

No small pox in Rensselaer.

Guiteau is sentenced to hang.

The Grant Conkling Arthur Combination think now they can crush Blaine on account of his South American policy.

The two families of Little and Clark, in Kentland, have the small pox. The News said the disease is confined to the one house—but both families occupying it. Little nursed Clark, the small pox patient.

That the Republican party is held together by the cohesive power of public plunder, is evidenced by the fact that president Arthur has been informed that he will alienate the support of all the leaders of the party unless he shall abdicate the appointing power in their favor. Unless the Republican Congressmen can control the offices for their henchmen, President Arthur will be deserted by them.

Kentland News: Somebody burned down the county jail to the ground last night. It is supposed to have been done by somebody desirous of destroying the seeds of small-pox which might have been left there by the man Clark. While it seems hardly proper to applaud the wilful burning of either public or private property, it is not likely that there will be any considerable amount of dissatisfaction exhibited at this act.

Lowell News: The F. C. Dramatic company, of Rensselaer filled an engagement at Chapman's Hall Tuesday evening. The hall was well filled, and would have done credit to a professional company. They were accompanied by a good orchestra, and a first class band, the latter discoursing some very fine music on our streets. At the closing of the performance, a social dance was given which was participated in by quite a number of our young folks. We hope to hear them again.

In the forty-third Congress Mr. Conkling was speaking one day and turned several times to Judge Thurman. The great Ohioan became a little nettled and inquired: "When the Senator turns about and addresses me as he has a half a dozen times, does he expect me to respond?" To this Senator Conkling replied: "When I speak to the law I turn to the Senator as a Mussulman turns toward Mecca. I look to him as I would look to the law of England, the world's most copious volume of human jurisprudence."

Uncle Sam Tilden voices the Democracy of the whole country when he counsels the Democrats of the State of New York not to compromise with John Kelly and his handful of hungry beggars. John Kelly is a demagogue, a kid-gloved aristocrat, and has no political honor. Time and again he has sold out the Democrats of New York, and he will sell them out again if they give him a chance. If the Democrats can't organize the Legislature without making a corrupt bargain with the Kelly faction, they had better adjourn sine die. Let the watchword of the Democrats of New York be, "No compromise with John Kelly." Let him go to the Radical party, where he properly belongs.

We frequently hear it said that the tariff plank in the last Democratic platform was the cause of the party's defeat, and for the reason a few Democrats have said we should take out the tariff plank when we come to manufacture another platform. We submit that if the platform is simply a trick whereby Democrats want to get in power, the plank should be ripped out. This, however, is the question: was the tariff for revenue only a correct principle of Government? if so, can the party afford to abandon the theory which is correct and wrong, simply because this action will give the chance to win? No party can hope to succeed by such action, and what is more it does not deserve to succeed. The tariff plank in the last platform was correct, and the Democratic party can better afford to be defeated in advocating a correct principle than it can afford to win by advocating an erroneous one. —Nashville (Tenn.) World (Dem).

The protected manufacturers have more trouble with their employees about wages than any other manufacturers. Democratic Sentinel.

True enough your sycophancy is for the very simple reason that very few manufacturers except the protected ones can exist in this country. Without a protected tariff not one ton of steel rail road material could be manufactured in the United States to-day.—Rensselaer Republican.

It is a positive and well known fact that the protected manufacturers of steel and iron in this country cannot fully supply the demand. The increased price paid on home production, goes into the pockets of the lordly manufacturer, and our experience has failed to discover that their brawny armed toilers profited by this exclusive legislation for the benefit of their employers, except in a successful strike. The duty on foreign products is paid into our revenues. We will not attribute the remarks of the Republican to ignorance, but rather to a clear intent to mislead and deceive its readers.

Daniel Webster's watch, which he gave a friend the day he died, is on exhibition in a Boston jewelry store. It is a heavy gold open-faced Swiss watch, made in the early part of the century.

The goods at Leopold's are selling so fast that it is advisable for everybody to call soon and secure some of the bargains before they are closed out.

