

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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In North Branch, Sullivan county, N. Y., everything was ready for the wedding but the bride backed out. Thereupon the groom went off and got drunk. A few days later the girl made up her mind she would go to the altar, but then the groom refused. Then she went on a drunk.

The Secretary of a London bank recently got away with £100,000 of the funds of the institution, and the Directors, in a circular to the shareholders, say: "The Board can only regret that just at the close of what would otherwise have been a prosperous year this incident should so sadly prejudice the result."

WILLIAM ANDREWS, an old farmer living in the suburbs of Saco, Me., has in his cellar nearly fifty barrels of wine. He will not drink it, sell it, give it away, or throw it away. As he made it all himself, its sale would not only conflict with the State laws, but with national ones, and the property keeps improving in quality every year, to the exasperation of Mr. Andrews' fellow-citizens. Some of it is already more than twenty years old.

NEW YORK and Brooklyn boys, armed with brickbats and hickory broom-handles, are to be seen dodging about the alleys. They are cat and kitten catchers, and they sell the pelts and heads to furriers and milliners. The prices paid for skins from first hands are 3 cents for common yellow and black cats, 4 cents for large kittens of the same variety, and from 5 to 7 cents for Maltese. Nights and Sundays, experts say, are the best times to go out catting.

A COURT-MARTIAL has just convicted an army officer of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and sentenced him to be dismissed for marrying a woman with whom he had been living without marriage. Up to that point his conduct as an officer and a gentleman seems to have been fully up to the standard army morality; but an attempt to repair a wrong and to live decently is intolerable. The court-martials say, with Hamlet: "We will have no more marriages. Those that are married already shall live. The rest shall keep as they are."

GEORGE Q. CANNON told to a reporter in Washington that he feared the Mormons "would be compelled to give up polygamy." This remark was intended exclusively for the ears of the Eastern people. Cannon preaches an entirely different doctrine in Utah, and most of his addresses there are urgent appeals to the members of the church to take more wives so that they can have "a higher place in glory." Mr. Cannon also denies that he is a candidate for the office of President of the church. Everybody who knows anything about Mormon affairs now is aware that Cannon is the actual *de facto* head of the church to-day, and that Taylor is only an automaton in his hands.

DR. CHARLES C. BEATTY, of Steubenville, Ohio, had a peculiar method of disposing of his wealth. At first he prayerfully set apart one-tenth of his income for the cause of Christianity; but when the financial revulsion of 1837 wrought widespread distress he resolved that one-fourth should go to religion and charity. After this, in view of the fact that, as he says in the written pledge found since his recent death, the Lord had blessed him pecuniarily "beyond what he had ever expected or desired," he made a covenant never to allow the principal of his fortune to exceed \$70,000, and that all above this should be given away. Accordingly, the value of his estate is \$65,000, and the aggregate gifts amounted to \$500,000.

The Chronicle, of San Francisco, finds fault with the recent local census returns for that city, and says that the population is nearer to 300,000 than 250,000. It bases its calculation on the fact that the returns show that the average number of inhabitants to each dwelling is 6.86. It is preposterous, it says, that San Francisco, with 30,000 Chinese huddled together by hundreds, a city filled with large hotels and boarding-houses, and where comparatively few large dwellings are occupied by a single family, should only have an average of 6.86 persons to a dwelling, while cities like St. Louis, Brooklyn and Cincinnati are represented to have respectively averages of 8.15, 9.11, and 9.11 persons to the dwelling. San Francisco should try the St. Louis plan to increase its population. Let it take a school census and "see" the directoryman.

SENATOR LOGAN says of his recent interview with Siting Bull and his fellow-Indians: "Why, I saw the whiskers of one of our massacred soldiers which had been cut, flesh and all, from its face, dangling to the pipe of one of

THE BAD BOY.

