

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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A FIRM in London, England, advertise that they want American honey in large lots, and will pay an advance of 5c per pound over the New York market for prime fancy comb honey.

ENGLAND has this year 2,660,000 acres under wheat, while America has nearly 40,000,000 devoted to the same cereal. Great Britain has 6,000,000 head of cattle, America has 30,000,000.

PROF. KEDRIC, of the Michigan Agricultural college, is making a series of experiments to show that growing plants in a close room are not injurious to human life. He says the notion that it is unhealthy to sleep in a room containing plants is sheer nonsense. The plants may not injure one, but it would occur to some, perhaps, that a close room is not conducive to the health of either animal or plant life.

A NOBLE lord of high degree is the English Mandeville, but he went down to a prize-fight at Flushing and acted in the capacity of impromptu bottle-holder to one of the knockers, and had his pocket picked of an expensive heirloom watch for his pains. A paper of his country says: "Lord Mandeville should be ashamed of himself, and his loss should teach him to choose better associates." Let him ask Boston if there is a better associate than a pugilist.

DANIEL SHAW, of Troy, N. Y., was a most unfortunate man. When a boy he had his skull cracked by a kick of a mule. Subsequently he had a frightful experience with a circular saw. He was struck by three trains, and had an eye knocked out. Three well caved in on him. He had fits, and during an attack fell on a red-hot stove. Four times he was bitten by mad dogs. A coal wagon ran over him and crushed his legs. He had a fit on a railway track, and an incoming train finished him.

It is so unusual for gamblers to leave any considerable sum of money to their families when they die that an exception is remarkable. Henry Behm, familiar to the fraternity of Syracuse, N. Y., as "Dutch Hank," has been a gambler for thirty years, and when he died the other day it was found that his fortune amounted to nearly \$200,000. He left the entire property to his wife. If any young man can suck encouragement from this morsel he had better hasten to buy a rope and test the elastic properties of his neck.

THE cotton crop of the South last year amounted to 7,000,000 bales—enough to supply the demands of the chief portions of the civilized world. In addition there were produced 2,500,000 tons of surplus cotton seed, which might have been transformed into 105,000,000 gallons of oil, 1,500,000 tons of oil cake, and 800,000 tons of paper. To what enormous extent this crop may ultimately be increased can scarcely be foreseen. Cotton is no longer king, but it remains, nevertheless, one of the chief commercial pillars of the country.

A FAMILY in De Soto, Ill., has a pet coon which was caught before its eyes were yet open to the light of day. An old cat took charge of and cared for it as if the animal were one of its own little ones. Now the coon takes care of itself, although the cat continues to feed it with mouse and rat dainties. The children in the house have taught the coon any number of little tricks, such as begging for biscuit, and putting its paws about one's neck. Her couch at night is on the dining-room lounge, and she shares that with the dog, who allows none of his kind to approach or annoy her, and is almost as fond of her as the cat.

A LIVELY scene occurred in a dentist's office at Westfield, Mass. A young man who had taken ether to have teeth extracted, after the operation was over became temporarily crazed from the effects of the drug, and, under the impression that he was a Western hero, made a hot attack on the dentist and physician in attendance. One he jammed up into a corner and shook him until his teeth rattled, and the other he dragged around the floor in his effort to throw him out of the window. Other occupants of the building rushed in, but were quickly put to flight by the etherized man, and one of them was chased around the halls and into his own quarters. The patient was finally secured by the dentist, and knew nothing of what had occurred when the effect of the ether passed off a few minutes later.

A CATTLE-OWNER of Montana was in Winnipeg, Manitoba, a short time ago. He engaged a room at a hotel and went out for the evening. During his absence an English nobleman came to the

hotel, and, no room being vacant, the clerk gave him that of the Montana man, who, being only a "common person," could not be supposed to object to such a proceeding. But that was just what he did. When he heard of it, and before five minutes had passed, the poor Englishman was running wildly out of the room, crying "Murder!" There was no murder, however, but the Englishman had to take a cot in the hall, the Montana man got his room, and the clerk was very careful afterward not to try experiments with "common persons" from Montana.

WASHINGTON letter: The spiders had become so bad under the eaves of the White House that it became necessary to bring out a fire engine to wash them down. The deluge of water caused a veritable shower of spiders to the stone floor below, and very soon at least 1,000,000 of them were crawling about in every direction—small, middling and large, of every shape and hue known to the species. About 3 o'clock the thoroughly-chilled insects began crawling up the large pillars toward the roof in such numbers that the pillars looked as though they had been painted black. The predominating variety, which has been christened the "Presidential spider," because it has inhabited the old portico ever since its erection in large numbers, has a round, plump body, six legs, two formidable feelers, and is of a mixed gray and yellow hue. Thousands of wasps visit the locality during wasp season and carry off large numbers of the Presidential spiders and stow them away for winter rations.

