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GEN. GRANT'S LAST VOTE.—A few months before he was stricken with his fatal disease, Gen. Grant, in conversation with an old friend, stated that he had not voted since the election of Dick Barret over Frank Blair in the Saint Louis congressional district, in which his vote was given to Barret. It is true, then, that Gen. Grant's last vote was given to a Democrat.—New York Sun.

Sherman (Texas) Courier: From the reading of President Cleveland's proclamation on the subject of enclosing public lands, we conclude that this government will be administered in the interest of the masses and not for the benefit of the favored few, for the next four years. We feel real jolly when we think of the rings, pools, corporations and wealthy s indicates having to take a back seat for awhile and give the man with the hoe a chance to own a home in the west. Foreign capital with native American figure heads to represent them have gobbled up too much of the public domain already and, thank the Lord, Grover is going to stop it.

HEAVEN.—"Samuel," said Mrs. Tolblitter, as they were walking home from church, "how did you like the preacher's description of heaven?"

"First rate, my dear," said he, with energy.

"If what he said is all true, and of course it is, what do you think you will like the best, when you get there, Samuel?"

"The arrangements for securing peace," said he with glibness.

"Now, Samuel, what do you mean by that?"

"They don't have any marrying there, my dear," said he edging off a little.

The discussion took a warmer turn at once.—Chicago Ledger.

GERANIUMS FOR WINTER FLOWERING.—Now is the time for making geranium cuttings for winter flowering. Young shoots are the best for propagation. Cut the pieces just below a leaf; put them in boxes or flower-pots, placing a bit of potsherd just under each slip. Set the pots and boxes in a shady place and keep the earth moist. Large slips will root just as well as small ones. Care must be taken, however, when large slips are cut to choose well-formed pieces, else the plants will be awkward-looking. Any good earth is suitable for the slips, but be sure to have a little charcoal or bits of potsherd in the bottom of the pots or boxes for drainage. Cut the slips in the morning before the sun has touched them, or in the cool of the evening. Use a sharp knife and make a clean cut. If there be uncertainty as to how many leaves ought to be removed, a safe plan is take a pair of scissors and cut off half of each leaf, following its contour, and for small slips let two entire leaves at the top remain.—From a scarlet geranium with two shoots each about eight inches long, set in the ground in spring, I took twenty cuttings, all of which were thrifty bloomers. Its two seasons there were in all sixty pots of plants obtained from the single stock. I never throw away a piece of geranium, but plant it, no matter how small or stumpy it is. In this way any one may have as many plants as are needed for bedding, besides being able to give numbers away to friends who have

neither the time nor inclination for propagating them. Large geraniums may be put away in the cellar, planted in boxes. They must be taken to the light in the early spring so that they may be in fit condition for setting out of doors after frost is over. If there is room in the house the tall plants will be a pleasant adjunct, with their trusses of red, pink, or white flowers. But geraniums must have sun at least half the day, so a northwest window will not be suitable for their well being.—Commercial Advertiser.

THE MEDICATED NEST EGG.—A good plan for making medicated nest eggs. Here it is: Cut a hole in one end of an egg as big as this capital O. In the other put a pin hole. Now blow out the contents and you have the empty shell.—Next mix plaster of Paris and water together to the consistency of cream. Add a few drops of carbolic acid. Pour this into the shell until it is filled, and in twenty-four hours it will be dry and you will have a medicated nest egg. I have tried this and find it works admirably. Five cents' worth of plaster of paris will make a dozen, and that amount of carbolic acid is sufficient to scent a hundred. The time spent in making these medicated nest eggs is by no means lost. They are sure death to lice, and as the hens go on the nest and sit on them every day, they thus take an involuntary dose of antivermin medicine. There is no danger of these eggs being broken and eaten up, if the fowls can get any gravel. I have known of chickens endeavoring to eat them where there was no lime at hand.

Our Farmers and Tariff Wars.

Do our farmers realize how savagely hostile tariffs cut into their profits and pockets in the matter of hog products? The total value of the hogs slaughtered in the United States in 1880, excluding all those killed for retail purposes in ordinary butchering establishments, amounted to \$156,680,884. The importance of this branch of agricultural production becomes more apparent when it is compared with the value of the wool produced, which does not exceed \$65,000,000.

