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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1909.

The Panama Canal promises to be about as disastrous and expensive an undertaking for Uncle Sam as it did for the French government. Already about four times the original estimated cost has been asked for, and this is evidently only the beginning.

Theodore Roosevelt will go out of office March 4 the most unpopular president that ever occupied the president's chair, and those publishers who have contracted for his African hunting trip stories at one dollar per word are likely to be stung good and proper.

If the bill of Senator Mattingly, which has already passed the senate, becomes a law, the office of city treasurer in all county seat towns will be abolished and the duties placed with county treasurers. It will possibly then be necessary in some isolated instances to bring "friendly" law suits to compel the treasurers to perform their duties.

A moving picture man near the state house in Indianapolis that is patronized heavily by the statesmen who are engaged in making and breaking laws for the Hoosiers, is doing a very enterprising thing. He is having a film made that shows a mock legislature in session. One feature of the session is a scrap between two legislators, one from Hoopole, county and the other from Mudsock, and the bone of their contention is whether or not Groundhog Day shall be made a legal holiday. Now if the makers of that film will only make it true to life, it surely will be a funny one.

Representatives of Indiana have been in conference over the case of John R. Kissinger, of South Bend, who submitted to a bite of a yellow fever mosquito while in the army in Cuba in the interest of science. Kissinger is now drawing a small pension of \$12 a month and the Indiana representatives want to have it increased to \$100 a month, as he is in bad shape, physically and financially. He was bitten by yellow fever mosquitoes and then treated by the best medical experts to be had there with the army. It is impossible for him to walk and he is obliged to crawl on his hands and knees. His wife supports the family by taking in washing, it is said.

We have not as yet seen a single newspaper endorsement of Mr. Halleck's two pet measures to have a circuit judge in every county in the state, thereby doubling the expense for judges, already a huge sum, or that of having township and county dredges. Even the "organ," which usually endorses every scheme to take money from the pockets of the taxpayers, is withholding public endorsement of these proposed measures. The former seems to have originated in the fertile brain of a Starke county lawyer, who evidently thinks there are too many lawyers in Indiana for the amount of litigation, and wants to double up the number of judges at \$3,500 per year in order to reduce the ranks of the unemployed, but in introducing the measure in the senate Mr. Halleck does not say that it is introduced "by request," but takes all the "glory" unto himself. Therefore he must be entitled to all the "knocks" a long-suffering tax-paying people are capable of administering.

PNEUMONIA FOLLOWS LAGRIPPE

Pneumonia often follows lagrippe but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar, for lagrippe coughs and deep seated colds. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package.

JOE MEETS STRANGER

Encounters Venerable Critter With Pack on His Back.

HAILS HIM WITH HEARTLESS

They Converse of Things That Make Even a Good Man Better—Struggle Over Game of Cards—Ends in Victory for Pilgrim.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

I WAS proceeding on my happy way between the enterprising town of Jump Off and Happy Day and I was a-saying to myself how much better it was to be innocent than to have a mother-in-law when I encountered a venerable critter with a pack on his back and a staff in his hand. He had chin whiskers that waved in the breeze, and on his face there rested a look of innocence and goodness. I knew him at once for a feller pilgrim, and I hailed him with



A PACK ON HIS BACK AND A STAFF IN HIS HAND.

heartiness. When he had hailed me in return he gave me his wrinkled hand and said:

"Stranger of the highway, I recognize in thee a kindred spirit, and I am rejoiced to meet thee. Thou art one who loves his feller man."

"Yes, most of the time," I answered. "Thou hast pity for the sorerring and downtrodden."

"Heaps of it."

"Thou hast sympathy for an erring brother."

"His case always brings tears to my eyes."

"Thou wouldst that all men were honest and upright and that the sins of the world were cast far, far away."

"That's me to a checker. If I had my way about it there would be no guile in the hearts of men and no spavins on the legs of horses. The days should be forty-eight hours long and every day full of glad sunshine and those good deeds that make a man's conscience swell like dried apples in the stewing."

"Tis well," said the stranger. "I knew that I could not be mistaken in that face of yours. Descend from the vehicle, feller pilgrim, and let us sit here on the grass and converse of the things that make even a good man better."

I complied with his request, and for a quarter of an hour we praised the goodness and lamented the baseness of men and wondered if the day would ever come when Wall street would find its last sucker. By and by, after uttering a groan and wailing away the falling tears, the old man turned to me and asked:

"Pilgrim, dost it happen that thou hast a pack of what they call playing cards in thy pocket?"

"You mean those cards with pictures and spots on them?"

"Aye, truly."

A Pack of Cards.

"Then it happens that I have a pack. I found them beside a straw stack, where, I fear, a quartet of men without fear of the future in their hearts had been playing a game called poker."

"Tis well. In a dim way I have heard of the game. I have sometimes thought I would like to learn it in order that I might show the unwary the guile there is in it. I wouldst hold up an object lesson to them."

"Tis a thought worthy of a weary pilgrim traveling from afar. No man of innocent heart and pure motives can hope to rake in a pot with three jacks in his hand when the bad man opposite has a full house. Shall we spread a blanket between us and teach each other the game that we may be the better prepared to warn others of the danger of raising the pot on a four flush?"

