

## Classified Column.

Skates sharpened work done right for 10 cents.

Jimmie Brown.

FOR SALE—Good residence property, 7 rooms, 2 lots, bath room. Well and eastern hard wood floors. Property in excellent condition. Inquire at Hotel Makeover.

FOR SALE—R. C. B. Leghorn cockerels 75 cents each, White Wyandottis \$1 each—at O. C. Halstead's, Route 3, Rensselaer, Ind. atpJan24-28

FOR SALE—White Holland turkeys, good as the best. Special price for a short time, also some Plymouth Rock cockerels. B. D. Comer, R. R. No. 2.

FOR SALE—Scw and eight shafts weighing about 60 pounds. Duroc Jerseys. Inquire of Clyde Corliss, Phone 349.

WANTED—Mrs. Jennie Wishard wants school girl to board with her for the remainder of the winter. Inquire at the Miss Monegan's.

FOR RENT—A good farm of 160 acres, well improved. Inquire of John Healy, the shoe man.

FOR SALE—Barred rock cockerels, large vigorous, farm raised and healthy. Full blood and finely marked. A. P. Barton, 41st

FOR SALE—Two gasoline stoves, one and two burner, 1 gasoline torch, 1 medical battery, 1 book "Newest England," a valuable work on political economy. JIMMIE BROWN, Tinner.

FOR SALE—20 tons of good spangle top hay, on the Amos Davison place, 10 miles north of town. Will deliver for 60 cents per bale. JNO. GARLICK.

WANTED—To help every farmer who is going to hold a public sale to give it publicity. We publish a free list in two issues of the Semi-Weekly Republican whenever we print the bills.

FOR SALE or EXCHANGE—1 pure bred short horn bull. Also 40 cords of wood for sale at \$4 a cord. S. P. Thompson.

FOR RENT—9 room house, barn, poultry lot, including 15 lots, largely for pasture, garden spot, fruit, well and cistern in house. Inquire of Guss Yeoman, R. F. D. 3, Rensselaer.

WANTED—A ton of clover hay, or timothy hay. Call Tel. 18.

FOR RENT—We have two well improved farms for rent for grain or cash. Foltz & Spittler.

FOR RENT—A good five room house, summer kitchen and barn. Inquire of W. C. Babcock.

FOR SALE—White Pekin ducks, drake was winner at last Indianapolis fair. A fine lot of ducks, on market for next two weeks. Residence 2-1/2 miles east of Rensselaer. N. A. Hendrix, Phone 508 I.

Subscribe for the Republican.

## Good Things

For Your Sunday Dinner.  
A Saturday Market.

At Roth Bros. Meat Market, Saturday, January 25th.

Fresh white bread, Boston Brown Bread, pies, cakes, cookies, doughnuts, pickles, candy, mince-meat, and lye hominy. Send in orders now. Mrs. Kaub. Phone 430.

UNBREAKABLE, WILL NOT BEND OUT OF SHAPE

## Spirella

### Corsets.

Excel all others in Style, Comfort Durability and Health. Boned With Spirella.

The most pliable and resilient light weight corset boning in the world.

Absolutely Guaranteed.

Not to break or rust, will not take a permanent bend at waist.

Models For Every Figure.

A style to correctly corset your individual type of figure according to prevailing fashions.

Fifty Styles of Latest Corset Creations In habit back, laced in front, fashionable long back, sloping hips, modish high bust and form training stout models.

Moderate In Price

High grade in material and construction.

EXPERT FITTING AND SELECTION.

At your home, where accurate measurements can be taken and a corset demanded by the necessities of your figure selected. A postal card or a phone call to number below will arrange a call at your convenience.

Mrs. G. W. Goff, Corsetierre.

Phone 2 on 105.

Rensselaer, Ind.

## MONON ROUTE

CHICAGO and the NORTHWEST, INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, FRENCH LICK, SPRINGS and the SOUTH. Time table No. 13, taking effect July 22, 1906.

South Bound	North Bound
No. 31. 4:43 a. m.	No. 4. 1:30 a. m.
No. 5. 10:55 a. m.	No. 40. 7:31 a. m.
No. 33. 2:04 p. m.	No. 32. 9:55 a. m.
No. 39. 5:44 p. m.	No. 6. 3:31 p. m.
No. 8. 11:05 p. m.	No. 30. 8:36 p. m.
No. 45. 12:53 p. m.	No. 38. 2:57 p. m.