MR. LELAND, of the Leland house, Chicago, doesn't believe what he sees in the papers about the effect of the recent Supreme court decision on the rights of the colored man under the Fourteenth amendment. He had occasion to eject Samuel Henry from his hotel, the other day, and had him arraigned before a Justice of the Peace for disorderly conduct. Henry had a colored brother as his attorney, who proceeded to cross-examine Leland. "Did you tell this boy to come down and get his pay and then have him arrested when he came down stairs?" he asked. "He pushed me," said Mr. Leland. "See here; you are not answering my question," said the attorney. "You will please confine your remarks to answering what I ask you, sah." The hotel proprietor turned to the Justice. "You will have to answer the gentleman's questions," said the Justice. Mr. Leland was then subjected to a severe cross-examination. At each attempt to evade a question he was whipped into line by the despised colored man. After which Samuel Henry was fined \$1 and costs.

On a recent morning, in Cincinnati, a band of colored persons marched to the water's edge on the Ohio, just below the Newport and Cincinnati railway bridge and directly opposite Sausage row, where the vilest negro desperadoes resort. They had come to take part in the ceremony of baptizing by immersion a newly-converted sister. The weather was very cool, and the early morning, when few people were stirring, was chosen to escape interruption. After a song and a prayer, the gowned minister and the candidate—a coal-black, stout young girl—waded slowly into the chilling water. The girl shivered at first; but, exhorted by the minister, she followed him until he halted where the water was waist deep. Suddenly she made the Kentucky shore echo these words: "Lord-a-massa, I can't stan' dis; lemme go!" "But remember the Master's command, dear sister, and don't turn back to the wicked world," said the minister. "But I mus' go; it'll kill me, I know it will," the girl replied. She made a desperate effort to escape, but the parson held on, saying, as he struggled with his obstinate convert: "Yo' head mus' go under." In the effort to duck the girl's head both went under beyond their depth. They soon rose to the surface and floated down stream, shouting for help. Boats were at hand and they were rescued in the usual way. Now the colored theologians are discussing whether or not this was a Christian baptism.

Make the Gallows Less Interesting. If anything would convince me that hanging should be abolished it would be the universal accompaniment of the spiritual adviser and the triumphant entrance into glory of the condemned and executed criminal. It is impossible that any moral effect, such as is desirable, should be produced when a hanging, instead of proving a terrible punishment, is made the termination of an interesting devotional scene where the murderer is given the most flattering and respectful attention and his "last words" made the sensational head-lines of every daily newspaper in the land. It is foolish to mitigate the terrors of the law by such means, and the custom should be abolished. Let it once become a law that from the moment sentence of death is passed upon a criminal he is never to be seen or heard of by the world again; that all persons about him and admitted to him are bound to silence concerning him, and the punishment will assume an aspect more terrible.—*Washington Republic*.

THE BAD BOY.

"Hello, hello, hello!" yelled the grocery man to the bad boy, as he peeked through the window from the outside to see if any customers were in. "Come in and let me look at those bruises you are carrying. Great heavens! how did you get that *italic* style on your nose, and did the same blow blacken both eyes?" and the grocery man laughed at the broke-up condition of the boy.

"Oh, you laugh if you want to, but when you get walked all over by an infidel, and have some teeth knocked down your throat, you won't laugh so much," and the boy pouted as much as he could with his mouth swelled, and looked at the grocer as though he would like to tip the stove over.

"What about an infidel? You haven't been fighting with a heathen, have you? Tell me all about it, because you are on your last legs, and confession is good for the soul. Reveal to me the cause of that leaning tower of Pisa nose and that *hic jacet* colored eye," and the grocery man winked at a carpenter who came in to fill his tobacco-pipe.

