

Jasper County

The Democratic Sentinel.

VOLUME X.

RENSSELAER JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA. FRIDAY JULY 9 1886.

NUMBER 23

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

BY

JAS. W. McEWEN

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50

Advertising Rates.

One column, one year	\$80.00
Half column	40.00
Quarter "	30.00
Eighth "	10.00
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ALFRED MCCOY, T. J. MCCOY
E. L. HOLLINGSWORTH.

A. MCCOY & CO., BANKERS,

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MARION L. SPITLER, Collector and Abstractor. We pay particular attention to paying tax-sold and leasing lands.

The Elf Child.

Little orphan Allie's come to our house to stay
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush
the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust
the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire an' bake the bread, an' earn
her board an' keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper
things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the
mostest fun
A list min' to the witch tales, as Allie tells
about,
An' the gobble-uns as gets you
Ef you don't watch out!

One' they was a little boy wouldn't say his
prayer—

An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mamma heard him holler, and his daddy
heard him bawl,

An' when they turnt' the kivvers down he
wasn't there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an'
cubby-hole an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimblly flue, an' ever
where, I guess.

But all they ever found was thist his pant an'
roundabout!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh and
grin,

An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood
an' kin.

An' one' when they was "company," an' ole
folks was there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em an' said she
didn't care,

An' theist she kicked her heels, an' turnt' to
run an' hide,

They was two great big black things a-standin'
by her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin'
'fore she knew what she's about!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out!

An' little orphan Allie says, when the blaze is
blue

An' the lamp wick sputters, an' the wind goes
woo-oo!

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon
is gray,

An' the lightnin' bugs in dew is all squenched
away,

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teacher
fond an' dear,

An' umberish 'em' at loves you, an' dry the
orphan's tear,

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 't clusters
all about,

Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out!

A Story by a Bricklayer.

"Do we ever stop to think about the
people who are compelled to pass under us?" said a bricklayer; "yes, we do, and
often, too. People don't seem to understand
how careful we are not to drop
bricks or pieces when working over
sidewalks. I've been working on the
Rialto, and the folks going to and from
the Rock Island station have persisted
in walking under the scaffolding, though
Mr. Griffith has kept 'Danger—Keep
Out!' signs up all the time. Guess I'll
have to tell you the story of the man
who came along under me one day just
as I let a brick fall. It is a story of
such presence of mind as you don't
often find in this world, I tell you, and
as to the other world I don't know
nothing about it. What I mean is that
it was the kind of presence of mind you
read about and rarely or never see.
Well, I let a brick fall and it went a-
sailing down. I called out as loud as I
could: 'Look out below!' Then I got
a look. On the ground below was a
man, and the brick was going so
straight for him that if he had stepped
back a few feet it would have hit him
sure. I knew the man would jump one
way or the other—people always do
when suddenly alarmed—and on the
way he jumped his safety depended.
As the thought flashed through my
mind that people usually jump back-
ward on such occasions, I felt as if that
man's life could not have been insured
then for 99 cents annual premium on
the dollar. But he didn't jump at all.
He threw his eyes up, sighted the brick,
and walked along as calmly as if there
was no danger near. The brick struck
within eight feet of him, and made a
hole in a board big enough to give one
an idea of the effect it would have had
upon a man's head. This may seem
like a little thing to you, but it struck
me as being one of the neatest exhibi-
tions of presence of mind I ever heard
of."—Chicago Herald.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The greatest medical wonder of the
world. Warranted to speedily cure
Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum,
Fever Sores, Gancers, Piles, Ghilblains,
Coins, Tetter, 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.

Fendig has just received a
superb lot of Boots and Shoes which
he offers at prices to suit the times.

Goods delivered at all points in
Rensselaer, from the Chicago Gro-
cery.

False Friends.

A very will o' the wisp to lure
him on to his ruin is the protective
tariff to the American farmer.
What has he to be protected
against? Are the superfluous
breadstuffs raised by the "pauper"
labor of Europe and Asia likely
to be imported into this country,
and swamp the price of his products?
Is the agricultural industry
that enriches the broad, fertile
plains of this country likely to
droop and die for want of encouragement,
unless the agricultural products
of poorer countries are
excluded from our shores by the
fiscal nostrum of the protectionist?