No. 30—Daily except Sunday.  
No. 38—Sunday only.  
No. 3 will stop at Rensselaer for passengers for Lafayette and the south.  
No. 4 will stop at Rensselaer to let off passengers from points south of Monon. W. H. GRAM, Agent.

## "Make Haste Slowly"

Let us advise you what is best for your eyes; as consulting opticians we are at your service. Be not hurried into selecting some style of glasses not becoming to you. The price of an ill-fitting pair of glasses is often higher than our modern, up-to-date, much admired styles.

### TAKE TIME

Take our time if you will, it will be a pleasure if we can please you.

## Clara A. Peters

Registered Optician

In Forsythe Block.

### Notice To Non-Residents.

The State of Indiana, Jasper County, In the Jasper Circuit Court to February Term, 1908.  
Gustavus J. Talge vs. Complaint No. 7262.  
Paul Viezens and Lena Viezens his wife, et al.

Now comes the plaintiff, by Ferguson and Ferguson his attorneys, and files his complaint herein, together with an affidavit that the defendants Paul Viezens and Lena Viezens his wife and Martin C. Londelius, Carrie J. Londelius, his wife and Robert R. Thompson and Thompson, his wife are not residents of the State of Indiana.

Notice is therefore hereby given said defendants, that unless they be and appear on the last day of the next term of the Jasper Circuit Court to be held on the 2nd Monday of February, A. D. 1908, same being March 7, 1908 at the Court House in Rensselaer in said County and State, and answer or demur to said complaint, the same will be heard and determined in their absence.

In witness whereof, I hereto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court, at Rensselaer, Indiana this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1908.

C. C. WARNER, Clerk.

Jan 24-31 Feb 7

### Notice of Special Session County Council.

Notice is hereby given that the County Council of Jasper County, Indiana, will meet in special session, Monday February, 27th, 1908, at 11 o'clock A. M. in the Commissioner's Court room to transact such business as may be properly brought before them for consideration.

JAMES N. LEATHERMAN, Auditor Jasper County.

## PRECIOUS STONES AND "PASTE"

Imitations Now Can Only Be Detected by Experts.

Glass or "paste," as it is called, is made which cannot when new be distinguished from diamonds by any one but an expert armed with the necessary tests. And the same is true as to paste imitations of all precious stones excepting the emerald (whose beautiful green tint cannot be exactly obtained), the cat's-eye, which has a peculiar fibrous structure, and the opal. The real value and quality of precious stones as compared with glass depends on their durability, their hardness, their resistance to scratching and "dulling" of face and edge. Even our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, as I saw a week ago in the fine collection recently dug up at Ipswich by Miss Layard, made gems of glass and paste, says a writer in the London Telegraph. It is only in modern times that the art of making artificial "precious stones" had reached a degree of perfection which, so far as decorative purposes are concerned, leaves the natural stones no claim to superiority.

## OBJECTED TO THE SUSPICION.

Mr. Shackley's Slight Misunderstanding with His Physician.

Mr. Shackley, who had been ordered by his physician to lay aside all his business cares for three months and take a vacation, reluctantly complied. At the end of that time he returned, looking and feeling very much better, and his medical adviser congratulated him on his improved condition. "I didn't like to speak of it at the time," said the doctor, "but when you went away I strongly suspected you of having myocarditis." Mr. Shackley cringed with mortification. "If I had anything of yours in my possession, doctor," he said with strong feeling, "or if you suspected me of having it, you ought to have told me so right then! You don't think I am a thief, do you?" By a hasty explanation of the nature of myocarditis, the doctor mollified his indignant patient and averted a scene.—Youth's Companion.

### Horn Long Imbedded in Tree.

A ram's horn that was imbedded in a tree 183 years ago is a curiosity that Janson Elder, a forester ranger living at Paisley, Ore., has discovered. While rambling in the woods in 1888 Elder came across a yellow pine tree in the base of which was imbedded the horn of a mountain sheep. He did not then have time to make a thorough investigation, but since he became a forester ranger he had occasion to go to cut down the tree. He took a section of the trunk containing the horn to Lakeview. The horn was a little to one side the center of the tree. It was not curled as are the horns of mountain sheep nowadays, but was almost straight. Counting the rings of growth, the tree was shown to be 213 years old. Outside of the horn were 183 rings, indicating the number of years that had elapsed since the mountain sheep was caught and held fast by the yellow pine. The horn was soaked with pitch. It is ten inches in diameter at the base and 30 inches long.

