

New Year Song.

NEW YEAR, TRUE YEAR,
What now are you bringing?
May day skies and butterflies,
And merry birds a-singing?
Frollic, play all the day,
Not an hour of school?"

But the merry echo,
The laughing New Year echo,
Only answered, "School!"

"New Year, true year,
What now are you bringing?
Summer roses springing gay,
Summer vines a-swinging?
Fest and sport, the merriest sort,
Never a thought of work?"

But the merry echo,
The laughing New Year echo,
Only answered, "Work!"

"New Year, true year,
What now are you bringing?
Autumn fruits all fire-ripe,
Autumn horns a-singing?
Keen delight o' moonlight nights,
When dull folks are a-bed?"

But the merry echo,
The laughing New Year echo,
Only answered, "Bed!"

—Laura E. Richards.

Twentieth Century Ideas.

Rensselaer is embued with a spirit of advanced economy in municipal matters that places her fully up to the most progressive cities in the world. Municipal ownership, as a basic principle, has scarcely an opponent in the whole citizenship. The people of this county believe that what is possible or profitable for an individual to do for the people, the people can more satisfactorily do for themselves. As a township they have built gravel roads; as an incorporated town they have macadamized the streets, constructed sewers, maintained a fire department, etc.; as a county they have bridged the rivers, provided for the poor, and done all the things usual to such an organization. The people know the benefits to be derived from municipal ownership of such utilities as electric light, waterworks and electric power for manufacturing purposes, and they are preparing to have them. If the existing electric plant cannot be purchased at its true value, the board of town trustees, backed by the prevailing sentiment of the people, will install a new plant, sufficient in capacity to operate waterworks and have ample power to sell to manufacturers and other consumers. And it is not beyond the expectations of those familiar with steam heating to see our enterprising city delivering heat from this same municipal plant direct to our homes, the same as they will do electricity, water and power, for it can be done at a great saving over the usual cost for fuel. Steam heating is as much a part of municipal function as that of light and water, and by its general use the health and comfort of the community would be improved, the expensive unattractive stoves would be discarded, and the cause of many destructive fires removed. The heating stove is not only "in the way," but it is a burden to the housewife and a constant menace to property. Steam heat would obviate those defects to heating houses. All these modern methods of to-day are to be adopted by Rensselaer, and that soon. A few months will see it running its own lights, and probably laying water mains.

In other lines the town is marching in the front rank. The private kindergarten will soon be made a part of its public school system, and that because its great usefulness has been fully demonstrated by the successful operation of a private institution of the kind.

Plans are on foot for the establishment of a creditable free public library, reading room and gymnasium, and it is probable that a beginning will be made this winter. An opportunity is open for some philanthropic person to immortalize his name by liberally endowing such an institution. The good thus done would be reflected on generations yet to come, as well as exerting a present great influence. Can not some one who has the interests of humanity at heart, from the abundance that he has acquired in good old Jasper county, return a portion to this public use, as a token of love for his fellowmen, by association with whom all great wealth is possible. Let some generous heart say, "Here is \$10,000, and for each additional \$1,000 which is given from other sources I will give \$1,000 more." Think of it good citizens, and make Rensselaer's new free library the pride of all the people.

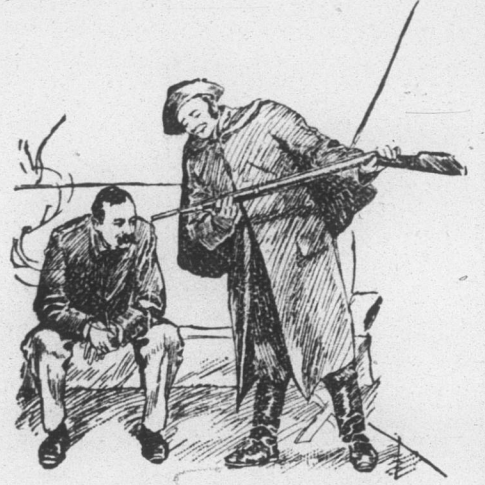
CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS RELATES AN AMUSING EXPERIENCE.

How He Added a Pot of Soup, a Little Sugar, Some Molasses and a Canteen of Yeast to the Christmas Mess—On Short Rations.

