

The Rensselaer Journal.

VOL. XI.

RENSSELAER, IND., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1902.

NUMBER 50.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS we will give absolutely **FREE ONE KEG OF NAILS**—any size—to any and every one, buying **FOR CASH**, a hundred dollar bill of building material of us. A nice addition to your house, a good barn or a corn crib and granery, together with the paint for same, will make such a bill. As our prices are positively right and we will save you money anyway, and have anything you can possibly want in the building line, don't fail to take advantage of this liberal offer. Paint bills will be taken, in this proposition. Last month this would have meant 14 kegs of nails to us. See what it means this month. This offer dates from May 20th to June 20th inclusive.

Resp'y Yours for Good,

THE HARDWARE AND LUMBER MERCHANT, McCOYSBURG, IND.

Rensselaer Parties Defrauded.

The United Merchandise Supply Co., of Chicago, which has been in business for some years, has defrauded its patrons and the Chicago police are now making trouble for the members of the firm. The company formed merchandise clubs, the members being promised their choice of various articles of merchandise after they had made thirty-five weekly payments of one dollar each. Drawings were held each week and the lucky ones were entitled to receive their \$35 article without further payments. Clubs were formed at Rensselaer and other towns along the Monon, besides in Chicago and states adjoining. In Rensselaer a club of fifteen or sixteen members was formed and about a third of the boys drew out and got their goods after a few weeks' payments. Eight or nine of the members here failed to draw out and had almost paid out when the collector ceased coming. An investigation disclosed the fact that others had been served likewise and the matter was put in the hands of the Chicago police.

On complaint of Chicago parties one of the members of the firm, Leo Hoop, was arrested, and had his hearing Tuesday, but as he was arrested under the charge of embezzlement the court discharged him. New warrants were issued and probably before this time he is again under arrest.

Hoop was supposed to be the party who visited here, but proved to be a brother of the party wanted. The party who did the collecting here went under the name of Hawley, but he is supposed to be either Louis or Willie Hoop and as soon as he can be arrested and requisition papers obtained he will be brought here for trial under the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Officer Vick and some of the defrauded parties were in Chicago Tuesday to identify the party under arrest and with warrants for Hawley.

The party under arrest not being the man they wanted they waited over until yesterday, by which time the police expected to have him in custody.

Joe Reynolds is now a member of the Delphi military company.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. It's action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by J. A. Larsh, Druggist, Rensselaer.

DR. WILSON GUILTY.

Fined \$225 and Sentenced to Three Months in Jail for Bigamy.

Dr. Fred D. Wilson, of Thayer, had his trial at Kentland Monday and Tuesday, and a jury found him guilty of bigamy and fixed the penalty at three months' imprisonment in the county jail and a fine of \$225.

There being no jail in Newton county, Dr. Wilson will serve out his sentence in the Jasper county jail. He was brought here yesterday to begin his sentence.

The JOURNAL has been in possession of Dr. Wilson's past history, but desiring to give the man an unprejudiced trial, refrained from publishing the facts. He has sinned greatly in the past, but no more than wife No. 1 and his efforts the past few years to redeem himself should be encouraged. He is highly thought of in Thayer and the citizens of that little berg desire that he remain there and continue in the practice of medicine. He has not been living with his last wife since his arrest but it is thought that another marriage ceremony will be performed and their marital relations resumed.

His divorce case also came up this week and he was granted a divorce from wife No. 1, so that no legal objections can stand in the way of a remarriage to his last wife.

The Soldier Boys Come Home.

Company M arrived home from the State encampment at Indianapolis Monday evening. They were met at the train by old soldiers and citizens to the number of several hundred and by the Citizen's and sheep skin bands, who escorted the boys to town in proper order. They looked tired and dirty upon their arrival here but forgot their discomforts in the happy greetings that met their home comings.

After giving an exhibition drill down town, ranks were broken and the boys repaired to their various homes after greetings were over to clean up and take a good rest.

Company M was the largest company in the 3rd regiment and received many favorable comments on their appearance. It is thought that by the next encampment the company will number a hundred members or more.

Don't fail to attend the children's concert given by the Junior Epworth League at the M. E. church, Saturday evening. Tableaus, singing, recitations and instrumental music. Admission 10 cents.

Our Man
About
Town.

Discusses
Sundry
and
Other
Matters.

