

C. EARL DUVALL

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Exclusive Clothier, Furnisher, Hatter.

A \$3.00 Pair of Gloves Given way

FREE

This Week With Every \$25.00 Purchase



BUY YOUR SUIT AND OVERCOAT THIS WEEK

as you will get a \$3.00 Pair of Gloves Free with every \$25.00 Purchase.

I can fit you out in a Collegian, Pre-Shrunk or Frat Suit or Overcoat and you can buy no better as every body knows, that these makes are the best that is made and all guaranteed to hold their color, shape, and a perfect fit, too.

Fur Overcoats of all kinds in stock, all at reasonable prices.

A full line of swell manish gloves for ladies in all sizes and also sweater coats. It is time for you to be looking around for your Christmas gifts and we have a full line of Neckwear, Mufflers, Combination Set of Tie, Handkerchiefs and Socks to match. A nobby line of Silk Hose.

C. EARL DUVALL

THEIR TWO STORIES

Two old chums, Henry Neilson, retired banker, and John Speiser, eminent physician, were gossiping. So completely absorbed in their occupation were they of there in the library that even mine host appeared oblivious of the important fact that the portals of his mansion were about to be thrown open to receive the guests who had been bidden to dine at Hawthorne that evening.

"Of course you will understand it all much better when you have seen her," said Neilson. "In relating the story to you in advance I do not feel that I have betrayed her confidence, since you are so entirely out of our little world."

Here Neilson looked at his watch. "We have a little time. I must tell you the rest. The story," he said, "was written at a desk literally heaped with evidences of her hopeless penury, for the morning's mail had brought demands for immediate payment from more points than a compass could possibly indicate. Of course this environment was responsible for her very desperate thoughts, but she found herself regretting for the first time the loss of an opportunity for averting all this financial disaster, an opportunity then half a dozen years beyond recall."

He fairly shuddered at the thought. "You see, Jack, I cannot bear to think even of her miraculous escape from that temptation."

"The passionate outburst of feeling found expression in her pen, and she wrote her own story—told how a man who was a great power in his community, who had position, wealth, influence and, above all, a fascination and magnetism that made him difficult to resist, had offered them all to her. He had been married many years and was about to sail for Europe with his family."

"His importunings continued up to the very night before sailing, and while his family were actually on board the steamer he was 100 miles away risking everything for one moment more with which to use his powers of eloquence to persuade her to join her fate to his. He would have cast everything he possessed to the winds, have dishonored his family, sacrificed his professional standing, if Barbara had not been an impregnable rock of virtue."

"It took a few years only to exhaust the slender resources which her father had left to his widow and daughter. Financial troubles had really caused his death. And so one day after looking at her mother's pitiful condition—ill and comfortless and harassed by the knowledge of their penniless state—she betook herself to the man who had proffered her more than the half of his kingdom."

"Alone she would never have appealed to him. For her mother's sake she had no choice."

"It will seem incredible to you, I know, that any man could resist such an appeal, but most of all the one whose fate had been in her hands but a few brief years before. He said in very dignified style something about his 'life work.'"

"Jack, there may be demons, but I think that man's revenge fitted him for the lowest depths of hell, don't you?"

"Oh, I must tell you that the story was a success at once—that is, it was accepted by the managing editor of a newspaper, ordered into print and, when measured by the yardstick in the cashier's department, duly paid for with strict regard to the quantity under consideration. That was not a great amount. But one day she was informed that a check for \$10,000 had been sent to the office of the newspaper for the writer of that story."

"Happy the man who had the privilege of sending that money to Barbara Floyd," moaned Jack Speiser.

Neilson looked up, a little startled at the interruption. "Oh, yes. I did tell you her name, did I not? Well, when she asked my advice about accepting it we decided to take it as a loan. I happened to be making a successful venture for myself at the time, and her \$10,000 was easily increased tenfold."

"Then the loan, as we called it, was returned to her benefactor."

The curtain was pushed aside, and a vision appeared there which might have turned many heads besides the very level one that had been placed on Henry Neilson's stalwart shoulders. It was much too dark in the room for Barbara, coming as she did out of the stronger light, to distinguish the features of either of the men, so she merely said in her own sweet way that she was intruding with a message from Mrs. Neilson, who begged Mr. Neilson to join them immediately in the drawing room.

The vision, or something unaccountable, evidently had turned the head of the celebrated Dr. Speiser. Neilson had not dreamed that he would be like a death's head at their feast. "Such a joyous occasion, too," he mused. "the announcement of the betrothal of our beloved Barbara to the man of her choice, that lucky Lewis, who, of course, is worthy of her if any man could be."