The American farmer has nothing
to be protected against. The
Russian peasant and Indian ryot
have not yet contrived, nor will
they for years contrive, to raise
grain in sufficient quantities to
supply even the markets of con-
sumption in Europe. It will be
some time before they can compete
with the American farmer in the
American market. Until that date
the farmer of the West has no
need for a tariff. The tariff is his
bane. In our fiscal system, to be
sure, there is a tariff on the im-
portation of such products as our farmers
raise. But these are mere pa-
per taxes. They are included in
the list simply to tickle the farmer's
fancy—to delude him, if possible,
into the belief that they protect
and encourage his industry.
But they don't. The duties on
agricultural products are placed on
the schedule to blind the farmer
to the imposition laid upon him in
the sole interest of the manufacturer.
He derives no advantage
from this protective tariff, but on
the contrary is heavily mulcted by
it. Every article of his daily use,
whether in his house or on his
farm, costs him perceptibly more
than it would if the tariff were
removed, and he reaps no advantage
anywhere from the general enhance-
ment of prices—on the contrary he loses by it. All the advantage
there is goes to the manufacturer.

The practically unlimited market
for his surplus products that the
Western farmer has hitherto
had in Europe has closed his eyes
to the grievous wrong which he
suffers through this taxation—de-
vised and maintained for another's use.
But things will not always
remain so. It costs 18 cents to
raise a bushel of wheat in Dakota
or Minnesota; it costs 8 cents in
India. When wheat cultivation
has been sufficiently developed in
India—as it promises in a few years
to be—to supply the demands of
European consumers, to what market
is our Western farmer to carry
his breadstuffs? Home consumption
cannot dispose of his surplus,
foreign consumption will draw
from a cheaper source.

The downfall of our agricultural
industry, on its present remunerative
scale, is simply a question of time if it
remains handicapped by the existing
system of taxation. Several cents a
bushel in the present cost of production
of wheat are due to the tariff; several more
are due to transportation on protected
railroads and protected ships. All
this extra cost will in a few years
time put our agricultural products
out of the reach of a market, unless
it is removed. The protective
tariff is a *tutus naturae* to the farmer,
which, if pursued, will of necessity
be his ruin.—New Orleans
States.

Snobley—Aw—aw—it must be
very unpleasant for you Americans
to be governed by people—aw—
whom you wouldn't ask to dinner!

American Belle—W ll; not more
so, perhaps, than for you in Eng-
land to be governed by people who
wouldn't ask you to dinner!—Punch.

THE MONEY WILL GO FARTHER.—Wheat at sixty cents is better
than ninety two years ago. A bushel of wheat will buy more now
than at any time within the past six years.—Bloomfield Democrat.

Fitz John Porter's Style.

Philadelphia Times: Fitz John
Porter was one of the most patriotic
and aggressive of the young officers
of the army in 1861, when the rebellion
began. In the early days of the war, when the first call
for troops was made, Porter was on
the staff of General Winfield Scott,
and as such was at Harrisburg with
Governor Curtin to aid in organizing
and forwarding troops. While
he was there and when the troops
were coming in rapidly, the Baltimore
eruption came, the gunpowder
bridges were burnt and for
several days all communication was
cut off between the north and
Washington. It was declared that no
troops could be marched thro' Baltimore
to defend the capital, and the whole north was appalled
at a rebellious city halting the advance
of soldiers to protect their government.
In a consultation held in Gov'rnor Curtin's office,
at which General Patterson, Colonel
Fitz John Porter, Colonel Thomas A. Scott, Colonel John A. Wright
and others were present, the question of forwarding troops
to Washington was the theme of discussion.
All seemed to be overwhelmed by the gravity of the situation
but Porter. He was then a young soldier, but he had none of
the signs of rashness. He had un-
faltering courage, however, and his bright black eyes flashed as he
spoke of Baltimore interrupting
the march of troops. With an
earnestness and emphasis that
none present ever forgot, he said:
"I would march the troops through
Baltimore or over its ashes to defend
the capital." None who then
saw Fitz John Porter ever doubted
either his loyalty or his grand soldierly
qualities, and the testimony
now conclusively proves that the
very act for which he was condemned
was dictated by the most patriotic
and soldierly attributes. He
is now vindicated by the unanimous
and unqualified judgment of a
court of inquiry, by two acts of
congress and soon he will again
rank on the army roll as one of
the noblest and most unjustly condemned
soldiers of the republic.

