

FARMS FOR SALE

147 acres, 8 miles north of Celina; good corn land, large frame house, very large new barn, wind pump, all necessary out buildings; land fenced and tilled. Possession at once. **\$100 per acre**

110 acres, between Neptune and Mendon, on pike, good land, frame house and barn. Possession immediately. **\$82 per acre**

160 acres, near Rockford, best of corn land, frame house and barn, on pike, land well tilled and fenced; at \$90 per acre. We will take as part pay on this farm a small tract of 40 or 80 acres. Possession at once. **\$90 per acre**

120 acres, one mile east of Montezuma, on pike, good buildings. **\$120 per acre**

40 acres, four miles west of Celina, on pike, new frame house and stable. **\$80 per acre**

160 acres, on pike, near Montezuma; good corn land; fenced and

tiled; new pressed brick house of 14 rooms, cellar; gas water on farm; barn 60x100; wind pump, corn crib, farm scales and many thousand dollars worth of the best improvements. Possession at once. **\$150 per acre**

40 acres, north of Celina, on pike; good house and barn; good soil. Possession at once. **\$90 per acre**

68 acres, north of Celina, on pike; no buildings. Immediate possession. **\$75 per acre**

Town Properties

We are also selling the Pothoff farm, in west part of Celina, near C. H. & D. depot, in 2, 5 and 10-acre tracts, all facing on good street, at \$175 per acre. These are very desirable tracts for homes for persons desiring to live in town.

Many good town properties, with prices to suit purchaser.

We are always ready to show any of our properties.

Short & Donovan
SCRANTON BUILDING, CELINA, O.

The Parson's Duplicity

Cause of the Backsliding of Timothy Simms

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Timothy has joined the church, has he not?" asked Mrs. Peters, looking over her spectacles at the strong young figure swinging down the path and out of the gate.

"Yes," returned Susan complacently, pushing the dark curls back from her forehead and pursing her red lips demurely; "I told him I believed he was called to join the church the same as the rest of us and feel assured of saving grace." She ended somewhat vaguely. The minister had said that to her the day before, with his slim white fingers pressed tip to tip, and she repeated it with a certain sense of importance.

"I want to know," murmured her mother uncertainly. When Susan quoted



"I GUESS I MAY AS WELL BE GOING ALONG."

ed the minister Mrs. Peters took refuge in silence, for the weighty reasoning of the young clergyman confused the old woman.

"Timothy don't seem particularly happy over it," returned Susan doubtfully. "I told him I felt as though I wanted to sing songs of praise when I joined the church and was sure of being saved, but Timothy— She shook her pretty head sorrowfully.

"What is the matter with him? Simms all over, I expect!" remarked Mrs. Peters tartly. She was on firmer conversational ground now. "Has he asked you yet?" she asked, with a keen look at Susan.

Susan blushed warmly. "Oh, mother, I wish you wouldn't ask—like that!" Mrs. Peters tossed her head indignantly. "If I can't ask my own daughter a simple question I guess I better leave!" she sniffed angrily and applied a handkerchief to her thin red nose.

"Oh, don't cry, mother," said Susan tenderly, smoothing her mother's gray hair. "I was cross and touchy, I guess—no, he hasn't asked me yet," she continued with shamed reluctance in her tones, "but he did ask me if I liked the Biggs place. He said it was for sale and he thought of buying it."

"I see," said Mrs. Peters, nodding her head wisely. "And what did you say, Susan?"

"I said I liked it first rate," returned Susan shyly.

"That's right. The Biggs place is the nicest place in the village except Dr. Halliday's."

"I wish Timothy didn't feel so blue about getting religious," said Susan.

relapsing into moodiness. "He said Mr. Niles wanted him to give up smoking and drinking cider, and he wouldn't hear of Timothy's playing dominoes any more, and he did take a lot of comfort doing that. There can't be any harm in his doing that as long as he doesn't play for money."

"Just the same, if he's joined the church he's got to live up to his professions. I know your pa hated to join because he belonged to the checker club, and he didn't want to give it up, but the minister—old Mr. Leonard—it was then—said if he could get along without playing games and such he guessed that pa could, but pa wouldn't let Timothy checkers to the day, and so he played with his last sickness, and I guess he hasn't wanted straight to heaven your pa did." Mrs. Peters wiped her eyes, and Susan's pretty eyes grew tearful also.

"I'm afraid I made a mistake in urging Timothy to join," she said at last. "Wait and see how it comes out," said her mother. "Now you better set about hemming those dish towels before it grows any later."