"Well, how is my little angel without wings, to-day?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came in with red paint sticking to his ears, and blue paint around his eyes and nose, which looked as though a feeble attempt had been made to wash it off, while a rooster feather stuck through his hat, and a bead moccasin was on one foot and a rubber shoe on the other.

"Oh, I am all *bushoo*. Bushoo, that is Indian. I am on the war-path, and I am no angel this week. This is my week off. It beats all, don't it, how different a fellow feels at different times. For the last two weeks I have been so good that it made me fairly ache, and since that Buffalo Bill show was here, with the Indians, and buffaloes, and cow-boys, and steers, I am all broke up. We have had the worst time over to our house that ever was. You see, all of us boys in the neighborhood wanted to have a Buffalo Bill show, and pa gave us permission to use the back yard, and he said he would come out and help us. You know that Boston girl that was visiting at our house, with the glasses on? Well, she went home the next day. She says this climate is too wild for her. You see, we boys all fixed as Indians, and we laid for some one to come out of the house, to scalp, the way they do in the show. We heard a rustle of female garments, and we all hid, and when the Boston girl came out to pick some panies in my flower-bed, we captured her. You never see a girl so astonished as she was. We yelled 'yip-yip' and I took hold of one of her hands and my chum took hold of the other, and her bangs raised right up, and her glasses fell off and she said 'Oh, you howdid things.' We took her to our lair in the hen house and tied her to a tin rain water conductor that came down by the corner of the barn, and then we danced a war dance around her, and yelled 'Ain't y' until she perspired. I took my tomahawk and lifted her hair and hung it on the chicken roost, and then I made a speech to her in Indian. I said, 'The pale faced maiden from the rising sun is in the hands of the Apaches, and they yearn for gore. Her brothers and fathers and uncles, the Indian agents, have robbed the children of the forest of their army blankets and canned lobster, and the red man must be avenged. But we will not harm the pretty white maiden except to burn her to the stake. What has she to say? Will she give the red men taffy, or will she burn?' Just then pa came out with a cistern pole, and he rescued the white maiden, and said we mustn't be so rough. Then the girl said she would give us all the taffy we wanted, and she went in and she and me watched us from the back window. Pa he watched us rob a coach and he said it was first rate. The man that collects the ashes from the alley, with a horse and wagon, he had just loaded up, and got on the wagon, when two of my Indians took the horse by the bits, and four of us mounted the wagon and robbed the driver of a clay pipe and a pocket comb, and a knife, but he saved his ashes by promising never to reveal the names of the robbers. Pa just laughed, when we gave the ash man back his knife and things, and said he hadn't had so much fun in a long time. Then we were going to lasso a wild Texas steer, and ride it, the way they did in the show, and pa said that was where he came in handy. He said he could throw a lasso just like a cowboy. We got my chum's pa's cow out of the barn, and drove her up the alley, and pa stood there with a clothes line, with a big noose in the end, and he headed off the cow and threw the lasso. Well, you'd a tude to see pa sweep things out of the alley with his pants. The cow was sort of scared when we drove her up the alley, cause I guess she thought it was time she was milked, and when pa stepped out from behind the barrel and threw the rope around her neck, I guess she thought it was all day with her, for she turned and galloped, and kicked up and bellered, and pa did not know enough to let go of the rope. First pa followed the cow down the alley sitting down, and about a bushel of ashes got up his trowsers legs, and the tomato cans, and old oyster cans flew around like a cyclone was blowing. Us Injins climbed up on the fence to get out of the way, and that scared the cow more, and she snatched pa along too quick. I yelled to pa to let go of the rope, and just as the cow drew him under a wagon he let go, and the cow took the clothes line home. Pa got up and shook the ashes out of his trowsers legs and picked up a piece of board and started back. You never saw a tribe of Indians get scared so quick as we did. As I went in the hen coop and got under a barrel I heard pa say 'That busts up the Buffalo Bill business. No more wild Western steer lassoing for your Uncle Ike.' Well, no one was to blame but pa. He thinks he can do everything, and when he tries and gets tangled, he lays it to me. We went out on the street with our tomahawks, when pa went in to brush himself, and disengaged, and went on to our reservation, and peace reigns, and the Boston girl has gone home with an idea that we are all heathen out West.