As far back as I can remember it has been my lot in life to bite at all the "sells" that came to town. I have chewed on them till my teeth are worn off smooth up to the gums. In fact I have become so used to chewing that kind of stuff that my system bankers for a dose every once in a while. Somehow the boys have singled me out as an easy proposition and I am always permitted to try my teeth on a new joke. Only once in my short existence have I refused to bite and the results were painful. When I was a mere lad I had a brother. I have him yet. One day at the table he baited me good and strong. I refused to bite, however, for the simple reason that I had been chewing on the same gag all morning and wanted a change. It so enraged my brother that I, of all people, should refuse to be sold, that he jabbed me in the eye with a pickle castor and twisted my deep blue optic around until I can look into my left ear and see my brain work. Since then I have never refused to make sport for the joke reeler. Only last week a man met me on the street and asked me if I had heard the story of the man who poured a quart of buttermilk into his overcoat pocket? Of course I hadn't and told him so. He told me between laughs that it hadn't leaked out yet. I have been thinking about that considerably since and I can't see anything particularly funny in it. In fact I rather sympathize with the man because he had no more sense than to pour milk in his pocket. I suppose the milk must have frozen in there, so it can't leak out. Anyhow, I don't see why the fellow who told me about it should have laughed so dinged hard.

Another fellow met me over in the postoffice the same day and asked me if I knew why all yellow dogs wore collars around their necks? I said I

reckoned I did. "Well, why do they?" he asked. "So they can be tied up," I replied. The man laughed, and everybody laughed, and I laughed. I felt tickled because I had for once answered correctly. My joy soon died, however. A particular friend of mine told me a few minutes later that the reason a yellow dog wears a collar around his neck is that he has no other place to wear it. I can't see for my life why this should apply to yellow dogs any more than any other kind, but I guess it does.

When an idiot asked me if I knew

what Queen Victoria took her pills in,

and I told him in water, he informed

me confidentially that she took them

in cider (inside her). I think the fel-

low must have lied. Whoever heard

of a woman taking pills in cider?

Especially a queen! Bah! But that

isn't nearly as foolish as the man who

told me that the reason old maids

always wore woolen mittens was be-

cause they had no kids. I don't see

what that would have to do with wear-

ing—Oh yes, I do, too!

I wish to state here that I have stood

about all of this sort of things I

am going to stand. I've been sold on

everything that ever came out, and

up to the present instance I've never

registered a kick. But I'm kicking

now. I don't care a ding what's the

difference between the Prince of

Wales and a brick cheese sandwich,

and if you want to find out you'll have

to ask somebody else. I don't know

why a miller wears a white hat, nor

why a cat always lights on its feet

when it falls. I don't know why a woman

is like a printer, and if I did I

wouldn't tell. Neither do I know the

difference between a lover and a

photographer, because I've never been

either and don't intend to be. If you

want to know why an elephant is like a brick bat, or the difference between a man up a tree and a man in a well, you'll save time and trouble by not asking me. I know, but don't intend to tell. The fact is, I'm done forever with the cruel jokist. The very next man that comes to me and in a seductive voice asks me why is something or other, will find the laugh is on him. I have fully made up my mind to kick the caboose of his overalls until his teeth rattle so his wife will think it's a deuce of a hailstorm we're having! Furthermore, the story of a precipice may be a bluff, but this isn't. It's truth, straight from the shoulder.

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Rev. Meads has had his full share of funny experiences, and when he begins to tell of his evangelistic work he is sure to relate a number of funny happenings. As our readers are aware he is now taking a course of religious study in Chicago and to better prepare himself for evangelistic work he helps in mission work in the slums of the city. The other night he was addressing an audience in the Pacific mission composed of the lowest element of society in the city. Some were attending in hopes of becoming converted, but the majority of the audience had dropped into the meeting out of curiosity or to find a few minutes rest. On the front seat half asleep sat a drunken, dirty specimen of humanity who surely needed redemption. Rev. Meads, in closing his talk, referred feelingly to the death of Christ on the cross. At this juncture, the drunken man on the front seat, muttered in a voice plainly distinguishable to all present: "You're a liar, he said tree, not cross." Rev. Meads and his wife could scarcely refrain from bursting out laughing, but somehow managed to restrain themselves until the meeting was over.

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On another occasion when himself and Rev. McBride were holding a revival at Marion they were bothered considerably by those of the audience in the rear standing up in the seats to see over the heads of those in front.

They finally made a rule that no one should stand on the seats and strictly enforced it. During the meeting one of the giants advertising the Arm and Hammer brand of soda dropped into town and attended one of the services.