"Susan," said Timothy Simms the next evening as he sat beside Susan in the pleasant old fashioned parlor of the Peters home. "I've got something to say to you, and I'm wondering how you'll take it." His good looking face was downcast, and all the bright spirit and liveliness that were characteristic of Timothy Simms had fled. His blue eyes were dull, and there was a sullen look about his handsome mouth.

Susan blushed and looked down at her little brown hands folded so demurely in her lap. "Yes, Timothy," she said timidly.

"It's this," went on the young man earnestly. "You know I've been trying to get a chance to ask you for a long time, but—and Timothy frowned down at the brightly colored carpet at his feet—"just as I got up courage to ask you, why, you came out and hinted that you wouldn't marry anybody that didn't belong to the First church, so I up and joined." He looked furtively at Susan, whose rosy

cheeks had paled. She looked rather frightened at the visible signs of wrath in the face of gentle, courteous Timothy.

"Now," said Timothy doggedly, "I've joined the church; I've said I'd try to be a Christian; I've always done the best I could by everybody, just as my mother taught me, and now comes the minister and says stop smoking, so I stopped. Then I had to give up playing dominoes and checkers down to the store and—"

"I should think you'd be willing to give up those little things," said Susan with some spirit.

"So I was, but it hasn't stopped there," retorted Timothy angrily.

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Niles came up to see me last night, and he—here Timothy arose and paced the floor excitedly—"he advised me not to marry!"

"Not to marry?" repeated Susan in consternation.

"Not to marry. He said it was better for a man to wait until he was thirty or forty years old, and—"

"You are twenty-five," interrupted Susan falteringly.

"And I am twenty-five. He said a man didn't really know his mind until he reached thirty-five and then he was competent to pick out a wife whose disposition would suit him." Timothy choked wrathfully.

"What did you say, Timothy?" asked Susan, with a dazed look in her eyes. "I haven't got him my answer yet. He's trying to get a lot of us young men to wait until we reach years of discretion before we marry. Then he says there won't be so many unhappy marriages. He's going to call it the 'Band of Thinkers.'"

"I suppose," ventured Susan wistfully, "that your taste will change after ten or fifteen years and you'll marry some one who's real sensible."

"I don't know anything about that," returned Timothy fretfully. "And I don't care. What I'm doubtful about is this: If I belong to the church ought I to do just as the minister says or I to leave?" You ought to know, Susan. What shall I do?" He looked appealingly at her.

"I don't know what to say!" cried Susan tearfully. "I didn't know anything about the Band of Thinkers or—no—nothing!"

"You see how I'm fixed, Susie," said Timothy despairingly; "there's things I want to say to you and I can't because I've done what you wanted me to do and joined the church! I guess I might as well be going along." He said moodily as he turned toward the door.

Susan watched him as he walked down the gravel path with tear filled eyes. She was amazed at the sudden and unexpected turn that affairs had taken in her simple life, and she wished very heartily that she had not urged Timothy to join the church. "I don't believe he's got just the right feeling after all," she murmured sadly as she closed the door.

Several weeks passed, and Timothy Simms came no more to the Peters' home. Nor did Susan see him. She heard that he was working very hard, for Timothy was station agent at Lindale, but Susan did not see him again.

He came no more to church, and there was a rumor that Timothy had been lured back to the checkerboard and the domino table by the jolly members of the Stove club who gathered weekly in the rear of the general store.

In the meantime Susan grew pale and thin. It is true that Mr. Niles, the pale young minister, came to see her frequently, for he was deeply interested in this young soul and fully determined that it should lack no spiritual nourishment that he could administer.

Susan was pleased and comforted at first by the evident interest displayed by the clergyman, but after a little his extreme delicacy of physique and his punctilious manner, with its little undercurrent of conscious superiority, palled upon her, and she grew to dread his coming. He was a poor substitute for stalwart Timothy Simms, with his rough, unpolished ways and broad kindness of heart.

For some reason Mrs. Peters frowned upon the young minister when he came to see Susan. Mrs. Peters had long been a member of the First church and an ardent worker therein, but the advent of a new minister, and one so young, had rather displeased the older parishioners, for they did not like his brusque manner or assumption of calm superiority.

One day, several weeks after that evening when Timothy had last called upon Susan, Mrs. Peters walked up the long dusty road that led to the station. She wore her best gray dress and her best gray straw bonnet, with its bunch of silver wheat nodding over her gray hair. She held her alpaca skirts demurely away from the dust, and she gave them a little shake as she emerged flushed and panting upon the station platform.

"Good morning, Timothy," she said pleasantly as the young man peered at her from behind the wire screen.

"Good morning, Mrs. Peters," said Timothy, reddening beneath his tan and shifting awkwardly from one foot to the other.