Chinese Finger Nails.

The Chinese are very inconsistent in their talk about the dignity of labor. Once a year the Emperor and chief noblemen at his court go into a field and plow up a few furrows, while the Empress raises coconuts of her own to set a good example to their subjects. At the same time they allow the finger nails to grow to an extent that incapacitates them for labor of any description. It is considered a sign of greatest gentility, and a remarkable amount of time and talent is expended in polishing and sharpening them. When they have reached a few inches in length, they are inclosed in silver or gold sheaths, and turned backward to the elbow for protection. One gentleman in Shanghai has grown his nails to the length of eighteen inches. The women, as is well known, have their feet bound from the time they are born, and when they are grown the exceedingly fine ladies have to be helped around by their maids, so useless have they become! I have seen women whose feet were only three inches and a half in length.—*Shanghai letter*.

PAPER is now made in Sweden from the bleached and blanched remains of mosses that lived centuries ago, and are now found in enormous quantities. The paper is turned out in all degrees of excellence, from tissue to sheets three-fourths of an inch thick.

rear up and kick him, and pa hung to the fence and the bicycle hung to him, and they both went down on the sidewalk, the big wheel on pa's stomach, one handle up his trouser's leg, the other handle down his coat-collar, and the other wheel rolling around back and forth over his fingers, and he yelling to us to take it off. I never saw two people tangled up the way pa and the bicycle was, and we had to take it apart, and take pa's coat off and roll up his pants to get him out. And when he got up and shook himself to see if he was all there, and looked at it as though he didn't know it was loaded, and looked at me and then at my chum in a sort of a nervous way, and looked around and screeched as though he expected the bicycle was going to sneak up behind him and kick him again, he wanted me to go and get the ax to break the bicycle up with, and when I laughed he was going to take me by the neck and maul the bicycle, but I reasoned him out of it. I wasn't to blame for his trying to gallop over an iron picket fence with a bicycle, 'cause I told him he better keep off of it. I think if men would take advice from boys oftener they wouldn't be so apt to get their suspenders caught on an iron picket fence and have to be picked up in a basket. But there is no use of us boys telling a grown person anything, and by keeping still and letting them break their bones, we save getting kicked. It would do some men good to be boys all their lives, then they wouldn't have to imitate. Hello, there goes the police patrol wagon, and I am going to see how it rides on the back step," and the boy went out and jumped on the hind end of the wagon, and then picked himself up out of the mud and felt of his head where the policeman's club dropped on it.—*Peck's Casket*.

Useless Questions.

A dark cloud hung in the West, the wind roared in the distance and the leaves trembled in that settled stillness which preceded a storm, as a horseman dashed up to the fence surrounding a small cabin in the great pine woods of Arkansas.

"How are you, my friend?" called the rider.

"Ain't 'zackly yo' friend," said the man who sat in the doorway greasing his shoes, "case I never seed yo' afore; but I'm so so, how is it with ye'self?"

"I am about to be overtaken by a cyclone and I want shelter."

"Cyclone," repeated the squatter. "I've been in this country some time an' I never seed one yet. Cyclone," and he rubbed his red hands over his cow-hide shoes. "Blieve I did hear of one over in the lick Branch settlement. Feller caught him in a bear trap."

"My kind sir, you misunderstand me—"

"Ain't a kind sir. Daddy-in-law says 'n the wust in the pot."

"I've got no time to fool—"

"Oh, yes, act natchul."

"What did you say?"

"Said make yo'self easy," and dipping up a handful of melted tallow he spread it over his shoes.

"There's a terrible storm coming up, and I want you to give me shelter!"