But Barbara was radiant. The spectral figure had not affected her high spirits, except possibly to increase them. "I shall be leaving so early in the morning that I will not see you again, Neilson," said Speiser as they were parting for the night. "I want to inflict a word about myself," he said, "to add my confidence to Barbara Floyd's. You will agree with me, I think, that after witnessing her happiness tonight there is no further need of hatred to expiate my cruelty to her. You could not, of course, know that you were telling my story too."

BY THE LITTLE TOTS.

Bright Bits of Humor From the Mouths of Babies.

"TOMMY," said the minister to a naughty urchin, "you should be good, like my boy."

"Huh!" rejoined Tommy. "You get so many slippers given to you he's afraid to be bad."

One evening Fred, aged four, saw a shooting star for the first time. Running into the house, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! I'll bet there's going to be trouble in heaven tonight. Somebody let one of the stars fall!"

"Oh, dear," said the tired mother. "I wish I were a little girl again, like you!"

"Well," rejoined five-year-old Besie, "let's play you are my little girl; then you act naughty and I'll spank you and send you to bed without your supper."

"How is your mother this morning, Edward?" asked a neighbor of a five-year-old hopeful.

"She's better, thank you," replied the little fellow. "but the doctor says she isn't quite so better as she was."—Chicago News.

Those Foolish Questions.

Mother—You were a long time in the conservatory with Mr. Willing last night, my child. What was going on?

Daughter—Did you ever sit in the conservatory with papa before you married him?

Mother—I suppose I did.

Daughter—Well, mamma, it's the same old world.—Boston Transcript.

Pleasing to George.

"George," whispered the gushing young bride, "when I send you that box of cigars by mail and put twenty stars for kisses on a slip of paper what kind of mail will it be?"

"I don't know what Uncle Sam will call it," laughed George as he packed his suit case, "but I'll call it first class."—Detroit Free Press.

Its Origin.

"Well, Uncle Joe, did you see where a brave explorer has discovered the north pole at last?"

"Yessir, and I dunno why folks is makin' sech a fuss about discoverin' the north pole. Some man must hev planted it fust, mustn't he?"—Baltimore American.

A Tragic Episode.

"Why is Ethelinda crying so bitterly?" asked the fond mother.

"It's my mistake, as usual," answered the penitent father. "I went and ate up the things she made at cooking school instead of saving them to show to visitors."—Washington Star.

Spoils of Victory.

Madge—You must have had a lovely

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.

At any and all seasons you will find us doing our best to deserve your patronage.

We know of no better way of deserving it than by running the best sort of a grocery that we know how.

That means never relaxing our watchfulness of this, that and the other thing.

It means being satisfied with modest profits.

It means many other things too—but chiefly it means

GROCERY GOODNESS.

To-day is a good time to put us to the test, and the article may be whatever you happen to need.

McFarland & Son

Reliable Grocers.

time last summer. Did you bring home any souvenirs?

Marjorie (pointing with pride)—Five engagement rings, two broken down hammocks and a stack of candy boxes.—Puck.

His Experience.

Singleton—Don't you think it is easier to coax a woman than it is to drive her?

Wedderly—Can't say, but I know it's a great deal safer.—Boston Traveler.

Saved.

Tall One—I noticed there was a rent in your trousers this morning!

Short One—Thank heaven! Give it to the landlord when he comes.—Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

Poisoned Sweets.

It may be sweet
Just after dark
Upon a seat
Out in the park
To sit and spoon.

'Tis joy no doubt
To bill and coo
When lights are out,
As lovers do,
Beneath the moon.

But when a kiss
He gently takes
And in his bliss
Your headgear shakes
It's tough on hats.

When on his breast
In loving trust
Your head you rest
And get it mussed
It's rough on "rats."

—Robert Hillman in Puck.

The Democrat for good work.



Wabash Portland Cement

Great Strength, Durability, Fine Color.

Best for Sidewalks, Foundations, Floors, Walls, Concrete Blocks, Bridges, Etc.

WABASH PORTLAND CEMENT CO.,
General Offices, Detroit, Mich. Works, Stroh, Indiana.

Sold by HIRAM DAY,
Rensselaer, Indiana.

and C. B. JOHNSON,
Remington, Indiana.

Farmers' Mutual Insurance ASSOCIATION OF BENTON, JASPER AND WHITE COUNTIES.

Insures all farm property against fire and lightning. Pays two-thirds on all personal property. Face value of policy on buildings. Over \$2,000,000 insurance in force. All losses paid promptly.

FRANK E. FISHER,
Secretary.

W. H. CHEADLE,
President.

MARION I. ADAMS, Solicitor



DON'T TRADE YOUR EGGS

For cheap spices and flavoring extracts. Better exchange them for tea, coffee, sugar and other groceries. It will pay you big to wait for the Rawleigh Man.

Get your flavoring extracts and spices fresh from our laboratory and cheaper than you can obtain them elsewhere.

Rawleigh's Flavoring Extracts.

