

Correspondence Department.

Neighborhood Notes and Gossip.

Remington Notes.

James M. McEwan of the Rensselaer Sentinel, spent the glorious fourth in and about Remington celebrating in proper style.

Gus, Lucy, and their mother, Mrs. John Yeoman, visited with the family of Ira W. Yeoman the 4th and 5th. They reside in Newton township, Jasper county.

Mrs. Rachel Coen of Newton, Fountain county, Ind., visited the fore part of the week with the family of her niece, Mrs. Ira W. Yeoman. She is now visiting Rensselaer friends and relatives.

We notice that road agents are getting to be numerous in the vicinity of Rensselaer. Many men in that locality should remove to Remington where they will be free from molestation by that class of gentry, and where such offenders would be promptly apprehended and punished according to the statutes in such cases made and provided.

The board of town trustees have adopted the plans and specifications for our system of water works furnished by the Challenge Wind Mill and Feed Mill company of Batavia, Ill. They are on file in the office of Ira W. Yeoman, the town clerk, where they may be seen by any one desiring to bid on the construction of said system of water works.

Hay harvest is now under full swing in the vicinity of Remington. The crop is being put up in good condition, but it is not as heavy as some anticipated it would be earlier in the season. Some meadows will probably make nearly two tons per acre, but the average will not perhaps be more than one ton per acre. The quality, however, is excellent and thus far it has been mostly harvested without rain.

The 4th of July celebration at Remington this year was a grand affair. The program at the fair grounds was carried out nearly to the letter. There was an immense concourse of people in attendance there, and the racing was very creditable, as were all the other exercises which had been advertised. The fireworks exhibition in the town in the evening was a fine affair indeed, and it was witnessed by a great crowd of people, Ohio and railroad streets being packed full.

The Christian Endeavor societies of the Christian and Presbyterian churches, and the Epworth League of the M. E. church, of Remington, held a union meeting at Fountain Park last Sunday evening which was largely attended by friends of the three different churches. The object of the meeting was to hear the reports of the delegates to the Valparaiso and Anderson conventions. Misses Stella Beal and Dell Yeoman made the report for the Presbyterian, and Miss Lilly Brown for the Christian Endeavor at Valparaiso, and Mrs. William Morris made the report for the Epworth League of the meeting at Anderson. All the reports were fully prepared and delivered in excellent style. The audience expressed themselves highly pleased, and profitably entertained at this meeting.

South Marion.

Albert Farmer has a new buggy. That pleases the girls.

Mr. John Pennrite was seen in this neighborhood last week.

Miss Flora McGee will visit in south-west White county next week.

We have a very interesting Sunday School at the Slaughter school house.

Quite a number of our friends drove to Brook the 4th, and report a good time.

Mr. Wm. Zea was greatly pleased at the outcome of his grain on thrashing.

Mr. Worth Farmer with his brother-in-law and brother drove north Monday morning. They expect to gather huckleberries.

Quite a crowd assembled to witness the baptism of seven converts, Sunday afternoon, they

were baptised in the ditch near Mr. Henson's residence.

J. H. Toops and T. W. Daley took a flying trip to Ohio to visit "old" friends they say, but we think they are not so old, some of them.

Mr. Oscar Bowen drove from Montgomery county Sunday to his father-in-laws. He and Mr. Chas. Slaughter have been near Linden for two weeks.

Some of the people who did not drive to Remington to celebrate the 4th met at Mr. C. G. Daleys. The most important feature of the day was ice cream and lemonade served as refreshments. A pleasant picnic dinner was served in the grove. Croquet and parlor games after dinner.

Jasper County Convention.

Voters of the People's Party will meet in convention at their usual places of meeting in the several townships of Jasper County, Ind., July 11, 1896, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing delegates to the district convention to be held at Rensselaer, July 16, 1896.

Under the call, Jasper County is entitled to twenty-four delegates, being one at large from each township, and one for each fifty or major fraction of fifty votes cast for Dr. Robinson for Sec. of State in 1894. By this apportionment the different townships are entitled to delegates as follows:

| | |
|----------------------|---|
| Hanging Grove, | 1 |
| Gillam, | 2 |
| Walker, | 1 |
| Barkley, | 2 |
| Marion, | 3 |
| Jordan, | 3 |
| Newton, | 1 |
| Keener, | 2 |
| Kankakee, | 1 |
| Carpenter, | 3 |
| Milroy, | 1 |
| Union, | 3 |
| Wheatfield, | 1 |

Each township will also choose one delegate, and Carpenter, Jordan and Union, one additional delegate to the state-convention to be held at Indianapolis, July 28, 1896.

The district convention at Rensselaer will choose two delegates to the people's party national convention to be held at St. Louis, July 22, 1896.

Let every voter see to it, that he is properly represented at these meetings.

J. A. McFARLAND,
Chairman Co. Cen. Co.
L. STRONG, Sec.

Buggies and carriages sold cheaper by C. A. Roberts than elsewhere.

