  
end.  
But what in a day could one do?  
To think about quitting and giving it up  
Would make one feel pensive and blue.  
I'd like to be Croesus or John D. But,  
say,  
I'd hate to drop back, wouldn't you?

## Broadening Jethro.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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The town could boast no "Seeling Concordia Car," but had one of the ubiquitous omnibuses carried visitors through the pleasant, shaded streets it is certain that Jethro Hawkins would have been pointed out as one of the objects of local interest along with the bank, and pulp mill and the house where Washington had slept when passing through the town.  
In the absence of sightseers Hawkins was an object of unfeigned interest to his fellow townspeople, more especially the women, for a confirmed bachelor is ever the cynosure of matchmakers.  
Other cavaliers came and wooed and won or were dismissed to woo again, but Jethro's infatuation for Andra Wayland could be counted upon as a topic of conversation year in and year out.

When Jethro had been a great, gawky lad of nineteen and Andra a sentimental slip of seventeen-year-old femininity he had kissed her and had asked her to wait for him. Afterward he never could tell how he had achieved either the kiss or the question.

Jethro was now thirty and Andra twenty-eight, and they were still waiting, because Jethro was thrown into a panic at the very sight of a woman.  
Andra was patient and said "No" to half a score of suitors, but still Jethro did not speak, so the whole town, knowing the situation, came to take an interest in the affair.

That Jethro was in love was above question. Love shone in his eager blue eyes. Despairing adoration was be-



"I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T CARE FOR ME ANY MORE, JETHRO."

trayed in every line of the dejected figure.

If tongue could have spoken his love as eloquently as his eyes Concordia's matchmakers would have ceased to worry.

Then suddenly Jethro went away. Connected with his departure was no incident, but his return was eventual.

To be sure, he planned to spend a week end with his grandmother, but to Concordians a journey of 200 miles was something more than an event, and practically the whole town saw Jethro off.

It gave him a rather good opinion of himself, and he bore himself with dignity on the journey. He assumed the airs of a traveler of long experience, and when the time came for his return he approached the railroad station with none of the embarrassment he had felt when he went to take the train at Concordia.

He even lingered on the platform until the last moment instead of climbing aboard the train the moment it pulled into the station. With a blase air he let one or two cars slip past him, and he swung himself aboard by the rail of the rear platform.

He threw open the door and passed through the corridor of the sleeper. In the wash room half a dozen men were playing cards with a suit case for a table. Most of them were coatless, and their collars and ties had been removed in the heat of the game.

Jethro hurried on. He did not want a seat in the sleeper; it cost more money.

He knew that the day coaches were just ahead and vaguely wondered why one sleeper should be in the rear when all the others were up front ahead of the ordinary coaches. When he issued from the corridor he stood rooted to the floor in amazement.

Instead of the decorous, well groomed city travelers he had expected to find, some twenty flashily dressed women were scattered through the car.

As he appeared one tiny little woman with hair obviously bleached set up a cry of "Look who's here!" and the other nineteen obeyed the command. Now, even a city man may well quail before twenty actresses. What chance had Jethro against their rally-ry?

He was good looking, with an athletic figure, but his clothes and his manner bespoke the man of the small town. His confusion was immensely diverting to the women members of the burlesque company, who were only too appreciative of a break in the monotony of travel.

In a moment they had flocked about him and were playing him with questions. Stammeringly he explained that he was merely making his way toward the forward part of the train. They would not accept the explanation.

"Now, honest, Reuben, you came to visit us!" cried the little soubrette. "You're a sly old boy, and you can't get out of it that way. Sit down and tell us your name and all about yourself. Your name is Reuben, isn't it?"  
"It's Jethro," he explained, vaguely conscious that "Reuben" held some hidden meaning not altogether free from sarcasm. "It's Jethro Hawkins, and I didn't come to see you. I got on the fall end of the train, and I want to go to one of the regular cars. I don't know what this car is, but I guess it's a lunatic asylum."

A roar of laughter greeted the comment, and the soubrette patted the bronzed cheek appreciatively.

"You're all right, Jethro," she cried laughingly. "This isn't the foolish foundry on wheels, though it will be if we have to have many more of these long jumps. This is the Gotham Galety Girls company, and we're awfully pleased to meet you. This car won't be cut off for three hours yet, and we can have a nice long visit."

"I don't want no visit," declared Jethro, but his wishes counted for naught. The company was train tired and welcomed the diversion of his unexpected call.

They enjoyed Jethro's embarrassment, which amounted almost to terror, and when he sought to push his way forward they clung to his neck, and he was forced to sit down, if only to escape the white arms that detained him.

