

THE JASPER COUNTY DEMOCRAT.  
F. E. BAGGOT, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1909.

PIONEER PASSES AWAY.

Mrs. Mary A. Wenrick, wife of John Wenrick of Walker, Ind., died at her home after an illness of a few days, March 23, 1909, at the age of 85 years, 2 months and 23 days. Her maiden name was Baumgardner. She was born in York county, Pa., Dec. 30, 1823, and was united in marriage to John Wenrick in 1847. They emigrated from Pennsylvania to Ohio in 1855, and from there to Indiana in 1868, where they have resided to the present time.

To them were born ten children, 6 sons and 4 daughters, namely: Daniel D. L. (who was a soldier in the civil war, died 1865); John H., also deceased; Noah M.; William J., of this county; Jacob F., thought to be in Oklahoma; James W., of Miller, So. Dak.; Miss Katie Wenrick and Elizabeth M. Brown, who reside with their parents and have cared for them the past few years; Rachel L., also deceased; Mrs. Wm. Cooper of Virgil.

Mrs. Wenrick's home and heart has always been open to the cry of the motherless and the needy. She took into her home a motherless child at the age of 6 months, raised her to womanhood, and also cared for a number of other children who were in need of homes, among which is her grand-daughter, Edith Wenrick, who has been cared for by her since the death of her mother almost 8 years ago.

Besides her family she leaves to mourn her loss one sister, Mrs. J. A. Rust of Swayzee, Ind., and many relatives and friends. She united with the U. B. church when young and has had a home in some Christian church down to the time of her death. She has tried to live up to the requirements of her profession. She was an affectionate wife and a loving mother, always looking after the welfare of her family and friends. She has been expecting the call to "come up higher" for the past three years, and was ready and passed peacefully and sweetly away. The funeral was conducted by the Rev. J. Vandercar, of Knox, in the M. E. church at Wheatfield, and the remains laid to rest in the Wheatfield cemetery, March 25.

Dearest Mother thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deeply feel; But 'tis God that hath bereft us, He can all our sorrows heal.

xx

CARD OF THANKS.

The undersigned wish to express their thanks to the many kind friends and neighbors, especially Mrs. E. Biggs and Mrs. John Pinter, who assisted them during the sickness and following death of their beloved wife and mother. We also thank the brethren of the M. E. church for the use of the church-house.—John Wenrick and Family.

Get in on the Home Grocery's flour deal this week.

Call and see Clara Treanor's line of Ladies' trimmed hats at \$3, \$3.25 and \$3.50, at her Easter Opening. Every one new and up-to-date. We also have a nice line of Misses' and Children's hats. Remington, Ind.

Never before have you been able to see the best and noblest line of men's, youth's and children's clothing in this state. Now don't forget to see what I have, when you look at this line all others will look cheap. EARL DUVALL.

Clara Treanor of Remington will have on display a nice line of trimmed and ready to wear hats April 1.

Incubator Oil, Incubator Thermometers, Incubator Lamps, and Sanitary Hen Coops and Nests—We have them. EGER BROS.

Have you seen those nobby Kingsbury hats at my store? If not, now is your chance to wear the noblest and best hat made. See what I have in "men's Easter bonnets." EARL DUVALL.

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

This is the time of year the farmer begins to figure on sowing grass seeds. He wants to buy seed that is free from weeds. Our seed is that kind. It is home grown and we have re-cleaned every grain of it. You can call at our store and inspect it before you buy.

EGER BROS.

The Democrat and the Indiana Daily News, each a full year for only \$3.50.

Retained In the Role.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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Melrose was agog with excitement. The local billposter was hanging the paper of the Denham Repertoire company for a three night run. And Maggie Denham hailed from Melrose. "Margaret Denham" she was billed, but Melrose recognized her.

It was the first time that what Melrose called "a real theater troupe" had visited the little town. This in itself would have meant much, but Maggie in addition created an epoch in town history.

Melrose could not know that she was to be a star only for this brief engagement in Melrose. Maggie had happened to mention that she had been born in Melrose, and the astute manager had changed the name of the company from the Metropolitan to Denham Repertoire company for the three night stay.

He well knew the value of a local name in a small town. Occasionally Maggie had let fall some scrap of information as to her departure from the town that told the rest of the old story of the girl who had run away from home to go upon the stage.

Maggie's story differed from most, for she had succeeded in achieving her ambition. She had become a fairly



"I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T SEE ME LAST NIGHT AS THE ADVENTURES."

useful player of parts in the smaller companies.

This was her second season with the Metropolitans, and she smiled confidently when Quinlin, the manager, asked her if she felt strong enough to play the star part for three days.

It involved a little extra rehearsal, but Maggie was delighted. She would show Tom Chambers and the rest of Melrose that she had made a success.

Tom came ahead of the rest of Melrose, because there had been a time when they two were almost engaged, and she still thought tenderly of those courtship days.