THE LONG AGO.

HERE IS MUSIC soft in a minor key,
Like an echo of silver chimes,
As the whispering breeze brings back to me
Sweet songs of the far-away times—
When the orchard pink, in the month of May,
Was gorgeous in delicate bloom,
And the droning bees, through the live-long day
Were drinking its richest perfume.

When the roses bloomed by the cottage door,
And the lilacs' purple spray
Peeped in the window, and over the floor,
With sunshine and shadow at play;
When the fleecy clouds in the afternoon,
Childhood's dreaming would bear away
Beyond and above, to the crescent moon,
Which from heaven had seemed to stray.

In that far-away land of memory—
In that land of "the long ago"—
There are luminous pictures—dear to me—
More real than artists can know,
And voices hushed I again can hear,
Which I heard in those by-gone hours,
When life was young, nor care, nor fear
Was found with the birds and flowers.

But haptly again in the great "some-where"—
When the vanishing years are past—
We may find, in a region pure and fair,
Our cherished and loved at last,
When our white sails dip on "the other shore"
Of that boundless, unknown sea,
They will greet us; and we will think no more
Of those chords in a minor key.

A MATURE FRIEND.



I think it must be almost time for him to come now!" Gertrude Fisher glanced up at the clock. It was nearly 8 o'clock. And then Gertrude sighed.

"He is not often as late as this," thought Gertrude.

"Of course, I cannot expect him to measure time by the second," she said. But, nevertheless, she did feel a little disappointed.

"I wonder where Lydia is?" mused Gertrude. "Even her merry chat would be better than this dead silence and loneliness. I suppose she has gone up to her room."

But Lydia Moore had not gone up to her own room, as her cousin supposed. She was in the little reception-room downstairs, and George Masters was with her, the recreant for whose coming Gertrude sighed in vain. Lydia was as different from Gertrude as a dancing firefly is from the steady glow of a star or a babbling, sparkling stream from the silver surface of a lake. She was small and perfectly shaped and piquant, with raven hair and a transparent skin, and those peculiar, dazzling, brilliant, dark eyes, that are so often the accompaniment of a brunette style of beauty. She had come to Washington at Gertrude's invitation.

"Answer me, Lydia," persisted George, holding both her small, white hands in his.

"George, how can you? What would Gertrude say?"

"I don't care what Gertrude says! I am only interested in you. Tell me—do you love me?"

"George!"

"I love you, little pet, better than all the world besides."

Lydia put her hands on his lips, with an apprehensive glance toward the door.

"Why?" he asked.

"She must not know. I should be sent home tomorrow!"

"Then you will try to love me, dearest?"

She gave him a glance from beneath her long eyelashes—a glance half-tender, half-coquettish, and entirely bewildered. George had been wavering and uncertain before; now he lost his self-possession entirely. And while Gertrude sat waiting and wondering in the drawing-room above, George and Lydia arranged the treacherous plan which was to wreck her happiness, with calm, smiling faces, and voices which never faltered once.

"Sarah, go upstairs and call Miss Moore to the breakfast table," said Gertrude the next morning to the waiting maid. "She is later than usual."

Sarah went accordingly, but presently returned with a scared face.

"She's not in her room, ma'am, and the bed's not been slept in."

And that was the last Gertrude heard of her cousin Lydia or her betrothed husband, George Masters, for long, sad years.

What did she do? What do people generally do when the weight of a great misfortune falls upon them? They suffer and endure and live on. Gertrude did this and after the first bitterness had died out of her nature, a kindly and generous one, she even learned to think forgivingly of George and the little dark-eyed girl she had so loved and cherished. And the bloom of her first youth passed away and she settled peacefully down into a soft-voiced, tender-eyed old maid.

It was toward the close of a lowering day in December that Miss Fisher's coupe, closely shut, drew up in front of one of those fashion emporiums where ladies delight in congregating. Mme. D'Aubri herself came forward to meet the heiress.



"Is my dress finished, madame?" Madame would inquire. Would Miss Fisher be seated? Presently she returned in a fit of French gesticulating despair.

"It was through no fault of hers; Miss Bliss, the forewoman, had allowed the seamstress to take it home to finish, as she had a sick husband whom she could not leave and they were starving. But it should be sent for immediately, and it was the last, the very last, time that a dress should be allowed to go out of the establishment."

"Never mind, madame," said Miss Fisher, good-humoredly; "it is really a matter of no great moment. Fortunately I have other dresses." And she re-entered her carriage, followed by madame, apologizing all the way.

Gertrude had nearly reached her home, when she pulled the check string and told the driver to go back to Mme. D'Aubri's.

Mme. D'Aubri was astonished at the second appearance of Miss Fisher.

"The address? I will obtain it of Miss Bliss," she said, "if you will kindly wait."

Presently she came back, rustling behind the counter, with a bit of paper, which she gave to Miss Fisher with a low courtesy.