My recollections of Christmas experiences in the army are mostly connected with the matter of grub, and I suppose every other old soldier, if he is frank enough, will admit the same thing. As a rule we always looked for boxes from home on Christmas day, and those boxes were tolerably certain to have something in them that made a delightful change from the ordinary rations. When we got those boxes, we celebrated Christmas. When we didn't, we didn't celebrate. Christmas was pretty much the same as any other day under those circumstances.

The particular Christmas that stands up above all others in my memory was that of 1862. We had gone into camp after Fredricksburg, at a place called White Oak church, about six miles from Falmouth, Va., and lay there when Christmas came. We looked for our boxes, of course, for we



"SUGAR," HE EXCLAIMED.

know the people at home would not forget us, but no boxes came. We learned afterward that they were only three or four miles away, but that didn't help us then, and we didn't get them for several days. It was bitter cold. Only two days after Christmas three or four men were frozen to death on picket, and it was almost as cold then, but even worse than the weather was the notion of feeding on hard tack and salt horse, which was about all we had, while the people at home had turkey and plum pudding. In the morning, though, there seemed to be no help for it, and while we didn't grin we thought we had to bear it.

At noon, however, there came a little alleviation. One of the men—I remember his name was Hageman—came in from picket duty with the bones of a sheep that he had kicked up in the snow. Some guerrillas had been along there and had killed and eaten the poor brute and left the bones. They had mighty little meat on them, but they were full of marrow, and we boiled them up. There was a Dutch sergeant in the company who had a potato, and somebody managed to steal two onions from the quartermaster; so we had some soup.

It was a change, and so it was welcome. I don't remember to have enjoyed any soup since then quite as much as I did that, but somehow it didn't seem to fill the bill of fare very well for Christmas, and we were ready to take almost any kind of a chance for something good.

My brother was in the same company with me, and he was on guard at brigade headquarters that day. We all knew that there were some provisions in the storehouse there, but the question was how to get at them. It meant running the risk of being shot by some sentinel, besides the certainty of severe punishment in case we should get caught trying to steal anything, yet there were some of us willing to take the chance.

When my brother came in after being relieved, he came to my tent in great glee. "I've got it!" he said after making sure that nobody was looking or listening. "What have you got?" I asked. "Sugar," he exclaimed. "Where is it?" said I. "Here," said he, showing me his musket.

He had managed to get into the storehouse long enough to pack the barrel of his gun full of sugar, but didn't get anything else. "Sugar is good," said I, "but if there is sugar in the storehouse there ought to be some whisky there too." And I made up my mind to get some of that whisky that night if it was a possible thing.

There was a corporal named Nason in the company, who was always ready to take chances if there was anything to be gained by it, and he wanted some of that whisky as much as I did. It was cold enough to make a temperance orator long for a nip. I hunted Nason up, and we agreed to start together when it got dark enough. Meantime we managed to steal an auger from the quartermaster, and that, with two canteens, made all the outfit we thought we needed.

Fortunately it was a dark night, and we knew the way of the land all right, so we had a comparatively easy time to dodge the sentries. It wasn't really easy, but it proved to be a good deal easier than getting away from the place afterward. It took us half an hour of hiding and dodging to get through the line, but we managed it and found ourselves, somewhere about 10 o'clock, under the storehouse.

It was a rough sort of a shanty, built on the side of a hill, and there was room enough to move around under it all right, but the trouble was, we had neither of us been inside the building and we hadn't any notion where the things were packed, so we could only guess where the whisky barrel was, and that was what we were after.

We took turns boring holes in the floor at random, and it wasn't long before we found out that we had a pretty dirty job on hand, to say nothing of a good bit of hard work, but we persevered for something like an hour before we could strike anything that would leak through. We struck all sorts of things that wouldn't leak, but we had no means of knowing what they were and no way of getting them down if we had known.

At length, after an hour, we struck a barrel out of which a slow thick stream began to trickle. We couldn't think what it was till we tasted it, and then we knew it was molasses. We used a little language for a minute or two, but even molasses was a treat, and we couldn't afford to despise it. So we filled one canteen with that and plugged the hole up as well as we could, so as not to waste the stuff unnecessarily. I am afraid the plug wasn't a very good one, but we did the best we could.