There is a colored member of the Virginia Legislature who evidently does not believe in miscegenation, or the theory of gradual absorption of the negro race. He has introduced a bill providing for the long imprisonment of all parties of the black and white races guilty of criminal intimacy.

I will bet you a gold dollar that if you call at Leopold's for Clothing, D. G. Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Furnishing Goods, or any articles kept by him for sale, that you will not leave the store without purchasing something and don't you forget it.

One of John C. Calhoun's grandsons said at Atlanta recently: "If my Grandfather and his associates had known as much about the negro as I know, and could of had the same capacity for progress which I have now, I would have been neither slave nor master."

Remember, the stock of goods at Leopold's must, shall, and will be sold out, regardless of cost, before moving into his new Bazaar.

An out town druggist yesterday entered one of Boston's apothecary stores, and handed a clerk a simple recipe. "One dollar and fifteen cents," said the latter, as he handed the medicine over. "Isn't that pretty steep?" asked the customer, adding, "I'm in the business myself, and know something about the cost of these ingredients." "O! that alters the case," was the response: "seven cents, please."—Boston Globe.

The stock of Boots and Shoes, at Leopold's will be sold out at a great deal less than cost, in order to get a entire new stock for an exclusive Boot & Shoe Store. Now is your time for bargains.

H. B. Smith, the Boss Watchmaker can be found at Hamar's.

The following is said to be a Texas life insurance agent's report, accompanying an application recently sent in to the home office: Applicant came here with \$6,000, has spent \$2,000 in law protecting himself in murder cases; has made some money, and is now thought to be worth \$5,000. Killed two men, was cleared in one case, and will probably be in the other too. Habits good and general characters fair.

Hal B. Smith, the experienced Jeweler can be found at Hamar's.

Dr. W. B. Butler, a staff officer of Gen. Jackson in the war of 1812, died at Jackson, Tenn., a few days ago, aged 92 years. Once he was defeated by Davy Crockett for the Tennessee Legislature. He owed his defeat to the fact that he had a carpet on his floor. Crockett proclaimed from the stump: "Why, my fellow citizens, my aristocratic and wealthy competitor walks every day on stores finer than any of your wives or daughters ever wore."

Teachers, send your Watches and Clocks, to Hal B. Smith at Hamar's, and have them repaired.

The cordial greetings of hundreds of old friends are offered to the Hon. Horatio Seymour during his present brief visit to our city. The venerable Ex-Governor is enjoying fair health, and takes the utmost interest in the welfare of his native State, though his physicians absolutely forbid participations in politics. No man in the Democrat party deserves or receives such honest admiration as the Sage of Deerfield. A bitter partisan himself while in authority, no man ever dared question the integrity or intentions of Horatio Seymour. His declining years are surrounded by all that makes old age beautiful.—Albany Journal.

Goodland Herald: Mrs. Peter Buck came near meeting a horrible death while attempting to cross the railroad near the Central House, Thursday. The local freight was swishing near that point, and Mrs. Buck attemped to cross the track in the rear of the train, which was moving backwards; just as she reached the center of the track her foot slipped, and she was precipitated across the track, her head striking the frozen ground, which apparently stunned her. The fireman of the engine, who attended to the switch, and J. W. Carver, sprang forward and dragged Mrs. Buck from her perilous position just as the rear reached the spot.

Kentland News: Rev. J. W. Hogan and Mrs. Jane Flowers were married at the bride's residence, near Donovan, Illinois, on Rev. Kerr, January 31st. On Friday, 3d inst., Rev. and Mrs. Hogan came to Kentland where a reception was given by their daughters, the Misses Hogan, at their residence. The reception, we are informed, by one who was present, was a very pleasant affair. The members of Mr. Hogan's family and a few invited guests were present and the afternoon spent in pleasant conversation, feasting and singing, the exercises being concluded with religious services, conducted by Rev. W. B. Slutz. On Saturday Rev. Hogan returned to his ministerial work, on the Keweenaw, Illinois, district, and on Monday, Mrs. Hogan returned to her farm near Kentland.