Gertrude gave the paper to her coachman, with directions to him to proceed directly thither.

recognized that it was among friends, and therefore exhibited its good nature and cunning expressions of happiness and satisfaction. By and by, it had passed from one officer to another until each one had had the honor of seeing the chubby fingers dabble and play with the brass buttons and glittering star.

Old Dougherty was the last one to whose care its babyship was given. He put it on the floor and the white shoes pattered up and down the room while the "goo-goo-goo" continued, as if the babe were anxious to have its entire audience completely aware that while the tongue was not educated, the small feet were accomplished.

"I'll bet my hat," ventured the sergeant, as he looked through his wire cage. "I'll bet my hat it will be a mighty scared woman that comes for this kid."

"I'd give me month's salary," said Dougherty, "be jabbers, if I had its loike." Then brushing his gray beard against the pink cheek, he took up the bundle of white stuff and carried it to the window, where the sapphire eyes looked out and blinked merrily at the passers-by. The sergeant sniffled and blew his nose vigorously. He had suddenly remembered that, many years ago, Dougherty had lost his three children in some frightful accident.

The plump fingers ran along the window glass and the white-hooded head nodded at the stream of people that hurried by. But no one noticed, and Dougherty was about to plan some new amusement, when a well-dressed man caught sight of the baby's face and then, nervous and excited, ran into the station-house.

"How came this child here?" he demanded, almost fiercely, as he took the little creature into his arms and pressed kisses on the dimpled fists. "I am the child's father. Tell me, quickly, how came she here?"

"Number 746 found it in the middle of the street," answered the sergeant, referring to the register. "It was at the corner of S— and M—, in the busiest part of the shopping district."

"My God! It's a wonder she wasn't crushed to death by the cars or trampled under horses' hoofs."

There was a hurried opening of the station house door, the rustle of silken skirts, and a white-faced, trembling woman appeared. At the sight of the man and child, she stood as if too bewildered and paralyzed to speak. Then, the bundle of lace and the white hood and the small shoes began to squirm, and, in another moment the baby was running toward its mother, who now was softly weeping. She clasped the child in her arms, and the sergeant noticed that Dougherty drew his rough sleeve over his eyes and then hurriedly left the room.

It seemed strange, thought the sergeant, that the mother and the father of the child appeared so distant. He was still more bewildered when the child's father lifted his hat and said: "Shall I take Muriel to the carriage?" and the mother answered, half audibly:

"If you will be so kind."

Then they thanked the sergeant for his kindness and passed out into the sunshine.

At the carriage door the man assisted his wife into the vehicle and then handed the baby to her. She nodded her head in silent thanks. He again lifted his hat and was soon lost in the crowd of passers-by.

That night a woman with a heavy, sorrowful heart knelt by the side of her baby's cradle and wept bitterly.

For the first time in several weeks she had been face to face with the man whom she had loved and married; the man whose child she had cared for so tenderly, with true motherly affection and devotion.

Had she but taken the opportunity to bid him return; had she but begged him to end the wretchedness of the past month! Had her lips but obeyed the commands of her heart—could she for once have murdered her pride and extended her hand to him! How different might their future be!

Such thoughts flew through her mind with agonizing, tormenting quickness. There was no world outside her own heavy heart. Her head fell among the down coverlets of the cradle and she sobbed aloud.

She did not hear the soft step behind her. She did not know that some one had entered the room until an arm was about her and a beseeching voice was saying:

"Clare! wife! I have returned to beg forgiveness. Please be friends again; I cannot exist without you—please—please."

"It was such a silly quarrel, wasn't it, dear?" she said, struggling closer to him and raising her wet eyes to his, "and yet we were so stubborn—I'm sure we'll never quarrel again, and even if we do, you won't go away, will you, and we won't wait a whole month to make up, will we?"

The tiny creature in the cradle moved. The small arms reached out and clutched at the silken hangings of the canopy. Two sapphire eyes opened and looked at the man and woman to whom the happiness of renewed love had come.

What Can Beat This?

An old couple near St. Ignace, Mich., provided themselves with coffins. The old man died and was buried in his, but the widow let a neighbor have hers to bury a relative on condition that a coffin equally good would be given in return. The old lady would not accept the one recently proffered because when she got into it the coffin lid hit her nose, and a lawsuit is threatened.

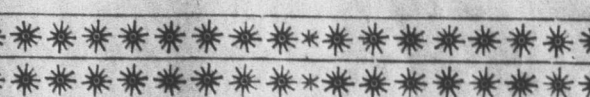
Much heart and little brains is almost as pernicious as much brains and little heart.



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THE VIBROMETER.

I invite all of those who are suffering from deafness to call at my office and examine this VIBROMETER, an instrument we use for the purpose of substituting the hearing, snapping and singing noises in the ears, and restoring the lost hearing that has baffled all specialists and doctors for so many years. 117 North Vermillion street, Danville, Ill., same stairway as Danville School of music.