Then we went to work again. It was a little discouraging, but we didn't propose to give up. We bored hole after hole. It seems to me we must have bored 50 or more before we got through, and it took some minutes for each one. Sometimes

we would go through the floor and hit nothing, and sometimes, as I said, it would be something solid.

At last we struck something that spouted like a geyser, only it spouted downward. I was right under it and I was flooded in a minute. I scrambled out of the way as quickly as possible, and we investigated. It was yeast. Well, yeast didn't seem to be as near what we wanted as the molasses was, but we didn't propose to lose any tricks, so we filled the other canteen with that, after we had had a good drink apiece. It was not quite equal to the best beer, but it was a sort of substitute for it, and we enjoyed it hugely.

We didn't succeed in plugging that up as well as we did the molasses barrel, though we did try. The yeast was too much for us, and I am seriously afraid that that whole barrel of yeast was spilled. By this time we had pretty well despaired of finding the whisky, but we kept on trying awhile longer, until it seemed as if we had riddled the floor so completely that there was no place left above where a barrel could stand. Finally we gave it up and began to plan a retreat.

The side of the hill in the rear of the house was covered with a sort of ice formation that was 300 or 400 feet wide and sloped downward at a pretty steep angle. We had surveyed this carefully before going in, and I said to Nason that if we could make a rush over to where that ice was we could get down the hill a good deal faster than any of the sentinels would care to come after us, for all we had to do was to jump on the ice and slide down. That seemed to be about the best scheme we could think of, so we watched our chance and made a rush.

We hadn't got to the edge of the hill, and that was only a few feet from the storehouse, when we heard the sentries cry, "Who goes there?" It really wasn't worth while for us to stop and answer them under the circumstances, so we kept right on. There were two or three shots fired after us, but we did not get hit. I don't imagine the men on guard were very anxious to kill us, for they must have understood in an instant what we were about and probably stopped long enough to remember that they would have liked the chance to try the same thing.

So our Christmas extras that year were a pot of soup, a little sugar, a little molasses and a canteen of yeast. And I think perhaps we enjoyed the yeast more than any of the other things. The real Christmas festival did not come for some days afterward, when our boxes arrived, and I remember that I had a glorious time, for there was a big Yorkshire plum pudding in my box and three pounds of killikieck tobacco, and the tobacco was a perfect godsend.

But before that, on the morning after Christmas day, there was the very mischief to pay in camp, and if Nason and I had been found out, we would have been in for severe punishment, for we had done a great amount more of mischief than we knew anything about.

It appeared that there was a politician of some standing—I think he was an alderman from Boston or somewhere—who had been in camp for some days looking for the remains of his brother, who had been killed some time before, and he had found them Christmas morning. The body had been disinterred and put in a handsome coffin that the alderman had brought from home, and the coffin had been put in the storehouse over night.

Of course we didn't know it was there. Perhaps it might have made a difference to Nason and me if we had known. I don't know as I care about expressing an opinion on such a delicate question. At all events we didn't know, and naturally we couldn't be expected to bore holes through the floor in as many places as we did bore them without hitting the coffin, and as a matter of fact we had bored three or four holes in it. It hadn't really spoiled the coffin for actual service, but it had certainly damaged it to some extent.

Well, the politician made a row, and the commanding officer ordered a general search of the camp, to see if any trace could be found of the miscreants—meaning Nason and me—who had been guilty of the desecration. It was a pretty rigorous search, too, and our tents were ransacked thoroughly, but long before they got around to our quarters Nason and I had the molasses and sugar, or what was left of them, safely buried. Of course the yeast was all gone, and there wasn't a trace of our crimes left.



I WAS FLOODED IN A MINUTE.

I suppose it would be easy to tell a more sentimental story about a soldier's Christmas, but the sentiment that moved us most powerfully when we were on short rations in those days was hunger.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.



DAVID J., THOMAS, ISAAC, SIMON P., ALFRED.

THE BROTHERS THOMPSON.

