

## Thorley's Heart Trouble

He Finds a Satisfactory Cure

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Thorley was convalescing after a long fever, and the sensible family doctor sniffed contemptuously at the suggestion of a change of air as afforded by some fashionable resort, whether north, south, east or west.

"You want to get near to nature. Of course I know that's a hackneyed expression, my boy, but you do want to get as far back in the country as your pocketbook will take you and stay at some isolated farmhouse where you will not want to see anything save the cloud effects when the sun sets over the mountain peak or hear anything except the songs of birds and the blare of the dinner horn. Drink milk and eat eggs morning, noon and night. Sleep and rest and walk and sleep, and I'll guarantee you'll be made over again in three months!"

"Where shall I go?" demanded Thorley helplessly.

"Anywhere. Buy a ticket for the last station on the line and get off there and ask for board at the last house on the turnpike. It's a long chance they'll take you," laughed Dr. Gregory as he turned to go.

A week later Mr. Fred Thorley was uncomfortably established in a red plush covered seat in a dusty passenger coach which was one of three snaking their way slowly after an ancient and asthmatic engine. The single track road led from the junction where Thorley had boarded it straight into the country through rock ribbed crevices dripping with moisture and hung with ferns, past level daisy fields white as the driven snow, shooting into the dim arches of tall woods only to emerge near some highway crossing where the engine shrieked warningly. There were tedious stops at tiny stations that looked like bird houses, and these grew smaller and smaller until when they reached the terminal the station was not much larger than a sentry box.

"Rosedale—all out!" yelled the brakeman, and he lent a strong hand to help Thorley's evident weakness. There was no other passenger, and when his one trunk had been dumped on the platform and the train had



THEY STARED AT EACH OTHER.

coughed its way to a siding Thorley surveyed the rustic scene with some dismay in his town bred eyes.

"And not a vehicle to be had for love or money!" he groaned after his interview with the sleepy agent. "Well, I'll walk to the village. You say it's only a mile and a half? I'll send somebody after my trunk as soon as I find out where I'm going to stop."

The agent awoke suddenly to action. "There ain't no hotel here," he said aggressively, as if questioning Thorley's right to thus throw himself on the hospitality of Rosedale.

"Any boarding houses?" demanded Thorley. "Any farmhouses that will take a boarder?"

The man shook his head. "Ain't heard of any," he said indifferently.

Thorley turned on his heel and walked down the sandy road which led away between tall growing oaks and chestnuts. The afternoon was advancing, and he was hot and tired and hungry. He chided himself for falling in with Dr. Gregory's ideas. It would have been far better if he had sought a railroad guide book and picked out some good stopping place.

Nevertheless there was a certain element of interest in the fact that he did not know where he was to lay his head that night. For the rather spoiled young man this was a novel experience.

He passed a frame house freshly painted in a pinkish lavender, with green blinds, and he closed his eyes and shook his head.

The next house he came to was a broad and comfortable one, painted white, with green blinds. Grapevines were trellised all about the house, and there were an old fashioned flower garden and rolling slopes of finely kept lawn. In an adjoining pasture a herd

of Jerseys showed dun colored against the green grass.

Thorley lingered in front of the gate, eyeing the place wistfully. Here was the very place for him to recuperate his strength, and yet there was little likelihood that they would let him in, for it evidently was the home of a prosperous farmer—one who had no need to board an invalid young man, no matter how handsome and charming he might be, and Thorley was both of these.

Still, he stood there watching the chickens scratching in the gravel and hearing the soft muffled nip of the Jerseys as they cropped the clover.

Then came a surprise. A sunbonnet came down a shaded path that wound among thick syringa bushes and bobbed to a standstill before him. They stared at each other, stricken with surprise.

"Well?" said the girl at last, for she was the prettiest farmer's daughter Thorley had ever seen, and he had held her brown eyes in his own delighted gaze.

"Well," echoed Thorley, "you see I'm looking for board at a farmhouse. I rather like the looks of this one."

"You do, do you?" she mimicked him, with dancing eyes. "Shall I run and ask Uncle Nathan if he wishes to take a boarder?"

"You wouldn't be so kind?" he cried excitedly.

