

# The Democratic Sentinel.

VOLUME X.

RENSSELAER, JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5 1886.

NUMBER 40

## THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

BY

JAS. W. McEWEEN

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

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May 21, 1885.

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## BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE  
EVE OF MARRIAGE.

One sometimes finds a gem among the castaways of forgotten years.—The following congratulatory letter to a young lady on the eve of marriage is venerable, but good:

"I am holding some pasteboard in my hands—three stately pluckings from the bush of ceremony. I am gazing upon a card and upon a name—a name with which your gentle life began, a name with which your throbbing heart was lost. There is nothing strange about that card. The maiden sign still looks up from its calm and customary, as it looks on many a friendly visit as it lies in many a fofma basket.

"I am gazing, too, upon a card where the nearer parent tells the world she will be 'at home one day,' and that is nothing new. But there is another card whose mingling there put a tongue of fire in that speechless pasteboard. It tells us that these cards are but the heralds of a coming crisis when a hand that has pressed friends' hands, and plucked flowers shall close down on one to whom she will be a friend and flower forever after.

I send you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest type of a delicate durable friendship. They spring up by one's side when others have deserted it, and will be found watching over our graves when those who should have been there have forgotten us.

"It seems meet that a past so calm and pure as yours should expire with a kindred sweetness about it; that flowers and sweet music, kind friends and earnest words should crown the hour when a sentiment is passing into a sacrament.

"The three great stages of our being are birth, the trial and burial.—To the first we bring only weakness; for the last we have nothing but dust. But here at the altar, where life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy min, whispering the deep promises that arms each with the other heart to help on in the life struggle of care and duty.

"The beautiful will be there, borrowing new beauty from the scene—the gay and the frivolous will look solemn for once, and youth will come to go on all that its sacred thro's pants for—an age will totter up to be a new world repeated over again that to their own lives have given the charm. Some will ween over it as if it were a tomb; some will laugh as if it were a joke, but two must stand by it, for it is fate, not fur, this everlasting looking of their lives.

"And now, can you, who have quenched it over so many bended forms come down at last to the frugal diet of a single heart? Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch buried in one particular bosom marking only hours and ticking only to the beat of his heart, where time and feeling shall be in unison until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock where all hearts are united around the great central heart of all."

Chloride of lime is an infallible preventive of rats, as they flee from the odor as from a pestilence.

There are some men who have so much genius that they can't do anything but sit around all day and think about it.

M. Pasteur has sold for \$50,000 to a commercial company the secret of his prophylactic against splenic fever in cattle.

McGarrigan (taking his first sleeping-car trip—upper berth).—Hoy! hoy! they're, yez black divil, there beez a felley under me bid!

We don't wish to deter anybody from being polite, but we can't help observing that many a man has been a heavy loser through a civil action.

Women in Philadelphia are paid 90 cents a dozen for making shirts. They are just wild for fear any tinkering of the tariff will bring them down to the pauper wages of Europe.

Griddle cakes are to come conspicuously to the front this winter, and are going to be quite the proper thing—so a lady prominent in New York society avers—for the fashionable young woman to boast of her achievements in this line. Griddle cake parties are predicted.

A twelve-year-old Illinois girl and a shot-gun held a tangle in the kitchen until the girl's mother could walk a mile and get the help of some men. The tramp had bundled up a lot of stuff to take off. The child explained: "I kind o' wanted to show him, but he was so quiet and civil that I didn't get a chance to."

## Stradivarius Violins.

"We have persons coming in here every day with so-called Stradivarius violins," said a maker of violins in the Bowery. "They are common German violins with a copy of the Stradivarius label printed or pasted on the inside. Pretty much every violin, no matter by whom it is made, has some such label, so that labels nowadays do not count for anything. Inexperienced persons may be fooled by them, but anyone who knows anything about violins pays no attention to them.

"I suppose makers put the label on because some people like to pretend they have a valuable violin. A Stradivarius violin is worth anywhere from \$3,000 to \$15,000, and they are not very plenty. They can be told by their shape and by the kind of varnish on them.

"It is unsafe to pay a big price for a violin until it is passed upon by experts. I have known a label to be taken off a genuine Stradivarius and inserted in an imitation one, for the reason that one could be sold on its merits, while the real one would be sold on its label."

## LEGAL ANECDOTES.

Wise, Witty, and Pungent Sayings of Bench and Bar.