David Thompson and Eliza McCoy were married July 7, 1825, dying respectively February 16, 1851, and September 20, 1861. On Christmas Day, 1853, they sat at the table with ten children—Matilda, born February 25, 1828, dying July 19, 1854; Isaac, born February 25, 1828; Alfred, born October 17, 1829; Elizabeth, born July 2, 1831, dying December 10, 1860; Hiram, born May 16, 1833, dying March 4, 1864; David J., born September

11, 1836; Simon P., born May 8, 1838; Thomas, born August 4, 1841; Mary, born August 13, 1843, dying September 28, 1861, and Hawkins L., born April 24, 1845, dying September 28, 1862. The family lived in Stark county until 1833, moving thence to Hancock county, Ohio. Isaac still lives near the old home, and his four brothers have resided at Rensselaer, Ind., Alfred, since 1859; Simon P., since 1862; Thomas, since 1870, and David, since 1874.

IRA W. YEOMAN.

Ira W. Yeoman was born April 28, 1843, in Fayette county, Ohio. He removed with his fathers family and settled in Jasper county, Indiana, five miles west of Rensselaer, in the year 1844. He obtained a common school education, and taught school in the winter for several years; was raised on a farm; crossed the plains in 1864 during the Idaho gold excitement, and had many rough experiences during that trip, with Indians and otherwise, the Indians being on the war path all that season. He returned to the states late in that year; was elected Auditor of Jasper county in October, 1867, and served as such for four years; was admitted to practice law in January, 1872, and has followed that calling ever since. He removed from Rensselaer to Goodland in 1879, and from Goodland to Remington in 1887, where he is at present located. He is at present the clerk and treasurer of the Town of Remington, and is also secretary of Schuyler Lodge, No. 284, I. O. O. F.

ROBERT PARKER.

Robert Parker of Remington, Indiana, whose portrait appears on page six, is a native Jasperite, having been born in Hanging Grove township June 13, 1848; was reared on the farm east of Rensselaer until sixteen years of age, the family then removing from the farm to Monon, White county, where the subject of this sketch attended school and took his first lessons in the mercantile business. In the year of 1865 and 1866 he attended the Ladoga Academy, the fall of 1866 going to Remington, where he was employed in the first drug store established in the town. Subsequently, learned telegraphy, he was for six years the freight and ticket agent and telegraph operator for the railroad running through that place. In 1874 was appointed to a position in a bank at Indianapolis, where he resided until 1876, when he returned to Remington, engaging in the lumber and banking business with Mr. John Burger. He finally gave up the lumber business, giving his whole time to banking. He has been one of the very busy men in that community, always found at his desk in the bank; has shown much public spirit and enterprise and enjoys to an unusual degree the confidence and respect of the community and county in which he is an honored citizen. He was elected to represent Jasper and Newton counties in the state legislature in 1885. Mr. Parker has built up a good business in the town of Remington and has shown his enterprise by erecting a good substantial banking building, and a commodious and handsome residence, which would be a credit to a much larger city than Remington, an illustration of which is shown in this edition on page twenty-one, and last but not least is improving a beautiful grove near the town as a park and assembly grounds to be known as Fountain Park.

G. P. KAHLER,

Main Street, near Depot,
Blacksmithing, Horseshoeing
WAGONMAKING.
Special attention to repairing Machinery and Duplicating Castings in Iron or Brass.
ALL WORK NEATLY DONE.
Rensselaer, Ind.

W. S. PARKS, DRAYMAN.

All kinds of hauling done in the most careful and prompt manner. Prices the very lowest.

David E. Noland,

Blacksmith
AND
Wheelwright
General Repairing in Wood and Iron.
LEE, IND.

B. K. ZIMMERMAN.

B. K. Zimmerman, from whose merchant tailoring establishment come the neatest dress, business and season suits ever made in Rensselaer, is one of the young business men whose continual residence in Rensselaer has made numerous friends and patrons. Bryon served a long apprenticeship as a tailor and learned the trade thoroughly. In March, 1892, as a partner of C. A. Roberts, he engaged in the merchant tailoring business, and in January, 1894, he became the sole proprietor of the business. Mr. Zimmerman does his own measuring and cutting, and employs only careful tailors whom he oversees himself. He carries a complete line of stock, thousands of samples and keeps acquainted with the styles of the times.

