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WELDING	SUPPLIES	NOTARY PUBLIC
VULCANIZING	GASOLINE & OILS	AUTO INSURANCE
IGNITION WORK	MAZDA ELECTRIC LAMPS	LIVERY CARS
MOTORCYCLE REPAIRING	TIRES	TOW CARS
BICYCLE REPAIRING	STORAGE BATTERIES	FREE AIR
TRACTOR REPAIRING	STORAGE	FREE MAPS

THE MAIN GARAGE
THE BEST IN RENNSSELAER
PHONE 206 DAY OR NIGHT.

WE USE AND SELL NOTHING BUT GENUINE FORD REPAIR PARTS AT ALL TIMES



Benton Forsythe
was born in Cadiz, O., May 30, 1852, and died at his home in Rensselaer, Ind., April 6, 1920. His father, Levi Forsythe, was an attorney and moved to Steubenville, O., where he died when the son was only three years old. Six years later the mother died, leaving the boy nine years of age and a sister eight years of age. Benton and his sister—who died in 1905—went to live with their uncle, Samuel Forsythe, on a farm near New Philadelphia, O.

At the age of 16 he began teaching school. He taught three winter terms and then attended Wittenberg college at Springfield, O. After leaving school he engaged in the mercantile business which he followed for about 20 years in Rensselaer, Ind. He retired from this business in 1910, but retained and rented the building which he had constructed and owned. Since his retirement from the mercantile business he had devoted all his time and efforts in looking after the interests of his farm.

On Jan. 29, 1890, he was married to Cora E. Smith, who died May 29, 1911. No children were born to this union. On Dec. 31, 1912, he married Mable Randle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Randle of Parsons, Kas. He is survived by three nephews, Edward and James Meese of Dixon, Ill., and Benton Meese of Blue Earth, Minn., and by his wife, Mable Randle Forsythe.

Funeral services, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Fleming, were held at the Presbyterian church Thursday at 2:30 in the afternoon and burial made in Weston cemetery.

Adelbert Eib
son of Augustus and Jane Evans Eib, was born near Joliet, Will Co., Ill., Jan. 15, 1852, and died in Jasper county, Ind., April 3, 1920, his age at time of death being 68 years, 2 months and 19 days.

His parents were among the first settlers of Jackson township, Will Co., Ill., settling there in 1832.

He was married to Rebecca Harris Grimes Oct. 10, 1877. In 1896 he removed to Jasper county, Ind., and had resided at the present residence in Barkley township since 1905.

Mr. Eib had been in failing health for nearly a year and had been confined to the house for about six months. During that time he was wonderfully patient and hopeful. His sufferings were borne without complaint, at all times considerate of

those who cared for him, wishing to avoid being a burden to any one. He was a quiet, unassuming man, and a more kind father never lived. His kindness and consideration for his family will linger in their memory while life lasts.

Besides his widow he leaves to mourn his loss two sons, Herbert and Rollin Eib, and three daughters, Mrs. Lottie Wright of Cummings, N. D., Jennie and Alice at home. Also two brothers, Peter and Willard, and three grandchildren, Lucile, Genevieve and Muriel Wright, of Cummings, N. D., and numerous other relatives and friends. **

Ola DeEnfia Meyers
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Meyers, was born at Momence, Ill., March 14, 1917, and died at the home, 768 S. Elm Ave., Kankakee, Ill., March 30, 1920, after three days illness from bronchial pneumonia and intestinal infection.

The deceased leaves to mourn, the parents, two brothers, one sister, the grandparents and other relatives. One sister died in January, 1919. We have heard from the King of the bright, the holy land.

The King of that country, He is fair, He's the joy and light of the place;

In His beauty we shall behold Him there,
And bask in His smiling face.
We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while;

We'll join the pure and blest;

We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown, and forever be at rest. *

Cyril Steele
son of Richard and Sarah Steele, was born near Rensselaer May 2, 1863, and departed this life at his home at Wheatfield April 4, 1920, aged 56 years, 11 months and 2 days.

He was married to Miss Sarah Remley Dec. 21, 1882, to which union three children were born, the eldest, Letty, dying while still a babe. He leaves to mourn their loss a widow, Mrs. Sarah Steele; a son, Curtis; a daughter, Mrs. Blanch Brown; four grandchildren, Wanda and Harold Brown and Janet and Mildred Steele; three brothers, Frank and Marshall of Poplar, Mont., and William of Panora, Iowa, besides his wife, Mable Randle Forsythe.