"Well, you see one of the boys belonging to our gang of widow-helpers, his pa is an infidel, and he don't believe anything, but he can saw more wood for widows than any of the boys. He is a good fellow, only he does not go to Sunday-school, and don't believe there is any God or devil or anything. He has made us boys tired more than six times, when we have been sawing wood, talking about things that we believed in that he didn't. He said the idea that a whale swallowed Jonah was all bosh, and Elijah going up in a chariot of fire was poppycock, and everything was wrong. I went to a Deacon of our church, a regular old hard-shell, and told him about the boy, and asked him what ought to be done about it, and he was mad at the infidel boy, and said he ought to be scourged, and we should smite him and beat him with many stripes. I asked the Deacon if it would be right for us good boys to pile on to the infidel boy, and make him believe things if we had to choke them down him, and he said it would be doing a service to humanity, and would win for us everlasting fame and glory. Well, here's your fame. Gaze on my left-handed nose and you can see the fame. I tell you I don't take no more jobs converting infidels. I want to do everything that is right, but hereafter, if an infidel meets me on the sidewalk, I shall go across the street and let him have the whole street. You see, we got the infidel boy up in the hay mow of the barn, and, while the boys were talking to him I slipped a clothes line around his legs and tied them, and then tied his arms, and we had him so tight he couldn't wiggle. He tried to get away, but he couldn't, and then I commenced on him about Adam and Eve eating the apples. At first he wouldn't believe anything, but I choked him until he admitted that the devil got them into a scrape. Then I asked him if he believed that the Lord cut a spare rib out of Adam and took a lot of dust and put it up and made Eve, and set her up in the sun to dry. The darned infidel kicked on that and said he never would believe it, but I sat down on his stomach and tickled his nose with a straw, and finally he caved, and said he believed it, but he was mad, and tried to chew the clothes line around his arms to get away, but we held him tight. Then I tackled him on the children of Israel walking through the sea without getting their feet wet or catching cold, and he said that was a blasted lie. I gave him two minutes to believe that, and when the time had expired he said he couldn't swallow it, so I took hold of his ears and tried to pin them together at the back of his head, and finally he weakened and said the story did begin to look reasonable, and he believed it. We were getting along splendidly, and I thought what a triumph it would be to bring that boy into Sunday-school a firm believer, a brand plucked from the burning. We took a recess, and played *Scrabble* peg, all except the infidel, for ten minutes, and then I tackled him on Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, and he said that was all nonsense, that it couldn't be done, and I began to run timothy hay and tickle grass up his trousers' legs, and finally he weakened and admitted that Josh was all right on the sun scheme. He kicked on Solomon having a thousand wives and said he never would believe a man could be such a blasted fool, but I took a hay rake and parted his hair in the middle, and filled the inside of his undershirt with oats, and when they began to hurt him he said the Solomon story was true, and he even went so far as to believe Solomon had 1,200 wives, so I got him to believe 200 more than there was, which is pretty well for an infidel. He wouldn't take any stock in Jonah and the whale, until we buried him up in the hay and made him believe we were going to set the hay on fire, when he said he believed that whales were used in those days to carry passengers, and were fitted up with state rooms on the inside. Then I tackled him on the Hebrew children being cast into the fiery furnace and not being scorched at all, but he said he would believe anything but that, so I put on my roller skates and began to walk on him, and skated, and fall down on him, and he begged, and said, come to think of it, that fiery furnace story looked the most reasonable of the whole lot. Then I thought he was getting to be converted enough for one day, and I untied the rope and let him loose. You wouldn't believe a boy could be so base, but as soon as he was loose all the good work I had done on him seemed to be lost, and he became an infidel again in less than a minute, and scared the other boys down stairs with a pitchfork, and cornered me, and knocked me down, and walked on me, and pounded me, and before he got through with me he made me swear that I didn't believe anything in the Bible. He was just as mean as he could be, and I don't dare be good unless I go off somewhere alone. I showed my nose to the Deacon, and told him the infidel mauled me, and the Deacon said I was no good. Say, what would you do if you was in my place?"

"I would go and soak my head," said

the grocery man. "You have got to learn one thing, and that is, mind your own business about your religious views. The infidel boy is as much entitled to his belief as you are, and the days of choking your views down people who do not believe as you do are passed. After you get mauled a few times more you will be pretty smart. You attend to doing good, wherever you see a chance, but don't try to stem the tide of infidelity by brute force, and you will be happier."

"All right, that lets me out," said the boy, as he looked in a mirror to see how black his eyes were, and tried to push his nose back square in front. "Hereafter people can believe as they please, but I will get even with that Deacon or my name is not Hennessy. I bet you know that infidel boy was too much for me. Don't it seem strange to you that an infidel boy should be endowed with muscle enough to knock a Christian boy silly. I can't account for it. I should think the good boy ought to have the most muscle," and the boy went off thinking how to get even with the Deacon.—*Peck's Sun*.

Pulling President Jackson's Nose.

In the days of "Old Hickory" the veritable, energetic, irascible Andrew Jackson, it will be recollect that there occurred several events of thrilling interest. The old hero's career in the War of 1812 with Great Britain was marked with events which will long be remembered. His sturdy defense of New Orleans, the grand and successful battle before that city, were eminently suggestive of the terrible energy involved in Jackson's composition and marked him as one of the foremost men of the then young nation. The people did not forget him, and ere many years elapsed he was called to fill the great office of President of the United States. What he did in that position is so imprinted on the historic pages of the country as never to be forgotten. They have come down the years in trumpet tones and are yet reverberating in the list of celebrities of the land.

Andrew Jackson's civil battle with the United States bank, his stern, unyielding and successful grapple with the secession serpent in the person of John C. Calhoun, and other noted displays of his indomitable will are proud incidents of his history and veritable laurels of his administration. Every true patriot loves to recall them to his mind and record his approval of their value and importance.

