

Jasper County News

NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

REMINGTON.

REMINGTON R. R. TIME TABLE.	TRAINS	WEST.
6:30 a.m.	Mail and Passenger	9:30 a.m.
9:30 a.m.	Local Freight	12:45 p.m.
12:30 p.m.	Mail and Passenger	5:15 p.m.
6:30 p.m.	Passenger (Sun. only)	7:00 p.m.

The K. of P.'s have installed a new piano in their lodge rooms.

Miss Mary Bair is spending holidays with relatives at Cisna Park Inn.

J. G. Francis of Fairbury, Ill., was here last week looking after his farm west of Remington.

Elias Hollingsworth of Anderson was visiting old friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Grant spent Christmas with his parents in Lexington, Ky.

Lester Rich of Kankakee, Ill., is spending the holidays with Remington relatives.

Mesdames Jake and Claude May are visiting relatives in Indianapolis, Vernon, Cincinnati and Elwood.

Mrs. C. W. Merritt and children visited a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. Benedict, at Oxford.

Mrs. Mary Cowgill returned a few days ago from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. John D. Woods, at Wadsworth.

Mr. Maurice M. Cheadle of this place and Miss Clara Peterson of West Point, Ind., are to be married to-morrow.

Mrs. Clyde Reeve and children spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Leavel, at Urbana, Ind.

Mrs. Ed Lucas and baby of Fowler is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brooks.

Here for the holidays: Guy Little from Oxford, O.; Lowell Townsend from Chicago; Miss Edith Little from Terre Haute.

Mrs. Ezra Bowman returned home last week from a visit of several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Maud Maudie, at Christiansburg, Ohio.

Cards are out for the marriage of Mr. W. A. Lock and Miss Mabel Detrick, to take place Wednesday, Jan. 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Spencer.

The general merchandise firm of Cohen & Kahn dispensed some Christmas cheer to several poor families in Remington, in the shape of fat turkeys and geese.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Taber entertained last Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Dye, who are leaving for Lafayette to make their future home.

The annual meeting of the Farmers Mutual Insurance Association of Benton, Jasper and White counties will be held here in the K. of P. Hall, Saturday, Jan. 9.

Edward Nutt, a brother of Mrs. from Kempster, Wis., Friday. He from Kempster, Wis., Friday. He is suffering from Bright's disease and doctors there told him there was no hope for him and that he would not live if he attempted the trip. Since arriving here he has improved wonderfully under treatment and there is a possibility that he will recover.—Fowler Republican.

White County Democrat: Thomas E. Donnelly was in Monticello Tuesday settling up some business affairs and bidding his many friends goodbye. He and his family left Wednesday for a short visit with relatives at Michigan City and on January 5 they depart for their new home near Plainview, Texas. Plainview is the county seat of Hale county, Texas, one of the southern counties of the Texas "Panhandle." It is a city of about 4,000 inhabitants, located in the midst of a splendid farming and stock country in what is called the "shallow" country of northwest Texas—so called because they find water so near the surface of the ground. Mr. Donnelly has purchased a tract of 640 acres about 4 miles out from Plainview and thinks he has a splendid location. The many friends of the family, however, are sorry to see them go so far from us.

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 Democrat, \$1.50 per year.

ARTHUR'S GUESS.

He Tells His Chum What He Knows About the Baby.

UR small boy, Arthur, had long believed that a baby in the family was desirable, since most of his playmates came from homes provided with this adjunct. In good time his mother told him confidentially that his oft expressed wish for a family baby would probably be gratified. The news was too good to keep, and Arthur was promptly boasting to his nearest chum.

"But when you going to have it?" demanded the friend.

"Oh, I don't know; 'fore long, I guess," answered Arthur.

"Huh!" snuffed the other. "What's the use of waiting? What good's a baby if you can't have it when you want it? Why don't you get it right away?"

"Well, you see, it's this way," explained Arthur, driven to his wife's end. "We've ordered the baby, but we haven't paid for it yet!"—Woman's Home Companion.

A Mile in the Air.



"I understand," said the lady who could do more talking in one day than six phonographs, "that if an airship ascends to the height of six miles its occupants dare not open their mouths."

"Then let's go five miles farther up," said her husband desperately.—Harpers Weekly.

Mary's Wedding.

A Maryland man recently married off his fourth daughter, the ceremonies touching whose wedding were given much attention by the "society editors" of the country papers in that region.

A week or two after the wedding a friend who had been north for some time met the father, to whom he made some jocular references in regard to the recent "event." "I see by one paper," said he, "that Mary's wedding will high beggar'd description."

"Well," said the old man, "I don't know about that, but I do know it well high beggar'd me!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Rather Caustic.

The comedian and the leading lady stood in the observation car admiring the scenery.

"What a beautiful sunset," said the leading lady dreamily.

"Yes," laughed the comedian; "it reminds me of your exquisite complexion."

"Ah, how kind! Because it is such a beautiful pink and white?"

"No, because it is swiftly fading."

And they never spoke from Kokomo to Kankakee.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Did It Ever Strike You?



"Shinney" on the ice also includes the innocent byskater.—Kansas City Times.

The Call of the Links.

A well known Scotch author and a young friend had spent the whole day on the links and had had some close and exciting matches.

As they left for home the elder man remarked, "Do ye think ye could play again tomorrow, laddie?"

"Well," answered the youth, "I was to be married tomorrow, but I suppose I can put it off!"—New York Herald.

Same Motions.

"It has always been a mystery to me," remarked the observer of events and things, "why it never tires a man to play the fiddle, but wears him out so quickly to saw a little wood."—Yonkers Statesman.