### Invention as a Business.

Commenting on a recent article whose writer laments that more persons do not take up inventing as a regular business, the Electric Review (London) says: "We doubt whether inventing in the highest sense can be made a business to be learned by anybody. Inventors are born, not made. Our own country is not lacking in the divine inspiration, if we are to judge by the number of patents applied for; a different conclusion might be arrived at if we were to judge by the quality. America appears to be the special breeding ground of the inventor. The peculiar mixture of all races in that fortunate land appears to have produced a kind of superman who alone is capable of creating such diabolical inventions as the cash register and the automatic telephone exchange."

### Felt at Home.

The former sexton had been arrogant, boisterous and irreverent. To do the wrong thing at the wrong moment was his specialty. He retired at the end of the year by request of the trustees. The new sexton was a colored man, and from the very first gave intense satisfaction. His movements were as soft as a cat's; doors were never slammed, nor did he open windows with a bang. "Where did that man receive his training?" asked the elated pastor one evening while attending a meeting of the trustees. "In the Pullman service," grunted a member who was battling the hay fever, "where he was taught to have a regard for the comfort of the sleepers."

### James Russell Lowell on Reading.

Have you ever rightly considered what the mere ability to read means? That it is the key that admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination; to the company of sage and saint, of the wisest and the wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moment? That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time?—James Russell Lowell.

### Modern Progress.

Grandma—In my day, women didn't fly around out of doors as they do now. They would sit at home and spin. Gladys—But now they go out and spin much better, if they have a good suit.

## FREAK PLAYS IN ROYAL GAME.

Records on Golf Grounds Very Much Out of the Ordinary.

On one occasion a player handicapped himself to the extent of playing all his shots with one leg held up, and the only crumb of satisfaction that some people can get out of the story is that the man missed nearly every shot and lost his wager. Also, who has not heard of men trying to play with one eye covered up, others who have had but one club against the full set used by their opponents, and others who have agreed to put with nothing but their umbrellas? On one occasion a golfer played a round with a champagne bottle against a man who had all his clubs, and it is a sad thing to know that it is on record that the man with the champagne bottle won! There are said to be various Scots who have driven balls off the face of expensive watches without at the same time driving the faces off the watches, and an American variation of this form of golf freakishness, as practiced with much success on one occasion, was to drive a ball off the top of a hen's egg, which had been dented at one end to make it hold the ball, but not otherwise damaged.

## CALLED FOR SLIGHT SEVERITY.

Indian Viceroy Departed from His Policy of Kindness.

Lord Lawrence, one of the famous viceroys of India, was an able and very simple man. He used to do his work in his shirt sleeves, and discouraged as much as possible all state and ceremony. He was inclined to treat the natives like children, although he always strenuously insisted upon their merit and receiving justice and kindness. Lord Mayo went to India to succeed him, and on the last afternoon before Lord Lawrence was to leave for home he took the incoming viceroy for a drive. On the way he impressed his doctrine of kindness very emphatically and solemnly on his successor. Lord Mayo thanked him for his helpful advice, and they returned in due course to the government house. The syce or footman, was slow and awkward in opening the door of the carriage, whereupon Lord Lawrence jumped out in temper and gave his ear an unmistakable tug. Lord Mayo turned to the viceroy's aid with a smile. "My first practical lesson in kindness to natives undoubtedly is an odd one," he whispered.

### Effect of Relaxation.

Dr. Long Mayhew Young of Chicago does not agree with us that sleeping on the front is good, says the New York Press. But he seems to be in his own mind an expert on relaxation. "In my opinion," he says, "the want of relaxation is the principal cause of insomnia. To produce relaxation we must first equalize the circulation of the blood. This is very often accomplished by sleeping with the knees up, which throws the blood into the lumbar region. The position is rather tiresome (I should say so!) and on stretching out the legs equalization and therefore relaxation takes place. For insomnia supervening upon nervousness I would advise taking some good, long breaths. When due to want of control of the thinking apparatus eat three or four ginger snaps (ten cents a pound), which will warm up the stomach and transfer the nervous energy to the solar plexus, or stomach brain."

### Nurses Dread Lightning.

Of all people who are glad when the season of thunderstorms is past, none are more thankful than professional nurses. "It isn't that we are so afraid of lightning ourselves," said a hospital nurse, "but it has a harmful effect on our patients. Most sick people have an unreasonable fear of lightning. In cases of extreme weakness or nervousness a dozen flashes of blinding lightning reduces the patient to such a state of prostration that it takes extraordinary efforts on the part of the nurse to bring him around. If one sick person requires all that extra attention in a thunderstorm, just imagine the predicament of the nurse who has a whole ward full of them on her hands."