Almost before he realized it he was chatting with the crowd as though he had known them for years. The men had come into the car from the card game and taken a part in the fun, and when at last they began to get ready for their journey's end he really regretted their going.

When their special car was cut off he waved them a farewell from the rear of the last day coach and then went forward to the smoker for the remainder of the trip.

It was late in the afternoon when the train halted at Concordia and Jethro descended the steps. Andra was not on the station platform, but as Jethro was driven home in the village bus he passed the girl on her way to the postoffice.

"Leave my grip with the folks, Jim," he cried as he dropped from the step of the vehicle and, to the astonishment of the onlookers, raced after Andra. But none of them was more astonished than the girl, for Jethro came up with a jauntiness that in him was astonishing.

"I wanted to tell you that I'm coming over tonight to see you," he explained. "I've something I want to tell you," he added importantly.

"Anything you can't tell me now?" asked the girl wonderingly.

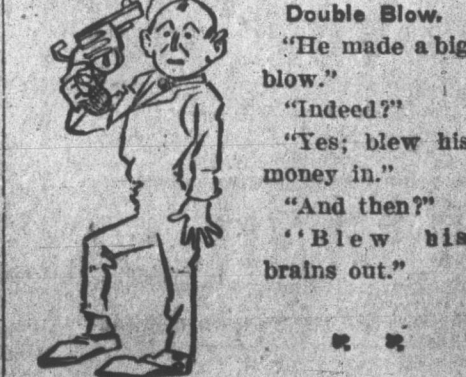
"Oh, I don't know," was the assured response. "I just want to ask you to marry me, and I meant to do it right in your own sitting room. But I guess there's no time like the present. Will you have me?"

"I thought you were never going to speak," said Andra, beaming her delight. "I thought you didn't care for me any more, Jethro."

"Been caring 'bout eleven years," told Jethro, "but I always seemed afraid to speak. I guess travel must broaden a fellow."

Andra nodded her happy assent, but Jethro wisely forbore to tell her that the gushing and the frank friendliness of the Gotham Galety Girls had cured his fear of her sex. He felt somehow that Andra would not understand.

Eva Fay's Husband a Suicide.  
Oakland, Cal., Dec. 22.—John T. Fay, who assisted his wife, Eva Fay in her vaudeville mind-reading performances, committed suicide here by shooting himself.



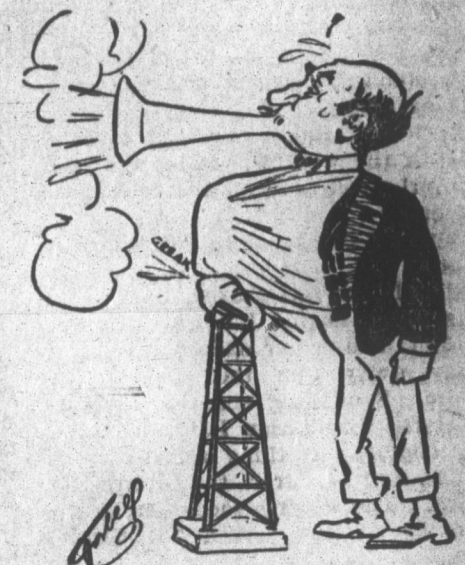
## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Be cheerful at any cost to the house or company.

When the new wife finds out that John likes corned beef and cabbage better than he likes angel cake, one more illusion has gone to swell the vanished myriads.



The man who systematically blows his own horn uses his lungs to such an extent that he is apt to get chesty.

Don't kick. Get some one else to do it. It will conserve your own reputation and be just as effective.

A good, substantial excuse is always desirable, but is apt to be expensive.

Don't speak harshly of your enemies. They expect you to knock them, and if you have them guessing they will cease activities for a time.

To keep on good terms with some neighbors you have to be deaf as a post and blind as a bat and stand for all the ghastly jokes that they spring.

Speak gently to an angry man. He will want to kill you anyway, so it doesn't matter if you do incense him further.

It takes a lot of confidence in your appetite to cause you to order scrambled eggs at a restaurant.



The man who makes a good living hasn't much to complain of unless somebody else gets it.  
The days are so short that lots of us don't find time in which to earn a much needed rest.

What Threatens.  
Oh, little Mary, plain of face,  
With eyes of faded blue,  
Some day some large, impulsive man  
Will fall in love with you,  
Will swear you are the very miss  
His empty heart to fill.  
The one and only girl for him,  
Or let us hope he will.

Some moment when you least expect  
A lover he will stray  
Across your path and after that  
Refuse to go away.  
Your very presence, he'll declare,  
Will cause his heart to thrill  
And make him for the first time live,  
Or let us hope he will.

