

**"PRINCE CHARMING."**

**A**COLD winter day in the park, and a fog in the city. A man, walking with a military step and erect bearing, was recognized by a pretty girl, who drove past him in a phaeton with two splendid horses. The man scarcely glanced at her; he raised his hat with his eyes on the boy at her side.

The boy was a pretty, fair creature, with a foolish face; the kind of man the end of this century coins, and regrets its coinage. The girl was worth something better, the man thought. Himself, perhaps.

He had an old-fashioned mind, and old-fashioned honor. Modern women will never mold such a man. His mother and his sisters lived in a big place in the north of England. He had drifted into the larger world of London life, and knocked about, as most men must; but, somehow, the best of him, including a sneaking, timid reverence for a few good women, had never been quite rubbed off.

The girl was the pretty Miss Barnes, and he had met her at a Christmas house-party in the country. He thought she snubbed him, and that she mistook his attentions for idle flirting, such as a man considers necessary in the company of a much-admired woman.

He thought also, "that boy will amuse her; he can design her a new frock, and knows her favorite cigarettes. I am too old, and I'm out of the game."

His vanity needed soothing, so he went to call on an old friend.

She sat in a dimly lighted drawing-room; it was heavy with perfumes and exotics. She wore a becoming teagown and her dyed hair looked its best in the glow shining through the rose-colored lamp shades.

"Dear Ronald," she cried, "I'm quite delighted to see you. What a traunt you have been! Sit near the fire and get warm. Isn't it freezing to-day?"

**"In LOVE?"**

The slight pressure of her hands as she seized his took his memory back to a year ago, when her charms and her flattery had been wine to him.

"Hope you are well and having a good time, Mrs. Jack," he replied. "How is everybody? I've been away, you know."

"Is that an explanation of your absence?"

He nodded.

"Oh! I heard another tale."

He moved uneasily. "You hear everything. Is Jack at home?"

"He's gone to the club. Did you come to see Jack?"

"No, I came to see you."

She smiled. "You may smoke if you like. Shall I give you a cup of tea?"

"Yes, please." He was ill at ease; the old atmosphere stifled him, and her evident pleasure at getting him back made him realize that he had come back, and it brought a queer, uncomfortable feeling of shame.

"You were riding in the Row yesterday," she remarked, as she handed him a cup.

"Yes. Were you there?"

"I was, but you didn't see me. You were too much engaged to waste time or eyes on an old friend."

"Don't talk like that." He spoke brusquely. "Where was I?"

"You were following Miss Barnes, the girl everyone has gone mad about."

"Have they?"

"What a question! As if you had no ears. Draw your chair nearer mine—I mean nearer the fire. Now we are quite cozy. You look very well and horribly young, whereas I wear more shabby every day."

He laughed. "What rubbish, Bertha!"

She smiled and looked at his eyes.

"I shall bleach my hair white and take to something antique, like morals, or a tirara. I shall go in for church work, distribute tracts, admit I have a girl of 16, and become a chaperon, in purple velvet and old lace."

"My dear Bertha!"

"Don't you like the picture? I do. After all, it will be a new role, and I am tired of pretending to be more fast than I am. It's chic to be naughty nowadays, unless you're a music hall artist and marry a lord; then one has to be horribly virtuous."

"How absurd you are!" He smiled, easily amused.

"My hands positively appear middle-aged. Look at them."

She held one toward him, and he touched it for a second, the sparkle of diamonds blinding him.

She spoke timidly. "You used to think them very pretty, Ronald."

He flushed scarlet.

"I do still." But his hand relaxed, as if her fingers burnt him.

His eyes were on the fire, hers on his face. And into hers crept a look, in which baffled vanity and spite were uppermost. She changed her mood, as one changes a much worn dress which has ceased to be becoming.

"And so you are madly in love, Ronald?"

He stared violently.

"In love?"

"Report says so. And with a baby, fresh from her nursery bread and milk."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You know quite well. But it's hopeless, my dear boy, quite hopeless."

He said nothing, but he hated her from that moment, as he had never hated any woman. Perhaps she intended that he should. Sometimes, when a woman fails to charm, she is glad to wound. Both deeds give a sense of power.

"You see, I know all about it," she continued. "You met in the country; she told the whole story to my aunt, Mrs. Marker—"

"She told. What do you mean?"

"We are talking about Miss Barnes."

He showed he was hit, as a man will never do to another man. The woman, being low in his respect, did not matter.

He spoke very quietly. "Yes, I am awfully devoted to Miss Barnes, but what do you know about her?"

The "you" hurt, as he may have meant it should.

