

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. MCLEWEN, PUBLISHER

EXPERIMENTS are in progress in Ohio for turning palmetto leaves into paper for news print. It was the material used for Bank of England notes with such secrecy for years.

THE most important and valuable stamp collection in the world belongs to a son of the Duchess of Galliera. Though it is yet incomplete, the stamp, alone have cost \$300,000.

A CINCINNATI street-car company has just given eleven conductors, who have acted as such for one year, \$100 each as a reward for faithful and efficient services, in accordance with a contract made between them and the company.

THE Secretary of a London bank recently got away with \$110,000 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 badly prejudice the result."

IN New England alone last year there were 221 persons killed by railroad trains and 535 wounded. There were many important battles during the late war in which the casualties were less. The principal causes of such a large number of accidents are single lines of track crossing at grade and track-walking by careless people.

It is told of a prominent Wall street broker that in his office he is found "stretched at his ease on a silken couch, listening in a dreamy way to an entertaining magazine article being read to him by his lady amanuensis, while a second lady clerk rocks softly to and fro in a willow chair by the window, and the mild sunlight casts fitful shadows upon the richly decorated walls."

COUNTESS DE LA TORRE was recently arraigned in a London court for maintaining a cat nuisance, which, it was charged, was injurious to health and of many years' standing. The Countess confessed she had five cats, and fed some stray ones, and had also two dogs. The Sanitary Inspector reported that when the lady was summoned on the last occasion she had eighteen cats and nine dogs. The court dismissed the complaint.

INCREASING dissatisfaction shows itself in London at the supine conduct of the great landlords. It is complained that they do absolutely nothing for the town from which they draw their millions, and the same men, who are liberal and public-spirited enough in their country homes, seem to think that their London property has no claims on them. The Duke of Westminister is by far the best of them, but his property happens to be that which least of all needs much doing to it.

JOHN SWINTON speaks as follows of Henry Villard: "I met him first during the war, in front of Richmond. He was then a newspaper correspondent. He was a slender, bright-faced, long-legged, eccentric young fellow then, with as light a purse as the other members of his craft, but now, I believe, though I have not seen him since then, he is a solid man, over middle age, richer than Craxus, and up to the neck in huge undertakings. Poor Villard! barefoot boy of Germany, Golden Spike of America."

MR. LEWIS DAVID COHEN, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a Coroner's jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law.

As regards the descendants of Aaron, the High Priest, the twenty-fourth chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into any house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the Coroner, but appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had himself declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales, on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The Court remitted the fine and excused the plaintiff from future service on Coroners' juries.

DR. HENRY SCHLEIMANN, the digger for the ruins of Troy, is a naturalized American, but has not been in this country for fourteen years. "My wife is a Greek," he said lately to a caller in Paris, "and I now consider Athens my home. I have built a house there, and, though I retain my nationality as an American, I do not contemplate a return to the United States. My family accompanied me to the Troad. I built half a dozen frame houses for myself and workmen. Our way of living at this time was not at all different from our way of living in Athens, and that is the same as everywhere else in

Europe. We did not get fresh beef every day, as there was no butchers handy. I had to purchase my beef, mutton and veal alive, and have it slaughtered by one of my men. We had also to bake our own bread, but on the whole our life was European."

BILLIARD parlor proprietors will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that a Western genius has perfected a device for registering the time and price of billiards. It is in the form of a clock and begins to work automatically as soon as the balls are put on the table and stops when they are removed. The most conspicuous merit of the invention is that it can register \$25 worth of billiards for every table. It can be adapted to 50 or 60 cents an hour, or any other price. By this device the proprietor of the room can tell to a cent what his tables earn during a given time. The clock has not yet been placed on the market.

SEDONIA P. WAGNER, widow of Peter K. Wagner and sister of Gen. John L. Lewis, died in New Orleans a few days ago at the age of 85 years. She was a remarkable woman and had a remarkable career. A native of Louisiana while it was a Spanish province, she was a spectator of many interesting events. Her father was a Magistrate of the colony, and she knew all the prominent men of Orleans for the first half of the century. She met Wilkinson and Burr at her father's table, and was one of the maidens that strewed camelias and jasmines in Jackson's pathway through the Place d'Armes to the cathedral on his victorious return from Chalmette. She danced with Lafayette when he came here in 1825, and was for years a queen of New Orleans society. She married Peter K. Wagner, who edited the *Delta*, and was the earnest friend of Jackson and held, while Jackson was President, the naval office of the port. He was for years the chieftain of the Louisiana Democracy, and died just after the war.

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The National Drink of the Mexicans.