With praises he will overwhelm  
Your modest maiden heart,  
Will promise death, and death alone,  
You two can ever part.  
Will write a sonnet to your eyes  
With fervor if not skill  
To prove they are the brightest yet,  
Or let us hope he will.

And, little Mary, plain of face,  
Adorned with charms so few,  
You'll half believe as he protests  
The things he says are true,  
And when you have been hitched for  
life.

Your dreamings to fulfill  
You'll ever after happy live,  
Or let us hope you will.

Something About Peafowls.  
India is the real home of the peafowl. There the fowls are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As they live in the same region as the tiger, hunting them is dangerous sport. The long tail of the peafowl is really not its tail, but feathers that grow out just above it and are called tail coverts. This bird has been known for ages. It is mentioned several times in the Bible. The ancient Romans considered the brains of the peafowl a dainty tidbit and used to kill thousands of the birds to get the brains for their emperors' feasts.

The Salic Law.  
The laws of the Salic or Sallian Franks, committed to writing in the fifth century, are known in history as the Salic law. One of the provisions of this law relates to the succession to the Salic lands, which was restricted to male heirs, the object being no doubt to secure the military service of the chief proprietors. The rule of succession to the lands was afterward extended to the French throne, this principle becoming firmly established during the fourteenth century, so that women and girls were rigidly excluded.

DELICATE.  
Gold Medal Flour is the only "best." JAMES.

## THE CHICAGO JOURNAL.

The Democrat has made arrangements whereby it can furnish the Chicago Daily Journal to new or old subscribers, in connection with The Democrat, for \$1.50 per year, \$3.00 for the two papers.

We have secured an especially low clubbing rate with the Chicago Daily Journal, and as we want to increase our own subscription list a few hundred before January 1, 1909, we make this astonishing low price for the two papers for a short time.

The Journal's special mail edition reaches Rensselaer on the early morning train the same date of issue in time to go out on the rural routes. It also reaches Remington, Goodland and other points having a morning mail in time to go out on the rural routes.

The market quotations of the Journal are unsurpassed by any Chicago daily, making it especially valuable to farmers and stockmen who want to keep posted on the markets.

Call in and subscribe for The Daily Journal and The Democrat at once, mail us a check, draft or postoffice order for \$3 and we will do the rest.

This offer applies to any person in the United States, be they new or old subscribers to The Democrat.

## THE INDIANA DAIRY ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

The 19th annual convention of the Indiana Dairy Association will be held at Purdue University, January 6 and 7, 1909, and arrangements have been made at the College of Agriculture to help make the convention a success.

Purdue University is located at Lafayette, Indiana, and can be reached by the Wabash, Monon and Big Four railroads and various interurban lines. Lafayette is an ideal place to hold this convention and visitors can be ably handled by the hotels of the city.

The officers of the association hope that every dairyman and creamery man in the state will take advantage of this opportunity to enable him to brighten up and become better acquainted with the modern methods of better dairying and creamery management.

A good program has been prepared and the ablest speakers and practical men in the dairy industry will be ready to discuss any of the problems in the dairy business.

The next educational scoring contest will be held in conjunction with this convention and Mr. H. J. Credicott, Federal Butter Inspector, will score the butter exhibits and also deliver an important address relating to the betterment of the Indiana butter now manufactured. Ample space has been secured so that the supply men of the various dairy houses can have the opportunity to exhibit their machinery.

This will be a grand opportunity to visit Purdue University and become better acquainted with the work of the various departments of agriculture. We want every dairyman and creamery man in the state to send butter to the convention so they can improve their methods of manufacture. For further particulars, write to J. D. Jarvis, Secretary, Lafayette, Ind.

## FOR SALE OR TRADE.

64 acres on main road, R-F-D., school across the road, three miles of good town with high school, 12 acres in fall grain, 5 room house, good barn, chicken house, smoke house, garden fenced with picket fence, plenty of fruit, fine well; at the low price of \$25. Terms \$500 down, or will take small property or live stock as part payment.

40 acres on main road, 1/2 mile to school, 2 miles to town; no improvements, \$15. Terms \$250 down. Might trade. Is fine for truck or poultry.

62 acres, no buildings, all tillable except 12 acres in timber, mostly black land, on main road, school, R-F-D., only \$20. Terms \$400 down; take live stock.

125 acres well located, good buildings, school, R-F-D., near good town, only \$25. Will trade for clear property or live stock. Sell on easy terms.

240 acres, nice level land, near gravel road and school, near two stations, good outlet for drainage, fine pasture and grain land. Can sell at the low price of \$25. Terms \$1,000 down. Would take live stock or other clear property. Also mortgage notes and other property always on hand to trade for land or good property. If you are looking for a home or an investment it will pay you to investigate what I have to offer.

G. F. MEYERS.

Office opposite State Bank.

