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JAS. W. McEWEN

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A. MCCOY & CO., BANKERS,

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Do a full, general banking business. Exchange bought and sold. Certificates bearing interest issued. Collections made on all available points. Office same place as old firm of McCoy & Thompson April 2, 1886

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Practice in all the Courts.

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Collector and Abstractor.

We pay particular attention to paying taxes, selling, and leasing lands. v2 n48

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And Real Estate Broker.

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 Makeever's new building, Rensselaer, Ind.

EDWIN P. HAMMOND,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

RENSSELAER, IND.

Office Over Makeever's Bank.
May 21, 1885.

WM. W. WATSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office up stairs, in Leopold's Bazar, RENSSELAER, IND.

H. W. SNYDER,

Attorney at Law

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.

W. W. HARTSELL, M. D.

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Chronic Diseases a Specialty.

Office in Makeever's New Block. Residence at Makeever House.
July 11, 1884.

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. vini

DR. I. 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. DWIGGINS, 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 low rates and on most favorable terms.

April 1885.

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'nin' to the witch tales, as Allie tells about,
An' the gobbie-uns as gets you
Ef you don't watch out!

One't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His mamma heard him holler, and his daddy heard him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivers 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 chimney flue, an' ever-where, I guess.
But all they ever found was thist his pant an' roundabout!
An' the gobbie-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't when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em an' said she didn't care,
An' theist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big black things a-standin' by her side.
An' they snatched her through the ceiling 'fore she knew what she's about!
An' the gobbie-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' cherish 'em 'at loves you, an' dry the orphan's tear,
An' he'll be pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Ef the gobbie-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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 backward 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 exhibitions 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, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, 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.

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 Grocery.

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 consumption 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 importation of such products as our farmers raise. But these are mere paper 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 enhancement 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—devised 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 tusus nature 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!; not more so, perhaps, than for you in England 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. 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 unfaltering 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 as 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 our 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 recovered their breath, are now engaged in demonstrating the impossibility 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 condescended 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 can't be done, y' know." It certainly 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 inches, that being the standard 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 substantial 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, differing 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.

Beecher to Gladstone: "That was the best speech I ever heard." Gladstone to Beecher: "You are the best judge of a good speech I ever met."—Chicago Mail.

The new display of Goods, selected and bought by such a combination of experience and taste as Mr. and Mrs. Ludd Hopkins may justly claim to have, will certainly sell at the prices offered.

Pezon, the French lion tamer, keeps his money in a box in his lion's cage. The lion makes a very safe banker when not overfed.

It is a notorious fact that Leopold gives greater bargains than any other house in town. Call and examine for yourself.

The newest walk is between a wriggle and a glide.