

# The Democratic Sentinel.

VOLUME IX.

RENSSELAER JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA. FRIDAY MARCH 6, 1885.

NUMBER 6.

## THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

JAS. W. McEWEN.

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One year \$1.50  
Six months .75  
Three months .40

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We pay particular attention to paying tax, selling, and leasing lands.

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HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
RENSSELAER, INDIANA.  
Chronic Diseases a Specialty.  
Office in Matcever's New Block. Resides at Matcever House.  
July 11, 1884.

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

### DR. I. B. WASHBURN.

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

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Citizens' Bank,  
RENSSELAER, IND.

Does a general Banking business; gives special attention to collections; remittances made on day of payment at current rate of exchange; interest paid on balances; certificates bearing interest issued; exchange bought and sold.  
This Bank owns the Burglar Safe, which took the premium at the Chicago Exposition in 1876. This safe is protected by one of the latest Time Locks. The burglar used is as good as can be built. It will be seen from this foregoing that this Bank furnishes as good security to depositors as can be.

### ALFRED M. COY.

Banking House  
OF A. MCCOY & T. THOMPSON, successors to A. McCoy & A. Thompson, Bankers.  
Rensselaer, Ind. Does general Banking business. Buy and sell exchange. Collections on all available points. Money loaned on credit paid on specified time deposits, &c. same place as old firm of A. McCoy & Thompson.

## Dress Goods, Cloaks, Etc.

### SPECIAL SALE.

On account of the extremely warm weather during the past month, we have too many Fall and Winter Goods, and for the purpose of reducing stock, we have made big reductions in the price of

## DRESS GOODS & CLOAKS,

We show the most complete line of

LADIES' & GENTS' KNIT UNDERWEAR,  
In this market.

Come and buy DRY GOODS Cheap

ELLIS & MURRAY.

Rensselaer, Ind.

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## 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. Increase of trade more than object. See our goods before buying.



## Gents' Furnishings Goods!

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## Hardware, Tinware,

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South Side Washington Street,  
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Attorney at Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
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.

### J. C. OPENED.

New and nicely furnished—Cool and pleasant rooms. Table furnished with the best the market affords. Good Sample Rooms on first floor. Free Bus to and from Depot. PHILIP BLUE, Proprietor.  
Rensselaer, May 11, 1885.

### 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.

### Senator Harrison and the Land Grant.

Senator Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, cast a vote a week ago to-day which challenges the condemnation of his constituency, regardless of party. It was to lay aside and, so, practically to kill the bill for the forfeiture of the Texas Pacific Railroad land grant. It will occur to the logical reader to question how, since there is no Texas Pacific Railroad, can there be a Texas Pacific land grant? There is no Texas Pacific Road or Company, and yet there is a Texas Pacific Railroad land grant of 14,309,760 acres. Why this should be so only a Republican United States Senator seems to know, and our Senator Harrison appears to be conspicuous in that outrageous knowledge.

Briefly, this is the situation: On March 31, 1871, a grant was made to the Texas Pacific Railway Company of 14,709,760 acres of public lands, twenty alternate sections on each side of the proposed road being allowed per mile, with the right to the company of making up deficiencies ten miles beyond these limits in certain territory, while in other territory no limit was prescribed. In California the company might cure the deficiency within twenty miles of the granted lands.

Not a stroke of work has ever been done to earn this grant, but, notwithstanding, it is held for the company by the Interior Department. Not only the 14,309,760 acres embraced in this grant are thus withdrawn, but as the Interior Department can not tell which is railroad and which is public land until the grant has been selected and surveyed, all the Government land within the limit of the grant is also practically withdrawn, and as a consequence of the refusal of the Senate to declare the grant forfeited, the public is denied the right to settle upon about 4,000,000 acres of the public domain.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, a competitor of the Texas Pacific at the outset, is built along the line which the Texas Pacific projected. The Southern Pacific was built without any land grant and in opposition to the Texas Pacific. It was the boast of the Southern Pacific men—the Huntington gang—when appealing to Congress for charter and right of way, that they asked for no grant of public lands. They employed agents and attorneys to go into various States, and with this argument in their favor as against the Texas Pacific, to influence legislation to memorialize Congress that it cede charter and right of way privileges to the Southern Pacific Company. Not only this, but it was further held that the Texas grant had already passed. It was by claims of independence for itself and by thus discrediting the Texas Pacific Company, that the Southern Pacific secured its desired privileges and completed its construction.

But later the Huntington ring received a pretended assignment from the Texas Pacific when, presto, change! it sets up the proposition that the Texas Pacific grant had never lapsed, and that by virtue of the transfer the Southern Pacific was entitled to the Texas Pacific land grant. So the Texas Pacific transfers 14,309,760 acres, not an acre of which had it earned under the terms of the grant, to the Southern Pacific, which had bargained with the Government that it desired no grant.

The transfer, therefore, is, ab initio, void, just as entirely so as if the Indianapolis Street Railway Company had made it. The Southern Pacific has no more title to the lands under it than if the transfer had come from a corporation or ghosts.

There isn't a backwoods justice court in Indiana that would not throw out a claim so absurd as that of the Southern Pacific in the premises. Yet here is the United States Senate, and an Indiana Senator active in the scheme, virtually sustaining the claim, which is nothing less than an attempt to rob the Government of more than 14,000,000 acres of public domain. What do the people of Indiana think of Senator Harrison's attitude in the matter.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The other day a merchant traveler operating for a Philadelphia shoe firm boarded a train on the Alton road at Joliet, and was soon attracted by the charming face of a Sucker lass who got on at Pontiac. He thought he saw that she was a sweet, innocent young thing who had never been around any, and he wended his way to where she sat and insinuated himself into her society.