She looked about eagerly when the company arrived; but, though every one else in town appeared to have come to the train to stare curiously at Maggie Denham's troupe, Tom was not there.

With a curious sense of blankness Maggie climbed into the ramshackle bus that was to convey the company to the hotel. Her triumphant entrance into her home town had gone for naught just because one man was not there.

She was angry and surprised to realize that she still cared more for Chambers than she had ever admitted when he had tried to win her.

She had not long to wait, however, for information about the recreant one. Presently a string of callers came to the hotel, and all of the friends of her school days crowded the hotel parlor, all talking at once.

From the babel of voices Maggie gathered that Tom had left town the day before with the evident purpose of avoiding her. The blood throbbed in her temples.

It was to give Tom a lesson that she wanted to show to Melrose how well she had succeeded. Now he would not witness her triumph, and she turned strangely depressed until the manager, versed in the handling of the erratic omen of the stage, sensed the situation.

"Anyhow, you can do your best," Quinlin reminded her, "and leave behind a record that he will be proud of."

"And who may 'he' be?" demanded Maggie truculently.

"I don't know," confessed Quinlin promptly, "but there is usually a 'he' somewhere, and since he does not seem to be around I thought you might like my suggestion."

Maggie waved him off with a jesting remark, but her heart was lighter. Here was something that she could do. So it happened that even her fellow players wondered that evening at the brilliancy with which she played her part.

"You'll land on Broadway yet," they assured her, but even this promise of

reaching the goal of all actors did not cheer the girl, and when the performance was over she hurried back to the hotel, only to creep into bed and cry herself to sleep.

On the third and last day of the engagement Tom appeared suddenly in town, and, though she could not see him in the badly lighted auditorium that night, Maggie felt that he was there, and she acted with a touch of tenderness that lent new beauty to a naturally sympathetic role.

John Benjamin, one of the important eastern theatrical men, had stopped over to wait for a train and had drifted into the opera house, where the manager overwhelmed him with attention. As he watched the girl work he nodded his head.

"I'd like to steal your leading woman," Benjamin said to Quinlin. "I can place her in a road company for a year under one of my good stage directors and then bring her into New York." "Go ahead and steal," invited Quinlin. "She's a nice little woman, and if you can place her the contract she made with me won't hold her back. I'll tell her to write to you."

The big manager nodded his thanks, looked at his watch and hurried off to make his train.

Maggie only nodded carelessly, when Quinlin hurried back with word that the way to Broadway was open to her at last.

She could not think of business when Tom was out there in the darkened auditorium watching her. She needed to give all of her attention to her performance, and she played the last act with a rich sincerity that won the audience completely.

Not until the curtain had fallen and the other players crowded around to congratulate her upon the opportunity she had earned did she seem to realize what it all meant, and then she accepted listlessly what the other women of her profession would have given years of their life to attain.

She slipped from the stage door alone to go to the hotel, but as she emerged Tom stepped forward with outstretched hands.

"I had to come to see you," he said brokenly. "At first I vowed that I would stay out of town while you were here, but I had to come back, and I'm glad I did."

"I thought that you would be tough and common, Maggie, like the rest, but you can't be that and play as you did tonight. That wasn't acting, and when I saw you as you really are, and not as I thought that you would be, I wanted to get up and shout to you to come right to me and we'd get married, as we used to plan when we were children. Will you come and marry me, Maggie? I've got a fine farm now, and you'll never regret it, dear."

"I don't think I will regret it," agreed Maggie happily, "but I didn't think you'd want me, Tom."

"You know what they think about actresses here," he reminded her. "I guess I thought pretty much the same, but you—well, when I saw you come on the stage looking just as you used to do I knew you were my Maggie still!"

He clasped her hands, unable to say more but Maggie understood. To the Melrose minds all player folk were followers of the devil. Perhaps the ingenuous role she had played had won Tom. He wanted for his wife the woman he had played. And she knew it would be easy to continue in that role with Tom as opposite.

She felt that she could continue her success in that part, and so she let him kiss her before she pushed him gently from her with a whispered command to come to the hotel in the morning. Together they would see Quinlin and secure the release from her contract.

As she entered the hotel the manager was waiting for her. He had taken from his trunk her contract for the season, and this he handed to her.

"This sets you free, my girl. You can go to Benjamin and Broadway," he said smilingly. "I'm glad that at last the Metropolitans have contributed a real star to Broadway."

"I'm not going to Benjamin," replied Maggie. "I'll play the season out for you if you want me to, but I made a real human hit in the part tonight, and I'm going to keep on playing it for Tom here in Melrose. Gee, Mr. Quinlin, I'm glad he didn't see me last night as the adventures."

Ice Sport For Danish Children. In Denmark one of the favorite forms of exercise on the ice is a game wherein the skaters can have their fun and also the tots who prefer to ride upon sleds.