"Ain't nar'yan. Had a shelter whar Jake hung his terbacker, but I tuck it down an' kivered the beans with the boards to keep the frost off'en 'em."

"I see there's no use in fooling with you," said the stranger, when the rain drops began to fall. "Under your roof I could remain dry, but—"

"Bet yo'd be dry, fur I ain't had a drap to drink in a week."

"How far is it to the next town?"

"In what direction?"

"This way," pointing.

"It's furder den it is the other way."

"Well, how far is it?"

"Dinged if I know. In late years this land's got into the habit of streatchin', so that a man can't tell half the time whar he is."

"Come, I'll get wet."

"That's all right, but I reckon I won't come."

"Look here, — your fool soul, I don't want to get wet."

"'Cause you don't wanter git wet don't give you a right to — something that don't b'long to yo'. I own about a mile squar' here, an' yo' don't like the lay of the lan', travel."

"I only ask you to let me stay in your house till the rain is over."

"How can you stay in my house when you ain't in thar?"

"You're the — fool I ever saw."

"Bleeged to you for the compliment."

"May I go into your house and stay there until the rain is over?"

"Yes, sir; jes' git down an' make y'self at home. Ef yo' had axed me that question at first, yo' coulder been in thar all the time. Way with yo' fellers. Ax a thousan' questions all aroun' a p'int, an' never hit the spot. Have a seat, while I scuffle aroun' an' git a bite to eat for yo'. Wife's gone from home, but I reckon we kin make out. Don't mind that dog, fer he can't bite. So old his teeth's all out. Don't git skeered; he'll only pinch a little."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

Thackeray and His Insane Wife.

The best years of Thackeray's life were given to the affectionate care of his insane wife. Her disease was that of a violent type, except at intervals, but she required constant oversight and attendance. To secure this Thackeray bought a house in the country near London, in which the invalid was surrounded with every comfort that love and sympathy could devise.

That's what I told him when he wanted to try my bicycle," said the boy, as he broke out laughing. "He saw me riding the bicycle, and he said he could do it as well as I could, if he could once get on, but he couldn't spring upon it quite as spry as he used to, and wanted me and my chum to hold it while he got on. I told him he would get hurt, but he said there couldn't any boy tell him anything about riding, and so we got the bicycle up against a shade tree, and he put his feet on the treads and told us to turn her loose. Well, honest, I shut my eyes 'cause I didn't want to see pa tied up in a knot. But he did. He pushed with one foot, and the bicycle turned sideways then he pushed with the other foot, and it began to wiggle, and then he pushed with both feet, and pulled on the handles, and the front wheel struck an iron fence, and as pa went on top of the fence the hind wheel seemed to

The National Game.

With the champion base ball nine, an oarsman with the fastest three-mile record, a slugger who can mop the floor with any man in the universe, and a cock-eyed Governor who is a national issue—like X, an unknown quantity—who would not be proud to claim a local habitation and a name in Massachusetts? The champion ball nine, and the champion poor-house! The one offsets the other, and both must go thundering down the ages hand in hand. Hand in hand walk catcher, pitcher, short-stop, fielders, basemen and the skinless ghosts of Tewksbury! Hand in hand walk Butler and the Slugger of the Hub! Hand in hand come groups of pale-faced, cultured maidens with gig-lamps before their lustrous orbs, and strewing flowers and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" beneath the champions' feet! Ring out wild bells to a wild and untamed sky, or sundry epithets to that effect. *Encore* the carnival, dyspeptic savants of the Concord school! Shades of the departed Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Hawthorne, behold, the champion base ball nine of Boston! Count the compound fractures on the coarse and bulging knuckles. Now, mark you, here a foul tip mashed that Grecian nose, and spread it like a poultice upon the catcher's face. That puffy ear, caught up with a lock stitch and held in place on the pitcher's head by a silver link, was loosened from its base by an awkward batter, whose weapon slipped and hurtled on its deadly mission toward the pitcher's box. Mark you, that limp which emphasizes every step the weary short-stop takes? A brutal baseman felled him to the ground and danced a can-can on his prostrate body in his long spiky shoes. Observe that eye worn by the center fielder, now closed forever to the gladsome light of day. The umpire struck him in the heat of quick debate, and the eye went out, to gleam no more astirward the diamond field.