"It is a very stormy day, miss," said the merchant traveler. "Is that so," she asked, with a great show of interest. Here, indeed, was a sweet example of rustic innocence. Storming like all the furies and had been for nine consecutive hours, and yet she seemed to know nothing about it. "Poor, credulous, simple thing," he thought. "She'll be madly in love with me in fifteen minutes."

"Going far?" he inquired. "Oh, an awful long way!" "How sweet and childish!" thought the gripsack man. "How far are you going?" he asked.

"Oh, away off!" "To St. Louis?" "My, yes, and further than that!" "I'm awful glad. I'll have your company a good, while then," said he, "and I know we shall be great friends."

"I hope so," she replied. "You have beaux, don't you?" the drummer suddenly asked.

"No. I used to have, but—'Ah! never mind. I'll be your beau on this trip. Now, tell me your name, please.'"

"Matilda—Matilda Hawkins, well, it used to be Hawkins, but it is Jordan, now."

"What! You are not married?" "No! I poisoned my fifth husband the other day, and you—oh! you look so sweet. You look as if strychnine would make such a beautiful corpse of you. Come, now, won't you marry me?" The drummer excused himself, and the jolly Pontiac girl and her beau, who sat behind pretending to be asleep, laughed all the way to Bloomington.

One of Mr. Lincoln's annoyances was the claims advanced for having first suggested his nomination as President. One of these claimants, who was the editor of a weekly paper published in a little village in Missouri, called at the White House, and was admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence. He at once commenced stating to Mr. Lincoln that he was the man who first suggested his name for the Presidency, and pulling from his pocket an old, worn, defaced copy of his paper, exhibited to the President an item on the subject. "Do you really think," said Mr. Lincoln, "that announcement was the occasion of my nomination?" "Certainly," said the editor, "the suggestion was so opportune that it was at once taken up by other papers, and the result was your nomination and election."

"Ah! well," said Mr. Lincoln, with a sigh, and assuming a rather gloomy countenance, "I am glad to see you and to know this, but you will have to excuse me, I am going to the War Department to see Mr. Stanton." "Well," said the editor, "I will walk over with you." The President, with that apt good nature so characteristic of him, took up his hat and said: "Come along." When they reached the door of the Secretary's office Mr. Lincoln turned to his companion and said: "I shall have to see Mr. Stanton alone, and you must excuse me," and taking him by the hand he continued, "good by. I hope you will feel perfectly easy about having nominated me; don't be troubled about it; I forgive you."—Ben. Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

Sam Randall, Jr., is politically speaking, "a chip of the old block." He is only 12 yrs. of age, but has already established a reputation for political cleverness among the boys of Capitol hill by having one of his chums appointed a page in the House. The young man is now rejoicing in an autograph letter from the President-elect. He is probably one of the few persons in Washington thus honored. Before the election Sammy addressed addressed Mr. Cleveland an epistle assuring him of his warm support, while regretting that the boys of Capitol hill made it rather hot for him by their enthusiastic support of Mr. Blaine. Sammy was somewhat chagrined at not getting an early reply, but excused it on the suggestion of his father that it was indiscreet in candidates to write letters. A week or two ago, however, he wrote Mr. Cleveland again, reminding him of the previous letter, and hoping now an answer might be expected. The President was informed that the Blaine boys of the hill were now singing very small—in fact, were not so "flip" as they had been by a long chalk. Mr. Cleveland's reply has been exhibited to nearly everybody at the Capitol. Sammy received a handsome apology for the neglect to answer the first letter, and is congratulated on his efforts to secure a great Democratic victory under the adverse surroundings of Capitol hill. He is cordially invited to be among the first to welcome a Democratic President to the White House. Sammy says he is going to stand on the White House steps when the new President drives up from the Capitol on the 4th of March and cheer for Cleveland and Hendricks.

It is sometimes dangerous to be ignorant of the constant changes in slang. Thiess' Concert hall is the most gorgeous temple of music and beer in town. The orchestra and the beverage are no doubt worthy of their popularity, but the quality of the auditors and drinkers cannot be altogether commended. At one of the numerous tables, last Sunday evening, sat a typical girl of the garden. Her black satin had more gloss, her hat a wider brim, her hair a yellower blonde, and in all respects she was fashionably intense to a degree seldom found in entirely circumspect belles. She was the sweetheart of Billy Charity, the hired "bouncer" of the establishment; but the relationship was not apparent to a stranger, although he managed in the course of his duties to keep near her. A sauntering fellow dropped into a seat by her side. That was no breach of Thiess' etiquette. Nor did she frown upon his offer to buy drinks. "You're a daisy," he remark'd, with gallant intent, as the glasses clinked. Her face crimsoned, and she threw the beer into the starch of his shirt front. Then she told Charity what he had said, and the latter, drawing his club of peace, whacked the chap damagingly. A free fight ensued, the police came in, and Charity was subsequently fined. But my object in forcing a concert-garden episode upon your attention was to tell you that, in the rapid evolution of slang, to call an East-side girl a daisy is no longer complimentary, but the equivalent of charging her with being a thief.—Cor. Utica Observer.