

# The Democratic Sentinel.

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## THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

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BY

JAS. W. McEWEN.

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Chronic Diseases a Specialty.

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July 11, 1884.

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Washington street, below Austin's hotel. Ten per cent. interest will be added to all accounts running unsettled longer than three months.

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Calls promptly attended. Will give special attention to the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

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Does a general banking business; gives special attention to collections; remittances made as day of payment at current rates of exchange; interest on balances; certificates bearing interest issued; exchange bought and sold.

This Bank owns the Banker's Safe, which took the premium at the Chicago Exposition in 1876. This safe is protected by one of Sargent's Time Locks. The bank vaults are as good as can be built. It will be seen from the foregoing that this Bank furnishes as good security to depositors as can be.

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Banking House  
O. A. McCoy & T. Thompson, Bankers,  
Rensselaer, Ind. Does general banking business. Buy and sell exchange. Collection made on all available points. Money loaned at interest paid on specified time deposits. Office same place as old firm of A. McCoy & Thompson.

## Ellis & Murray.

Our stock of Dress Goods is now complete, consisting of  
A Splendid Line of Dry Goods,  
Dress Gingham and Shirtings,  
Corsets, Hoop Skirts and Bustles,  
A Full Line of Satchels and Valises,  
Saxony, Germantown and Stocking Yarns,  
Flannels and Jeans from the best Factories,  
Ladies' and Gent's Underwear at prices that cannot fail to please you.  
We are offering our entire stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks at prices that DEFY COMPETITION.  
We invite you to call and see our New Goods.

ELLIS & MURRAY.

Rensselaer, Ind.

## THOMAS J. FARDEN.

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,

A complete line of light and heavy shoes for men and boys, women and misses, always in stock at bottom prices. In grease of tadelmore an object than large profits.  
See our goods before buying.

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## N. WARNER & SONS.

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Real Estate and Collecting Agent.

Will practice in all the Courts of Newton, Benton and Jasper counties.  
OFFICE:—Up stairs, over Murray's City Drug Store, Goodland, Indiana.

## THE NEW MAKEEVER HOUSE.

RENSSELAER, IND.

Is OPENED. New and finely furnished. Good and pleasant rooms. Table furnished with the best market affords. Good Sample Rooms on first floor. Free Bus to and from Depot.  
PHILIP BLUM, Proprietor.  
Rensselaer, May 11, 1884.

## LEAR HOUSE.

J. H. LEAR, Proprietor,  
Opposite Court House, Monticello, Ind.

Has recently been new furnished through out. The rooms are large and airy, the location central, making it the most convenient and desirable house in town. Try it.

### A LUNCH-TABLE INCIDENT

Father and Son—Senator and Congressman.

What May Be in Store for a Wife and Mother—A Son of Dan Voorhees Probably Going to Congress from Washington Territory.

[From the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

There were five of us around a lunch table yesterday in a private room of a popular restaurant—Dan Voorhees, John E. Lamb, Dick Bright and Albert J. Kelley. We were not a disgruntled party; why should we be? Voorhees probably knows that he will succeed himself in the Senate; John Lamb is too magnificent a nature to frown at defeat, and it is not recorded yet, anyway that he may not by protest win the seat in Congress he so well deserves. Albert Kelly is a hopeful aspirant for office. Dick Bright possesses the gift of diplomacy, which will 'cast an anchor to the windward' in his behalf whenever he is ready for the undertaking. As for the fifth member of the group he has no aspiration for other position under the sun than that of talking through types in a manner which shall entertain a large constituency of readers.

But of these affairs no word was said over our table. It was one of those social episodes that make men know each other better—from which business, politics and dull care of whatever breeding is eliminated. Conversation, spiced with anecdote and repartee, flows on for an hour with the pleasantness of a brook's babblings. At length John Lamb takes from his pocket a paper, and with an apology for the act, begins looking the columns over for some item he wants to find.

'Put down the paper, John,' Voorhees presently commands him, and then says to the others: 'Lamb is an oddity at reading a newspaper; he goes over every line in it, including the advertisement.'

'Well, now, I'll wager I've found something here that will please you,' responded Lamb. 'Listen,' and he read the following:

'ST. LOUIS, W. T., Nov. 11.—The election is still doubtful in this Territory. The chances favor Voorhees, Democrat, for Delegate to Congress. The only issue between the two parties was that of the railroad. Democrats and disaffected Republicans demanded the forfeiture of the land grant which lapsed over seven years ago. They have probably won their fight. Voorhees' estimated majority is about 300.'

'What Voorhees is that?' I questioned.

'That is my son, sir; my boy Charles,' answered Dan with just the least glow of gladness illuminating his face and the slightest glint of moisture in his eyes. 'That dispatch does me good,' said Kelley 'and by George, I do hope Charles has won,' speaking with the earnestness of a boyhood friend. The hope was cordially echoed by the other three.

'And I hope so; I want it for his mother's sake,' responded the father, she is wrapped up in 'harley. Why she has been as anxious over his race as over my own canvass. I have told her he could not win the Territory being overwhelmingly Republican. He himself hardly thought it possible, and did not accept the nomination under any impression that he could be elected. But his mother has nevertheless hoped for his success and will it not make her happy to see him in Congress?'

There is a silent music underlying the resonant strains of the orchestra, which is often sweeter to the senses than the sounds that fall upon the ear.