Some four years ago the French Government issued a decree prohibiting the importation of any American pork into France. The effect of this decree was at once apparent. In the year 1880 the shipments of pork and dried salted meats from this country to France amounted to 67,965,586 pounds. The next year, 1881, being the last one such importation was permitted, the shipments aggregated 60,022,856 pounds. Now comes the effect of the retaliatory commercial policy of France upon our pork trade. In 1882, the first year the attempt to pay us off in our own coin went into operation, our shipments fell to 5,607,885 pounds—a loss of nearly 64,400,000 pounds in one year. Last year the shipments amounted to 2,949,509 pounds, against 70,000,000 pounds in 1881.

In Germany we have similar results. Bismarck, having entered upon a rue-blue protectionist policy, prohibited the admission of American pork into the Empire.—In 1881 we sent over 43,000,000 pounds to Germany. In 1882, the first year of the new Bismarckian policy, our exports were less than 5,000,000 pounds, and last year less than 3,250,000 pounds. Here we have, in consequence of the determination of the French and German Governments to punish this country for its protective and prohibitory tariff policy, a cutting off of markets for 100,000,000 pounds of American pork annually. When we consider that this was between one-eighth and one-ninth of the total number of pounds of pork salted in the United States, is it any wonder that mess pork is now selling in Chicago at a trifle over \$10 a barrel?

The figures given herein are taken from the report of the Bureau

of Statistics prepared by the late Republican administration. But it may be said that the motive controlling those governments in excluding American pork is not hostility engendered by our tariff. Let us see. In a report issued by the Chamber of Commerce of Nantes, France, the year before the French decree against our pork was promulgated, on the subject of trade in sardines we find the following retaliatory language used: "This industry demands that when the Americans strike our products with a duty of 50 per cent. ad valorem, and go with their salmon and other preserved fish to compete with our products, even to Australia, we should strike their products with an equal duty on their entry into France."

Again, Mr. Thomas Wilson, United States Consul at Nantes, in a report to our State Department, written in 1882, the year the retaliatory decree against American pork went into effect, says: "I find extending through the business community, a general and widespread dislike and opposition to the American tariff so far as it affects any article exported from France, and a disposition to retaliate."

From Germany several of our Consuls have reported that the manifest purpose of Bismarck's policy in excluding American pork from the Empire was protection and retaliation.

But, so far as this country is concerned, the evils and burdens of this "war of tariffs," as one of the Consuls characterizes it, fall mainly upon our farmers. Our tariff pampered manufacturers export so few of their products that the international tariff war affects them but slightly. Our farmers, however, furnish the great bulk of our exports, and when a foreign nation desires to pay us off in our own coin for our trade-restricting tariff laws, it is sure to select, as France and Germany have done, some important article or articles of exports like hog products, and apply the prohibitive policy to them.

Because our exports are largely made up of the products of the soil, in all tariff wars between this country and other countries our farmers must necessarily be the greatest sufferers. Would it not be wise, then, as we are the chief sinners in this regard, to wipe out all warring tariff enactments, and do that much toward recognizing an international brotherhood and inaugurating the era of "peace on earth and good will among men?"—Jackson (Mich.) Morning Patriot.

Reminiscences.

There is an old chest of drawers—an heirloom. It is full of the dead years, laid away with withered rose-leaves and lavender. A grandmother's cap, a mother's wedding-comb, my own wedding-dress, a deep crape veil, worn for father and mother; baby frocks, shoes, and little pants, barlow knives, a school-girl album, full of forgotten names—names covered with lichens, in the only other place where they still remain, and old letters—great bundles of them. How these old letters comfort me oftentimes! No matter how the writers have changed, these words live. Mother, father, brothers, friends and lover, remain unchanged in the drawer among the withered roses of long ago. I will not weary you with the tale of the sorrows borne, the joys shared, in my own south room, overlooking the garden, so fair with flowers, or of the guest room, sacred to friendship. But there are tears and smiles for both, with all of the rest. Before I tell you good-bye at the door, let us go down, and sit for a moment in the dining-room. Ah! the good cheer that has smoked on that long table. The many times I have stood with tired body, but swelling heart over its tempting array. Each birthday, through all the years, from the first one when the baby began to talk, to the last one who left a bearded man, has been remembered in this room. How the brown turkeys, flanked by oysters and cranberries, have steamed on Thanksgiving days—although we are Western folk—and what exultation has the room resounded with, on Christmas and New Year's, when not only the best cheer of winter, but love gifts, from and to, each and all, piled up the tables, and chairs. As I talk of it in its near recurrence, the old feeling comes back, and I feel as if all the dear little people were only out, at school, perhaps, and would burst in presently.

to question and talk eagerly of the good things coming.