A large pole is fixed upright in the middle of the frozen pond, and a cross-beam is attached, the whole affair being kept from toppling over by means of a large wagon wheel, through whose hub the upright pole is thrust and which lies flat upon the ice. To the end of the longer section of the transverse beam a string of sleds is attached, and then eight or ten of the large lads and lasses begin to skate in a circle, pushing the beam around with them, while the little fellows climb on the sleds.

Around and around they go, faster and faster, amid shouts of delight, until the string of sleds is flung out across the ice like the lash of a long whip. It often becomes necessary for those who are furnishing the motive power to slacken speed in order to let the coasters get back into a better position, centrifugal force having stretched them out sometimes almost to the banks of the lake.—Pathfinder.

Had the Proof. "I wonder if Jones is married." "No." "Did you ask him?"

"I didn't have to. I heard him telling what he would do if any wife of his came out in a director's gown."

Wanted, For Sale, Rent, Etc.

[Under this head notices will be published for 1-cent a word for the first insertion, 1/2 cent per word for each additional insertion. Figure five words to the line, and save book-keeping cash should be sent with notice. No notice accepted for less than 25 cents. No separate notices coming within the above rate will be published two or more times, as the case may be for 25 cents.]

For Rent—Farm of 240 acres, 4 miles south of McCollom's.

ARTHUR H. HOPKINS.

Sorghum Seed—\$2.80 per 100 pounds. W. H. PULLIN, Rensselaer, Ind.

Farm Loans—Money to loan on farm property in any sums up to \$10,000. E. P. HONAN.

Farm For Rent—80 acres; 40 cultivated, 40 pasture; good buildings, grain rent. G. F. MEYERS.

Mortgage Exemptions—Ira W. Yeoman, Remington, Ind., will exempt your mortgages. Call at his residence.

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

Strayed—From my farm in Union town, a black Poland China sow, wt. about 200 pounds, hole in right ear. Report to D. V. YEOMAN.

Wanted:—Girl for general house-work, to begin about April 5; extra good wages paid. Enquire of Miss Edna Thompson, Rensselaer, or phone 129.

Mason Work—I am prepared to do all kinds of mason, plastering and rock work, satisfaction guaranteed. MARION SMITH, 2m, Rensselaer, Ind.

Eggs For Hatching—Pure bred White Wyandottos; won six prizes at Rensselaer Poultry Show, 1909. A limited number of eggs for sale at \$2 per setting of 15. R-R-3. ARTHUR MAYHEW, 1m, Rensselaer, Ind.

House Cleaning—I have purchased a new vacuum house cleaner, which does the work perfectly. Don't move anything out of the house. Cleans the carpets right on the floor, also the walls and ceilings. Get your orders in early. See me or drop card to O. S. Baker, Rensselaer, Indiana.

Setting Eggs For Sale—It's the busy hen that lays and the laying hens that pay. Pure bred Single Comb White Leghorn Eggs for sale, 75c per setting of 15. There were 14,070 eggs laid on this farm last year by 175 hens.

MRS. EDWARD HERATH, Route 1, Phone 502-D.

I just received from New York the swellest and best line of neckwear made, so if you need a new Easter necktie I would be pleased to show you what I have.

EARL DUVALL.

Easter opening, April 7, 8, 9, 10. We will have on display on the above dates a nice line of all the latest style hats, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$15.

CLARA TREANOR, Remington, Ind.

I am making special efforts this week and next to please everybody with a new Easter suit or cravat, as I carry the best line of clothes and furnishing goods made. Be sure and see this line.

EARL DUVALL.

The new coffee, tea and grocery store is now ready for business. Fresh roasted coffee and a fine line of teas, groceries and canned goods. Stock all new and fresh. We roast all our own coffee and guarantee it strictly fresh. Our phone number is 226; we solicit a share of your orders for groceries, oil and gasoline.

C. C. STARR & CO.

MR. FARMER.

If you are a renter, write to me and I will tell you how easy you can own your own farm, in a healthy country, where you can grow any grain, fruit or berry. County settling fast with Ohio, Indiana and Illinois people.

ROY GAFFIELD,

Millerton, Mich.

A failing tiny nerve—no larger than the finest silken thread—takes from the Heart its impulse, its power, its life. The Stomach also has its hidden, or inside nerve. It was Dr. Shoop who first told us it was wrong to drug a weak or failing Stomach, Heart or Kidneys. His prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed straight for the cause of these ailments—these weak and faltering inside nerves. This, no doubt clearly explains why the Restorative has of late grown so rapidly in popularity. Druggists say that those who test the Restorative even for a few days soon become fully convinced of its wonderful merit. Anyway, don't drug the organ. Treating the cause of sickness is the only sensible and successful way. 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.

Linen finish type-writer paper, all the popular shades and also