He took a seat in the rear and when

the audience was asked to stand during a song service, the giant arose

with the rest. Bro. McBride soon

noticed him towering over the heads

of the audience, and thinking he was

an ordinary man standing on the seat,

in thunderous tones commanded him

to get down. After giving the com-

mand, to which no attention was paid,

two or three times, Rev. McBride

strode to the rear of the house to en-

force his command. When he saw

his mistake he looked as if he would

have sold himself for a nickel and his

downcast looks convulsed the audi-

ence with laughter.

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Sunday an old couple had guests for dinner. The head of the house had dressed up for the occasion and all was going nicely as the various courses were being served, until his wife, standing back of him, serving the guests, noticed that he had put on his "biled" shirt with the bosom at the rear. Thinking that the joke was too good to keep she notified him of his mistake and the laugh that followed worked up a good digestion for the courses that followed.

Get your strawberries, ice-cream

and cake, at Warner's building next

door to Harris' bank, Decoration day.

SCHOOL NOTES.

These first hot days take all the ginger out of us.

Last Friday morning we were addressed by Mr. Hanley, of the firm of Hanley & Hunt, who spoke on "Courtesy and Conviviality." We had just gotten a good start, and had become interested in his theme, when the tramp of feet upon the stair attracted the attention of those in the back of the assembly room. Mr. Neher stepped out into the hall to discuss the subject with the noisy pupils but slipped back, terror stricken. A moment later a dozen or so of the men about town, lined themselves up along the back wall of the room, with the avowed intention of casting a "hooch" spell over the candidate for judge. But Mr. Hanley had met these "Hoochies" before and was not bothered in the least. His talk was one of the best of the year, and we shouldn't wonder if the visitors got many a valuable hint or suggestion during the course of the talk. Come again gentlemen.

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Everything is fast getting into shape for the Monticello meet. Our athletes, orator and musicians are putting on the finishing touches. It is now time for the "rooters" to get in their work. It is just as necessary that we have an enthusiastic, "never say die" following of "rooters" as it is to have men in the "events."

Henry Mackey Dead.

Henry Mackey, for many years a well known resident of Rensselaer, died last Friday after an illness of several weeks, at the age of 65 years, 2 months and 3 days.

The funeral was held Sunday at the family residence on Milton street, Revs. D. T. Halstead and T. A. Hall conducting the services. Interment took place at Weston cemetery.

Deceased was born March 13th, 1837, in Addlethorpes, Lincolnshire, England. He left his home at the age of seventeen years to live the life of a sailor. After a period of three years upon the water he decided to land upon American soil, at which time the civil war was in progress. He soon enlisted in the army and fought from the beginning to the close of the war. He was married Dec. 25th, 1871, at Attica, Ind., to Miss Sarah Fix, who with three grown children, one daughter and two sons, survive him. He was not a member of any church; but had high regard and veneration for all, whose religion manifested itself in Christlike deeds instead of empty words. He had great trust in the mercy and goodness of the Divine Father insomuch that he had no fear of death.

Genevieve—He had a right to laugh. It was something funny. A good hearty laugh is always permitted in company. The horse laugh should be cut out, however.

Lucy—Never fail to wear all your jewelry. If you leave it at home people are likely to say that you have none.

Our Query Column.

We are almost daily in receipt of communications from persons who want to be set right on questions of etiquette. The etiquette editor of this paper is off on a little vacation, but the office is still working, and he has been asked to prepare answers to the correspondents. Here they are:

A. K.—The feet, being so much confined, are more likely than the hands to perspire, and they require much washing. You should not forget to wash your feet before appearing in polite society at any time. Your presence may not be noted so quickly, but you will be more welcome.

B. S.—You are right. Your toenails should be trimmed at least once a month.

Thomas—One should never bring his own misfortunes or griefs into company, neither your likes nor dislikes. If some fellow has stolen your girl and you don't like him for it, it is better to make a date to meet him in a lonely alley and settle it there.

James, from Parr—Always use the scraper and mat before entering a parlor. It is bad form to enter with your boots hidden under a load of Parr mud. If the mat and scraper will not do the work ask the hostess to turn on her hose—garden hose, of course.

Mose—Keep your cane in your hand. If you do not some other fellow is likely to beat you to it.

Mose, again—Your hat should be left in the ante-room. If possible, get a check for it. If you are suspicious, however, you may take it into the reception-room and hang it on the corner of a picture frame.

Michael—Sure Mike. You should never, never