The writer remembers hearing of a gentleman who, not wishing to pay the legal and recognized fee for a consultation with his lawyer, devised an expedient whereby he expected to gain the information he required without the usual cost. He accordingly invited the man "learned in the law" to dine at his house on a particular evening, as a friend and old acquaintance. The lawyer gladly accepted the invitation, and attended at the house of his friend and client prompt to the minute. The conversation for some time was very general and agreeable, and by and by the shrewd client, by hinting and suggesting, at last drew the lawyer out into a learned and explicit dissertation upon the subject the host wished to be informed upon. The client pleased, satisfied, and smiling, chuckled in his sleeve, thinking how nicely he had wormed out the advice desired and pumped his lawyer free of cost.

The feast over, the lawyer departed, equally pleased, and, both being satisfied, all went as merry as a marriage bell. But a few days afterward the client received a letter from his lawyer informing him that the charge for professional consultation and advice was 13 shillings and 4 pence, and would he "kindly attend to the payment of same at his earliest convenience, and oblige." The client was wild—caught in his own trap; but, being determined to outwit the lawyer and gain his own ends, he forwarded to the latter a bill for "dinner, wines, and accessories supplied" on the 16th inst., amounting to 13 shillings and 4 pence, saying that if he would settle inclosed bill he should only be too pleased and happy to settle the lawyer's little bill. The lawyer retorted by threatening to commence an action against mine host for selling wines without a license unless his, the lawyer's, bill was immediately paid. Do I need to say that the lawyer was victorious?

When I was a boy, I heard of a lawyer who was called up in the middle of a cold winter's night to draw out the will of an old farmer who lived some three miles away, and who was dying. The messenger had brought a cart to convey the lawyer to the farm, and the latter in due time arrived at his destination. When he entered the house he was immediately ushered into the sick-room, and he then requested to be supplied with pen, ink, and paper. There were none in the house! The lawyer had not brought any himself, and what was he to do? Any lead-pencil? he inquired. No; they had none. The farmer was sinking fast, though quite conscious. At last the legal gentleman saw chalked up on the back of the bed-room door column upon column of figures in chalk. They were milk "scores" or "shots." He immediately asked for a piece of chalk, and then, kneeling on the floor, he wrote out concisely upon the smooth hearthstone the last will and testament of the dying man. The farmer subsequently died. The hearthstone will was sent to the principal registry in London with special affidavit, and was duly proved, the will being deposited in the archives of the registry. I may mention that the law does not state upon what substance or with what instrument a will must be written.

There was once a plain, outspoken judge who, addressing the jury, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible, the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

It was once reported to the notorious Judge Jeffries that the Prince of Orange was on the point of entering into the country, and that he was already preparing a manifesto as to his inducements and objects in so doing. "Pray, my lord chief justice," said a gentleman present, "what do you think will be the heads of this manifesto?" "Mine will be one," he grimly replied.

An undoubted alibi was some time ago successfully proved in an American court as follows:

"And you say you are innocent of the charge of stealing this rooster from Mr. Jones?" queried the judge.

"Yes, sir; I am innocent—as innocent as a child."

"You are confident you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir; and I can prove it."

"How can you prove it?"

"I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones' rooster, judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graston's."

"The proof is conclusive," said the judge; discharge the prisoner."

It is said that the other day a client received the following bill from his lawyer: "Attending and asking you how you did, 6s. 8d.; attending you on the pier, when you desired me to look through a piece of smoked glass, 6s. 8d.; looking through the same, 6s. 8d.; rubbing my eye, which watered, 13s. 4d.; attending at luncheon, when you praised the sandwiches and asked me to partake thereof, 6s. 8d.; consulting and asking my opinion thereof, when I said they were very good, 6s. 8d." Most probably the client treated this as a joke, or perhaps it drove him to extremities.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a counsel in a suit about a herd of hogs, "there were just thirty-six hogs in that drove; please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs; just exactly three times as many as there are in that jury-box, gentlemen." We are informed that the counsel did not win his case. The jury were not so pig-headed.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish barrister, "it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

We have heard of several cases of female ingenuity in aiding the escape of prisoners. Here is one. The criminals were handcuffed, and with their escort were awaiting the train which would convey them to the county jail. Suddenly a woman rushed through the crowd of spectators with a shower of tears and cried out: "Kiss me good-by, Ned." The escort good-naturedly allowed the process of osculation to be performed, and the sheriff smiled feelingly. The woman passed a key from her own to the prisoner's mouth, with which he undid the "bracelets" and escaped while the train was in motion.