In addition to being a No. 1 business man, Mr. Zimmerman is popular with the trade, and he has always proven his willingness to assist in public enterprises. His stock of goods at present is large and carefully selected and Rensselaer people will find it to their advantage to give their orders to the home tailor.

Mr. Zimmerman has also built up a large out-of-town trade, and he is considered the best merchant tailor between Chicago and Lafayette and fully as good as any in either of those cities.

L. L. PONSLER.

L. L. Ponsler, the subject of this sketch, is one of the most prosperous young farmers in Jasper county. He owns a nice farm of 225 acres three miles north-east of Rensselaer, in Marion township. The farm is modernly improved, being well drained, having over 1,000 rods of tile drain. A new and modernly built house, large barns, sheds, etc., make the farm valuable and attractive. An orchard of 100 young trees is one of the recent improvements. Mr. Ponsler is a prominent member of the I. O. O. F., and is also county chairman of the People's Party central committee. He is a good citizen and is numbered among the progressive farmers of northern Indiana.

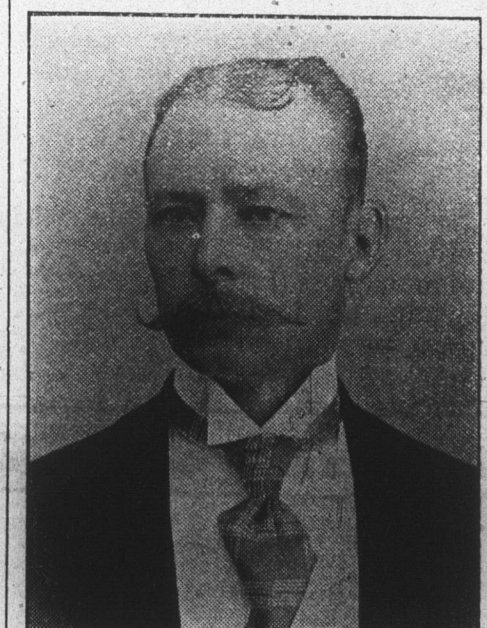
PHEGLEY BROS.

The lively stable conducted by Phegley Bros., the partners of which are G. O. and C. J. Phegley, is one deserving the patronage of Rensselaer people. Messrs. Phegley have lived in Jasper county the greater portion of their lives, a great many years residing on a farm southwest of Rensselaer. Last August they purchased of E. Camba the lively horses, buggies, etc., and have since conducted it in a business way in the large barn at the south-west corner of court house square. They keep good horses for rent, and send out only strictly first-class rigs, for which they charge reasonable prices. In addition to their renting business, they take splendid care of boarders. Good treatment is promised transient horses. These gentlemen are courteous and sociable, and are a valuable acquisition to the good citizenship of Rensselaer.

JAMES YEOMAN.

James Yeoman, who resides in Newton township, five miles north-west of Rensselaer is one of the oldest farmers in Jasper county, having moved here from Ohio with his father, S. B. Yeoman, in 1844. S. B. Yeoman bought 320 acres of land of William Mallatt upon arriving here, and died in 1845. Mr. James Yeoman owns the farm which originally belonged to his father, and it is among the most valuable properties in the county. A large modern house, of which the accompanying cut is a good picture, is among the improvements. Mr. Yeoman's farm is still about one-fourth timber, the balance being in pasture and cultivation. Besides the regular farming business Mr. Yeoman does stock feeding. He has at different times been township assessor and school trustee. He is a member of the I. O. O. F., of Rensselaer. A few years ago he retired from the farm and moved to town, but being dissatisfied he again went to the farm where he expects to live the remainder of his life. He is a splendid citizen and numbers his friends by the score. Five children, four of whom are living, have been born to him and his estimable wife.

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than suffer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take De Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. A. F. Long, Druggist.