### German Exactitude.

The widow of a German officer presented herself at the office in Berlin for the purpose of drawing the pension due her. She handed in the necessary certificate from the mayor of the village in which she lived to the effect that she was still alive. "This certificate is not correct," said the officer in charge. "What is the matter with it?" asked the lady. "It bears the date of September 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on September 15." "What kind of a certificate do you wish?" asked the disappointed applicant. "We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on September 15," said the officer with great firmness.

### The Reason.

"There goes a man who doesn't get credit at any business establishment in town." "Who? Old Mr. Worthy?" "Why, I thought he was one of the most reliable men in the city. Why doesn't he get credit?" "Because he always pays cash."

### One of the Tests.

"So your daughter made a brilliant marriage?" "Not very," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Your son-in-law is of noble origin?" "Yes. But I could pronounce his name properly the first time I tried."

## A WIFE'S LOVE

By DOROTHY DEANE

(Copyright.)

Lige Bennett walked to town that morning because the horse was lame. It was five miles, and cold, but he allowed to make it in a couple of hours, and he'd keep warm walking.

Mandy watched him from the kitchen door as he went down the road, then she turned back to where Lige was washing dishes in a spiritless kind of way.

"It's just a year since your pa quit drinking," she said. "I believe he's going to stick to it this time."

Lige's face brightened. She was a pale girl, with wide, gray-brown eyes and hair of a pale shade that harmonized dully with her face. She was 13 and had never been very strong. Her mother was a wiry little woman with black hair, dark blue eyes, deep set, a straight nose, and a mouth that closed in very decided fashion.

It turned cold that afternoon, bitter cold. Lige was not home by dark, so Lige and her mother did the milking and the chores. They waited supper till seven, then they ate theirs and set his in the oven to keep warm.

"I don't see why your pa don't come," Mandy said coming back from the gate where she had gone to listen a dozen times or more.

They sat down again over the kitchen fire. They were usually in bed long before this time, and Lige was sleepy, but her mother was nervously alert.

When the clock struck nine, she got up. "I'm going over to Martin's," she said; "maybe they saw your pa to-day."

Lige roused herself suddenly. "You don't s'pose pa's—"

"No, I don't," said Mandy fiercely. "Something's the matter, but 'tain't that. I know it ain't that!"

"Let me go too," said Lige, getting her hood.

"No, we musn't leave the house alone. I'll take King along."

"Martins 'll be all asleep by this time."

"I'll wake 'em," answered Mandy, grimly.

King bounded up to her as she opened the door. She stopped a minute to pat the great, handsome fellow and put her arms around his neck. "King, old fellow," she said with a half sob, "Lige ain't come home. We must go find him."

It was a quarter of a mile to Martin's. The house was dark, but she knocked and called.

"Who's there?" asked Joe Martin, from within.

"It's me—Mandy Bennett. Lige ain't got home."

Martin opened the door after a minute's delay, and Mandy went inside.

"Lige ain't got home!" said Joe.

"Why, I passed him about five o'clock, just outside of town. I'd 'a' took him in the buggy, but Sally was along, an' the baby, an' we had a lot of things."

"What's the matter, Joe?" asked his wife, querulously, from the bedroom.

"It's Mandy; she's lookin' for Lige. He ain't home yet."

"Well, it ain't the first time," said Sally. "Pity she has to come and wake us up this time of night. I'd let him go, if I was her."

"Likely he stopped in somewhere," Joe said; "I wouldn't worry, Mandy."

Mandy was shivering. She took hold of the door knob to steady herself.

"Joe Martin, Lige wasn't—" The words ended in a choke.

"Well," said Joe slowly, "it was pretty dark and I couldn't see very well, but I guess he was all right; I guess he was, Mandy." He put his hand on her shoulder in an awkward attempt to comfort her. "I guess he will get home all right."

Mandy drew her shawl around her. Her face looked gray and drawn in the half-dark room; there was no light but the dying fire. She went out to the night again and heard Joe shut the door behind her.

"Oh, Lord," she said, "it can't be that! Don't let it be that!"

King looked up into her face and whined softly, vaguely troubled.