There is a girl who seems to have peculiar notions of breach-of-promise cases, for she threatens to sue her own father for breach of promise! She explains that the old gentleman first gave his consent to her marriage with her lover and then withdrew it, and that in consequence her beau got tired of waiting and has gone off with another girl.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge to a man on his trial for murder, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" "Judge," replied the prisoner, "there has been altogether too much said already. I knew all along somebody would get hurt if these people didn't keep their mouths shut. It might as well be me, perhaps, as anybody else. Drive on, judge, and give me as little sentiment as you can get along on. I can stand hanging, but I hate gush."—Chambers' Journal.

## A Walk in Atlantic City.

As they walked back to the hotel through a sandy avenue lined with jigsaw architecture, Miss Benson pointed out to them some things that she said had touched her a good deal. In the patches of sand before each house there was generally an oblong little mound set about with a rim of stones, or, when something more artistic could be afforded, with shells. On each of these little graves was a flower, a sickly geranium, or a humble marigold, or some other floral token of affection.

Mr. Forbes said he never was at a watering-place before where they buried the summer boarders in the front yard. Mrs. Benson didn't like joking on such subjects, and Mr. King turned the direction of the conversation by remarking that these seeming trifles were really of much account in these days, and he took from his pocket a copy of the city newspaper, *The Summer Sea-Song*, and read some of the leading items: "S., our eye is on you." "The Slopers have come to their cottage on Q Street, and come to stay." "Mr. E. F. Borum has painted his front steps." "Mr. Dicken-dorfer's marigold is on the blow." And so on, and so on. This was probably the marigold mentioned that they were looking at.

The most vivid impression, however, made upon the visitor in this walk was that of paint. It seemed unreal that there could be so much paint in the world and so many swearing colors. But it ceased to be a dream, and they were taken back into the hard practical world, when as they turned the corner, Irene pointed out her favorite sign: Silas Lapham, mineral paint. Branch Office.

—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for April.

The ladies' hour for swell breakfast parties in New York is 12:30 noon.

INHERITED INEBRIETY.—The infant son of a well-known citizen zen of Westfield, N. J., though old enough to walk and talk, appears and acts like an intoxicated person. A local physician in conversation with a reporter, gave a history of the case. It seems that the parents were very exemplary young people, and began their married life without a cloud to dim their future. No one in the town had better habits than the young husband, but some months after his marriage he lapsed a little from the path of strict temperance.

One winter evening the man went from his home ostensibly "to watch with a sick member of the village lodge." He really visited a tavern. The trusting wife discovered at nine o'clock that her husband had forgotten to purchase meat for breakfast and she went to the market. A stormy wind was blowing and the snow was falling, but as she passed the hotel the sound of a man's voice in song came to her ears. She listened but a moment. There was no mistaking her husband's voice, and scarcely knowing what she did, she looked into the bar-room window and saw her husband there in a state of beastly intoxication. Some time after this little episode a son was born to the parents—a fine, healthy infant, bright and comely. Some months later, when the child began to walk and talk, they took him to the physician. The little one could not walk without staggering in a most unseemly and ludicrous manner, and could not lisp baby words without a strange hiccough and hesitation. The doctor, averring that if he had seen such symptoms in an adult he should have pronounced them due to intoxication and nothing else, with little difficulty obtained an account of the unfortunate impression that provoked the peculiar malady with which the child is afflicted. No line of medical treatment could be of use in such a case and reluctantly the physician gave up the boy to endure his strangely miserable life.

"There is nothing like catalepsy about the case," the doctor explained. "There is no healthier baby in town. As near as I can explain it, the child has muscles and nerves in that condition of action which its father showed when the mother's impression of his intoxication was received. There are no fits or convulsions, though a tremor is always present. In spite of this fact there is no mental weakness. There is no co-ordination in the movement of the lower limbs, and the hands are almost as bad off. His gait is heavy and insecure, a regular drunken reel or stagger. As to his speech, it is not only incoherent and rambling, but he has all the phenomena of exhilaration or excitement characteristic of the early stages of intoxication. His ideas seem to grow rapidly, and all the senses are wonderfully acute, but there are the muscular tremblings and the actual shambling gait of the drunkard."

"Is recovery to be hoped for?" the reporter asked.

"No," the doctor answered. "It is a hopeless case, impossible to cure. That boy, if he lives, will have the continued appearance of drunkenness, and it can not be helped. He is drunk, naturally drunk, and though he may become a great scholar he will never outgrow this malady."

Miss Harter, our new dressmaker has arrived and we would be glad to have you call and give her a chance to give you a perfect fit. Mrs. J. M. Hopkins.

Patient—What do you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor? Doctor—Great Scott! man, isn't that just what I'm trying to save you from?

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth—examine him all over.