"Oh, I only know that she confides in Aunt Betty, and Aunt Betty confides in me."

"And you—"

"I confide in you."

He grew clever, as a dull man may, when he feels the need of arms against someone it would be cowardly to strike.

"You may as well tell me what you intend to tell me," he said.

"Only, that you are making a fool of yourself, my dear boy. An old friend has surely the right—"

"Or takes it."

"Yes, or takes it, to say these frank things. The girl doesn't care a chip about you."

"She said so?"

"Not exactly. But she confessed to being dreadfully in love with someone else."

"Ah, well, that's possible."

"You will discover that I am speaking the truth when she marries him."

"If she does."

"If he proposes, you mean. He seems to be rather slow about it. She declares he is shy, too doubtful of his own merits. A woman always wants to think that, when a man doesn't come to the point."

"I wish you would remember that you are talking about a girl—"

"Who is in love with someone else. Yes, I do. You see, Ronald, I know the world, and you are woefully old-fashioned in some ways."

"You have told me so before."

"Yes, in the old days. But you improved a little under my tuition. You have gone back since."

He rose to go, but chance caused him to overturn a vase of flowers as he pushed his chair back, and he stooped, with many apologies, to pick it up.

She continued softly, as if there had been no interruption:

"You may know the man she is in love with, and it adds conviction to my story. You were in the house at the time. She is very romantic over him, and she did not tell my aunt his real name. She called him 'Prince Charming.'"

The vase fell and smashed into many pieces at his feet. He burst out laughing as a school boy laughs, and he ignored the breaking and seized Mrs. Jack's hands.

"Thank you, a thousand times. I knew you were a good sort at the bottom." He spoke as if he meant it, but he knew better, and winced. "We

stated in some beastly pantomime on Christmas eve, and I was Prince Charming in a fairy-tale thing when she was the princess. You've done me a good service by mistake, Mrs. Jack, and you'll know that the man loves her—when she marries him."

She smiled, said good-by and rang the bell with composure, but her face was curiously out of keeping with her voice.

He went downstairs with a brisk step, and out into the street. The whole world had suddenly grown very wonderful, and, to prove it, he hailed a hansom and went to call on Miss Barnes.

**The Use of Naphtha.**

The greatest care should be observed in the use of naphtha, which, while a most valuable agent to clean delicate laces, light silks and ribbons, is a very dangerous liquid. It is so extremely volatile that ignition will take place even when it is removed by the distance across a room from a light, and it never should be used except in the day time. Articles cleansed by this means should be promptly and thoroughly aired.

It is a good plan, the Commercial bulletin suggests, when the weather permits, to do the cleaning out of doors, leaving even the thing cleansed outside for a longer airing. The need of this was recently emphasized to an up-town woman, who washed a number of gloves, some laces and ribbons, and fearing to leave them around the room, as she was called away before they were aired, bundled them into a box, which she shut up in a trunk in a closet. Later, she sent a maid to get them out, who took a lighted candle to the closet for the search. When the trunk was opened a slight explosion followed almost immediately. Enough of the gas from the naphtha had been generated and held in the confined space to ignite as the candle flame approached. No serious results followed, fortunately, but the warning remains.

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**RAILROADS COMBINE.****THE DAY OF RECEIVERSHIPS PASSING AWAY.**

In a Few More Years All the Railroads of the Country Will Be Owned by a Half Dozen Great Syndicates, Perhaps Fewer Than That.

"A prominent railroad attorney said yesterday that the day of receiverships for railroads is fast passing. Every change now lessens the number of railroads through consolidation and strengthens them financially. In New England, the New York, New Haven & Hartford was securing most of the roads in those states; west of New York the Vanderbilts, the Pennsylvania company and the reorganized Erie are taking in all the small roads; in the Central states the Big Four and the Brice syndicate are helping the Pennsylvania to cover all the Central Traffic association territory; in the South the Southern Railway company is gathering in everything in sight; in the West the Pennsylvania and the Vanderbilt lines are steadily getting better hold, as in the case of Chicago & Northwestern and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. The Gould syndicate is getting a strong hold on the Southwestern lines, and Huntington on the Pacific coast lines. From this it will be seen that in years to come the demand for receivers will be limited to a very small mileage of railways."

Indianapolis Journal.