When Lige woke up the room was gray with the dawn. She was still in the chair by the kitchen stove, with her head on the table. The fire had died out hours ago; she was stiff and sore. At first she could not think how she came to be there. She looked about her in the gray light and shivered in the deadly chill of the room. The utter silence of the house frightened her. She went into the little bedroom; it was unoccupied; the front room too, was empty. She went back to the kitchen, shaking with cold and fear.

When she had laid and lit a fire, she heard the cows lowing impatiently in the barn; the horse neighed for his breakfast. They must be attended to. She took the milk pails and went out into the nipping air. King, too, was gone. She hurried through the chores and went into the house and strained the milk.

Just as she took up her hood and shawl again, her father came in at the door.

"Well," he said, pinching her pale cheek good-naturedly with a cold hand. "Got any breakfast left? I stayed all night in town. 'Twas late when I got through, and I thought I wouldn't risk it. Doc Hunt brought me along this morning. Where's your ma?"

"I don't know," said Lige, beginning to cry. Her father took her roughly by the arm.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Lige again.

"She went to look for you last night. She ain't here."

Lige let go her arm. His face looked suddenly gray and old.

"Where did she go, Lige?" he asked with his hand on the latch.

"Over to Martin's. It was nine o'clock," said Lige sobbing. "Oh, pa, what do you s'pose has happened?"

Lige stopped and kissed her with sudden tenderness. Then he put her away and strode out at the door. He hurried down the road, half running. Part of the time he swore; part of the time he prayed.

Joe Martin saw him coming from the barn door and went to meet him as he came up, pale and panting.

"Is Mandy here?" he asked.

"No, Lige, she ain't. She was over here last night lookin' for you. Ain't she home?"

The strength went suddenly out of Lige Bennett's big frame. He sat down on the woodpile.

"No," he said, "she's gone. Lige's there alone. Mandy didn't get back."

Sally Martin came out to the woodpile with a shawl over her head, to listen.

"Maybe she went somewhere else," said Joe reflectively.

Lige shook his head despairingly.

"No, she wouldn't do that. My God, Joe, if she was out last night—"

He got up suddenly and started off. He staggered as he walked.

Sally looked after him. "I guess he's got a little something aboard."

Joe turned to her more sternly than



"Is Mandy Here?" He Asked.

he had ever dared. "Go into the house," he said; "you ain't got no more feelin' than a stick of wood." Then he hurried after his neighbor. "I'll get the boys out, Lige. We'll do all we can."

That night Lige Bennett's little house was full. Mandy was there, propped in a big chair that had a comforter thrown over it. Lige hung over her as if she feared her mother might vanish from her sight.

One after another of the neighbors had dropped in till the kitchen was full. There was a roaring fire, and King, as a special favor, had been allowed to curl himself in a comfortable corner.

Ike Watson was there; he lived four miles away, on the Springview pike. Even at the eighth repetition he did not weary of telling his story of how the big doctor from Marysville (everybody called him the "Big Doctor," not on account of his size, but his reputation), had been dying in a great hurry to 'Squire Denton's about half past eleven. He had been called that afternoon and had not got home to get the message until nine o'clock, and the 'Squire was likely to go off in one of his spells at any time.

"He was adivrin' along, lickerty split," repeated Ike, warming with his theme, "an' his horse shied at somethin' lyin' alongside of the road, an' a big dog jumped up, growlin' an' barkin'."

"He jumped out an' looked an' it was a woman, an' she was nigh froze. He hadn't time to stop anywhere; you know the houses 'tween there an' the 'Squire's is mostly set pretty far back from the road. So he jest took her into his buggy an' went lickerty split along to the 'Squire's. He didn't know it 'twas Mandy, till the 'Squire's wife told him."

"An' that blame' dog never left Mandy Bennett a minute. The doctor worked over her an' the 'Squire all night, an' this mornin' little Jen Benton she come over fer me to come an' tell you. Good thing I did come, too, fer Lige here was startin' out on the hunt for her, an' no knowin' how far he'd a-gone."

"Wimmen is queer creatures," meditated Ike; "if a man's late they always set up an' worry. Don't know's I want one."

Lige Bennett got up and walked across the room. Then he came back and stirred the fire.

"Ike," he said, conclusively, "you're a fool."

"Well," drawled Ike, thoughtfully, "mebbe I be, Lige; mebbe I be."

"But just to think of a woman goin' out such a night," said Joe Martin, his eyes suspiciously moist. "Ye knowed ye'd freeze, Mandy."

Mandy looked over at her husband with bright, excited eyes. "Well," she said, "I'd do it again—for Lige."