"Wait," she called over her shoulder and was gone. Presently she returned and beckoned him into the house, where, in the cool recesses of a dim parlor, he concluded a most satisfactory bargain with the girl's aunt, Mrs. Beek, a kindly, white haired woman, who took much interest in an account of his illness. The Beeks sent a wagon after Thorley's trunk, and he was comfortably installed in a large front room, with a fire of hickory logs brightening the cool twilight.

He saw the sunset glory above the mountain peak. He heard the song of birds and the gentle lowing of the cows. He slept in the hammock for hours, lulled by the sweet breezes that swept through the pines. He walked longer distances every day, regaining health and strength as the summer advanced.

In the meantime the pretty niece of the Beeks—Margie they called her—flitted around the place like a slim, bright eyed bird. Sometimes she read to Thorley as he lay in the hammock, and sometimes he read to her, but the themes he chose led by devious ways to the sweet subject of love, and whenever she gained a clew to the thread of his narrative she would fly away with flushed cheeks and eyes hidden behind a soft sweep of long lashes. Then Thorley would not see her for a day or two.

One day Mrs. Beek came out and sat in a big rocking chair near Thorley's hammock and knitted busily at a scarlet shawl.

"Margie is driving with Mart Bently," said Mrs. Beek, as if this piece of news was not the most stupendous blow Thorley had ever experienced.

"Mart Bently," repeated Thorley. "Why, why?" His voice ended interrogatively.

"I expect Margie likes to be with him. You know they were playmates when they were little," said Mrs. Beek calmly.

"I didn't know," said Thorley savagely.

"Of course you couldn't be expected to know about it. I'm glad to see you looking so much better, Mr. Thorley," she went on. "We pride ourselves that Rosedale has been the making of you."

"It has, together with your good care, Mrs. Beek," he said gratefully.

"I hope you'll run out often," said Mrs. Beek pleasantly. "Maybe you have one of those automobiles?"

"Yes, I have, and these roads are all right," said Thorley, with rising spirits. "I suppose Miss Margie will be here all summer."

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Beek, rising to leave. "Here come Mart and Margie now. They're a handsome couple."

Thorley did not stop to verify this statement. He turned out of the hammock and strode across the lawn and down through the orchard, where he leaned against the fence which bordered a deep, rumbling brown brook.

His rebellious heart was thumping angrily, strongly. He longed for the touch of Margie's cool, slim fingers and the glance of her soft, dark eyes. But very likely her fingers and her soft glances were for Mart Bently, the good looking young stock raiser, whose place adjoined that of the Beeks.

Thorley did not hear a light step on the orchard grass, and it was not until Margie's slim white clad figure appeared beside him that he knew he was not alone.

He looked at her without speaking for a moment; then suddenly he turned and crushed her hands in his strong grasp. "Marjorie," he said hoarsely, "how long are you intending to keep up the game?"

"I'm only a farmer's daughter"—began Miss Fenton demurely, when something in his eyes drove her to her last defenses. "Fred Thorley, you are the very stupidest mortal!"

"Why?" he broke in eagerly.

"Because you don't understand that I became a farmer's daughter for your sake," she finished, with her head on his shoulder. "I was worried to death when you were ill, and I longed to do something for you and I was so jealous of that trained nurse you had!"

"Never noticed her looks," said Thorley cheerfully.

"So I told Dr. Gregory to send you down here, and I would be here to entrap you to coming to Uncle Nathan's, and hasn't it been the most delightful summer you ever spent?" she asked.

Thorley's answer was not audible.

## FARMS FOR SALE.

Partial List of the Geo. F. Meyers Agency, Rensselaer, Ind.

No. 8. 80 acres, all black prairie land, in cultivation; lies on main road, adjoining station, and on large ditch which gives it perfect drainage. This farm lies in good neighborhood and has school on corner of farm and is near several churches. This farm has two sets of improvements, consisting of a four-room, two-story house, fair barn, and good well, at each place. Price \$55.

No. 9. 120 acres, all black prairie land in cultivation, lies on main road, near station, school and churches. This farm has good four-room house, good small barn and good well. Price \$50.00.

No. 11. 120 acres on main road, shipping switch on farm, and near school and churches. This farm has 60 acres in corn, 40 acres in meadow and 20 acres in timber. There is a good four-room house, good small barn and good well. There is another five-room house and large barn and good orchard. The latter set of buildings are out of repair, but for a little money could be made serviceable. Price \$45.