"I want a ticket for Bensenville. I'm going to see my sister Eliza," said Mrs. Peters as she opened her pocket-book. "When does the next train go?"

"In fifteen minutes—the 10:45," replied Timothy as he passed over the bit of pasteboard.

"You're quite a stranger, Timothy," pursued Mrs. Peters as she turned away.

"It ain't my fault," returned Timothy sullenly.

"Who's it, then?" demanded Mrs. Peters indignantly. "I am surprised at you, Timothy Simms! I thought you had more grit than to let a little peaked upstart like the Rev. Mr. Niles

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THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY ENQUIRER is offering Five Thousand Dollars in cash premiums to solicitors, in addition to a liberal commission that is more than ample to pay one's expenses, besides affording a living profit, while engaged in the work of soliciting subscriptions.

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boss you around and say when you can marry and when you can't!" Timothy reddened. It began at his forehead and spread over his broad face and down around his throat. He clinched his great fists and shook them passionately.

"I wish I just had him here," he muttered wrathfully; "he made a fool of me until it was too late for me to make it up to Susie."

"Humph!" said Susie's mother, with an enigmatic smile. "I'll say, this much, Timothy—the minister asked Susan to marry him, and she wouldn't do it. She said, 'No; I thank you!'"

"Do you think she'd look at me again?" asked Timothy eagerly.

"I don't know why not. What in goodness have you done, Timothy Simms, that you hold yourself such a slinger, I want to know?"

"Well, I don't know myself exactly," returned Timothy sheepishly, "only Mr. Niles kept at me till I got to believing that I was a terrible sinner and not fit to offer myself to any good girl like Susie, so I stopped going to see her, and after that I didn't care what became of me. I've left the church, and I drink sweet cider, and I play checkers and dominoes down to the store. I am a backslider!"

"So was my husband, but pa was as good a man as you'll ever find," returned Mrs. Peters. "Well, here's my train, Timothy. If you ain't got anything better to do tonight you can come around and play dominoes with me!" She smiled meaningfully as he helped her on to the train, and when he returned to his office there was a light of hope in his eyes and he whistled cheerily.

That same evening after prayer meeting Mr. Niles stood on the church steps drawing on his kid gloves. He looked down the path and out of the gate. Then he paused irresolutely for a moment, finally turning abruptly and walking through the short cut that led past the Widow Peters' house.

Suddenly out of the gloom there appeared a bulky figure. Mr. Niles started timidly back. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Only me," returned Timothy Simms' deep voice as he hooked his vest fingers in the clergyman's coat collar. "Just you come along of me, sir. I've got a little job for you."

"What do you mean, Simms?" demanded the indignant man. "What do you mean by this extraordinary behavior?"

Timothy made no reply. He merely tightened his grasp and hustled Mr. Niles along until he reached the Peters' home. Through the gate and into the house and finally into the brilliantly lighted parlor, where stood Mrs. Peters, her sister Eliza and Susie—Susie, dressed in white and looking very rosy and timid and happy.

They all started as the minister made his hurried entrance through the door, but none had seen the heavy hand that had forced him through. He shook himself angrily and turned toward Timothy, his face white with wrath.

"Parson," drawled Timothy, with a hard gleam in his blue eyes, "we got a little job for you—Susie and me—so if you'll get around to it now we'll be much obliged!" He took his place

beside Susie, and the other women gathered solemnly about the little group.

Slowly, reluctantly, the minister drew a prayer book from his pocket; then, with agitated mien and a voice trembling with suppressed feeling, he united the young couple in marriage. Then, with a few curt words of congratulation, he took his departure.

"Susie," said Timothy a little later as he caressed his young wife, "I don't know what you'd say if you knew what a backslider I am. I've backslid tonight, but I couldn't help it!"

"I don't care, Timothy," whispered Susie happily. "I don't care what you have done as long as you didn't join that band."

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WILLIAM H. ANTHONY

Announces a NEW and NOVEL Clearance Sale which will begin Tuesday, January 17, and end Saturday, January 21.

No economical buyer ought to miss it.

This page will contain full particulars NEXT WEEK.

Anthony's

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Making Cigarette Paper.

Rice paper, with which cigarettes are made, has nothing to do with rice, but is made from the membranes of the breadfruit tree, or, more commonly, of fine, new trimmings of fax and hemp. France makes cigarette papers for the whole world, the output of Austria and Italy being insignificant.

So light is this paper that 500 of the tiny sheets goes to the ounce. They are perfectly combustible, and before being rolled with tobacco they are analyzed to prove that they are free from deleterious ingredients and that they contain nothing but the purest paper fiber.