The next regular Public Examination of applicants for license will be held on the last Saturday of February, 1882, at the Public School building, Remington, Ind. Examination will begin promptly at 9 o'clock A. M. D. B. Nowels, Co. Sup't.

Mr. EDITOR SENTINEL: I presume that no State has been more thoroughly advertised, both through public and private correspondence, than Nebraska. And a goodly share of its notoriety, it must be admitted, has been any thing but flattering to the place and people; but we must say, we think on the whole, it has been misrepresented, and, in our humble opinion it is one of the worst slandered western States. We write you from Falls City the county seat of Richardson county. This county lies in the extreme south-easterly corner of the State, and is claimed to be one of the richest and most fertile in Nebraska. Falls City is a growing town of some 2500 inhabitants, situated in the southern part of the county about one mile and a half from the Nemaha river. This is a small stream crossing the county in a south-easterly direction, and emptying into the Missouri. Its branches for miles are covered with a beautiful growth of timber—sycamore, ash, oak, and black walnut being among the varieties. Falls City was settled by people from New England and Northern Illinois about the year 1860, but owing to several successive drouths and grasshopper devastations, the place "went back" until within the last few years. It is now growing rapidly, and presents an appearance of enterprising thrift. The courthouse, jail, school, and many other fine public buildings, have all been built within the last decade. The palatial residences of Judge Weaver, Judge Dundy and many others, would do credit to a place many times larger than this. Falls City has all the civilizing agents of an eastern city, and the democratizing agents of a western town. Of the former, about all the churches are represented, and all have good edifices. The Mo. Pacific and B. & M. Railroads both run through Falls City, and have creditable passenger and freight cars. A trip on either of these roads from Falls City to Lincoln, or Kansas City or Denver, is one of the grandest on the continent. The press is also well represented, the town supporting three weekly newspapers and one daily. The people are intelligent, industrious and thrifty. The surrounding country is simply "immense" all rolling prairie as far as the eye can reach (and that is a considerable distance) one chance to be on top of one of the swells, and correspondingly limited (if one chance to be below). It is diversified by numerous springs, some of which are noted for their reliability and clearness—one in particular situated about a mile from the city on the Mo. Pacific Railroad, has a reservoir built of stone some 15 feet in diameter and 12 feet in depth. In looking down through the clear depths, a pin can be distinctly seen upon the bottom. This same spring has pipes connecting it with a mammoth tank at the Mo. Pacific depot, which, from its elevation, is convenient supply with water the year round.

It has been said that all Nebraska lacked was water and society—all the worst of bad places lacking to be sure—but we have found a good share of both, though the former is not as good as we could desire, it containing some alkali.

On the south side of the Nemaha River, in easy access to the City, are excellent stone quarries. The soil here is from 4 to 10 feet in depth and the water superior to that on the north side.

We drove from this place to Salem, a town some eight miles west of here to-day. The town is an old one, but has not prospered, although it is surrounded by as fine a farming country as any in the State.

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A Special Examination of applicants for license will be held in the Public School House building, Bensselaer, Ind., on the first Saturday in March, 1882. Those wishing to pass the examination should be present at 9 o'clock A. M.

D. B. Nowels Co. Sup't.

HOUSE TO RENT—Apply to C. F. Wright, at Wright's Furniture Store.

At the Webster dinner of the Dark mouth alumni in Boston last week, Marshall P. Wilder exhibited the veritable straw hat worn by Webster when working on his Mars' Held farm. In speaking of Webster's remarkable control of his feelings, Mr. Wilder said that when he called upon the Massachusetts statesman the morning after General Scott's nomination, he found him as serene and phaind as a summer sea. Mr. Wilder and Judge Nesmith began to express their regrets that he did not receive the nomination as was expected; but as often as the subject was adverted to he would avoid it, till finally, when Mr. Wilder introduced him, Mr. Webster, with a smile said: "H. w. do you work on your potatoes?"

The Lewiston (Me.) Journal