Funeral services, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Fleming, were held at the Presbyterian church Thursday at 2:30 in the afternoon and burial made in Weston cemetery.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP
Management, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of The Jasper County Democrat, published twice-a-week, at Rensselaer, Ind., for April, 1920. State of Indiana.)

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. E. Babcock who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of The Jasper County Democrat, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, postal laws and regulations, to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager is F. E. Babcock, Rensselaer, Ind.

2. That the owner is F. E. Babcock, Rensselaer, Ind.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1% or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

F. E. BABCOCK.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of April, 1920. (Seal) MABEL NOWELS.

My commission expires October 17, 1921.

Ring Three

By WILL T. AMES

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News paper Syndicate.)

The telephone in the east room of the Hanford homestead rang zing-zing. Miss Hanford, who was writing notes, glanced inquiringly at the instrument. The house was on a party line, to be sure; separate wires in that locality were not to be thought of; but Eleanor did not remember having heard a "ring three" call that year.

Zing-zing-zing! Zing-zing-zing! clamored the phone. Miss Hanford was wondering, as ten thousand other people have wondered under similar circumstances, whether she shouldn't really answer, on the chance of the operator having made a mistake, when a man burst into the room.

The man was a total stranger. Eleanor had never seen him before. He was a large man and young, and obviously stark, raving mad; for not only had he made his entrance to the house uninvited and without permission of anybody, but now, without the first word of apology and without even glancing at Miss Hanford, he rushed wildly to the telephone, grabbed the receiver and yelled in a lavishly redundant voice, "Hello!"

To Eleanor's ordinarily calm eyes his entire demeanor was that of a lunatic, perhaps a dangerous one. Without too much fuss she shifted her position so that the drawer with the pistol in it was just beside her right hand.

The intruder, who had flung himself into the none-too-strong windsor chair beside the telephone table and made it creak alarmingly in doing so, appeared still to be utterly unaware of Miss Hanford's presence.

"Hello! Hello!" he bawled, the look of wild anxiety on his countenance becoming still wilder as he appeared to wait, in desperate impatience, a reply that did not come.

Miss Hanford, who was never precipitate, had almost made up her mind to flee and seek the protection of old Mark, the gardener, or Hannah in the

attic.

"Oh, very well," she laughed—for, of course, under this new circumstance, being a woman, she could no longer show indignation of any sort lest it be construed in a certain way—"if you put your defense on the ground of temporary aberration, there is nothing else to do but pardon you, I suppose."

Grey should have gone away then.

Of course he should. A young man in his peculiar position would be doing very well, you'd think to get out of the situation without complicating it further. But the more he looked at this marchioness-like little person the more he didn't want to. The only thing he could think of to say, however, was:

"May I not bring her to see you, Miss Hanford?"

If looks could kill, Lester Grey should have been at least a serious casualty. "Bring whom, pray, Mr.

Grey?" Eleanor inquired chillily, with her eyebrows a quarter of an inch higher than normal.

"My mother, of course."

"Just as I was passing here I heard the ring. Golly! What was I going to do? If I stopped to be polite they'd calmly say, 'Party's hung up; excuse it, please!' by the time I got the receiver down. I know it was rotten manners, but you've got to make allowances for a fellow, sometimes, now haven't you? My name's Grey—Lester Grey; I scribble foolish things that foolish people print sometimes. I hope you'll pardon my headlong intrusion."

Miss Eleanor Hanford with all her dignity and all her responsibility as a woman of position and not a little wealth, was a matter of fact, just a mere girl. And this big, utterly natural, blundering boy with the marks of overseas still on him, was good to look upon. Somehow it wasn't the ingenuous impropriety—quite shocking in itself—of his receiving his sweetheart in a lonely bachelor bungalow that made Eleanor feel a new and different kind of indignation toward him. Away down in her secret heart she knew that it was because there was a sweetheart at all.

"Oh, very well," she laughed—for, of course, under this new circumstance, being a woman, she could no longer show indignation of any sort lest it be construed in a certain way—"if you put your defense on the ground of temporary aberration, there is nothing else to do but pardon you, I suppose."

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