

# The Democratic Sentinel.

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## THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

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JAS. W. McEWEN.

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Attorney-at-Law

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.  
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Practices in all the Courts.

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

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Practices in all Courts of Jasper, Newton and Benton counties. Lands examined. Abstracts of Title prepared. Taxes paid. Collections a Specialty.

JAMES W. DOUTHIT,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Office up stairs, in Makeover's new building, Rensselaer, Ind.

EDWIN P. HAMMOND,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
RENSSELAER, IND.  
Office Over Makeover's Bank.  
May 21, 1885.

H. W. SNYDER,  
Attorney at Law  
REMSINGTON, INDIANA.  
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.

W. W. HARTSELL, M. D.,  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
RENSSELAER, INDIANA.  
Chronic Diseases a Specialty.

OFFICE, in Makeover's New Block. Residence at Makeover House.  
July 11, 1884.

D. D. DALE,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
MONTICELLO, INDIANA.  
Bank building, up stairs.

J. H. LOUGHRIDGE, F. P. BITTERS  
LOUGHRIDGE & BITTERS,  
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. L. B. WASHBURN,  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Rensselaer, Ind.  
Calls promptly attended. Will give special attention to the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

CITIZENS' BANK,  
RENSSELAER, IND.,  
R. S. DWIGINS, F. J. SEARS, VAL. SEIB,  
President, Vice-President, Cashier.  
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.  
Certificates bearing interest issued. Exchange bought and sold; Money loaned on farms at lowest rates and on most favorable terms.  
April 1885.

ALFRED M. COY, THOMAS THOMPSON.  
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 made on all available points. Money loaned on all available points. Interest paid on specified time deposits. Office same place as old firm of A. McCoy & Thompson.

The following, from the Springfield, Nebraska, Monitor, will be appreciated by the many friends of W. W. Crockett, son of the venerable Mrs. Crockett, of Rensselaer:

A Monitor representative had occasion a few days ago to visit the magnificent structure now being completed for John Begley on his extensive farm just west of town, and to his delight he found one of the most comfortable and best arranged farm residences in Sarpy County and Nebraska. The structure has been under the intelligent management of W. W. Crockett, who has earned a deservedly high re-utation as a skilled mechanic and successful builder, and when it is said that he has completed a job, no doubt remains in regard to the workmanship or honest materials used in its construction.

The main building is 22x30, with an addition in the form of a T 14x22 and hard pine has been used for the entire finishing material. Entering the building from the front, a hall is found, from which stairs lead to the second floor, a door to the right opens into bed chambers, and a door to the left opens into the parlor, which is connected to the sitting room just back with folding doors, and the dining room is still just back of the sitting room. Altogether the building is a marvel of comfort and neatness, its construction a credit to the builder Mr. Crockett, and will be a source of comfort and pride to its deserving owner, John Begley, in the years to come.

The L. N. A. & C. will sell excursion tickets December 24, 25, and 31, 1885, and January 1, 1886, good until January 2, 1886.

Handsome Christmas presents can be selected from the large and varied stock of furniture at Uncle Willis Wright's.

Secretary of the Treasury Manning and Commissioner of the Public Lands, Sparks, will please accept our thanks for copies of their Reports.

### Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs and tried many remedies without success. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at F. B. Meyer's Drug Store. 5-

Ex-Sheriff John W. Powell has leased the Halloran Livery and Feed Stables, and respectfully solicits a liberal share of the public patronage.

### A Card to Ladies.

A lady who suffered for years and who was treated by the most noted physicians in America without relief, was given a simple remedy by a Russian nurse which permanently restored her to health. To aid her sex, she now offers to send free the recipe, with full instructions for making the medicine your-self, at home without expense. If you are suffering with any form of female disease do not throw away time and money on doctors and patent medicines, but inclose me a stamped envelope (addressed to your-self), and receive a free cure. Address, Mrs. CLARA B. WRIGHT 78 E. Eagle Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

### Notice of Final Settlement of Estate.

In the Matter of the Estate of David Gray, Deceased. In the Jasper Circuit Court, January Term, 1886.  
Notice is hereby given, That the undersigned, as Executors of the estate of David Gray, deceased, have presented and filed their account and vouchers in final settlement of said estate, and that the same will come up for the examination and action of said Circuit Court, on the 11th day of January, 1886, at which time all persons interested in said estate are required to appear in said Court and show cause, if any there be, why said account and vouchers should not be approved.  
And the heirs of said estate, and all others interested therein, are also hereby required, at the time and place aforesaid, to appear and make proof of their heirship or claim to any part of said estate.  
JOHN R. GRAY & SELEMA GRAY, Executors.  
Jas. W. Douthit, Att'y for Executors.  
Dec. 19, 1885

### A "CORN-SHUCKING"

AWAY DOWN IN GEORGIA IN OLD PLANTATION DAYS.