And so they limp, these Boston cripples, toiling homeward from the fields of glory. Let Shamut avenue and Beacon street sing peace to their triumph. Let the big organ roll forth a deep, impressive symphony of praise. Let Wendell Phillips wake the echoes with a welcoming speech, and Butler cap the climax with a comic song and dance. Let Tewksbury's horrors all forgotten be, and naught but Boston's triumph on the diamond field be treasured in the memory of man.—*Texas Siftings*.

Easy Road To Wealth.

With a million to begin with, anybody might soon get as wealthy as Vanderbilt. So says a correspondent. He describes a building in Forsyth street: It is on a lot twenty-five feet wide by 100 deep. An alleyway of five feet runs down on one side, and on this the tenements face. The whole house, consequently, is twenty feet wide and 100 deep. It is five stories high, and is divided into five sections, or houses, each twenty feet square. The apartments for a family consist of a living room, thirteen feet square, a dark 5x10 bedroom in the rear, and two closets, both very large enough to contain two cots for children. There is only one window, and it looks out upon the narrow, filthy alley, so that light and ventilation are both scant. There is no water in these houses, the tenants lowering buckets from the windows by ropes, and filling them at a hydrant which is surrounded by foul pools. A drain is choked with rotten vegetables and other refuse. But the uncleanliness is not essential to the success of the writer's proposed enterprise. What he wishes to call particular attention to is the smallness of the homes and the relative largeness of the rentals. The prices range from \$8 a month on the ground floor to \$5 on the top, or an average of \$7 from each of twenty-four families. There is a grocery in the tenement opening on the street, and this raises the gross income to \$10,500 a year. By covering a block with these compact and cheaply constructed houses, about 15 per cent. clear could be realized on the investment. But that is not all. I would reserve the exclusive privilege of selling supplies to the tenants," says the schemer; "no other groceries or saloons than mine should be opened in the territory covered by the houses. I went into a Forsyth street store and saw women buying coal at 11 cents a bucketful or about \$10 a ton. Flour was retailing in small quantities at a rate equal to \$14 a barrel. For all of their eatables these poor devils pay on the whole 50 per cent. more than can be got from rich folks. Counting in drinkables, don't you see what a fortune could be made out of an acre or two of tenements full of wretchedness?"—*New York Sun*.

A Sum in Cancellation.

A hard-looking tramp was recently driven up before an Austin Recorder's court, and the presiding officer thus addressed him:

"I shall fine you \$5 for drunkenness, and \$5 for fighting on the street."

"Judge," said the tramp, "I think you should throw off the \$5 for drunkenness."

"Why," inquired the Recorder, "should I throw off the fine for drunkenness?"

"Be ause, Judge, I have the instincts of a gentleman, and, before I enter into a fight, it always becomes necessary for me to get drunk in order to reduce my self to the level of my opponent. And that I maintain, Judge, is sufficient punishment. To get drunk enough to fight, is, indeed, a terrible thing. Judge, did you ever get drunk and wallow around all night in a gutter?"

"No, sir," replied the Judge, "severely, I never did."

"Then, sir, it will be utterly impossible to realize the terrible retribution which follows a spree—a fighting drunk. I think, Judge, that you had better let the punishment of the drunk cancel the fight. If you'll throw off the fine for drunkenness, I'll throw off the one for fighting."

But stern, relentless justice had its sway, and the tramp supped on bean soup and salt-rising bread.—*Texas Siftings*.

MARRIAGE is a lottery in which men stake their happiness.—