Only new material—fax and hemp trimmings—is used, and these are thoroughly purified. Chopped by machinery into minute particles, they are well mixed by a revolving fan, and then reduced almost to dust. This is placed in a solution of lime and soda.

In order that every foreign substance may be eliminated it undergoes a thorough washing process, the water being obtained from artesian wells sunk for the purpose.

The pulp is again crushed and rolled out into paper. This is of a grayish tinge and the pure white of the finished leaf is obtained by an electric process, which also cleanses it of all possible impurities.

Man a Defective Swimmer.

Man is said to be the only animal that does not instinctively swim. When the Minnehaha struck on the rocks of the Selby islands a pony and all the cattle on board, 234 in number, were put over the side and forced to shift for themselves; and all except ten of these creatures reached the shore in safety—the pony being among the survivors. If 235 human beings had been cast into the sea under similar conditions how many of them would have lived to tell the tale? Even a hen will swim if she has to; a cat, dreading the water as it does, will paddle along as briskly as a dog. But man makes poor work of it, unless he has been taught; and too frequently he has received no instruction.

Twenty Acre Farm for Sale

Twenty-acre farm, 5 1/2 miles west of Celina, on Mud pike; good house and barn and new three-room chicken house; good well; place well fenced and tilled. Cheap if sold soon. Inquire of JOSEPH JACKSON, Phone Wash Central.

Man Wanted

A reliable and competent man to take county agency for a line of genuine medicines. These medicines are a tried-out proposition, are strictly high-class and can be sold on their merits. The agency can be made a good thing, with the right man hold of it. More sales can be made the second year than the first. For further particulars address THE SCOTT & EWING CO., Burlington, Ohio.

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A physician who made a specialty of stomach troubles, particularly dyspepsia, after years of study perfected the formula from which Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are made.

Our experience with Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets leads us to believe them to be the greatest remedy known for the relief of acute indigestion and chronic dyspepsia. Their ingredients are soothing and healing to the inflamed membranes of the stomach. They are rich in pepsin, one of the greatest digestive aids known to medicine. The relief they afford is almost immediate. Their use with persistency and regularity for a short time brings about a cessation of the pains caused by stomach disorders.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets will insure healthy appetite, aid digestion and promote nutrition. As evidence of our sincere faith in Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, we ask you to try them at our risk. If they do not give you entire satisfaction, we will return you the money you paid us for them, without question or formality. They come in three sizes—prices 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain them only at The Rexall Store, The R. E. Riley Drug Co., southeast corner of Main and Market streets, Celina, O.

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A reliable and competent man to take county agency for a line of genuine medicines. These medicines are a tried-out proposition, are strictly high-class and can be sold on their merits. The agency can be made a good thing, with the right man hold of it. More sales can be made the second year than the first. For further particulars address THE SCOTT & EWING CO., Burlington, Ohio.

THE OHIO FARM LAWS

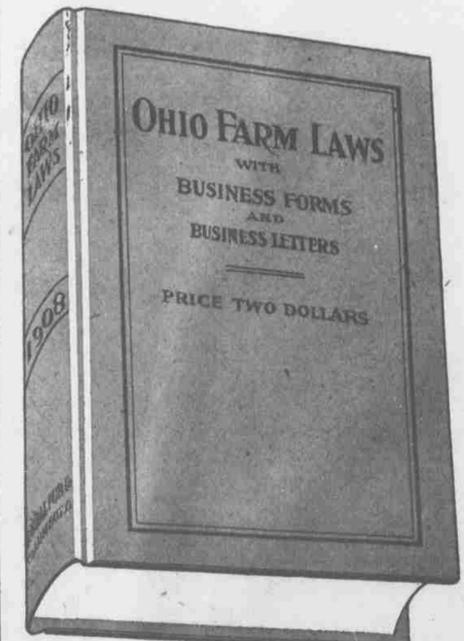
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EVERYBODY READ THIS!

THE OHIO FARM LAWS with Business Forms and Model Business Letters, is a book for the Farmer, Landlord, Tenant, Laborer, Village Business Man, and all other persons connected with farming or living in a farming community. This book has over 300 pages, is bound in good cloth and the following table of thirty-seven chapters shows the wide scope of the laws it contains.

TABLE OF CHAPTERS

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- 3 Bees.
- 4 Boundary Lines.
- 5 Bounties for Killing Pests.
- 6 Chattel Mortgages.
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- 8 Conveyances of Real Property.
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- 11 Descent of Property.
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AND ITS FURNISHINGS

At PUBLIC SALE

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