Oh yes, a woman's life is often a poem, and her home its binding, bright and gilded in youth, dark and worn with use in age!—M. E. Banta in Indianapolis Herald.

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.

The Way a Prestidigitator Fooled a Party of Loungers—Something Very Much Like Mind-Reading.

"How much can you influence any one?"

"I will show you the whole extent of my power, or any other man's, in this respect," said the professor, taking a pencil from his pocket. He borrowed a visiting card from one of the party, held it under the table and wrote a figure on it. Then he folded it up until it was like a ball and tossed it across the table to the writer.

"Put that piece of paper in your pocket, please, and button your coat over it. Now I'll tell you what I propose to do. Give me another card. Observe, I write on this card a series of numbers. It doesn't make much difference how many. They are:

5, 1, 3, 6, 2, 4, 7, 9, 8.

"Now, I propose, by an effort of my mind, to make you select the number from this list which is written on the folded card in your pocket, and which you have not seen. Take the pencil and card," tossing them across the table, "and cross out one of those numbers. Look me in the eye for a moment. Now!"

The writer deliberately chose the figure 4, and was about to cross it out when he suddenly resolved to take the 7. He changed his mind again, and abruptly drew the pencil through the figure 2.

"Take the card out of your pocket, please, and open it."

When the card was unfolded the figure 2 was written in the middle.

"I don't claim that I can do that every time," said the professor, taking no notice of the amazement of the others, "but it seldom fails. Sometimes I have the subject cross out three figures at a time. This done twice, and leaves three more if nine are written. Then let him cross out two more, and the one left standing is the one in his pocket. There is small trickery about it."

He then, at their request, tried the experiment on the other five members of the party. He was successful in every instance.

"That is all there is of spiritualism or mind-reading," said he; "the rest is simple trickery like this." As he spoke he stretched one hand across the table, gently took a \$2 bill from the hand of a waiter who was handing it in change to one of the party, and crumpled it up in his hand, which he still held over the table. Then he showed it to the man, and it was changed to a \$20 bill. Goldberg tossed it to him, and he at once thrust it into his pocket with the remark that he was \$18 winner.

"Are you sure?" asked the professor.

"Of course. I know when I put a \$20 bill in my pocket."

"It's a \$1 bill," said the professor, quietly. "The original \$2 bill is in the celery glass."

The man pulled out the bill, found it was \$1, threw it across to the professor, pulled the \$2 out of the celery glass, and gasped:

"Where's that twenty?"

"Here in my hand."

"Well, motion is quicker than sight."

"Wrong again. Motion cannot be quicker than sight. The reason you don't see me substitute one of those bills for another is because I distracted your attention at the instant I made the change. Show us a poker hand if you've got cards with you."

"I haven't any. I left mine at the club."

A pack was procured by the waiter, who regarded the magician with awe, as he said:

"Very many poker players, men of the world at that, do not believe that one expert card sharp could go into a party of four or five honest players and cheat them without discovery. Now I'll deal four hands."

He shuffled the cards in a number of ways, but always, so far as appearance went, very honestly. He then asked the men on his right to cut them, and had them cut once more "for purity's sake" by another player. Then he dealt them around, one at a time, to four players, including himself, and the other players picked up their cards.

"Gad! I'd like to play this hand," muttered the first man.

"I could down you," said the second man, with an important scowl.

The third was the expression of a man who looks down upon his fellows, as he remarked: "I'd bet everything I could win on this."

Meanwhile the professor had slipped into his top coat and was drawing on his gloves. The first had three kings and a pair of queens, the second four aces and a king, and a third a straight flush, nine high, an almost invincible hand.

"What's yours, professor?"

The magician turned up the winning hand a ten high straight flush.