Coughs that are tight, or distressing tickling coughs, get quick and certain help from Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. On this account Druggists everywhere 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.

The Twice-a-Week Democrat and the Twice-a-Week St. Louis Republic, both a full year for only \$2.00.

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Dyspepsia cannot be cured by taking a digester, such as pepsin, because pepsin simply digests your food artificially, and not all of the food either, for it has no effect at all on starchy food, such as potatoes, rice, oatmeal, bread, etc.

There is just one way to cure dyspepsia and stomach disorders, trivial or serious, and that is to tone up or put energy into the stomach walls, so that they will be able to properly mix or churn the food.

Mi-o-na tablets cure stomach troubles by putting strength and energy into the stomach. They quickly arouse the stomach from its inaction, and in a short time it is able to do its work properly.

Mi-o-na is successfully used in vomiting of pregnancy, in car and sea sickness.

And bear in mind when the stomach is in good condition, constipation disappears, also nervousness, drowsiness, night sweats, heartburn, etc.

B. F. Fendig, the druggist, sells Mi-o-na tablets at 50 cents a large box, under a rigid guarantee to do all that is claimed for them, or money back.

Lay in your supply of Garden Seed at half the cost, at The Farmer's and Working Man's Friend Store, Remington, Indiana.

## LINOTYPE COMPOSITION.

The Democrat has a fine new Model 5 Standard Linotype and in addition to doing all its own work is prepared to handle considerable outside composition. At present we have six and eight point mats only, light and bold face, and can set matter most any measure desired up to 30 ems long and on 6, 8, 9 or 10 point slug. All work handled carefully and promptly and at reasonable prices.

We also cast 6-point border slugs 30 ems long, for sale at 5c per slug 12 slugs for 50 cents. They are the cheapest and best border printers can buy for ads and job work.

Canvas Gloves, the 10c kind, for 4c a pair. Farmer's and Working Man's Friend Store, Remington, Ind.

Genuine "Quaker Parchment" butter wrappers, blank or printed, for sale at The Democrat office in any quantity desired.

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.

Yes, The Democrat has a few of those Wall Charts left, and the price remains at 35 cents additional when sold with a year's subscription to The Democrat, 45 cents if to be mailed.

The Democrat has a few more of those handsome and useful Wall Charts left. We want to close them out, and if you have not already secured one you should do so before they are all gone. Remember they are but 35 cents additional with a year's subscription to The Democrat.

## THE VERY BEST.

Have any of our readers seen a recent copy of the Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer? If not, it will pay to send for a copy, if for no other purpose than to note its present great worth as an educator in all things that tend to make life prosperous, and home, the happiest place on earth.

The editor by asking its readers to criticize and suggest improvements; and following advice thus obtained is enabled to produce a paper that exactly fits needs of a family and a material aid to father, mother and children in reaching that higher level in social life, where content and comfort reigns supreme.

Father obtains ample information that guides in the where, when and how to regulate and increase the income from his efforts. The mother in management of household affairs, practical economy, government of children, and other duties that makes her toil a labor of love. Children's minds and hearts are freed from thoughts of questionable amusements and frivolities of life, and encouraged to emulate all that is helpful in planning for a useful future in life.

The Grand Idea being that; "As are our Homes, so will be the Community, State and Nation."

A most desirable help, is a non-sectarian sermon each week, as preached by that Biblical Student Pastor Chas. T. Russell; a forcible reminder of the spiritual and temporal rewards gained by righteous living as preferable to a Godless life that brings nought but misery to the home.

Other departments and features are above the ordinary, the unanimous verdict of its readers being: "The cleanest and best family Weekly known to them."

Sample copies may be had by writing to the ENQUIRER COMPANY, Cincinnati, O.

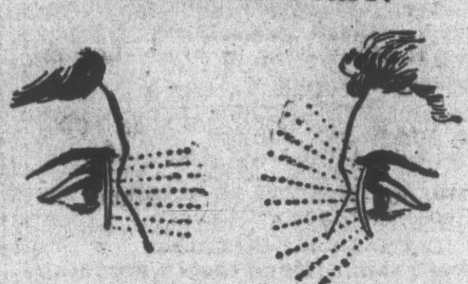
## FOR SALE.

Three lots near Monon depot in Rensselaer, with brick store buildings thereon, each 20x60, all shelved and with counters and connected suitable for a department store. Will sell cheap and on easy terms, or will rent for a period of years. DAVID NOWELS.

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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.

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## NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the Clerk of the Jasper Circuit Court, Administrator of the estate of Rose A. Kessick, deceased, late of Fair Oaks, Jasper County, Indiana, said estate is supposed to be solvent.

ALBERT HELSEL, Administrator.

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