No. 14. 160 acres, all black prairie land in cultivation except 15 acres in timber pasture. This is all good corn land. This farm lies in good neighborhood, near station, school and churches. It has good two-story six-room house, large barn and good well. There is a large ditch through this farm that gives it fine outlet for drainage. Price \$60.

No. 15. 160 acres, lies on main road, near station, graded school and churches. All in cultivation, except 30 acres in timber; 110 acres is good black corn land, and remainder is productive land, but lighter soil. There is a good two-story house of six rooms, and large barn and good well. Price \$47.50.

No. 17. 240 acres. This land is all level, productive land, lies in good neighborhood, along large ditch, giving it good drainage; lies near two stations, school and churches; 170 acres in cultivation and 70 acres timber pasture. There are three sets of improvements on this land, consisting of one five-room house and two four room houses, with barn and well at each place. Price \$47.50.

No. 22. 400 acres. This farm is well situated, on main road, adjoining station, school on the farm, and near three churches. There are four sets of improvements on this farm, all in good condition, consisting of two four-room houses, one five-room house and one six-room house. There is a barn and good well at each house. There is a large ditch running through this farm that gives it fine outlet for drainage. This land is all level productive soil, 320 acres black prairie in cultivation, and 80 acres light timber. This is a good investment, or would make a splendid home. A great bargain at \$52.50.

No. 24. 680 acres. This farm lies in one solid body, divided in the center by a public road; has station and school on the farm, and is crossed by a large ditch giving fine outlet for drainage. 600 acres of this farm is black prairie corn land and in cultivation, and 80 acres of light timber land, which is productive soil and lies level. This is one of the best farms in the county and the greatest bargain at the price. This farm has four sets of improvements, consisting of two four-room houses and two six-room houses, with barn at each place, and each has good well and one wind mill. Anyone wanting a bargain should see this farm. Price \$55.

No. 29. 98 acres, half mile of village and station, lies along large ditch which gives perfect outlet for drainage. It is all level productive land in corn, oats and timothy. There is a good five-room house, fair barn, good well and bearing orchard. Can sell on favorable terms, at \$75.

No. 30. 86 acres. This farm is a nice little home and a corn farm, six miles out. It is all in cultivation except about eight acres in pasture. It lies on a creek which makes a desirable place for fishing and boating. The banks are high and never overflow. There is a two-story eight-room house, good barn, large chicken house, work shop, cribs, and many other buildings, two good wells and large bearing orchard of apples, cherries, peaches, pears and grapes. This is an ideal home. Terms \$1,500 down. Price \$75.

No. 34. 165 acres. This farm is all black corn land, well tiled, located half mile out from this city, on stone road, R. F. D., telephone with wind mill with three story house of fifteen rooms on stone basement that is in first class condition and well built throughout, with hard wood floors, tile drain for basement and all as good as new. There is a large barn, two double corn cribs, poultry house, work shop, pig house, good well with wind mill with three story enclosed tower, water piped to large cement tank in barn lot, a large cistern in kitchen with drain to tile under basement. The house has large lawn with large walnut shade trees. There is about five acres of orchard of choice fruit. This farm is so situated the occupant can enjoy all the advantages of our city. Terms \$10,000 down. Price \$165.

G. F. MEYERS, Rensselaer, Ind.

Foley's Kidney Remedies vs. a Hopeless Case.

Hon. Ark. J. E. Freeman says: "I had a severe case of kidney trouble and could not work and my case seemed hopeless. One large bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy cured me and I have never been bothered since. I always recommend it."—A. F. Long.

# FINE \$350.00 PIANO

To be given away by The Democrat  
ABSOLUTELY FREE

This beautiful \$350 piano will be given away to the person receiving the most votes in The Democrat subscription contest, opened Monday, July 17. The contest will close Saturday, December 23, 1911.



## Description of Piano

"BANNER UPRIGHT GRAND"

PIANO, standard size, and weighs boxed for shipping, over 800 pounds. The back of the piano is built with 6 posts, 3 1/2 inches wide and 4 inches deep. The wrest plank is made of rock maple, covered with cross band, 1/4-inch veneer so that the piano will stay in tune. The plate or scale is full iron plate. The case is made in mahogany, with double cross band veneer inside and outside to prevent warping or splitting. The action is a first class repeating action with muffer rail attachment on the same. Three pedals of the latest design. Warranted by manufacturer for ten years.