I suppose our Yankee friends would call it a "husking-bee," as they are wont to call other such gatherings "paring bees," "quilting bees," etc. But we call it a corn-shucking. You must imagine that it is early autumn. The foliage of the distant woodlands have taken on all the variegated colors of the rain-bow. There are gum trees and maples whose tops are one sheet of flame, oaks and towering hickories crowned with a mass of orange and golden colored leaves. The persimmon trees are loaded with their luscious fruit, and the late summer grapes hang in rich purple clusters along the fence rows next to the swamp. The pines alone are not affected by the change of season. They rise, gaunt and grim, their sombre foliage taking on a deeper tint by the contrast of colors.

The broad fields of cotton are white as snow, and only the "sliv-shucks" remain on the stalks where lately hung pendant the lusty ears of golden corn which are now piled in a semi-circle inside the barn-yard. Day after day the loaded wagons have deposited their precious freight on the growing pile, until now it forms a rampart high enough to allow 100 men to sea-themselves along its line. Invitations have been sent to all the neighboring farms, and as the dusk deepens and the first timid stars raise the purple curtain and gaze timidly down on the beautiful earth, they begin to drop in, singly, in pairs and in small parties. They are mostly big, brawny dinkies with phenomenal lung power, intermixed with a fair sprinkling of bardy farmers and "young mas-sas" who have either received permission, or have r-n away to enjoy the festive frolic.

Now there is considerable discussion about a leader. Every big farm has an acknowledged leader, and each party stoutly maintains the excellency of its own favorite. Chas. Green is finally chosen, and seizing a long ear of corn he mounts the corn pile, pulls his hat and bows low to the "boss" and to his auditors and followers, and then strikes up his wild song:

O! day's one ting a po'man seldom eber do,  
Frow out de ole co'n to frow in de new.  
O! rally roun' d' co'n pile  
Hoo jolly ho!  
Rally roun' de co'n pile,  
Hoo jolly ho!

All hands join in the chorus, and the rustling of the shucks and steady pattering of the clean ears as they are tossed into the open space in front makes a spirited accompaniment to the weird music. Up and down, back and forth, the leader treads the corn pile, singing at the top of his voice and swaying his hands and arms, head and body in time to his music. All are careful not to hit him, and he seems to pay no heed to the shower of ears that is flying around his head.

From Sam'd'y night twell Sunday  
De gals is on my min',  
But Monday mornin' bright an' soon,  
De white man got me a gwine.

O! git er long down d' road,  
O! git er long down d' road,  
Come git er long down d' oa, my lub,  
Come git er lo g down d' road.

The pile of rough corn diminishes rapidly, the shucks are being carried away by the boys who have some high old times practicing gymnastics on the yielding pile, the glistening ears fall thick and fast on the accumulating pile of clear corn.

There has been an interesting light in the east for some minutes, and now the full autumn moon rises above the tree tops, and glides up the purple sky in all her majestic and bewildering splendor. By her light we see the dusky faces, and the fantastic movements of the long row of brawny arms that are busily working, all unconscious of the hardness of the labor, so interested are they in the songs of the leader.

Suddenly, at a signal from Charlie, all hands stop, and the "Old Marster" approaches the leader

with a fat looking brown jug and a tin cup, who makes obeisance, and in a loud voice calls out:

"Silence! Gem'len and friends: I drinks dis to de healt ob de good marster, de mistis', de young marster, de missies, may dey live long an' be happy!" Amid prolonged cheers the toast is drank, first by Charlie, and then the jug is passed along the line, each man drinking his "d'spec's to de marster and mistis'." should the first give out another is put in the hands of the servitor and particular pains is taken to see that all are treated alike. Then the leader strikes up:

Fo'ty weight o' Johnny cake  
Fifty weight o' cheese,  
A big pot o' hominy,  
An' a little pot o' peas.  
O! Jenny, ain't yo ash cake done my earlin'?  
Jecny, ain't yo gsh cake done, my deah?

Away they go, and the laugh and song, included with jests at the expense of the leader, who is sure to be ready with a fitting repartee, are kept up until the last nubbin is shucked.

Then comes the tug of war. For some time there has been waited on the breeze from the great kitchen a most delicious aroma. Now the tables are laid with a bounteous repast for the white neighbors in doors. For the darkies, who are in the majority, long tables have been improvised beneath the great trees in the yard. Large fires are kindled so that the tables are well lighted, and the buxom servant maids cast long side-glances a certain bashful-looking swains o dusky hue, as they move briskly piling up and arranging the loave of brown bread and the dishes of meats, potatoes, vegetables and other etceteras. Charlie directs the movements of the banqueters, and they are soon ranged along each side of the long table.