Sale Bills at The Democrat office.

"As a Man Thinketh."

By JENNIE LUDWIG LEE.

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"Help me and, will you?" asked Carlisle, "and, will you?"

"Well, I'll help you!" said Billy.

"A dog," informed Carlisle, "as the dog and they started

"I have delightful dinners, and, will you?"

Carlisle pushed his way through the crowd and picked up the dog. The little creature had been run over by a passing automobile, and a crowd had gathered, but no one had offered to help the animal in its suffering. Carlisle was very big, and the onlookers seemed to give way to him without argument. One man suggested that the dog must be dead.

"Did you ever hear that Carlisle Anderson had flighty spells?" he asked with some concern.

"All men do at times," answered Mrs. Scott-Burden. "At present he seems to be soaring with Lucy Standing. But why do you ask?"

"He did such a queer thing tonight about that perfectly good left hand of his." Then, directing his conversation to Carlisle, he sung out, "How's your hand, old man?"

"I'm not thinking about hydrophobia. It's an entirely different kind of disease."

"Incurable?" inquired Lucy.

"Can't say, never had it before," said Carlisle as he laughed.

"Is it catching?" persisted Lucy.

"Can't say as to that either, but I hope so," announced Carlisle.

Lucy laughed, and the other guests wanted to know what the joke was.

"We were just discussing the new thought movement," interrupted Carlisle, in fear of Lucy telling the truth.

Later in the evening Carlisle and Lucy found themselves alone in a cozy room in the library.

"Do you feel better?" asked Lucy as she poked her tiny feet close to the burning coals.

"Nope—getting worse every minute," announced Carlisle cheerfully as he pulled his chair a bit closer.

"You're not going to bite, are you?" asked Lucy, turning her head to a most tantalizing angle.

"This bandage of mine is getting very loose," began Carlisle. "Would you mind tying it up tighter for me?"

Lucy drew the knot in the large handkerchief a bit tighter, and as she touched the hand her face flushed. She glanced up into Carlisle's face and blushed again.

"Funny about that hand of yours," Lucy announced. "Father told me it was nothing but a scratch, and here you are nursing it for a week. Men are such babies. They think they are sick when really—"

"I am sick—in my heart," said Carlisle in a low voice.

"Mr. Carlisle?"

"What's that these new thought people keep saying, 'As a man thinketh, so in his heart is he?' And Miss Standing—Lucy—I can think of nothing but you. It's a new thought all right, and it's the best thought I ever had in my life. This hand with its hydrophobia symptoms" (here he ripped off the improvised bandage) "was used to stir up your sympathy. I kept thinking about that and decided it was not your sympathy, but you, love, that I wanted."

"You want me," echoed Lucy slowly, as if in great wonderment.

"As I never wanted anything in my life," he affirmed. "Let me prove it to you, little girl, won't you?"

Footsteps were heard coming up the hall. There was no mistaking Carlisle's earnestness as he continued:

"At least don't say 'No' to me. Let me come and see you and maybe in time—"

The curtains parted, and Mrs. Scott-Burden entered to hear Lucy reply in a somewhat shaky voice:

"Well, you had better come around and see father—you know, he's the doctor."

What the Bridegroom Resents.

"Even the English language emphasizes the insignificance of a man at his own wedding," said the prospective bridegroom disconsolately. "There isn't an independent word to designate him. He is merely called the groom of the bride, as if he were just about on a level with the bridesmaids and a little below the maid of honor. Best man, of course, means the bridegroom's best man, but the phrase itself tends to exalt this individual at the expense of his superior."

"Then there's no adjective to describe what pertains to the male half of the affair. You can't speak of the 'bridegroom's' trousers or necktie. On the other hand, 'brida' applies not only to the possessions of the girl, but to what relates to both of them equally, like the trip and the bridal chamber. The very words 'matrimony' and 'matrimonial' are from the feminine side only. 'Patrimony' has nothing to do with the nuptials. It applies only to wealth and signifies that a man's part in the affair is to get out and hustle for the cash."—New York Times.

An hour later found him in the doctor's office.

"My dear fellow, the hand is perfectly healed—it was nothing but a scratch." The doctor looked over the rim of his glasses in amazement.

"Think I needn't come again, then, do you?" inquired Carlisle.

"Certainly not," assured the doctor.

"Your daughter—or she never helps you in the office, does she?" stammered Carlisle.

"Heavens, no!" declared the doctor. "I don't think she's even in the house."

Carlisle's face had lost a great deal of its animation when he walked down the stoop. His ruse had failed. He did not grudge the \$5 he had paid the doctor. He would willingly pay five times that amount to see the girl again. But how?

A week later Mrs. Scott-Burden gave a small dinner, and Carlisle was among the last guests to arrive. In the dressing room he met Billy Brewster.

"Have you set your lamps on the Standing girl, Carlisle?" asked Billy. "Talk about your peaches!" he continued. "She's just out—the daughter of old Dr. Standing, you know, the old fellow that?"

He got no further. Carlisle walked up to him and took him by the shoulder.

"Is that girl here tonight?" he demanded.

"She certainly is," assured Billy, searching Carlisle's face to make sure he was entirely harmless. "But what's that to you?" he added.

Such is Love.

"Does Agnes ever have any words with her fiance?" "Not a word. They never speak from the time he comes in till the time he goes out."—Town and Country.

An Opportunity.

"You have had words with your chief?"

"Yes. But I'll be even with him. The next time he makes a joke I won't laugh."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

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