The above tells a tale that is worth the noting and the prophecy therein is eminently sound. In a few more years all the railroads of the country will be owned by half a dozen great syndicates, with a tendency to grow to even a fewer number than that. These will be called systems. It is only a question of time when all the smaller roads, and even the single lines that are rich, will be swallowed up. They can't hold out against the gigantic systems. These will be practically under one presidency, by virtue of ironclad agreements as to rates. A hint of this is furnished by what is called "The president's agreement," now in process of formation in New York. The bosses of the great systems are engineering this deal and the object is to compel a universal compliance with a fixed tariff for passengers and freight. It was to this that Senator Chandler called the attention of the inter-state commerce commission in a remarkable letter which was reproduced in these columns. If perfected, and no doubt it will be, it will get around the anti-pooling clause of the inter-state commerce law, and that in fact is its prime object. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific, said in an interview some years ago that it would be better if there was only one president for all the railroads in the United States. His order would be law for all, and there could be no cutting of rates by competing lines. Here you have the spirit of what the populists contend for, only with the wrong head to it. There ought indeed to be only one supreme control for all the railroads, but that should be the people acting through the government at Washington. The railroads themselves, by processes described above, are gravitating that way, and in time it will be found absolutely necessary to take charge of them or abdicate the government in their favor. This is an immense question, and it can only be settled right in pursuance of the transportation plank of the Omaha platform. Just as trusts are proving the advantages, as well as the absolute necessity, of co-operating in great enterprises, and thus foreshadowing the co-operative commonwealth, so the railroads, by forming these systems and reducing the number to the smallest possible compass, are showing that the mighty transportation interests of this country cannot be left to cut throat competition of hundreds of lines, big and little, but for their own efficiency as well as the public welfare, demand central control. This we call government ownership. They call it the formation of a trust where a few men are to have the undisputed control of all the highways between the oceans. —Nonconformist.

The following from a prominent republican paper, the Atchison Champion, indicates how Kansas was "redeemed" last fall:

There is no good reason for attempting to conceal the fact that if a state election occurred in Kansas next month with the same candidates and the same feeling that prevails to-day, the present administration would be in a minority of many thousand votes. \* \* \* There is no longer an 80,000 republican majority in Kansas; nor is there even a 50,000, or even a 30,000 majority over a united opposition. Indeed, if things keep on going as they are now, there will be no majority at all.

There is much more in the contest next year to provide bread and butter for hungry republicans, no matter how deserving they may be. \* \* \*

Public offices as gifts of the party in power, have crippled the present administration, and its broken promises and unkept obligations have made the men in office the target for much malice, mendacity and hate.

If the republican party exists only by grace of the fellows in office and the fellows who are sore because they are out of office, the funeral program for the party in Kansas had better be arranged for at an early date.

Great Nerve Tonic and Blood-Balancer

and restores both vitality and strength to the muscular and nervous system, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Accept no substitute. Insist on having REVIVO, no oth'r. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, in plain wrapper, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure and refund the money in every package. For free circular address

ROYAL MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL

For sale at Rensselaer by Frank Meyer.

Isaac Glazebrook employs in his blacksmith, horseshoeing and wagon repairing shop more workmen than any other like establishment in Jasper county.

**For Sale-Posts.**

2000, burr oak and white oak, for sale at 6c each, 3½ miles west and one mile south of Rensselaer by Carr Bros.

Keystone Corn Husker and Podder Shredder. Sold by Robt. Randle.

A fine, new house for sale on corner of Cedar and Scott streets—44x26—5 rooms and closets, 3 porches, summer kitchen, wash house, well and cistern. This property will be sold at a bargain as the owner leaves city. Call at this office for further information.

**Notice to Non-Residents.**

STATE OF INDIANA, JASPER COUNTY—In the Jasper Circuit Court, January term, 1896, by Ed B. Nowels vs. Joseph Davis et al. No. 4961.

Comes now the plaintiff in the above entitled cause and by his attorneys Ferguson & Wilson files his complaint herein together with an affidavit that the following named persons to-wit:

EDWARD V. BURT, Mrs. Burt widow of said Edgar V. Burt and Mrs. Burt widow of said Edgar V. Burt and their unknown heirs, devisees and legatees and all the unknown heirs, devisees and legatees of the unknown heirs devisees and legatees.

LORENA PRATT, Mrs. Pratt widow of said Lorenza Pratt and Mrs. Pratt widow of said Lorenza Pratt and all the unknown heirs devisees and legatees of the unknown heirs devisees and legatees.

JACOB KROFF, Mrs. Kroff widow of said Jacob Kroff and Mrs. Kroff widow of said Jacob Kroff and all the unknown heirs devisees and legatees of the unknown heirs devisees and legatees.

WILLIAM BIRHEIMER, Mrs. Birheimer widow of said William Birheimer and all the unknown heirs devisees and legatees of the unknown heirs devisees and legatees.

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