Of the many incidents occurring during the life of "Old Hickory" was one which eminently brought out some of the main points of his character. When filling, we believe, his second term as President, his Secretary of the Navy, on the completion of one of our war frigates, planned an excursion down the Potomac and to some of the Atlantic cities. To this excursion the Secretary invited the President and his Cabinet. It proved a pleasant one. While lying at anchor, we believe, at Philadelphia, the people were permitted to board the vessel and examine its various points. Among other visitors was one Lieutenant Robert A. Randolph, who had been an officer of the United States navy, but had violated some important order and had been dismissed from his office. Gen. Jackson, as President, had signed and approved of the report of the naval court in the case of Randolph. He (Randolph) being of a determined, fearless nature, vowed revenge on the President when opportunity offered. Making his way into the vessel where the President was receiving calls, he impudently improved his opportunity by violently pulling the nose of the aged President. Before, however, Randolph could be secured he escaped to the shore and disappeared. At the time of its occurrence, the bold nature of the act of course made quite a stir in the public mind, and without doubt it is yet remembered by many of the present generation.—*Exchange*.

Sardines Before We Get Them.

Nearly all the fish eaten in America as sardines come from Maine. They are small herring. Sometimes only a bushel or two are taken at a time, and at others so many as to endanger the net. The degree of dexterity with which they are cleaned is astonishing, especially as it is done by very small children. After this they are placed on large gridirons and suspended over a hot fire to broil. The boxes are prepared with attractive French labels indicating olive oil, but this is false, as the oil is cottonseed. The packing is another operation at which little people are expert. A fish is seized in each hand and laid lengthwise in the box, first a head at the outer end and then a tail. After the boxes are full a small quantity of the oil is poured in, and then they are passed to men who solder them tightly. They are next thrown into an immense caldron, where they are boiled two hours, thus completing the cooking process, and dissolving the bones of the fish. One of the establishments in Lubec prepares about 4,000 boxes daily, and there are nineteen such places in Eastport, besides many others at seaport towns. The actual cost per box, including all expenses, it is said to be 5 cents.

The World's Supply of Amber.

This appears to be inexhaustible. The "blue earth" of Samland—the most important source of supply—extends along the Baltic for sixty miles, and possesses a breadth of about twelve miles and an average thickness of ten feet. Runge estimates that every twelve cubic feet of this earth contains a pound of amber. This gives a total of some 9,600,000,000 pounds, which, at the present rate of quarrying, is sufficient to last for 30,000 years. Amber is the fossilized gum of trees of past ages, and on the supposition that these trees had the same resin-producing capacity as the Norway spruce, and that the amber was produced on the spot where it is now found, Geoppert and Mengen, in a new German work, estimate that 300 forest generations of 120 years each must have grown on the Samland blue earth to give it its present richness in the product. It is much more probable, however, that the amber came from a large area, and has been collected in its present position by the action of water. It is also probable that the trees were more resinous than the Norway spruce.

What Jubal Early Thinks of Mahone.

As to my opinion of Mahone's recent address I can only say that the English language is not sufficiently strong to properly characterize the infamous nature of the falsehoods. I must say, however, that it is immensely worthy of Mahone and the minions who have assisted him in its composition. A great poet has intimated that in the lowest deep there is a lower still. That can no longer be said to be true. Mahone has sounded the depths of infamy and reached a solid bottom below which it is impossible even for him to penetrate.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

Refuting Billy Mahone's Villainous Slanders.

Investigation Into the Inwardness of the Danville Riots.

Testimony of a Leading Republican Against Mahone.

The Danville Riot.

[Associated Press Dispatch from Danville, Va.]

The Committee of Forty, appointed to investigate the facts connected with the riot on the 12th inst., and appointed proper sub-committees. All persons having information in relation to matters to be investigated were publicly requested to appear before the sub-committee and testify. The sub-committee regularly attended to their duties from the morning of the 13th to the evening of the 21st, during which time thirty-seven witnesses were examined. It is said that the witnesses, for the most part, were known to the committee personally, and represented all classes of society. They were examined thoroughly and impartially. The committee made a careful and impartial review of all the facts connected with the riot. After speaking of the ill-feeling existing between the blacks and whites, the committee states that the negroes were the aggressors. The report adds: "Two days before the election circulars signed by prominent citizens and leaders of both political parties, were issued guaranteeing every person, without regard to color or party, the free and undisturbed right of voting in the election. After speaking of the ill-feeling existing between the blacks and whites, the committee states that the negroes were the aggressors. The report adds: "Two days before the election circulars signed by prominent citizens and leaders of both political parties, were issued guaranteeing every person, without regard to color or party, the free and undisturbed right of voting in the election. After speaking of the ill-feeling existing between the blacks and whites, the committee states that the negroes were the aggressors. 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