You Scratch Me, and I'll Scratch You.

In order to maintain a high protective
tariff on certain articles the
number of such articles had to be
increased. Protection was at
first intended to foster our "infant
industries" until they should gain
strength to compete with the older
industries abroad. That was Horace Greeley's idea. The modern
idea is to tax every sort of thing.
Not only have we attempted to foster
our "infant industries," but lest
the protection be taken off these,
a lot of other people have been
taken into the pool. We have
come to tax the products of the
farm, as if this were not as good
an agricultural country as any.
We tax the products of coal and
iron mines, as if we were not richer
than any other country in these
respects. We tax imported lumber,
as if our forests were "infants" too.
All this has been done—not because
we have sheep and coal and ore
and lumber needed to be encouraged
by taxation, but on the log-
rolling principle.

The upshot of all this is that
manufacturers are as bad off as if
there was no tariff. It does not
help the makers of cloth in this
country to have imported cloth taxed,
provided that some of the materials
that our cloth makers have
to use to mix with native material
are taxed also. It does not help
our makers of iron to have foreign
iron taxed, provided that ore which
they have to import to mix with
native ore is taxed also. What our
present tariff does is to raise the
general scale of everything except
wages. It makes clothing, furniture
and homes cost more, but it does not
increase wages. Indeed, it decreases wages; for with the
fictitious scale of prices, we can sell
no manufactured products abroad,
and consequently our market is
overstocked.—Elmira Gazette.

Making Them Open Their Eyes.

European engineers, having re-
covered their breath, are now en-
gaged in demonstrating the im-
possibility of our recent railroad
feat of changing the varying gauges
of southern roads to one uniform
standard in a couple of days, and
some of the journals which have
descended to notice the report
of the work pronounce the whole
affair a Yankee hoax. Remembering
that it took the Great Western
of England five years to change
its few hundred miles of track
they are wholly at sea in the contemplation
of a proposition to change several thousand miles in
sixty hours. "It's like their Yankee
bounce to talk of it, but it
cawn't be done, y' know." It cer-
tainly was an audacious conception,
but the audacity is eclipsed in
the accomplishment.

Something of this incredibility
is due, no doubt, to the matter-of-
fact, every-day-sort-of-occurrence
treatment which the undertaking
received from our own press. The
merest mention was made of the
fact that the work was begun at
midnight of Saturday, May 31, and
was completed during the following
Monday. During these two and a half days 12,618 miles
of road was changed from all sorts of
gauges to one uniform gauge of 4
feet 9 1/2 inches, that being the stand-
ard southern gauge except for
roads originating in the north and
west. This work was done without
any perceptible break in the movement
of mails, passengers, or freight,
and on Monday night through
trains were running with their usual
regularity.

It is easy to say that the problem
was simply one of employing
the necessary number of hands.—
This, of course, was a necessity,
and the surprise of the European
engineer may be partly due to the
fact that he has not yet fully mastered
the proposition that 100,000
men employed two days are vastly
more than 1,000 men employed 200
days—at least where time is the
essence of the undertaking. But in
addition to this there were qualities
of organization, forethought
and alert adaptation of means to
ends which are distinctively American
characteristics.

These are the result not less of
the natural environment of broad
rivers, inland seas, lofty mountains,
and vast distances, than of the sub-
stantial unity of the people. Such
an achievement as that in question
would be well-nigh impossible in
the same area, with the various
nationalities, divers tongues, differ-
ing mental conditions, and diverse
habits and customs which obtain
in continental Europe. It is only a great homogeneous people
who can successfully undertake
such a stupendous work as
this latest railroad feat—a feat that
fairly eclipses the engineering triumphs
of construction which built the
Pacific roads at the rate of
nearly thirty miles a day.—Chicago
News.

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