There is a depth of sentiment which words can not fathom, and which they should never attempt to voice, and just such a sentiment was uncovered in our party by the last sentence Dan Voorhees uttered. Not another word was uttered on the subject and I would have wanted to choke the one who would have added a word. I have never seen the Washington Territory Voorhees, but I would give something to be assured that he has won his race. It would thrill the heart of every friend of Indiana's favorite Senator to reflect upon the worthy pride with which he would look upon his son seated in the other House of Congress. But I should forget, nor care a snap for what he might think or feel, when contemplating the fullness of pride and joy of the wife and mother who could walk to the Capitol between and upon the arm each of a husband, Senator, and a son, Congressman. I protest against being charged with sentimentality, but I would rather stand in the campus of the Capitol and see that procession go by than to witness the ceremony of inaugurating the next President.

Rob Roy.

### VERY LONG TIME BETWEEN SHAVES.

A Pennsylvania Man Whose Beard Has Remained Uncut Since 1860. He Having Vowed Not to be Shaved Until the Election of a Democratic President.

(Special Dispatch to the Detroit Free Press.)

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10.—A tall, broad-shouldered man apparently 55 years of age walked into a Seventh street barber shop this afternoon and seated himself in a chair. A heavy black beard covered his face and his shirt front, and was finally lost to sight within the capacious recesses of his waist-coat.

'Hair cut sir?' said the barber, as he began to tuck a towel around the collar of his customer. The old man, who had been busy with his beard during this interval, now exposed it to the astonished gaze of the shop. It reached fully three inches below the knees when it was uncoiled. He replied, 'No, but I want this beard taken off clean. For twenty-four years no razor has touched my face. This beard is the result. It was in 1860. I was as spruce a young chap as could be seen at Lancaster, and everybody knew young Joe Barstoe in those parts, they called me 'young Joe,' to make a difference between the old man and me. The old man was a Democrat to the back-bone, and I was with him till the split in the 1860 convention, when the Southerners put up John C. Breckenridge and we—the North—nominated Stephen A. Douglas. I felt strong on the subject and worked for Douglas day and night. I used to be very smart in appearance in those days, but I worked so hard I had no time for prinking up.'

'One night I made a speech at a meeting in the old turnpike tavern. I had a week's growth of stubble on my face, and before I had spoken a dozen words some loud sang out, 'Go get a shave.' Everybody laughed as they looked at me. 'Get a shave?' says I. No razor touches my face till I see a Democratic President elected. I have kept my word. Take it off and roll it carefully up in a piece of paper, barber, for I am going to send President Cleveland a chain made out of it.'

### A MAN WHO BET ON TAYLOR.

(St. Worth Correspondent Globe Democrat.)

At the table of the El Paso the reporter was introduced, in his professional capacity, to a big, burly, pleasant-faced man, whose manners indicated that if he wasn't boss of all Texas he had pretty much the biggest share in maintaining her prosperity. The individual in question was Colonel J. T. Chidester, proprietor and operator of a stage line from Fort Worth to Fort Yuma, in Arizona Territory. In his idea there were but two great enterprises on earth—The Globe-Democrat and the Fort Yuma stage line. Oh, but he was a jolly kind of a chap, whole-souled, and full of vim and fun. Coming up from Fort Worth to Dallas he told how he made a fortune betting on General Zachariah Taylor's election to the Presidency. He said:

'I bet everything I had, money, house and home, and farm, pasture land, stock, wagons, harness, cloths, and everything you could think of. As long as I had credit I bet it. Then one day I bet my hat, coat, vest, pants and shoes, and I was five miles from home at that. But I was sure Taylor would be elected. I bet on his election; on his election by different majorities; on his living to be elected, and had side bets of all sorts and shapes. In those days I used to drive round—this was in Mississippi—a band of music and a six-pounder cannon, and I tell you we had rousing times and stirring speeches. But my man had got elected, as I knew he would, and I calculated when I figured it up—for I had I clerk to keep track of my bets—that I had won 30,000 in gold. I collected all of the bets, too. One man didn't like to give up a mule he had bet—it was the only mule he had—and so I took his mule and gave him another and a better one, and to-day he writes me every month and says what a good fellow, I am. And when I knew I had won I kept open house for a week, and invited the whole country. I had charcoal made by the thousand bushels, and oxen cooked whole in trenches, I don't know how long. I decorated every post, flag pole, chimney, lightning rod and tree-top in the vicinity with the American flag, and when the flag gave out I sent for more. I fired a salute of thirty-three guns—one for each State then—every morning before breakfast, and again in the evening, and I guess had over 700 people at my house for a whole week and more, eating and drinking and making merry. And after I deducted all my expenses I had about \$6,000 left.'

A Pretended Mugwump.  
(Indianapolis News.)  
'How are you, Mr. Sheerin,' said a stranger of the shabby genteel order, approaching the clerk of the supreme court yesterday. 'I am a Republican,' he continued, 'but I voted for you this time.'

'You did, indeed,' observed Mr. Sheerin.

'Yes, and I used your pasters freely. I induced several of my acquaintances to scratch your opponent. I am not such a hide-bound republican that I always vote the straight ticket whoever the candidate may be.'

The request of the loan of the small sum of a dollar was imminent, when the genial clerk interrupted him with, 'Stranger, I appreciate your independence, but there is certainly some mistake, for I was not on the ticket this year.' The interview terminated very abruptly.

The radical congresses always sent out contesting Republicans, and they are horrified at the thought that Tom Wood might be elected a Democratic Congressman.

### These are Solid Facts.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an aperient, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely, and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at Fifty cents a bottle by F. B. Meyer.