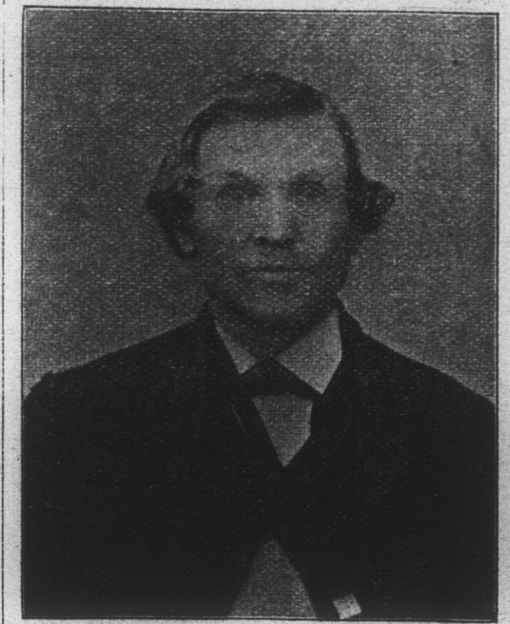


DAVID NOWELS.

David Nowels was born in Holmes county, Ohio, Sept. 15, 1821, being the seventh son in a family of eight sons and three daughters.

When he was but three years of age his parents moved to Portland, Fountain county, Ind. The family lived here until about 1830 when the mother died. This broke up the home, and scattered the family, and, when in the fall of 1834, his father, John Nowels, his eldest sister and her husband, Joseph Yeoman, moved to the "Rapids of the Froquois," he, then a lad of thirteen, accompanied them.

The present site of Rensselaer was chosen as a suitable place for settlement and here our little band of pioneers reared the first humble cabin within the present limits of Jasper county. Young Nowels was the first white boy who ever came to the county, and he has resided here from that early period until now, more than sixty years.



DAVID NOWELS, SR.

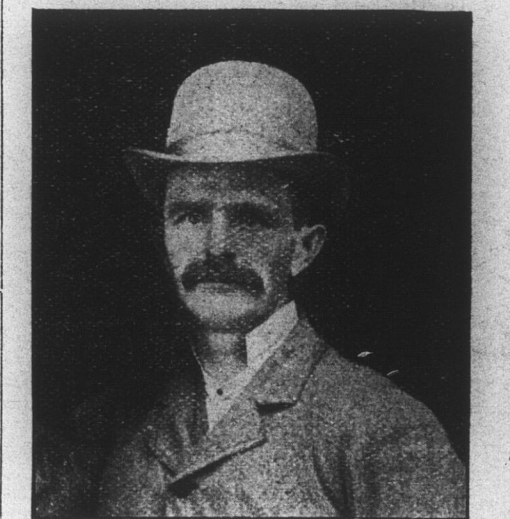
March 10, 1842, he was married to Phoebe Ann Benjamin, and moving to the north part of what is now Marion township, they erected a little cabin and with willing hands and courageous hearts as their only capital began in earnest the stern struggle of pioneer life. Here for nearly forty years was their home, until having acquired by sturdy endeavor and frugality a reasonable competence for future years, they, some fifteen years ago, came back to Rensselaer to spend the remaining years of life in rest and quietude.

They have six children living, and three dead. Four boys—Ezra C., the eldest, now living in Colorado, William R., Charles D., and David B. residing in Rensselaer. Two girls—Mary H. Grow, wife of Henry Grow, residing north of Rensselaer five miles, and Ida A. Randle, wife of Robert Randle, living in Rensselaer.

If suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. A. F. Long, Druggist.

The Mystic Wheel.

Foremost among high grade bicycles is The Mystic, manufactured by The Mystic Cycle Company at Mukwonago, Wisconsin. These wheels were first introduced in Rensselaer in July, 1895, and up to this time ten have been sold here, giving the most pronounced satisfaction.



A. H. CRAIG, MUKWONAGO, WIS. PRESIDENT OF THE MYSTIC CYCLE CO.

The subject of the above illustration is a brother of the editor of the People's Pilot, who is the local representative of the company in Rensselaer, controlling the business for the state of Indiana.

It is largely due to the efforts of President Craig that the Mystic has been brought so prominently to the front as a wheel par excellence. He recognized the necessity for an honestly made bicycle, and though there certainly are other good wheels made, the broad claim is made that no other manufacturer exercises as great care in every stage of construction, from the solid steel forgings to the beautiful finishings. The 1896 wheel is fully described in an advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs and never fails to give immediate relief. Long Druggist.