"Hats off, boys, an' tention, while Popper Joe axes de blessin'." A venerable negro whose woolly locks are scant and gray, approaches the head of the board. Slowly and reverently he lifts his palsied and withered hands. All heads are instantly bowed in reverence.

"O! Heabe ly Marster! Bress 'im in baskin an' in store. Bress 'e fambly, an' e servants, an' e prop'ty and all dat am his'n. An' grant, oh! good Lord, to sanctify dis food to de good ob our pe'ishin' bodies an' feed 'ur souls on de bread of life, fo' Jesus sake. Amen!"

"Now, des' he p' yo'selves, boys," cries Charlie, and straightway they proceed to devour the tempting viands. After supper, in response to a request from the master, they sing a few of their wild plantation songs, and then dispers in all directions.—Valadosta (Ga.) Times.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: We, the undersigned citizens cheerfully recommend J. W. Poole & Bros. to any and all persons in need of fruit or ornamental trees, as they are the only nurserymen that have ever replaced stock as they agreed to. They give us in kind, variety and size just as represented. They represent the Michigan Nursery Co. Beware of all persons who are not possessed with a certificate representing the above firm.

Newton County—Jno. Zaborosky, Jno. Kennedy, J. T. Decker John D. Spohr, M. B. Carpenter, Reps. W. W. Gilman.

Benton—Hugh Tracy, Lee Templeton, Mrs. Edward Sumner, Moses Fowler, J. W. Hawkins, Jesse Sumner.

Jasper—Hon. Fred Hoover, Jos. Parkison, H. W. Wood, S. Iliff, Sam'l Parker, Fred Zard, Sam'l Ritchey, John Bislosky.

An extract from the American Horticultural convention of the United States, held at Chicago, June 16th to 21st, 1885, says that in selecting or transplanting young nursery stock, that in no case should trees be obtained in any district where trees have been killed by the last severe winter, for in this line trees are more or less diseased, even in the nursery row. This strip or blizzard line extends from the Mississippi to the Ohio river, taking in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and a portion of Iowa. It is our

opinion the best place to obtain nursery stock is from the north and lake regions, or south of this blizzard strip. But my advice to the planter is to procure fruit if possible from the north in transplanting. During the last twenty years such rapid strides of advancement have been made in all the different departments of horticulture, that the nurseryman and planter needs be on the alert, or he will be distanced in the race upward in his profession. The list of varieties of twenty years ago are now largely discarded by the well informed planter, and newer and better kinds take the place. The newer things in horticulture of to-day, when compared with the mass of the old, rank much as the railroad, the telegraph, and the telephone do, when compared with the old plans of travel and communication. Hardiness of tree, freedom from attacks of insects, and regular and constant bearing are qualities that now command the attention of planters.—To this end multitudinous experiments have been made, and much care has been tak n in testing new varieties, and not without salutary effects. Among apples quite a list can now be presented covering the season from early to late, of good flavored, showy fruit, the trees of which will withstand the severest winters without injury. These "iron-clads" (partly of Russian origin) are constantly gaining favor among planters, and are continually in increasing demand.—The following are varieties of apples which can be relied upon:—Duchess of Oldenberg, Wolf River, Walbridge, Mann, Wealthy, Pewaukee, Salome, Faamsse, Scott's Winter, Alexand Emp. and Tetofsky.

### BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Gillsblains, Colds, Tetters, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by F. B. MEYER.

### Hendricks and the People.

Writing from Indianapolis on the day of the funeral of Vice President Hendricks, the correspondent of the Cincinnati commercial says:

"A cold and critical world will not leave untouched and unassailed the faults and the failings of the man whose body was laid to rest to-day amid impressive ceremonies and magnificent display, but one thing has been shown most conclusively, that whatever those faults and failings may have been, one thing he had, the grandest thing that any man can die possessed of, viz: the hearts of the common people. From the high places of criticism and conceit, blemishes maybe discovered that the people looking up from the common plane do not see; and so it was with Hendricks. He was of the people; one of the people and loved by the people; the men who hew and pound, and chop and plow and build up, and in their blue jeans and home-spun, they poured forth by the thousands into the India capital to look for the last time upon his face, and to do honor to the memory of the man they believed to be their friend and one with them. Nothing about the funeral was so touching and pathetic as this and it was far more impressive than the display of the Cabinet and Representatives, with all their paraphernalia, an the soldiery, and political organizations, and grandly decorated staffs and music and artillery, and bells and craperies—all were less than the silent, modest and diffident tribute of attendance and tears of the common people, who believed him to be from and of hem, and their friend."

Monticello Herald; Mrs. E. J. Coen was called to Rensselaer Saturday by the death of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Coen.

If you want good clothing at low figures, call and examine the large stock just opened out at Fendigs. In the matter of supply, variety in styles, quality of goods, and low prices, Fendig can not be surpassed. All are invited to call, examine stock and ascertain prices, before purchasing elsewhere.