"Yeas, it might be well," he replied in a humble way and with a faraway look in his eyes.

For ten minutes we taught each other the value of the cards, and it was surprising how fast we both picked up information. Then it was the venerable and guileless stranger who looked off over the rolling prairies of Oklahoma, rich with the memories of pipe lines and such, and whisperingly suggested that a little stake would make the game more exciting. Without suspicion of him in my heart and solely with a desire to send a cash contribution to the heathens of Africa I consented, and we each deposited a dollar on the cloth. As we did so I thought I caught a gleam of avarice in the old man's eyes, while, as I had mine cast down, I am sure he saw nothing.

The heathens of Africa had lost \$10 through me when there came a feeling

to my breast that venerable was not altogether a pure and innocent hearted man, and I began to sit up and take notice. We had \$30 on the blanket when I got a straight flush in my hand. I reasoned it out that if venerable was the man I now suspected him to be he would have a hand of fours. The way he began to raise me warmed the cockles of my heart and sent my sympathies pouring out for the unfortunate. We were very humble as we played. Outside of our raises we talked mostly of orphans and heathens and of the joy of presenting them the wherewithal to buy winter underclothing and to indulge in quail on toast. By and by, when the pot amounted to \$100 or more, venerable got scared and called my hand. It was a proud moment for the heathen when I laid down that straight flush. It was a thing of beauty. It beat a red wagon just out of the paint shop. For a long minute the stranger gazed on it, and then he precipitated himself upon me and made use of words not known to the language of Greece in its foremost days. It was a struggle for the right—that is, for the privilege of forwarding that hundred bones to the spot where it would do the most good—and right conquered. It always does if it has got the most muscle behind it, though it may receive a black eye and a skinned nose in the conquering.

When I had hammered old venerable to my heart's content I rose from his recumbent carcass and gathered up the spoils of virtue and drove away. As I drove many sayings came into my mind and were uttered by my lips, such as:

"He who is armed with integrity can suffer no defeat."

And likewise:

"The guilty man overcometh himself."

And once more:

"He who buildeth on deception will come to be tangled up among the ruins of his own house."

Any one knowing the address of an African heathen who is hard up will do me a favor by forwarding it. Give postoffice box if possible. Meanwhile the hundred will remain in my blind pocket.

Enters Town of Jump Off.

I entered the town of Jump Off with a bird singing in my heart and the glad thought in my soul that the world had grown 50 per cent better since the elections. But, alas, I was to be made the victim of man's wiles again. The mayor of the town came forward and gave me the glad hand and extended the freedom of the city, which meant that I could drink in every saloon in the place if I had the cash to pay for it. I had packed my tent and got ready to take tintypes at 10 cents a take when old venerable, who had revived and followed on, struck the burg. He did not seek me out, as one pilgrim should another, but went to the mayor and declared that I had assaulted and despoiled him on the highway. His honor called for my side of the story. Truth and integrity showed so plainly in my face that he could not doubt me. He offered to boot old venerable out of town if I would share my winnings with him.

I could not consent. I had played poker from one of the noblest sentiments that can actuate the human heart, and I did not wish to degenerate it into mere dross. I was given ten minutes in which to make up my mind, and as I remained steadfast to principle, which means never let go of anything you've got into your pocket. I was driven out of the town in ignominy and humiliation and made to pass the night on the prairie in a sizzling rainstorm. I hugged that wad of greenbacks to my damp heart, however, and felt that though man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn, as the family almanac has it, \$50 in cash goes a long ways in setting up mint juleps in hot weather.

M. QUAD.

"Pilgrim, dost it happen that thou hast a pack of what they call playing cards in thy pocket?"

"You mean those cards with pictures and spots on them?"

"Aye, truly."

A Safe Way.



How Theodule, the young medical student, practiced trepanning. —Pete Mele.

A Memory.

"That man said he never forgets a favor."

"He speaks truly," answered Senator Sorgum. "He did me a favor fifteen years ago and has been talking about it ever since." —Washington Star.

The Definition Fit.

He (angrily)—I never saw such a woman! You are always on the lookout to get something cheap.

She (suavely)—Yes, unfortunately. That's how I came to marry you. —Baltimore American.

With a Frown.

Bacon—Don't you think the taking of drugs should be frowned down?

Ebber—Why, that's the only way most people can get medicine down. —Yonkers Statesman.

The Wrong Number.

She (transmitter)—I want 125 John.

He (receiver)—Sorry, Mabel, but I haven't got a nickel. Besides, my name's not John! —New York Life.

PNEUMONIA FOLLOWS LAGRIPPE

Pneumonia often follows lagrippe but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar, for lagrippe coughs and deep seated colds. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package.

Big Public Sale

As I have rented my farm and will move away, I will sell at Public Auction at my farm, 3 miles north and 2½ miles west of Rensselaer, and 1 mile south and ½ mile east of Surrey, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1909.