The stranger in Mexico is struck by the prevalence on the tables of bottles of milky-looking fluid, resembling at sight the absinthe and water common to the Parisian boulevards. It is, however, whiter looking than that. This is the pulque, the national drink, which is to Mexico what lager beer is to Germany and the United States. The stranger usually begins by expressing the greatest disgust at the drink, and winds up by becoming very fond of it in the course of two or three weeks. I had acquired a liking for gose, the peculiar local beer of Leipzig, during a long stay in that city, and as pulque resembles it very much in taste, though not very much in appearance, I took it at once. Both have the same sourish, mousy and cucumber taste, but pulque is sappy and slippery. It is a very innocent-tasting beverage, and one would think it no more intoxicating than so much milk, but in reality it is fully as strong as the same quantity of lager beer. It is the favorite noonday drink, but it will not keep until night. For this reason it is a blessing to Mexico, for the lower classes, who drink nothing else, cannot carouse after nightfall, when they might become disorderly and dangerous.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

CHICAGO has a Chinese portrait painter. He has made such rapid strides in his art since his arrival in this country that he can now paint a portrait of one of Chicago's leading citizens so that it will quite as much resemble the original as it will the artist's grandfather. All that is necessary to prevent it being mistaken for a Chinese Mandarin, is to put the leading citizen's name under the portrait.

THE BAD BOY.

"Say, master," said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he came in burying his face in a California pear, "it is mighty kind of you to give away such nice pears as this, but I don't see how you can afford it. I have seen more than twenty people stop and read your sign out there, take a pear and go off chewing it."

"What's that?" said the grocery man turning pale and starting for the door, where he found a woodsawyer taking a pear. "Get away from there," and he drove the woodsawyer away and came in with a sign in his hand, on which was printed, "Take one." "I painted that sign and put it on a pile of chromes of a new clothes-wringer, for people to take one, and, by gum, the wind has blown that sign over on the basket of pears, and I suppose that every darned fool that has passed this morning has taken a pear, and there goes the profits on the whole day's business." "Say, you didn't change that sign, did you?" and the grocery man looked at the bad boy with a glance that was full of lurking suspicion.

"No, sirree," said the boy as he wiped the pear juice off his face on a piece of tea paper, "I have quit all kinds of foolishness, and wouldn't play a joke on a graven image. But I went to the Sullivan boxing match all the same, though," and the boy put up his hands like a prize-fighter and backed the grocery man up against a molasses barrel, and made him beg.

"Oh, say," said the grocery man, confidentially, "there is a rumor that our minister is a reformed prize-fighter, and an old maid that was in here yesterday says that he has been fighting with your pa. Do you know anything about it?"

"Know anything about it? I know all about it. It was me that brought about the meeting between them," and the boy dodged away from an imaginary opponent in a prize ring, and tipped over a barrel of six halves. "You see, me and my chum have a set of boxing gloves, and we go down in the laundry in the basement and box with each other, evenings. Since I got the Irish boy to box with pa, last summer, and he pasted pa in the nose, pa has not visited the laundry to see us box, but last night the minister called to talk with pa about raising money to pay the church debt, and they heard us down stairs warning each other with the gloves, and the minister asked pa what it was, and pa said the boys were having a little innocent amusement with boxing-gloves, and he asked the minister if he thought there was any harm in it, and the minister said he didn't think there was. He said when he was in college the students used to box in the gymnasium every day, and he enjoyed it very much and got so he didn't take a back seat for any of them. He said the only student that ever got the best of him in boxing was one who is now preaching on Milton. He then named Wordsworth, and said: "If I have any fault to find with America, it is that I fear you do not do Wordsworth quite the honor which he deserves." Gray, Shelley and Keats followed in the order named. Coming to American poets, he said: "You may be surprised at the name I shall select from your American poets, when I tell you to learn Bryant. I do not say Longfellow, because, although he is a sweet and noble and delightful poet, he is not American—I mean that his poetry might just as well have been written in England, or Italy, or Germany, or France, as in America—but Mr. Bryant's poetry is full of the characteristics of his own country, as well as noble, natural and invigorating." Among prose writers he named Lord Bolingbroke, "as a writer of the most perfect English," next, "the greatest advocate since Cicero—and I say this, even remembering your own Webster—Lord Erskine," then Burke, Hooker—not to be read as a whole, "except by the theological students"—Lord Bacon and Cardinal Newman. Among American writers he named Daniel Webster, and "your greatest writer, the master of an exquisite and absolutely perfect style"—Nathaniel Hawthorne. The appreciation which the little talk manifested of the aspirations of youth, and the vital importance of the formative period of life, made it a delightful and winning address.

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