Are guaranteed absolutely pure and to comply with the Pure Food Laws. They are manufactured in enormous quantities and sold direct to consumers all over the United States. No middlemen's profits for you to pay.

Large bottles, small prices.
A few drops produce a delicious flavor.

Rawleigh's Ground Spices.

Are imported in original packages. Ground in modern machinery in Rawleigh's laboratory. Put up in sealed, air-tight packages and shipped, pure and fresh, direct to the Rawleigh Man.

Guaranteed absolutely pure and fresh; no chance for adulteration; no middlemen's profits for you to pay.

Seven brands, all guaranteed to be of the highest quality and of good strength.

HOUSEWIVES—YOUR DAILY FOOD SHOULD BE PURE

Wait for me. Get my valuable cook book which is free, this trip. I am the Rawleigh Man. I sell Rawleigh's flavoring extracts and spices. They are of the highest quality and the prices are no higher than you pay for inferior brands.

I know they will suit you and to prove all I claim, you may bake with them once, give them a trial at my expense.

You want the best on the market, so trade your butter and eggs for something else and try Rawleigh's extracts and spices, just as I receive them, fresh from the laboratory every week.

Send Orders to WM. PUCKETT, Jr., Remington, Indiana

TRY A WANT AD.

If you want a situation, want to hire a man or woman; want to buy, sell, rent or exchange a farm or other property, try The Democrat's Want Column. Only 1-cent-a-word for first insertion, ½ cent for each additional insertion.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Jasper County Farmers' Institute Association, together with the Ladies' Auxiliary, will hold its annual session in the east court room of the court house at Rensselaer, on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15 and 16.

Branch meetings will be held as follows:

At Remington, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17 and 18;

Wheatfield, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 13 and 14;

Parr, Saturday, Dec. 11;

Demotte, Tuesday, Dec. 7;

Fair Oaks, Tuesday, Dec. 28.

We expect all progressive farmers to attend these meetings and to bring their neighbor along, and let us compare notes, that we may practice only best methods in our work.

JOHN E. ALTER, Chm.
EVERETT HALSTEAD, Sec.

ST. LOUIS TWICE-A-WEEK REPUBLIC.

Call in and get a sample copy of the St. Louis twice-a-week Republic and Farm Progress, both of which papers and The Democrat we are giving a full year for only \$2.00. We have sent for these papers for some of our subscribers each year for several years, and they invariably come back for a renewal, which speaks volumes for them. Every farmer should take them. Come in and get free sample copies.

Take a hint, do your own mixing. Rough on Rats, being all poison, one 15c. box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more rats and mice. It's the unbearable exterminator. Don't die in the house. Beware of imitations, substitutes and catch-penny, ready-for-use devices.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Under the present postal ruling a newspaper can grant but limited credit to its subscribers, and therefore we must ask for prompt renewals. The date printed at the right of the name of each subscriber of The Democrat shows when the subscription expires, and if this reads "27nov9," or previous thereto, your subscription has expired and early renewal is requested. Unless renewals are made within the time prescribed by the postal department we must either cut off the subscriber from our list or pay one cent postage on each and every paper sent to them after such date. This would mean \$1.04 postage per year for each copy sent beyond the date allowed us for securing a renewal, and it is obvious that we cannot afford to pay any such price for granting credit of \$1.50 for a year.

Kindly examine the date on the margin or label of your Democrat and see how your subscription stands on our books. If in arrears, kindly renew at once, or pay up the small amount in arrears and notify us if you do not care to take the paper any longer.

A Scalded Boy's Shrieks horrified his grandmother, Mrs. Maria Taylor, of Nebo, Ky., who writes that, when all thought he would die, Bucken's Arnica Salve wholly cured him. Infallible for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns, Wounds, Bruises, Cures Fever-Sores, Boils, Skin Eruptions, Chiblainis, Chapped Hands. Soon routs Piles. 25c at A. F. Long's.

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

A Slight Mistake.

Vicar—I'm sorry to hear you've been so poorly. You must pray for a good heart, Thomas.

Thomas—Yaas, zur, but it's my liver wot be wrong, ye know, zur.—Tatler.

The Settlement.

"Well, they are divorced."

"Amicably, I trust?"

"Yes; he got the custody of the dogs, and she got the rubber plant."—Washington Herald.

During Her Absence.

Lady of the House (just returned)—Poor Polly, all alone so long!

Parrot (feverishly)—Give me a stick of whites.—Detroit Tribune.

Was Put Out.



Grace—That player got angry when he hit three times at the ball and missed it.

Frank—Yes; he does seem put out.

Problem of the Problem Play.

Jones-Brown—In his new play, Kirby has solved every problem but one.

Brown-Smith—What is that?

Jones-Brown—How to draw an audience.—Stray Stories.