The following property: 6 Head of Horses—1 Bay Mare, 8 years old, wt. 1400; 1 Black Mare, 7 years old, wt. 1250; 1 Bay Horse, 4 years old, wt. 1300; 1 Brown Horse, 8 years old, wt. 1200; 1 Bay standard bred Silk Mare, broke to all Harness, 4 years old; 1 Bay Driver, 10 years old, family broke; 1 Grey Driver, 7 years old; 1 Grey Mare Colt, coming 3 years old, wt. 1150; 1 Grey Horse Colt, coming 2 years old; 1 Black Mare Colt, coming 2 years old; 1 Roan Horse Colt, coming 2 years old; 2 Grey Spring Colts, mares.

6 Head of Cows—Ranging from 4 to 7 years old, 1 with calf by side; 2 fresh by March 1st, and the rest in April and May.

2 Duroc Jersey Brood Sows—1 recorded sow with 9 pigs four weeks old, and 1 to farrow March 20th.

Implements—1 Sulky Plow; 1 Walking Plow; 1 Riding Cultivator; 1 Corn Planter; 1 Disc; 1 3-section Harrow; 1 Mowing Machine; 2 sets Work Harness; 2 Wide-tire Wagons, one nearly new;

Rubber Tire Canopy Top Surrey; 1 Rubber Tire Buggy; 1 Hand Corn Sheller; 1 Hand Chicken Feed Grinder; 1 Handy Blacksmith Outfit; 1 Sure Hatch 150-egg Incubator and Brooder; 1 No. 7 1908 Improved Cream Separator; and numerous other articles.

Chickens and Turkeys—dozen White Leghorn Pulletts; 5 White Holland Turkey Hens and 1 Tom.

A credit of 10 months will be given on all sums over \$10, with usual conditions. 6 per cent off for cash where entitled to credit.

F. L. BORNTRAGER

A. J. Harpman, Auctioneer.

Ray Thompson, Clerk

Lunch on the Ground.

Big Public Sale

I will offer at Public Auction at my residence, located 3 miles East and 2 miles South of Francesville, 2 miles North of Stone's bridge on what is known as the John Koster farm, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1909,

10 Head of Horses—Consisting of 1 dark Grey Mare in foal, 7 years old, wt. 1400; 1 Grey Horse 12 years old, wt. 1200; 1 pair of Grey Mares 12 and 13 years old, wt. 2600; 1 Grey Mare 12 years old, wt. 1000; 1 Grey Spring Colt; 1 Dunn Mare 12 years old, wt. 1000; 1 Brown Mare, 9 years old, wt. 1000; 1 pair Bay Mares 9 years old, wt. 2500.

4 Head of Cattle—Consisting of extra good milk cows, three are now fresh and one will be fresh in March.

33 Head of Hogs—Consisting of 12 head of Shoots, wt. 80 pounds each; 24 head of Shoots, wt. 40 pounds each; 1 White Chester sow will farrow about April 1st, bred to full-blooded boar.

Farm Implements, Etc.—Consisting of 1 McCormick Binder, good as new; 1 McCormick Mower; 1 Deere Corn Planter with 90 rods of wire and fertilizer attachments; 1 Dutch Uncle Riding Cultivator; 2 Walking Cultivators; 1 Bellview Disc, good as new; 1 John Deere 16-inch Riding Plow; 1 Moline Riding Plow, 16-inch; 1 14-inch Walking Plow; 1 20-foot Flexible Harrow; 1 12-foot Wood-frame Harrow; 1 Hay Rake; 2 Scoop Boards; 1 Tank Heater; 1 Hand Corn Planter; 1 Broad Tire Wagon; 1 Narrow Tire Wagon; 1 Buggy; 1 Crank Horse Clipper; 1 horse Garden Harrow; 1 Mud Boat 1 Hay Ladder with Storm Rack; 1 Hay Knife; 1 Endgate Seeder with Cart; 2 Road Scrapers; 1 Anvil and Vice combined; 100 pounds of Barb Wire; 4 Forks; 1 Grindstone; 2 Scoops; 5 Tons of Mixed Hay; 5 Tons of Wheat Straw; 2 sets of Work Harness; 1 set of Chain Work Harness; 1 Dining Table; 1 Milk Trough; 1 set of Gravel Boards; 1 Buggy Pole; 5 Hog Troughs; and many other articles.

4 Head of Cattle—Consisting of 12 extra good milk cows, three are now fresh and one will be fresh in March.

18 Horses and Mules—Consisting of 1 team of Mares 4 years old, Bay and Grey, sound and in foal, wt. 3300; 1 Grey Mare 14 years old, in foal, wt. 1300; 1 Bay Mare 12 years old, wt. 1300; 1 Bay Mare 14 years old, wt. 1150; 1 Bay Mare 12 years old, wt. 1100; 1 Black Horse 2 years old, wt. 1000; 1 Black Horse Colt 2 years old, wt. 1000; 1 Brown Horse Colt 2 years old, wt. 1200; 1 Bay Horse Colt 2 years old, wt. 900; 2 Sorrel Colts 2 years old, wt. 900. These are two well matched road colts; 1 Spotted Filly 2 years old