## Additional Prizes

Besides this elegant high grade piano, two other fine prizes are to be given away. To the person receiving the second highest number of votes, D. M. Worland will give a fine \$35 FREE Sewing Machine with handsome 6-drawer, drop-head case, and the best sewing machine made in the world; guaranteed for life. Also G. J. Jessen, the Jeweler, will give an elegant silver set, consisting of 24 pieces—6 each of knives, forks, tablespoons and teaspoons, all in handsome silk-lined case and warranted for 20 years.

## Piano, Sewing Machine and Silver Set Now on Exhibition

The piano is now on exhibition in D. M. Worland's furniture store on Van Rensselaer street, two doors north of The Democrat office, and can be seen and tried by any one at any time. Call around and see it. The Banner Upright Grand will compare favorably with the very best and highest grade pianos made, and is guaranteed for ten years. The person who is successful in this contest will secure one of the finest instruments in the county. The Sewing Machine is also on exhibition at Mr. Worland's and the Silver Set at Jessen's Jewelry Store.

## Get Started Early

Get into the contest right away. An early start may mean the winning of the piano. Get a flying start for the thing you want. You can't afford to put this matter off a minute. Be the first in the field. The piano is going to be won by some one, and that some one may be you.

## How to Secure the Votes

Every renewal subscription of \$1.50 to The Jasper County Democrat, will entitle the subscriber to 1500 votes; each new subscription, 3,000 votes.

Every issue of The Democrat until the close of the contest, December 23, 1911, will contain a coupon good for five votes.

Arrangements have been made with a number of the merchants whereby coupons good for one hundred votes will be given with every dollar's worth of cash purchase. The following merchants now have the coupons on hand:

## The Following Stores Have Certificates

**Rensselaer Merchants**  
CLEVE EGER, Hardware  
C. EARL DUVALL, Clothing and Gents Furnishings  
D. M. WORLAND, Furniture and Rugs  
B. F. FENDIG, Drug Store  
SAM FENDIG, Dry Goods  
MRS. MARY MEYER-HEALY, Millinery  
SCOTT BROS., Harness  
HOME GROCERY, Groceries  
JESSEN, the Jeweler  
DEPOT GROCERY, Groceries  
B. N. FENDIG, Exclusive Shoe Dealer  
C. A. ROBERTS, Buggies, Wagons and Corn Harevters.

**Merchants Outside of Rensselaer**  
**Remington**  
PECK'S DRUG STORE  
WORDEN'S HARNESS SHOP  
SPENCER'S JEWELRY STORE,  
**Parr**  
W. L. WOOD, General Merchandise  
**Aix**  
AIX STORE, General Merchandise  
**Surrey**  
SURREY STORE, General Merchandise  
**Virgie**  
REED'S GENERAL STORE

All these coupons, whether they are obtained with subscriptions of The Democrat, with purchases at the store or are clipped from the papers, must be returned to the office within ten days of the date on the coupon and will be counted for the lady whose name is written on the blank line of the coupon.

Coupons will not be given with subscriptions during this contest where the amount is less than \$1.50.

Address all correspondence pertaining to this contest and make all remittances payable to

The  
**Jasper County Democrat**  
Rensselaer, Indiana

## TO FRIENDS OF THE DEMOCRAT.

Instruct your attorneys to bring all legal notices in which you are interested in or have to pay for to The Democrat, and thereby save money and do us a favor that will be much appreciated. All notices—administrator, executor, or guardian—survey, sale of real

estate, non-resident notices, ditch and highway notices, etc., the clients themselves control and attorneys will take them to the paper you desire for publication, if you mention the matter to them; otherwise they will take them to their own political organs. Please do not forget this when having any legal notices to publish.

**Legal Blanks**—Warranty and quit claim deeds, real estate and chattel mortgages, cash and grain rent farm leases, city property leases, releases of mortgage and several other blanks can be purchased in any quantity desired at THE DEMOCRAT OFFICE. Road tax receipt and order books are also kept in stock.

All the news in The Democrat.